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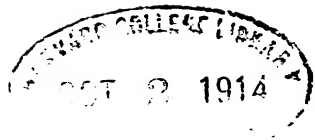
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COMPLETING THE REFORMATION.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

IV.



DAVID HUME, of Edinburgh—critic, diplomat, librarian, and historian—who died in 1776, devoted no little attention to “philosophical criticism,” between whiles, during the course of his checkered career. He was destined to furnish the real turning point in Kant’s mental life, for he was a critic and a skeptic, thus combining in a single person two tendencies, one of which—the critical—Kant heartily welcomed and made his own, whereas the other—that of skepticism—he rebuked most solemnly.

To Hume, philosophy was nothing more than “an exact analysis of the powers and capacity” of the human mind. The study of “reality” formed no part of it. Berkeley had reasoned that completely away, Hume thought, leaving the philosopher with no other domain to explore but that of experience, the contents of which, when duly itemized, would comprise the sum of the knowable. Among these contents Hume found no “self.” Try as he might, he could never quite succeed “in catching *himself* on the point of any of his perceptions.” To which a wit rejoined, No wonder! A man going out of his house, to peep in at the windows, should hardly expect to find himself at home. Failing, in his examination of experience, to discover any trace of an *abiding* self, Hume declared the mind an unsubstantial reality—a mere cluster of conscious states sympathetically strung together. Spirit as well as matter

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was thus reduced to the vanishing point—nothing *permanent* appeared anywhere in the entire world of experience. The doctrine of the fleeting had found its first clear modern voice.

The idea of "causality" proved naturally of engaging interest to a mind so thorough-paced in the ways of skepticism as was Hume's. Taken at its face value, this idea implied that we *do know* something of the laws that govern the extra-mental, real world. It was *necessary*, it was *universal*, this idea that every event has a cause, and how could it come to us, with these two features so plainly stamped upon it, if the world was as fleeting and contingent as Hume imagined? Why should a passing, ephemeral universe strike off an idea of this necessary and universal kind? Do streams rise higher than their source? Hume paused to collect his wits. The necessity inherent in the idea of "cause" is created by *feeling*, he said, not by reflection upon objects. "We consider only the experienced conjunction of the events, and as we *feel* the customary connection between the ideas, we *transfer* that feeling to the objects."

Ah! yes, quite true, so far as it goes, this explanation, but to "happen together" and to "belong together" are quite different ideas. Custom is no breeder of necessity. I may have the idea that nature is uniform, but it is a long step from uniformity to necessity. You cannot identify the two, even in gravitation, or Newton's laws of motion, for these may be interfered with, nay are, every time I throw a stone in the air, and a roof intercepts its downward flight.

Hume's mind was not very clear on this difference between the "uniform" and the "necessary," as may be seen from the argument which he advanced elsewhere in disproof of miracles. Better believe the great majority who never saw a man rise from the dead, than believe the few who say they did. Really? "Your honor," said an offender at the bar, about to receive sentence, "you have accepted the testimony of six witnesses who declare they saw me intoxicated. I can produce a hundred others willing to swear they did not see me in that condition." Needless to say, his honor knew the difference between "general" testimony and "special," as the culprit soon discovered, to his cost. The bench would have ruled likewise, had Hume appeared before it, to cite those who did *not* see in refutation of those who did.

The reader will have perceived, no doubt, with what interest Kant read these suggestive passages of Hume, which spoke of the

mind's tendency to *feign* the "universal" and the "necessary"—its proneness to *put* connections between *things*, that existed only between *ideas*. For twenty years Kant had gone on separating the rational from the real, in order to impound the skeptic and the pietist in two disconnected enclosures. But his purpose had lacked a "justifying" principle, his separatism had been of the arbitrary sort that needed bolstering. Now, however, the skeptic had played into his hands unwittingly. Hume had furnished the very ground-principle that Kant so sorely needed to relieve his thought of the charge of arbitrariness, and Hume would be "hoist by his own petard," before Königsberg was through with Edinburgh. If one of these purely mental, wholly unreal, connections existed; if the mind, in the single case of the idea of "causality," *transferred* to objects something it did not find there, but drew from its own inner self instead—why might there not be many other cases besides the solitary one mentioned by Hume?

Kant saw that his fortune was made, philosophically speaking, if he could but generalize this single instance, and prove reason addicted to the habit of *inventing* relations that were not in things. To this task he set himself with fixity and determination. Space and time—all the categories, in fact, one after another—were overhauled, and made to appear as original intuitions of the mind itself—contributions of the subject, prior to all experience of objects. He could now reduce the public in human thought to the private—which had been his consuming desire for many plodding years. The skeptic would thus be silenced, rationalists, of whatever sort, be made to beat the air, and pietists might wrap themselves in the flowing robes of security till the great assize. Pietism and science, like Abraham and Lot, would divide the world between them, the one to deal with moral, the other with physical, experience. Reason would henceforth be compelled to stay at home to keep the mind's house in order, and to cultivate strictly domestic habits—globe-trotter that it used to be! True, there would have to be considerable mishandling of the mind to accomplish this change in character, this "sudden conversion," and carpenters rather than psychologists would have to be put at work, to build up the extra rooms required for the proper housing of the critical idea—but what mattered that, when it was question of setting up the individual against tradition? Necessity is the mother of invention, and knows no law.

Clearly, therefore, it overtakes credulity itself, to ask us to suppose that all this tampering with the human mind grew out of

a casual reading of Hume; that it represents a genuine philosophical discovery, on Kant's part, free from the slightest taint of personal or religious purpose. What idealizers men are of their heroes and mental prototypes, especially if the latter, like themselves, build only to destroy! It is as if one, seeing an architect plan away, first the roof, then the foundations of a building, should cry out in admiration of the genius who could make the very air support his structures.

Hume roused Kant from his "dogmatic slumber." Let us hasten to say that the denial of this fact forms no part of the present theme, is not necessary to its purpose. But let us add also and instantly, to give the truth its *full* expression, that, so far as dogmatism was concerned, Kant had been a very light sleeper for twenty years back. His was no "rude awakening." He was half if not three-quarters awake, when he heard Hume whispering. It would be truer, therefore, to say that Hume had made him wide awake, than that he had suddenly and rudely roused him. Had his slumber been as deep as historians of philosophy are so fond of picturing, his response to Hume's call would not have been so instant and sympathetic as it proved to be. It was really the re-echoing of his own thoughts from another mind, that startled him into complete alertness. Hume was more the occasion than the cause.

The philosopher of Königsberg and the critic of Edinburgh, both nodded, however, like Homer, when they thought and said what they did of the principle of causality and its origin. Hume declared this principle mental and not real, because of an unpardonable oversight: *He mistook half the process of analysis for the whole.* This mistake escaped the observation of Kant who did not look his gift horse in the mouth any too closely, being more anxious, it would seem, to ride it than to discover if it were sound. It becomes necessary, therefore, for the truth-seeker to undertake the investigation *omitted by Kant.* Only in this way can he hope to see for himself, whether it was true prophet or false, to whom the sage of Königsberg pinned his philosophical faith and system, when he abandoned tradition to follow in the dissenting Scotsman's wake. The reader will be patient, if the considerations run from more shallow into deeper waters. After all, it is not on the surface that truth dwells, and only by diving deep can we reach its most precious pearls.

The question that engaged the attention of Kant and Hume

was this: Is the principle of causality analytic? Both answered in the negative, and the modern world of thought has accepted their answer as final, that is, not subject to revision. Let us reopen the question, to see for ourselves whether it was ever right to close it.

The principle of causality needs to be formulated, before we enter upon the discussion proper. In its widest and general form, it may be stated in the proposition: "Every being has its reason of existence in itself or in another." Formulated in this general way, the statement is as applicable to God as to things, and means simply that every being has principles which *constitute* and *explain* it. But it is the world of things we have in mind, usually, when speaking of causality, and so there is a more restricted formulation of the principle than the one above quoted, as may be seen in the qualified statement: "Everything that *begins to be* has a cause." Here the meaning plainly is that what begins to be cannot be regarded as self-explaining, self-productive, or self-existent, since the reason of its existence is not in itself, but in another, to which it is accordingly related by a relation of origin and dependence. Of course, the reader has wit enough to know that the *popular* formula, "Every effect has a cause," is too absurdly redundant to be entertained, much less countenanced by the sober-minded. Let critics sharpen their wits upon it as waywardly as they will. It is not the proper way of stating the principle of causality, and a refutation of it, in this faulty form, has no more to do with proving the notion unfounded, than a man's incorrect English with the truth of his utterances.

The principle thus clearly and correctly formulated, we are in a position to answer the question—Is this principle *analytic*? It all depends on what you mean by analysis, for analysis may be either direct or indirect, absolute or comparative. If you define an analytical judgment as one, the predicate of which is essentially contained in the subject, *considered in itself, apart from all things else*, the idea of causality is most certainly not to be called an analytical judgment, because it does not fall within the lines marked out for it by the definition. But what right have you so to define and limit the nature and function of analysis? That is the real, though neglected, question. You cannot point to a single analytical judgment, unless it be a pure verbiage, that would prove amenable to any such description. Instead, therefore, of testing the idea of "causality" by your definition, go back and test your definition in the light of experience, and you will find that you have mistaken

half the meaning of analysis for the *whole*. There is *comparative* as well as *absolute* analysis, and you have omitted the former altogether. To be complete and correct, therefore, an analytical judgment should be defined as one, the predicate of which is contained in the essence of the subject, considered either absolutely or relatively; that is, either in itself, or in its essential relations. And when the range of analysis is thus completely defined, so as to cover the *bearings* as well as the *belongings* of a thing or notion, we shall not be puzzled, as Kant and Hume were, to account for "new" elements in our analytical judgments.

All analytical judgments that are not mere redundant phrases add a *new* element to the direct analysis of "being" or "reality," and this new element is in the form of a relation, it is not a portion of the absolute content. Take the principle of identity—"every being is its own nature," or the principle of contradiction, "a thing cannot be and not be, under the same respect, at one and the same time." Here there is manifestly added to the bare notion of "being," the *essential relation* of identity with its constituents, in the first case, and temporal identity with itself, in the second. You could never get this notion of identity out of the analysis of *unrelated* "being." You have to *compare* being with itself, or with its relations to non-being, to discover the principle, even of identity. If our analytical judgments added nothing new or explicit to our knowledge; if this mind of ours merely said that a watch is a watch, or A is A—which latter is set down in the books as the principle of identity!—it would be in very truth the stupid shuffler of truisms and manipulator of inanities, that Hume and Kant imagined it was, when they limited its analytical power to the absolute predicates contained in the subject, and cut it off from the relational ones that come as much within its reach and purview as the former.

Now, if it be true that *comparison* is a fundamental feature and accompaniment of all our analytical judgments, the principle of causality should form no exception to the rule, and this proves to be the case, when we submit the matter to reflection. The predicate "cause" cannot be found in the subject "being," or "a being that begins to be," unless you compare "being" with something that precedes. And so, quite naturally, Hume and Kant, looking for a notion where it was not to be found, did not find it, and rushed forth to tell the world of their startling discovery. Look! they cried. The concept of "beginning" comprises only two elements: first, a specific reality, this or that; and second, a relation

of that reality to a previous moment of time in which it was non-existent. Neither of these two elements, they pointed out, implies the idea of a "productive power." All that they imply is a relation of *succession*. How then did the idea of "a necessary cause" ever arise? they asked in blank amazement.

From a psychological feeling of expectancy, born of the habit of seeing things occur so often in succession, said Hume. No, said Kant, it is a *general habit* of the human understanding to *think* the connections of things, without reference to actual experience. The causal relation is a pure creation of the mind. And so, Hume restated the principle of causality, making it read: "Every phenomenon has an antecedent;" whereas Kant—wishing to prevent all further use of the principle in proof of God's existence—so redefined it as to limit its application exclusively to the intra-mental world. "Every phenomenon has another phenomenon for its cause," was the way he chose to put it—a manifestly incorrect statement, since the idea of cause does not necessarily imply that every cause is also an effect.

This analysis of the empiricists, from Hume onward to our own day, is *incomplete*. These men do not analyze fully all that is *logically* contained in the concept of "beginning." In fact, they leave out the chief element, for there are three elements, not merely two, in the concept of "things that have begun." *Productivity is of the very essence of physical causality*. Between the instant when the existence of a thing is complete, and the instant which precedes its beginning, a *productive* power or energy is at work, and this third element of "productiveness" cannot be suppressed, so as to leave nothing more than "mere sequence" or "blind instinct" in the notion. Only by a superficial analysis can such a conclusion be made plausible, and neither Kant nor Hume took pains to make theirs thorough. Hume said there is a connection *of fact*, and let it go at that, not troubling himself further. Wherein he much resembled the man in the story, who, coming to the end of one road, and seeing the sign-posts directing him along another that was really a continuation of the first, flatly refused to follow the directions indicated, declared the way no thoroughfare, and discontinued his journey, not for lack of light, but from sheer arbitrariness of will. It did not suit Hume's ruling whim as an empiricist, or Kant's as a pietist, to exhaust the possibilities of analysis. Philosophers never seek to undermine their own positions. Let us see, however, what would have happened if Hume and Kant had

continued their logical journey along the road of comparative analysis, instead of turning back.

When I reflect on the idea of "a being that begins to be," I have a very real, no empty intuition that this being includes within itself a radical inability to account for its own existence, *unaided*. I *consciously see*, and do not blindly believe, or instinctively create this essential insufficiency, this radical inability, this tell-tale mark of all the things that come into existence. Not by any Kantian mental compulsion, or by any "domestic law of the mind;" not by any Humean sort of sympathy with the agreeable and the desired, nor yet by any pragmatic feeling that it should be so, do I say that there must be an antecedent, a "something-else," to explain this incipient being that once was not, yet now is. It is an objective necessity, derived from reflection on the very character of the objects themselves, that compels me to think and say there must be a "productive" cause.

My mind neither invents, nor furnishes, but discovers, recognizes and sees this "relation-to-another." It is a necessity belonging to objects, and reflectively discerned as such. I must therefore admit it as an objectively evident connection between things, not as one which my mind puts there by an idiosyncrasy of its own, without regard to the objective facts of experience. I do not get the idea of cause, be it noted, *directly* from the idea of "beginning." That is where Kant and Hume were right, so far as they went, their fault being in having stopped analyzing when they were only half-way through. I get the idea of "cause" *indirectly* from the idea of "beginning." All that this latter idea directly reveals is the essential relation of want, lack, need, and demand of "another" for its own explanation, since it is manifestly not self-accounting. In other words, the idea of "beginning" directly reveals the idea of an essential relation of insufficiency, and when I *look into* that essential relation, I find myself brought face to face with the necessity of a "cause," and I see that necessity as real, objective inescapable, undeniable. So that the idea of "cause," while not contained in the essence of the subject—"beginning"—is really contained in the essential relations of that subject, and, consequently, the principle of causality is an analytical proposition, guaranteed by objective evidence, and true of the world of objects, not merely of the world of ideas. It is not a creation of the mind's subjective prejudices, but a recognition of the evident.

Why then did Kant and Hume deny that the principle of causal-

ity is objectively evident, and set it down for a matter of subjective persuasion only? It is not difficult, in the light of the foregoing, to see how they came to this underdrawn conclusion. Hume and Kant both overlooked the fact that, properly speaking, all logical evidence is the evidence of *indirect inclusion*. They failed to note that the idea deduced ("productive cause," for instance) is always *external* to the idea ("beginning") from which we deduce it, though the connecting bond or link ("insufficiency") is *internal*—an index-finger, so to speak, attached to the subject, and pointing to the related predicate outside, as to its source and explanation. In other words, the internal link which reflection discovers in the "subject" is the means and justification of our arguing to "something-other" in the predicate.

Evidence means more than the direct inclusion of the idea of the predicate in the idea of the subject. Things are not hermits, neither are ideas. You cannot divorce the subject from its relations, and set it off, apart, Kant-fashion, as an unrelated thing. Its relations are as much within it, fundamentally speaking, as are its individual and absolute contents. Our vision of the latter may be direct, of the former oblique, but it is a vision in both cases, and we cannot limit the mind's power of sight to what is *absolutely* contained in a subject, we must also extend it to what is *relatively* contained there, unless we would confound the principle of causality with the principle of identity—which seems to be what Kant and Hume came pretty perilously close to doing, if they did not actually commit the deed.

The sphere of evidence, of evidential truth, is much wider than Hume and Kant thought it was, and that is the point we have tried to bring out into relief in the past few pages. And we shall not consider it a waste of argument on the desert air, if some minds are thereby enabled to see, that the Kantian categories are a prison only for those who *choose* to live and think behind their bars. Not a conclusion which either of these thinkers drew but had its source in a false limitation of the mind's power of analysis. Consider, for instance, what Kant did, under the influence of this arbitrary restriction of the field of evidential truth. Defining an analytical judgment as one that analyzes an *unrelated* idea, and not finding the idea of "cause" in that of "beginning" by a *direct analysis*, he leaped at once to the conclusion, that the principle of causality is not an objective analytical judgment, but a subjective hoax. The conclusion he should have drawn is this: that the idea

of cause is not discoverable by a direct process of analysis. This would have been the truth, but not the whole truth, for comparative analysis still remained to be tried.

Did Kant examine this alternative, did he institute a comparative or relative analysis, in addition to the absolute one that had failed? Not he. The half-truth he had discovered was too much in accord with his general purpose for that. He was unable to find, through a direct examination of the idea of "beginning," the two features of universality and necessity which are essential parts of the idea of "cause," and so he characterized them as "new elements," "foreign additions" to the notion, and said they were subjective contributions of the mind, that had no foundation in experience. He did not take the fact into account, that the addition of *new* elements—which is such a mystery to direct analysis—is a commonplace to the analysis that proceeds by comparison; and this oversight led him to invent a whole new series of judgments, the predicates of which are not contained in the idea of the subject. These he called "synthetic judgments *a priori*," but they are really nothing more than a gathering-up of those elements of thought, for which comparative analysis is perfectly capable of accounting, without any aid from the "synthetic" mind. And they never would have created in philosophy the turmoil they did, these so-called "new" judgments, if Kant had analyzed the dual nature of analysis completely at the start, instead of splitting it in halves, and making the mind responsible for his own negligences—for his own incomplete and faulty conception of the nature and range of man's analytical powers. And the world would not have witnessed the strange spectacle of a man accusing the human mind of *inventing* that which he himself had not taken the pains or the right way to *discover*!

Only one thing more remained for Kant to do, and that was to throw the particular instance of causality, as he saw it, into a general principle. To accomplish this result, he had recourse to the supposition that there existed in the human mind a native predisposition to *connect* all phenomena, without consulting the data of experience. The mind, he said, is a universalizing intelligence. Well, so it is, but its work of universalizing is dependent on the data actually furnished by experience, and is not an arbitrary, subjective exercise of activity on the mind's part. In supposing that the human understanding acted on its own initiative, irrespectively of the objective material presented by the senses, Kant made an unfounded assumption, the effect of which was to extinguish all

objective evidence for the principle of causality, all real *knowledge* of it by the mind of man. The idea of "cause" was thus taken out of the sphere of the known, and transferred to that of "belief," "faith," "instinct," "mental prejudice." It ceased to be a law of things, and became a law of thought merely—subjective altogether in origin, and, therefore, without applicability to the extra-mental world. The idea of God, thus deprived of the support of this principle, no longer appeared as an *intellectual* conviction, but simply and solely as a matter of moral persuasion. Pietism had at last been translated into philosophy. The end of the journey had been reached, and it was the same as the beginning—disbelief, namely, in the power of reason, and a reposeful confidence in will and moral sentiment. Fideism putting out the eyes of faith and glorying in the deed!

We have already indicated the illegitimacy of the reasoning, by means of which Kant sought to eliminate all real and objective value from the idea of causality. But a few more points insist on being added, and we yield to their insistence. First of all, you cannot conclude from a principle's being *innate* to its being purely and exclusively subjective in origin, character, and value. To suppose harmony existing between the laws of nature and the laws of mind is a far more rational hypothesis, as hypotheses go, than to suppose divorce. So that even on *a priori* grounds—the kind Kant so liked to stand upon!—his theory of a mind acting in complete disregard of its objects has nothing to commend its acceptance. But this is not the only consideration to be urged against it, nor the most deadly. His thesis is not only unproven, but incapable utterly of proof. Suppose, for the sake of argument, we should grant the purely mental origin of the principle of causality, and accept the truth of Kant's position, which we do not, of course, would it follow, even then, that the principle did not faithfully represent the character and interaction of things in the physical universe.

Not in the least. It would be a strange situation indeed, if the transit of planets, predicted by scientists, were "subjective prejudices of the mind" in no sense representative of the actual *physical* occurrences. No blind act of faith guides the scientist in his calculations. Say what you will, about "a sense of expectancy," it is not an exhaustive analysis of causality, and the fact remains that the man of science *sees*, logically and mathematically, the *rational necessity* of the transit's occurrence. Evidence, not faith, is the star upon his coat. And then again—finally, this time

—Kant's theory is unintelligible. We can readily understand how a blind mental force or habit may drive us at times to saying or doing things in our own despite. But what we cannot understand is how a force, supposed to be blind, should fill our minds with light—the light of evidence, such as we undoubtedly possess and enjoy in the case of the idea of causality.

It is too much to expect us to believe that night is the author of day, or that we should leave the conscious sphere of evidence, blow out all its lights, and go back into the dark-room of the human understanding for real enlightenment. This appeal from the manifest powers of light in human knowledge, to those of darkness, as if the former were the latter's messengers, is an attempt to "go behind the returns," that has no justification in reason. For, assuredly, there is something radically wrong with the theory that would have us say, "We see not" when we actually see; that would have us proclaim the invidence and the evidence of an idea in one and the same breath.

No! "First principles," and "causality" among them, furnish their own evidence. They cannot rightfully be transferred from the column of the *known* to that of the *believed*. They are not a matter of instinctive acceptance, but of evidential sight. The principle of "causality" is, therefore, not a "municipal law" true only of the mind, but of the very universe itself and its wheeling worlds. It is no invention of the human understanding, but a truth of nature, and along its pathway, as along a silvery lane of light, the reason of man is capable of seeing its way back to the "Cause of Causes," Who is *in* all things, though not *of* them; *immanent* without being *identical*; *transcendent* without being *remote or aloof*. Those who would have us abandon this principle have never been able to prove that we should, and the story of their own driftings over the shoreless sea of idealism, which we shall next proceed to relate, is the story of minds unpiloted, blown about by every wind of doctrine.

PIUS THE TENTH.

"Instaurare omnia in Christo" (Eph. i. 10).

BY H. R. S.

Lo, God from silent city on the seas
Had snatched earth's simplest man and held him, pale
And dazed, above the glory of the hills;
Then pierced his trembling soul with one command:
"Stretch out thine arm. Restore all things in Christ."

"Not I, O Lord? Be pitiful and spare!"

"I shall not spare. For I have chosen thee,
Such as thou art, to go before My face
And wage My battle. As I call a bird
From out the east, so from afar I call
The man of My own will. For I Myself
Have spoken. Yea, and I shall bring it there
To pass. I give salvation unto Sion.
Stand dauntless forth."¹

He shuddered, and obeyed.
That heart, whence tenderness flowed out in streams,
Put on the breast-plate of His justice then
And met, invincible, the fiery dart.

The field is won. And with the night there falls
A silence on the camp. . . .

He hath restored
To man Christ's Godhead in its plenitude,
And Christ in Living Bread to cleansèd lips
For daily food. He hath restored to Christ
The little ones whose breasts are Bethanies,
Where Christ is Guest and Host, and it is morn.

To Liturgy restored its primal chant,
Majestic voice of praise.

The nations crash;
War wraps its shroud the world around. God folds
His saint in peace. Restorer is restored
To Christ, in Whom all things are made anew.

¹Isaias xlvi.

DR. GORE AND HIS CRITICS.

BY A. H. NANKIVELL.



THE latest Anglican crisis finds its centre of interest in the Bishop of Oxford. Whether that is chiefly due to his personal force of character, or to his official position, it is a little hard to say. Antecedently one would have supposed that Dr. Sanday was the man of the moment. He it is whose dramatic intervention at the psychological moment has brought to naught the counsels of the bishops, and given them all their work to do again. But we may test the situation in two ways, and they yield the same result. The starting point of the present controversy is Dr. Gore's *Open Letter* to his clergy on *The Basis of Anglican Fellowship in Faith and Organization*. This bore immediate fruit in the Canterbury Resolutions of April 30th, and in Dr. Sanday's reply to the Bishop of Oxford, entitled *Bishop Gore's Challenge to Criticism*. Then Professor Gwatkin came forward in the name of the aggrieved Evangelicals, to show cause why authority should not be invoked in defence of traditional beliefs. And a Catholic layman intervened anonymously to inquire why the ancient Church has an authority for Bishop Gore, which the modern Church has not, and to suggest "development" as a solution of many problems. And finally Dean Strong of Christchurch, Oxford, made a really valuable contribution to the discussion in his criticism of Dr. Sanday and defence of Dr. Gore. Thus it is clear that the literary debate has arranged itself around the defender of traditional Anglicanism, and not around the champion of moderate modernism.

The same result will be obtained if we ask ourselves what would be the result if the controversy were carried to such a point as to involve the exclusion from the Establishment of either of these leaders? The withdrawal of Dr. Sanday from communion with the Protestant Church would be attended with feelings of deep regret among a large number of persons, who revere his character and admire his scholarship. But to suppose that it would cause anything like a panic in the Church of England, or even in the Broad Church party, is to misunderstand the situation altogether. There are far too many people who have not so much as heard of the

existence of Dr. Sanday, to permit of any widespread consternation at his departure. Whereas the loss of Bishop Gore would be as severe a blow to his Church as one could well imagine.

It will be best, then, for our present purpose to take first the Bishop of Oxford's *Letter*, paying special regard to that part of it which has been made of urgent importance by the action of Dr. Sanday, and passing more lightly over those parts of it which concern controversies which are for the moment in abeyance.

Dr. Gore begins by complaining that the present tendency of the Church of England is "to avoid questions of principle." In his opinion this has not always been the habit of his Church; and he instances to the contrary the seventeenth century and the Tractarian Movement. For him there is no question what the Church of England has "stood for" since the Reformation. To quote his words:

It has stood for what can, I think, be best described as a liberal or Scriptural catholicism: that is to say, it has stood to maintain the ancient fundamental faith of the Catholic Church, as expressed in creeds and conciliar decisions of the undivided Church, and the ancient structure of the Church, as depending upon the successions of bishops, and the requirements of episcopal ordination for the ministry, and the ministration of the ancient sacraments and rites of the Church by the methods and on the principles which it believed to be primitive. On such a basis it has claimed to stand as part of the Catholic Church; and at the same time it has associated itself with the Protestants in what is believed to be their legitimate protest and appeal—their protest against the exaggerated claim of the mediæval Papacy and the mediæval accumulation of dogma, and their appeal to the primitive Church, and especially to Scripture, as the sole final testing-ground of dogmatic requirement.

He goes on to explain that this twofold affinity with Catholics and Protestants, "on the basis of an intelligible principle," is the source of the comprehensiveness of the National Church. But comprehensiveness necessitates a firm grasp of common principles, and this is now imperilled by the claims put forward by the liberals, the Evangelicals, and the Romanizing party. "These movements appear to be facing straight away from one another with a markedly disruptive tendency; and the great body of the Church has been strangely blind or indifferent to what has been going on."

The Bishop says rightly enough that "in one sense the question is a very broad and large one. It is the whole question of what is really true, and can claim to be permanent in Christianity." But unfortunately after making this admission, he "drifts" away steadily from this most hopeful and profitable line of thought to a merely legal discussion of the legitimate limits of Anglican thought, or rather of clerical opinion. It is hardly too much to say that he almost wholly neglects the investigation of what is true, and confines himself to inquiring what is permissible. And that is why his treatment of the question is so completely uninspiring.

Dealing first with the claim of liberalism, he tells us that an advanced school of Biblical criticism has come to the conclusion that what are now called "nature-miracles," in contrast to miracles of healing, are unworthy of credit, "not chiefly on grounds of the evidence in each particular case, but on grounds of general scientific and historical principles,"¹ and that a number of clergymen share these views, and in consequence reject a great part of the Gospel narrative. Some of these again have been led to believe that our Lord anticipated an immediate end of the age, and so they find themselves unable to think of Him as an infallible Teacher. The Bishop tells us that the existence of these views among a considerable section of the clergy will not be denied. And he emphasizes that they claim not merely that their views are true, but that they have a right to hold them as ministers and teachers of the Established Church.

He goes on to say, as it were in passing, that he has tried to deal elsewhere with the criticism in question, and that he considers it to be based "on a mistaken view of natural law, and on something much less than a Christian belief in God." And he refers his readers to the Bishop of Ely's treatment of the question in his preface to *The Gospels in the Light of Historical Criticism*. And then he wanders away into a wearisome and technical discussion of the obligations involved in the assent to the Thirty-Nine Articles and the

¹The position of these persons is not always very clearly expressed, but it appears to be that while some miracles may be explained by the supposition that they are due to laws and forces of nature with which we are not yet fully acquainted, others are impatient of any such explanation. For example, it is not conceivable that the advance of science will ever reduce to natural law the multiplication of the loaves at the Feeding of the Five Thousand. The latter, that is the real miracles as contrasted with the merely apparent ones, are simply rejected as alleged breaches of the universal order, which is the first presupposition of scientific investigation. In other words, although they say, with Professor Huxley, that a miracle is a mere matter of evidence, and a law of nature, a statement of the results of observation, they habitually *think* of the laws as necessary and unalterable.

use of the Prayer Book and Creeds. Here he gets into difficulties, for it is not pretended by any considerable party in the Anglican Church that the condemnation in the Athanasian Creed of those who fail to keep the faith whole and undefiled can be taken *au pied de la lettre*. "But," he explains, "there is a great difference between a personal affirmation of belief and the joining in the general proposition of a canticle." And this must mean that he does not consider the *Quicumque vult* to be a Creed in the strict sense.

In his treatment of the Apostles' Creed, he adopts a line of argument of which more will be heard. Objection is made that when we say that He "sitteth at the right Hand of God," we are using language that is plainly symbolical, and that our modern view of the universe does not permit us to localize heaven and hell with the same precision as our ancestors.

Human language [he replies] is practically limited by what has fallen within human experience. With regard to what lies outside present human experience, we can only be taught in symbolic language—language which is in a measure diverted from its original purpose. But the central glory of the religion of the Incarnation is that God has revealed Himself, distinctly, within human experience, in words and acts, some of them miraculous. Thus to apply the theory of symbolism to explain away the record of those events within human experience. is precisely to misapply the theory and to evacuate the Incarnation of its special and unique glory, which is the glory of literal fact.

Passing by the Bishop's personal defence of himself from the *tu quoque* charge of heresy, which the liberals are not slow to bring against him, we come to his formal appeal to his Church to pass judgment on the liberal claim. He does not ask for prosecution or persecution; he is willing to give the fullest liberty for tentative proposals and free discussion. But he does insist that the bishops must make it clear that when a man has finally made up his mind in a sense adverse to the Christian tradition, he cannot any longer legitimately "exercise his ministry in the Church."

We may summarize more briefly the rest of the Bishop's *Letter*. He says that the root question between Evangelicals and High Churchmen is "whether episcopacy is of the *esse* of the Church." And he frankly admits that this claim, and those related to it, arouse an intense resentment when made by Anglican clergymen,

which they do not when made on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church. But he insists that the Anglican Church has *always* acted so as to satisfy those who believed in the necessity of the episcopate, even though it has not required a definite assent to a declaration of its universal necessity. Federation,² therefore, with nonconformity at home or in the mission field involves the consequence of disruption. And if disruption is to be avoided, Evangelicals must be content to act as if episcopacy were of the *esse* of the Church, whatever they may privately hold to the contrary.

The Bishop is somewhat quaintly embarrassed when he comes to deal with the Romeward Movement. Oddly enough he finds it difficult at first to lay down any reason why a clergyman who accepts all but the whole cycle of Roman doctrine, should not remain in the shelter of the comprehensive Establishment. For in dealing with the liberals he has already given reasons why he does not think it fair to press home the assertions of particular Articles of Religion. And it appears that nearly fifty years ago the Church of England withdrew or abandoned her assertion that "no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate hath or ought to have any jurisdiction. . . . or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within His Majesty's said realms, dominions, and countries," which, as he truly observes, was a very sweeping declaration; and the statements which survive in the Articles are in his judgment too vague and easily glossed to be sufficiently decisive. So he has to be content to rest his case on the "constantly reiterated and emphatic principle" of Protestantism, the acceptance of Holy Scripture as limiting the dogmatic requirement of the Church.

As a supplement to this he pleads not unjustly the principle of consistency. We shall not quarrel with him when he says, that "Romanism without the Pope is an extraordinarily irrational and inconsequential system of ideas." And finally he thinks that practical loyalty to the Prayer Book will exclude the ideas and persons that the Church of England is better without. In conclusion he cannot resist the impression that "the Church of England. . . . has a bad time ahead of it." And he looks forward to disestablishment as the remedy for the lack of definite principles which he deplores.

Apart from other matters which clamor for criticism, the Catholic reader will be struck by the apparent absence of any conception

²This, of course, could only be true, if Anglican Orders were valid. But then they are not.

of faith in the Catholic sense as forming a necessary factor in the Christian life. To an instructed Catholic, faith is believing without doubting what God has revealed by the testimony, teaching, and authority of the Catholic Church. According to Dr. Gore, the clergy of the Church are to be at liberty to doubt what they like and to publish their doubts without censure, as long as they do not "finally and seriously disbelieve" the few doctrines to which their own Church stands committed. In other words, his Church is not seriously regarded, even by himself, as being, in its own phrase, "a faithful dispenser of the Word of God." It lacks authority even in the judgment of one of the most loyal of its sons.

Professor Gwatkin's pamphlet, entitled *The Bishop of Oxford's Open Letter*, need not detain us long. It is brilliant, smart, and superficial. Any reader who has the faculty of enjoying mere cleverness apart from worthier qualities, will heartily enjoy this; the more serious and the less humorous will grieve. He practically charges the Bishop with seeking to gain a party advantage in a serious crisis. "Your plan is to make Tractarianism the official doctrine and official practice of the Church." And the substance of the reply is that he is not going to walk into the trap. He does not like the new Protestantism; its theories of the supernatural seem to him seriously defective. But it alarms him less than the Romanism patronized by the Bishops of Oxford and Zanzibar. And for the rest, "If my neighbor walks in darkness, I will rather pray God to cast His bright beams of light upon him than help to stigmatize him in the Church, and drive him out from what you hold to be the only means of grace which God has promised." This is perhaps the best part of the *Letter*; the worst could hardly be quoted in the pages of a Catholic Review.

Returning to the main line of the controversy, we note that the Bishop of Oxford's *Letter* produced an immediate effect. His demand that the episcopate should make a plain declaration was met by the Upper House of the Canterbury Convocation, which passed Resolutions on April 30th at the instance of the Bishop of London. After repeating Resolutions of an earlier date which affirmed that "the historical facts contained in the Creeds are an essential part of the Faith of the Church," the Bishops declared:

These Resolutions we desire solemnly to reaffirm, and in accordance therewith we express our deliberate judgment that the denial of any of the historical facts stated in the Creeds goes beyond the limits of legitimate interpretation, and gravely

imperils that sincerity of profession which is plainly incumbent on the ministers of Word and Sacrament. At the same time, recognizing that our generation is called upon to face new problems raised by historical criticism, we are anxious not to lay unnecessary burdens upon consciences, nor unduly to limit freedom of thought and inquiry among clergy or laity. We desire, therefore, to lay stress on the need of considerateness in dealing with that which is tentative and provisional in the thought and work of earnest and reverent students.

A further Resolution repeated the declaration of the Ordinal about the necessity of episcopacy "in the Church of England."

By this means the Bishops stole a march on Dr. Sanday, who was preparing a protest which was intended to prevent this declaration being made. His manifesto entitled *Bishop Gore's Challenge to Criticism*, did not appear till May 9th, and then contained a preface explaining that events had moved too fast for him. The effect of it was none the less serious; it appears to have almost entirely neutralized the episcopal declaration. But this is due much more to Dr. Sanday's great prestige at the universities, than to anything of weight in Dr. Sanday's argument.

He begins by complaining that Bishop Gore directly impugns the sincerity of a number of persons "who are allowed to be good men," and calls on the Anglican episcopate to condemn them. He complains that the submission which the Bishop requires is "more an act of the will than of the mind; it may mean the suppressing of the intellectual conscience." He affirms that the resolute pursuit of truth requires a high and austere sincerity; and this is conspicuously displayed by those whom the Bishop condemns."

To the main accusation he replies that the charge of insincerity breaks down. In the first place Dr. Gore sometimes writes "as if he believed that a Christian takes his views, on authority, straight from the Creeds." If that were true, Dr. Sanday admits that there would be no room for a corrected interpretation. "But," he says, "few persons regard the Creeds as in this sense ultimate. They are summaries of Scripture which derive their authority in the last resort from Scripture." Consequently, he goes on to argue, if we modify our understanding of Scripture, we modify our understanding of the Creeds.

Dr. Sanday then sets forward his great reasons for understanding the Scriptures, or rather the matters which they relate, in a new

and strange sense. The principle argument is that from *the difference of times*. "Creeds composed fifteen, sixteen, seventeen centuries ago cannot possibly express with literal exactitude the mind of to-day. Its whole intellectual context is different." His chief example of this is the rise of historical criticism. "Our conception of the Bible has been deeply affected. . . . It could not be otherwise. . . . We are therefore obliged to take the Creeds in a broad, general sense as subject to criticism." And here, and I think only here, we get a plain positive statement of belief from Dr. Sanday: "The central truth which it is most important to guarantee is the true Godhead of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that our Lord Jesus Christ is truly God and truly Lord, very God and very Man." And he adds, "the man who in his heart of hearts really believed less ought not to be where he is."

He then proceeds to attack Dr. Gore's personal position in the matter of criticism, which is, broadly speaking, that it is often neither possible nor needful to discriminate in the Old Testament between story and history, for in the Old Testament the element of fact is not generally important to us; but that in the New Testament where it is important, and sometimes vitally so, we have the assurance of good contemporary evidence. Prof. Sanday prefers to maintain that the writers of the New Testament had acquired a habit of mind from the study of the Old, which is fatal to their reputation as reliable historians. "Their minds were full of Old Testament narratives, and there was a natural tendency to assimilate their narratives to them. . . . Even St. Luke, whose preface breathes the spirit of a sober secular historian, is entirely at one with his fellows in regard to miracle." The last sentence most flagrantly displays the *animus* of Dr. Sanday's criticism.

In the third part of his paper, Dr. Sanday begins to draw some distinctions to which he attaches great importance; though he admits that the public will regard them with impatience.

I know [he says] that to the end of the chapter it will be said that miracles are denied, . . . that the Virgin Birth is denied, that the Resurrection is denied, that our Lord's infallibility is denied. It would not be candid of me if I were to pretend that there is not a foundation of truth. . . . in each of these charges. But in every single case there is some important limitation or qualification which ought to be borne in mind whenever the charge is repeated. To omit this is always to import an element of injustice.

At this stage Dr. Sanday breaks the sequence of his argument for a moment, in order to associate himself definitely with the group of writers whose proceedings are under discussion. He explains that it is only during the last two years that he has been led to go as far as some of them. And he is not sure now that he goes quite as far. But he goes on to explain why he dislikes to use the word "infallibility" even in reference to our Divine Lord; he thinks it more probable that the nature-miracles were attributed to Him in the form in which we have them by "the imagination of the early Church," than that they happened "exactly as they are described;" and in regard to the Birth of our Lord, he believes "most emphatically in His Supernatural Birth," but he cannot so easily bring himself to think "that His Birth was . . . unnatural." In the case of the Resurrection, he wishes to be understood as accepting it, but not in the sense of admitting "the actual resuscitation of the dead Body of the Lord from the tomb."

In the last section he explains at some length the process by which he arrived at these extraordinary conclusions. He denies that his attitude was based "on a mistaken view of natural law, and on something much less than a Christian belief in God." He says in words that recall sayings of Professor Huxley, that he did not doubt the power of God to make what exceptions He pleased. He only asked for better evidence of His will to make them. And then he goes on to draw a distinction, which he never fully explains, between events that are *supra naturam*—"exceptional, extraordinary, testifying to the presence of higher spiritual forces," and events that are *contra naturam*, or "involve some definite reversal of the natural physical order." Are we not justified in saying that in his case, as in Huxley's, it is not really the nature or quality of the evidence that is really in fault, but the substance and content of it?

Dr. Sanday maintains that after the critical processes have done their work, the residuum of miracles really *contra naturam* is exceedingly small, and that each of these taken separately may be explained by the growth of legend around a basis of historic fact. Finally there remain only "the two great events, the Supernatural Beginning and Ending of the Lord's earthly career." The reason why these two only remain is, of course, because the rest have been got rid of forcibly and at any cost. Dr. Sanday then presents to us a universe of faultless uniformity, in which there are two, and two only, alleged failures to conform to law. He appeals to our common sense. Supposing the Creator really had worked miracles,

is it likely that He would have worked only two? Those are not his words; but they are certainly the substance of them. This is what he actually says:

It was quite impossible for me to dismiss from my mind the *præjudicium* which had been gradually forming itself against the permanent validity of the conception of miracles *contra naturam*.

And more precisely on page 30:

There has been just this one little submerged rock in our mental navigation of the universe. If we look at it from a cosmic standpoint, how infinitesimal does it seem! And yet that one little rock has been the cause of many a shipwreck of faith. If it is really taken out of the way, the whole expanse of the ocean of thought will be open and free.

Finally he takes leave of his hearers in a bewildering atmosphere of protest and paradox.

I would ask leave to affirm once more my entire and strong belief in the central reality of the Supernatural Birth and the Supernatural Resurrection. But I must in candor add that although I believe emphatically in a Supernatural Birth and a Supernatural Resurrection, and in all that follows from these beliefs, I know that is not all that the Church of the past has believed.

Taking up Dean Strong's able pamphlet, *The Miraculous in Gospels and Creeds*, we find ourselves at once in a healthier and more invigorating atmosphere. Indeed there is comparatively little that might not have been written by a Catholic. By a lively and convincing illustration, he brings home to the reader that Dr. Sanday's claim to teach whatever he may be convinced is true without reference to the standards of his Church, cannot be rightly entertained so long as he is a servant of that Church. And then he adds, "It would appear that Dr. Sanday himself recognizes limits beyond which it is impossible to go and retain Church membership; if this is so, the difference between him and Bishop Gore is one of degree and not of kind."

The Dean then addresses himself to Dr. Sanday's principal argument, based on "the difference of times." He observes that

lapse of time affects such statements as those under discussion in two ways. Historical facts are gradually lost, and the links which bound those which remain to the general life of mankind, one by one disappear, and so lapse of time makes it increasingly difficult to determine what actually happened. But further, and this was Dr. Sanday's point, there is a change of "intellectual context." "The world is conceived in different fashion, under different categories and principles, and the old language which men once used of it ceases to be used." Here Dr. Strong insists that we must remember that it is the view of the facts that changes, not the facts themselves. "If in any case the statement of the facts is in itself an assertion of the theory, then when the theory changes, theory and alleged facts disappear together; in other cases change of theory makes no difference to the facts alleged: in these cases the same facts will be alleged, only the form of words in which they are described may be changed. Illustrations of this are supplied in hundreds by natural science. The facts and events observed are described in new words, but the facts themselves are unchanged."

The whole of this criticism is of great value, and should in justice be read as a whole, and compared with Mr. Balfour's chapter on "Beliefs, Formulas, and Realities" in *The Foundations of Belief*. The application to the principal case in point is worth repeating.

In the Creed we assert that the Lord was *born of the Virgin Mary*. Now this is certainly a strange and startling assertion: but it is not a theoretic statement at all; it is an assertion of a fact in perfectly intelligible terms, and it must be either true or false. Lapse of time makes no difference whatever: if the statement was true when it was first made, it is true now in exactly the same sense.

The questions relating to the Resurrection and Ascension are treated ably on similar lines, though there are things in it which a Catholic would have expressed differently.

Passing over the very Anglican discussion of the miraculous in the Old and New Testaments, we come to a piece of shrewd criticism on the use of the word *nature*. "As applied to the world it sometimes means the created order apart from man, sometimes the created order including man. As applied to man, nature means, in some contexts, man as he ought not to be, in others, man as he might be and ought to be. Natural law again covers the observed

uniformities of the material world, and at times is construed as excluding freedom of will." He examines Dr. Sanday's use of the word, and concludes that "*natura* in the phrase *contra naturam* means simply the uniformities of matter and motion, and that in the other phrase the meaning is different but not defined." He complains that Dr. Sanday "knows nothing" of any serious assault upon the mechanical view of the natural world. This view "fails of course to explain the miraculous, because it excludes anything of this kind from the first. But it also fails to explain all psychical phenomena, all the movement of history, and all that can be reasonably called religious. In a word, Dr. Sanday's view of the universe is hardly distinguishable from that of the Deists."

The Dean then traces ground familiar to almost every Christian thinker, when he compares the activity of man to the miraculous power of God, carefully noting, however, that the action of man just lacks the touch of creative power which these acts of God display.

And here we must take leave of this able apologist, with regret that we have not space to do him better justice. With the exception of what he has written, there is little enough in these papers to warrant a hopeful view of the religious future of England. The approximation by some Protestants to the sacramental doctrines of the Catholic Church is, we begin to fear, more than counterbalanced by the loss of all sense of authority and security in matters of faith. It is absurd to suppose that Dr. Sanday's position is anything but a makeshift, or that the down grade will cease at the point that he has now attained. There is no finality in the process to which he is committed, short of the complete acknowledgment that nothing worth knowing can be really known.

WHERE EXTREMES MEET.

BY A. RAYBOULD.



PARIS, gay, thoughtless, pleasure loving, irreligious, depraved—Paris the centre of the world's fashions as of its follies, the haunt of pleasure, the hotbed of vice and sin—and side by side with this the Paris of the saints. In no city of the world, and perhaps at no period of the Church's history, has Christian charity flourished as it flourishes in Paris to-day. To make a study of Catholicity as embodied in the charitable and pious organizations of this one city, is to see in one bewildering glance the power and wonder of the Church; the Church that knows how to employ every talent great or small, every force weak or strong, every particle of vitality which she can command, in the service of her Divine Founder and in perpetuation of the Christian ideal.

If the test of genuine Christianity be love of the brethren, the Church does not fail to give the guarantee of this test by the various works in which she embodies and expresses this love. The keynote of the Church's power is charity, not merely that charity which ministers to the spiritual wants of her children, but that kindly benevolence which extends to the social and material wants of all who come within her pale. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world is this note heard more clearly; nowhere, perhaps, has this spirit of Christian charity found a more perfect expression than in this very city where the Church's name has become a byword of scorn.

Someone, M. Joly, I think, has said that the virtue of piety is a peculiar gift of the French people; this may account for the fact that in spite of persecution on the part of the secular powers, all religious institutions become fruitful on French soil, and particularly those in which piety seeks to express itself through works of active charity. We cannot forget that Paris has given to the world and to the Church two philanthropists whose names alone suggest all the heroism of Christian benevolence. It is to the Paris of St. Vincent of Paul and of Ozanam that we must turn if we wish to study the length and breadth, the height and depth of that charity which reaches to every class, which touches every wound, and which welds the whole Catholic community into one society

bound together by the cords of brotherly love, and sustained by the laws of mutual aid.

Before considering the various charitable institutions which exist in the French capital, it will not be without interest to cast a glance on the "parish," which is the centre round which all these institutions revolve, the parish as it exists in Paris to-day. In France the foundation of the parish dates back to remote ages, even to the times of the Gauls, and before the Franks had established their monarchy. But in the early ages of the Christian Church, in this country the power of the secular clergy was much limited and controlled by that of the religious orders. It was only at the beginning of the eleventh century that the position and power of the secular clergy became defined, and it is from this time that we see the parish take its definite and important place in France. From this time the clergy begins to possess power in the State, and to exercise certain prerogatives; holding the offices of notaries, arbitrators of peace, directors of schools, etc. At the end of the eleventh century the right of the parish had become fully established, and it had already assumed an aspect not unlike that which it possesses to-day. This institution of the parish in Paris was to produce in time men like Gerson, St. Vincent of Paul, Monsieur Olier, l'Abbé Cochin, and so many others whose names have become world-known. But whatever power the secular clergy acquired in Paris, this power was at no time attributable to wealth. Perhaps this accounts for the high moral standard with which it has been accredited. Even in a picture given of the French clergy just before the Revolution we read, "It must be acknowledged that of all the existing institutions, that of the parish clergy is the one which has the least fallen away from its original ideals."

At the present time Paris possesses seventy-seven parishes within the city and ninety-three without. Each of these parishes has the cure of from sixty thousand to eighty thousand souls. The *Curé*, or parish priest, directs the affairs of the parish, assisted by his *vicaires* or curates, and sometimes by other priests not directly attached to the parish. The number of *vicaires* varies from three to seven or eight, and their work is of course proportionate to their number and the requirements of the parish. Since the Bill of Separation the financial resources of the clergy depend largely upon the offertories, rent of chairs, donations, etc. The Church in Paris is reduced to poverty, but not to destitution, and as the Catholic

population realizes more and more the necessity for providing for religious cult, contributions will increase, and the poverty of the churches will be diminished, provided the government makes some concession with regard to the restoration and maintenance of the churches. This question of the churches is one of burning interest at present to French Catholics. The government, moved no doubt by no other sentiment than hatred of religion, has in some instances refused permission to restore the churches, even when the necessary funds have been offered or promised by the Catholic body. M. Barrés, in his recent work *La Pitié des Eglises de France*, has attracted the sympathy of the whole world by his eloquent pleading for the cause of the French churches. When not directly interfered with by the secular powers, the French are not ungenerous to the needs of their clergy, as is proved by the fact that since the Bill of Separation several new parishes have been established in Paris. The clergy, too, have taken active measures to provide for the maintenance of the churches. At the parochial conferences and diocesan synods an inquiry is always made into the financial condition of each parish, and the distribution of the "*Denier du Culte*" provides for the poorer churches. This "*Denier du Culte*" (fund for religious worship), which has been established since the Bill of Separation, is a fund raised by dues or offerings, and which is equally divided between the parish in which it is collected and the diocese, which by means of this fund is able to provide for the poorer parishes. At the same time it cannot be denied that the clergy have often to suffer the results of poverty, and so far as their personal needs are concerned, have to be content with little more than the bare necessities of life. Parochial work in Paris is extremely arduous, and often above the strength of those upon whom it falls, so that the lives of many young priests are sacrificed to the duties of their calling. But notwithstanding these drawbacks vocations to the priesthood are numerous, and in this field of labor where, humanly speaking, there is all to lose and but little to gain, there are never wanting zealous souls ready to step in and fill up the ranks of those who have fallen.

Now that the clergy can no more exercise their religious zeal in the schools, and as it is impossible to have a Catholic school in each parish, besides the fact that the government puts every possible obstacle in the way of the Catholic schools, the priests have to rely on the "*patronage*" for the implanting of Christian principles, and for that religious instruction and preparation for the Sacraments

which have become impossible in the schools. Among the charitable institutions of Paris the "*patronage*" takes the first place.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Abbé Allémand founded in Marseilles a work for the preservation of the young; this work was extended and developed in the same town by the Abbé Tinon Dinard. Shortly afterwards the idea attracted the favorable attention of the Conferences of St. Vincent of Paul in Paris, and M. Melun, aided by the famous Sister Rosalie, undertook and succeeded in establishing several "*patronages*." These institutions survived the dispersal of the religious orders, and, passing under the direction of the secular clergy, have since been much extended. At the present time there are four hundred and sixty-six of these "*patronages*" in Paris, two hundred and twelve for boys with forty-five thousand associates, and three hundred and fifty-four for girls with sixty thousand associates. The idea of assisting and protecting the young has always been a feature of charity in France, and the claims of youth have always found there able defenders.

The "*patronage*" is a sort of club, has its own buildings with classrooms and recreation halls, and often large playgrounds attached. The "*patronages*" are under the direction of the secular clergy, but much of the practical work in connection with them is done by secular persons, who devote themselves voluntarily to the instruction and amusement of youth. Their fundamental idea is to supply whatever may be lacking in school or home, to offer to youth not merely a refuge from temptation and idleness, but also practical aid in the pursuit of study, and in the acquiring of arts and handicrafts, which may later be a means of subsistence or of harmless pleasure. The "*patronage*" strives further to develop social and economic aims, and to establish a permanent link between clergy and people.

Here every boy and girl is given ample opportunity for continuing and supplementing school studies, and for learning useful trades and industries which may prove invaluable in after life. The "*patronage*" organizes free lectures and conferences, provides for courses of study, and offers the advantage of lessons not only in the primary subjects of elementary education, but also in languages, painting, music, singing, cooking, dressmaking, laundry work, lace making, embroidery, etc., and often also contains a workshop where boys may learn iron work, carpentry, etc. Some of the "*patronages*" even provide courses of open air instruction for the study of botany, farming or gardening. Nor

do they fail to make a special point of offering every facility for games, gymnastics, and military drill. They encourage the boys to achieve prowess in bodily exercises by prizes, and by giving certificates for "aptitude for military service," facilitate entry into the army later.

In connection with some of the "*patronages*" an open air scheme has been established. This consists in drafting off the delicate children, during the holidays, to the country, where they are quartered upon the villagers at the expense of the "*patronage*," or are sent to country houses rented for that purpose. These vacation colonies are catered for by charity, and the children are sometimes cared for by secular persons who devote themselves to this work. Indeed very much of all this work is done by men and women of the world, and often by those belonging to the best Parisian society.

The chief aim of the "*patronage*" remains of course always a spiritual one—the salvation of souls and the protection of the young from temptation and sin, but this does not militate against utilitarian ends, nor does it hinder social and industrial aims. Every endeavor is made to band its associates together by the ties of mutual aid, to encourage in them a sense of social responsibility, and so to prepare them for the later civic and social duties of life. With this end in view it tries to develop habits of industry and thrift, of honest work, and the desire to excel in trades and handicrafts. It furthers economy through the organization of syndicates and savings banks, and insurances against sickness and old age.

With regard to the practical means of subsistence of the "*patronage*" and its various branches, much money is scraped together through the pennies of the poor themselves. The associates may be poor, but they are capable of contributing something; the children are proud of bringing their pennies; the parents out of gratitude also make some offerings, and what is wanting is supplied by the generosity of those who are interested in the good work.

The whole idea rests upon a realization of the fact that the young are the pillars of society; that in the words of Abbé d'Hulst, "we must have children. They are absolutely necessary not only to keep the world from coming to an end, but also to keep it from going to sleep. Without young people the world would die of inanition. And they must have boldness and self-confidence; nor would I refuse them the right to look upon the past somewhat compassionately, otherwise they would hardly have the courage to attempt to do better things."

But the "*patronage*" proper does not confine its work exclusively to the young. It is hoped, for instance, in time to extend the open air scheme not only to sickly children, but also to tired and delicate parents. Already one apostle of the poor, M. Enfer, has decided to receive the parents into his vacation colony next year. The "*patronage*" also continues and spreads its work through workmen's clubs, trade societies, and social unions, and through various organizations for the furthering of industries and arts. The clergy have become so interested in the labors of the artisan class, and in the industrial question, that they have taken over the management of several workshops in Paris. The Abbé Weisneg has a mechanical workshop at St. Hippolyte, the Abbé Aigong has a carpenter's shop, and at St. Denis de la Chapelle, where the Abbé Rudynski acts as master of iron works, the engines have become so celebrated that he receives orders from the chief railway companies. All these industries form a bond between clergy and people, a bond much needed since the separation of Church and State.

Passing from these works of social philanthropy to purely charitable institutions, the Society of St. Vincent of Paul takes naturally the first place. This Society which has spread through the whole world, is so well known that it is unnecessary to describe its aims. But having had its origin in Paris and being particularly adapted to the needs and character of the French people, its scope in the French capital is necessarily wider than elsewhere, and in no city is this Society so popular among all classes as here where Ozanam, member of the University of Paris and Professor of the Sorbonne, conceived the divinely-inspired ideal of uniting works of personal devotion to his intellectual labors, and of founding to this end a brotherhood of charity among men of the world. An ideal which has since borne such admirable fruit in the fertile soil of the Catholic Church.

The Society of St. Vincent of Paul counts among its members in Paris not only fathers of families and men of the world, but also students and boys from the polytechnic and other schools, and yearly recruits its strength from the ranks of the young. It is popular even among the religiously indifferent, and has among its members many who are not actuated by motives of piety. It would seem that among the French, charity is regarded not so much as a religious duty, but as a necessary social obligation. The personal benefit of helping others, the advantage of considering life under its different aspects, and the utility of coming

face to face with misery, are looked upon as sufficient compensations for the loss of time or money involved. If we remember the essential egotism of human nature, we may see the utility of laying stress upon the personal advantages to be gained by the exercise of charity. Everyone who wishes to have a clear outlook on life, and to arrive at some understanding of the elements of which society is made up, must come in personal contact with the misery which constitutes so large a part of the human problem. If practical Christianity is impossible without benevolence to the poor, practical social aims are equally impossible without understanding the conditions under which the poor exist. It is good for everyone to see suffering and want, not merely as a means of drawing nearer to Him Who sanctified in His own Person both poverty and pain, but also in order to understand the relations of man to man, and to obtain some grasp of the laws which should govern human conduct. It is perhaps this idea which has of late made charity so popular not only among the religiously minded, but also among many who see in its exercise the possible development and perfection of human character. If the great works of charity in Paris are inspired and directed by Christian sanctity and heroism, they are sustained and made feasible by the efforts of many who can lay no claims to holiness or heroic self-sacrifice. The wonder of these works lies in the fact that they are so organized as to absorb and utilize in the service of God so much human material which would otherwise go to waste.

This interest in charitable works is always fostered by the clergy, and in the seminaries where formerly religious and intellectual questions formed the whole interest, a new spirit has sprung up; here also social and industrial problems claim their votaries, and the students and young priests go through a course of training which enables them later to direct and organize the various philanthropic and industrial movements which are so closely connected with all parochial work. Every "*patronage*" has its chaplain, and this post is coveted by the young priests, who make it part of their ambition to extend the existing charitable schemes.

For the actual work of relief and personal service of the poor, the clergy rely largely upon the religious communities of women—nuns who though no longer allowed to act as educationalists, are suffered to remain in other capacities. The little visiting Sister of the poor is a common sight in Paris, trudging along, her basket on her arm, or climbing the stairs which lead to the dwellings of

the poor, and in spite of the prevalent anti-religious feeling, she generally passes unmolested on her way. Sometimes three or more of these Sisters take up their abode in the poorest quarters of the city, where they can be at the immediate beck and call of all who need them, and where they devote themselves to cooking and washing for poor families, or in taking care of the children during the absence of the parents, or in nursing the sick members of the community—doing, in fact, whatever their hands find to do, and doing it not only with Christian kindness, but also with right good will, and indifference to the hardships of the task. These Sisters (belonging to different congregations), sometimes in religious, and sometimes in secular dress, are aided by a large society, "*Les Dames de Charité*," composed of ladies of the world, often of the best society, who under their fashionable garments hide the hearts of heroines and saints, and who spend all the hours which they can snatch from the duties of home and society in nursing and visiting the sick and poor, and in giving a touching example of devotion and self-sacrifice. Another society, "*Les Dames de Calvaire*," goes to even greater lengths of heroism, its members having chosen as their special care those who are afflicted by cancer and other loathsome diseases. Here we see women of the world who daily imitate the saints by the self-denial of their actions. Surely even Christian love can go no further than this! Others devote themselves to the protection of young girls, to providing for the children of unmarried mothers, to the rescue of the fallen, and to the keeping of crèches and kindergartens, where the infant children of the working class are kept during those hours when their parents work in the factories or elsewhere. Indeed it would be impossible to give any idea of the number of associations and confraternities which exist among the laity in Paris for the relief of the poor, the tending of the sick, and the protection of the young.

It would seem as if the immediate presence of evil called into play every spark of human heroism and divine love to be found in the hearts of the faithful, and as if every member of the Church felt himself bound to take some part in the work of human regeneration which is going on around him. There is no class which does not contribute something of time or thought, something of self-sacrifice or of money, in order to further these different charitable schemes. And the Church, which knows the secret of utilizing all these stray seeds of human endeavor, knows also how to unite in this common field of charity both saint and sinner, ardent and luke-

warm, zealous and indifferent, finding place and useful work for all.

Nowhere perhaps in the whole world do we see as in Paris this wonderful meeting of extremes, not only the extremes of good and evil, but extremes even in the realms of good. It is in this gay and thoughtless city that we see such a wonderful mixture of exalted spirituality and practical common sense. Here we find societies of prayer and penance, with ideals so spiritual, and aims so mystic, that they recall bygone ages and the miracles of the saints, and side by side with these, other Christian societies with aims so modern, and ideals so utilitarian, that it is difficult to recognize in them the supernatural origin to which they owe their being and success. Here in this city of pleasure, more perhaps than elsewhere, do we see those confraternities of prayer and adoration whose members know how to turn night into day, when it is a question of pleading before the altar or working for the salvation of souls: societies of reparation and expiation—guilds which ask of their members nightly hours of prayer, and works of vicarious suffering, incredible if we consider the circumstances under which they are practised. And we see working hand in hand with this mystic spirituality, other associations whose members know no bond but that of a common faith and desire to help their fellowmen—societies so purely humanitarian in their aims that to the casual observer they might seem to be actuated rather by the spirit of socialism than that of religion. Here there is place and use for all, for the sublimest yearnings after the supernatural and for the simplest aspirations of brotherly love—all working together with perhaps no other tie than that of fidelity to the same faith, and loyalty to that Church in which all find their highest inspiration and their abiding security. And here in this city where the Church is so cruelly persecuted and defamed, we see, as perhaps nowhere else, those miracles of grace and conversion, those wonders of devotion and self-sacrifice, those works of charity and holiness, for which it would be impossible to account were we to forget for a moment the sources from which they spring.

ON PIGEON RIVER.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.



WHEN Lieutenant Richard Carroll reached the mountain district in North Carolina to which he had been sent, it was with hourly temptation to swear over what he felt to be the proverbial wild goose chase. A needle in a haystack—a spring of water in the ocean—might be as easily found as a deserter in these, his native wilds. In the presence of the two men specially detailed with him for this service, it was “his not to reason why, his but to do—” his superior’s orders, if he could; but in any case to maintain a respectful, soldierly silence concerning them. With Corporal Brown, however, a man to be trusted, he could let himself out a little.

“In the name of heaven, Brown,” he cried, ruefully, when they were alone together, after rations and quarters for all had been arranged in the old mill; “what are we to do here? To waste time as we have been doing for the last week, tramping over a country where no railroad has ever been, into every manner of gap and hole and thicket, up and down, round and about, hither and thither, and not a soul among these stupid natives able to guide or even give us a word of direction?”

“Not willing, maybe,” said Brown, dryly, “but able enough. They’re not so stupid as they look. You see, Lieutenant, these here mountaineers ain’t noways in favor of the war. They ain’t got no cotton, and they ain’t got no slaves. They don’t give a darn for the Confederacy nor States’ Rights. Nor they don’t give a darn for the Union, neither. All they want is to be let alone up here on their mountain tops, to play quoits with horseshoes, and hunt and chew tobacco and drink whiskey, and watch their women diggin’ and hoein’ and spinnin’ and weavin’ and workin’ generally for them. And to conscrip’ them and haul ’em down to a flat country to be set up in another man’s quarrel, with nary a rock or hill to get behind—that ain’t their notion of fightin’ and strikes ’em as hard usage.”

“All the same,” said the Lieutenant, looking thoughtfully at the remains of their supper of corn bread and greasy cabbage, “if we find this fellow, he’ll be shot. Fill your pipe; the tobacco’s pretty fair. The Confederate service is that scarce of men just

now, that we can't let even an unwilling mountaineer desert in the face of the enemy without making an example of him for the good of the rest of the homesick, slouching lot. But first catch your hare, of course; and while this particular hare goes doubling and winding through the Blue Ridge and keeping just out of reach, our men are, maybe, having another good fight down by Wilmington—and we not in it—and they laughing at us! Confound Bedloe!”

And he kicked the smouldering logs in the fireplace, and they sent up a shower of sparks, crackling and sputtering, which prevented his hearing the door open without any conventional warning; and when at a word from Brown he turned, a girl stood in the doorway. She was young and slim, but quite tall, and looked awkward in such short, limp calico skirt as she wore. It was blue, home-dyed, and exposed bare, sunburned ankles and feet. Her features were at first hidden by a lank sunbonnet of the same stuff as her gown, but when she presently took it off and twisted it in her hands, both men were struck and puzzled by a likeness to someone, but whom they did not remember.

“Well, my girl, what is it?” asked Carroll.

Gazing at him with perfect directness, and after the leisurely, bovine manner of the mountaineer, she took her time to answer. He had begun to feel amused yet restless under her stare when she said:

“Air you'uns the captings of this yere troop?”

“I command the squad, yes.”

“I been a-thinkin’”—after another pause and stare—“thet you all 'ud need vittles. Folks round yere's mostly gone—an' their cattle.”

This was, indeed, a state of things familiar to her hearers, since they had made their entrance to this rampart of hills through the Gap below. As at a sound rabbits scuttle into their holes in a warren, so at rumor of the soldiers' approach, had each cabin and field been deserted, and the domestic animals likewise hidden somewhere. But for a stray chicken or an occasional wandering “razor-back,” anything but sparse grazing on chance vegetables would have been impossible.

“Why do they run away? We mean no harm to any of you,” said Carroll, impatiently.

“They ain't a-knowin' thet,” replied the girl, simply. “Thar's a few ole men an' boys lef' to conscrip'. Anyways, I stayed on; for you'uns kaint hurt me much—sence you took away my twin.”

“Your twin! What's your name?”

"Marthy Ann Bedloe."

The men's eyes met. Bedloe was the deserter they were after—a boy of eighteen. The likeness was clearly recognized now.

"Them's my bread and cabbage," said she, waving her bonnet at the table. "Your men came over to my place an' up an' took 'em. I'd best sell you what I can, I reckon'. I got sorghum an' eggs, ef you'uns 'll buy 'em."

"I'll see to that," said Carroll, "and pay you for the supper."

He put a Confederate bill into her hand, which she took without thanking him, her eyes intent upon his frank face and well set-up uniformed figure. He noticed that the hand was slim, though brown and work-roughened, and that she had abundant auburn hair and soft, dark eyes with long lashes, and he said as much to Brown, after she took herself very slowly away.

"Yes," said Brown, indifferently, "but she'll be like all these mountain women, the dickens of a hag at thirty. Bedloe's well enough in looks—her twin, she says—and I believe her, for he's her image; but as useless, awkward a galoot as ever I saw, and never could be learned to wash his face or carry arms straight. He'd be a good riddance to his company; only, if we have much more riddance, there'll be no company."

"I—don't—much—like the idea of hunting her brother under her eye. We might go further up the river."

"Take my advice, Lieutenant," said Corporal Brown, "and make this headquarters. We've got at last into his own country and among his kin. He's most apt to be lurking round here somewhere."

So they settled into quarters at the old mill, from which the miller and his family had fled up the mountain; and for some days grew familiar with the great rugged eminences towering calmly and silently above, and the lovely banks and green hill slopes and valleys of the Pigeon. Carroll, with a soldier's quick resource, made himself comfortable in the miller's one living room, which Brown shared with him; the two privates sleeping in the mill shed, dusty and piled high with bags of corn. But by day he had the premises pretty much to himself, for each morning Corporal Brown went forth with the men, rarely returning until nightfall, and leaving unexplored no log cabin nor tobacco house nor stable nor cattle shed through these mountains. He did better when, relying on his own knowledge of the region, in which he had once before traveled, than when an occasional uncouth ox-driver or lank mule-rider in butternuts was taken as guide. For then, from impene-

trable surface stupidity and hidden, suspected craft, came furious exasperation, and such evenings saw Corporal Brown return to the mill in a frame of temper which his men learned to respect and shun.

During these absences, Lieutenant Richard Carroll, anxious as he was to be rid of this job and again with the army, fared passably well. By temperament a lover of the grandly beautiful in nature, his surroundings impressed and thrilled anew each day one from the low country pine flats. So cordial he found this crisp, cool air that he would stop in his tracks to throw back his head and square his shoulders, and breathe it with conscious exhilaration. Then Marthy Ann Bedloe would watch him with a responsive smile, which only reached and softened her eyes.

"You look right peart," she broke out on one of these occasions, "an' I been a-worryin' because I ain't hed no milk to give you. Hed to sell the cow when Hank was took off."

"Was he all you had?" asked Carroll, looking across the road down a hollow, to where her little clearing with its forlorn log hut showed scant and miserable against the grand background of crag and sky.

"Yes, we'uns is orphins, an' twins. He could plow an' plant better'n me. We hed a older brother—died o' measles down in the army. Name was Aurora Boralis. Our mammy named him; purty, ain't it? Her own name was Mourning Walker Bedloe."

"Name of her family, Walker?" idly watching how the long lashes actually cast a shadow.

"No—o—o. She jes' took thet ar name when she hed conviction o' sin. Like's this yere yearth was jes' a vale o' sorrow. But she tole she done dance at her own infare; an' she ust to set a mighty heap o' store on dippin'. I ain't ever danced in my life. An' I ain't hed no snuff to dip—sence Hank went."

"It would be a pity," said Carroll, "to spoil those white teeth with tobacco." He was recalled to himself by seeing a crimson rise and spread under the tan of round cheek and neck. "It seems to me," he remarked, abruptly changing the theme, "that there ought to be trout in that river," transferring his gaze to the pellucid dancing water, rippling and eddying on its way over shining rock and clear, transparent depth.

"Thar's oodles o' fish. I ain't no gret hand at catchin' em; but I kin take you to whar they'se thickest. An' my chickens I been a-fryin' for ye is mos' gone, an' turnips, too."

Then her helpful but unconventional comings and goings which had necessitated an occasional bolting of the door on which she never knocked, were varied by fishing excursions led by her. When all were supplied with breakfast, which she cooked as well as brought over, and the Corporal's party started, Carroll would get an improvised line and spend most of the day whipping the stream, wandering up and down its charming banks, above and below the forks, finding, under the girl's direction, clear pools here and there, and shady deeps. Sometimes he was full of the angler's exultation at playing, and landing at last a lusty, wily, all but unconquerable speckled victim; while, at others, he was content in this glorious September weather to sit dreamily for long spaces without a tug at the line, his eyes feeding unconsciously on the beauty of shining, rushing, crystal-clear water and fern-clad rocks and green hill and forest, and his thought wandering afar. His guide would stay patiently near in either case, with hardly a word for hours, motionless almost as one of the rocks in steady, unwavering observation of him. This, at first annoying, came to be little regarded, and herself scarcely more than a feature in the landscape in which her blue cotton gown was a value. Then, with basket full or not, a sharp mountain appetite would at last remind him that he had had but a slight lunch, and that it was supper time. Then she would trudge ahead of him again over foot-log bridge or, where there was none, wade through some shallow ford, skirt kilted high, her shapely ankles gleaming and splashing through the wetness.

"Ef you ain't used to trampin'," she said with a wistful note, "I guess you gits plumb wore out. I wisht now I hedn't burnt the canoe for firewood. But sometimes I jes' ain't got spunk to cut more wood—sence Hank went."

"You mustn't cut a stick while we're here," he commanded, and she nodded her head in submission. He began to hew diligently at a nearby tree on this occasion, while he wondered a little as the sun dipped down and flashed a last ray or so from behind the peaks, at Brown's unusual lateness. But when the moon presently came up, and yet no sign of the returning party, he was too hungry to wait longer, and took his supper where Marthy Ann had spread it on the miller's bare pine table. She came in and out, building up the fire, straightening things scattered, clearing the table afterward. Then, when he thought her finally departed to her cabin, came back suddenly in a disconcerting way she had, and found him risen and filling his pipe, and gazing meanwhile at an ambrotype he had set up on the mantelpiece.

"Thet thar someone you knows to your place?"

"Yes."

"Looks like you thought right smart of her. She ain't bad lookin'!"

"I am to be married to this lady some day." Then, to himself, "When this cruel war is over."

She gazed long upon the sweet and gentle face, but said no more. Only, whereas she had made an unregulated clatter in her previous ministrations, she now moved with curious stillness, and closed the door so softly after her that he did not know when she went.

Very sleepy at last he turned in, still wondering at the Corporal's delay; and had his first nap, when the quick, sharp yelp of Marthy Ann's dog across the road awoke him. He got up and looked out, expecting to see his party; but no one was in view along the moonlit road, and from the back door of the hut, which had no window, he heard her quiet the cur. Then her figure appeared in the front entrance, and he drew back instinctively. She looked long at the mill, then stepped out, and crossing the road, picked up her skirt and waded into the ford. It was so late in the night that the moon, round and full, rode overhead and gave almost perfect light. Why, he hardly knew, but already in shirt and trousers, he only waited to take belt and pistols, and was quickly out of the door and on her track. He lingered a moment in the shadow of the great, idle mill wheel, but she did not yet look behind her, emerging from the ford on the other side, and disappearing into the wood. He waded in at once, the sound of his coming drowned in that of the stream dashing over rocks, and entering the forest close behind her managed to keep her in sight along the narrow trail. At first she would sometimes turn and look, but he instantly stood motionless in shadow, and after a while feeling secure she stopped no more, but kept her way steadily and swiftly. Now did his recent tramping stand him in good stead, for the road began shortly to ascend, and the climb was a rough one. Twice when his foot struck a stone which rolled he awaited discovery; but she paid no heed now, thinking doubtless that it was some small wandering creature of the night.

On she went, panting a little now, higher and higher, and he was wondering if they would cross the mountain. But, when nearly at the summit, she turned to the left, making her way through an almost impenetrable thicket. Whatever the object of this expedition, it struck him as a courageous one for a mere girl alone

in the night in this desolate place. Suddenly she gave a soft whistle like a young partridge's call. An answering whistle came from a short distance ahead, and she pushed on a few steps farther, where from an overhanging rock cavern a form advanced to meet her, and said: "Thet you, Marthy Ann? I was afeard you wasn't a'comin'."

Nearly at the same moment, Lieutenant Carroll laid one hand on his shoulder, a pistol in the other hand, and said: "You are my prisoner, Hank Bedloe." The deserter made a movement towards his gun leaning in the cave entrance, but stood still again feeling the cold muzzle of the pistol. "Marthy Ann!" he cried; and she, stunned for a second by the shock of dismay, would have reached for the weapon, but Carroll swerving with his prisoner stood between her and it.

"Marthy Ann," said he, "you must go ahead of us down the mountain and lead the way back. I have two pistols; but there is no need to threaten. You must see there is no help for this thing." She paused, but: "Forward!" cried the Lieutenant, short and sharp, and with a sort of broken sob she turned to go back the way they had come. Never would Richard Carroll forget that midnight descent of the mountainside under the moon. If a suddenly snapped twig or a stone disturbed made him start at the thought of ambuscaded rescue lurking in the shadows, his mind was oftener full of pity for this wretched brother and sister—the girl his own willing and kindly handmaid for these past days.

"It was my duty to take, and I have taken him. The rest is no affair of mine," said soldierly habit within. But as her slender figure moved down the pathway ahead, he could still fancy the dumb, animal, moving appeal of her eyes. So kept the inner voices jangling and tormenting him; but his hand was firm on his pistol, and his eye, keen and steadfast, covered deserter and guide alike.

After an interval long or short—he scarcely knew—so full it was with whirling thought, once again he heard through the universal stillness of the night the rippling and rushing, the murmuring and dashing, of the Pigeon over its rocky deeps and shadows; and once again they came forth singly from the shadow of the wood, and forded the shining, singing river. On its farther bank Carroll paused a moment.

"Halt!" he said, his voice just higher than the Pigeon's cadences. "Go home now, Marthy Ann, and to bed. I will see that he has some food before he sleeps."

With a look at her brother, and a movement as if she would have touched him, she went in obediently at her narrow door.

Startlingly like her was this twin brother when the Lieutenant could see him anew by candle and firelight. Even the little rings that curled on her brow and neck were alike waving about his, escaping from the wretched old hat he never thought of removing. He had the same mute softness of the eyes, and with more than her slow awkwardness, he looked even younger. He devoured avidly and clumsily the fragments of the supper which the officer gave him, and tumbling down on the sheepskin to which he was directed was quickly asleep.

His captor, fully dressed now and wrapped in his cloak, sat near or paced the floor until the night wore away. With day's first beaming over the mountain tops appeared the Corporal's party, after long pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp, it seemed. Corporal Brown was in a state of irritation, only to be soothed by news of the quarry ensnared behind his hand.

"That's some satisfaction," he declared vindictively, "for all the briers and mud holes we've been tramped through on an all night fool's errand. If I'd a known the boy that offered to take us 'straight to Bedloe' was some far off kin of his, I'd a mistrusted he was leadin' us away from here a purpose; and I'd have taught him something before he gave us the slip at last. Well, we've got the fellow, and when do we start, Lieutenant?"

"After your men rest a bit. We can take the road this afternoon, and march all night with the moon we'll have. The sooner the better."

The prisoner was now in the mill room where the Corporal's men already snored, and Brown guarded him for the hour. Punctual to her time, Marthy Ann brought over the hot pone and chicken and hominy of the breakfast; and Carroll coming in after found her gazing at his ambrotype, which he had accidentally left out of his pocket whence he had taken it during the night.

"She's mighty purty," said Marthy Ann, and gave it to him. Then she stood at the opposite side of the hearthstone, bonnet in hand, facing him just as he remembered her at first, but pale this morning.

"Thar ain't no sort of a chance for him—no sort of a way?" she asked slowly.

"I'm not his judge," he said gently, "he has to be tried first."

"But you know. It's just shootin' him to pieces, ain't it, when you'uns gits him down thar?"

He would have lied, but felt it useless, knowing she must hear sooner or later. She looked out a minute where the great water wheel's idle bulk crossed a window; then her eyes traveled back to his face: "Hank an' me, you see, we'se twins, an' all the fambly thar is. It'll be sort o' lonesome 'ithout him." Then she went away in her lingering fashion.

After noon, all being in marching order, the two privates sentinelled the mill door outside. The officers spoke within in an undertone. "The sister must see him alone for a while, Brown," said the Lieutenant, with a side glance, "say for half an hour. We can wait in the inner room and the men at the door. There is no window and no other way out."

So the compelling, pathetic eyes gave Marthy Ann a last interview with the twin brother, with whom she had worked and played through their short life. The time having expired the Lieutenant with some noise opened the door between. The boy stood with his head and face against the piled-up grain bags. The girl, hastily and awkwardly taking her hand from his and putting her apron to her eyes under the drooping sunbonnet, went out without a word, crossing the road at once to her cabin, and thence to the woods behind, with evident desire to hide her hurt like all wild things in denser solitude.

"Forward! March!" The deserter walked from the mill, absolutely unsoldierly in lagging, uneven gait. The little squad took the road, the Lieutenant feeling some relief that he had been spared the prayers and tears and sobs of more civilized anguish; wondering, indeed, though with a certain self-reproach, if these "humans," as they were called up here, differed much from the cattle or fowl who daily, unconcerned, beheld their mates taken from their side to the slaughter.

"What is it?" he called at some delay; and found that Bedloe wished to remove the rough, cowhide shoes painful to his unaccustomed feet. He watched while the boy, seated on a stone, took off the coarse foot coverings, and thought: "His feet are as slim and as brown as Marthy Ann's." Then, as the prisoner rose, Carroll met his eyes, and was confused a moment by their expression of extremest terror. The next, Bedloe sprang past the men, and was already quite a distance down the road, his bare feet pattering, before the Corporal's gun was leveled and he was calling: Fire! Fire!" Speeding after the fugitive whizzed a pursuing flight of bullets. He was now above the ford at a point where the water was swift and deep, but here he plunged in and, half-wading, half-swim-

ming, slipped and scrambled among the sheltering rocks, partly submerged, against which the balls scattered spray.

"If you let him reach the other side," warned the Lieutenant, "he'll get away." And one of the soldiers, dropping on one knee and taking careful aim at the figure sliding from one rock to the next, fired. The deserter fell over upon the face of the rock, and the rushing water rolled his body to and fro. The men waded in and brought him out hanging limp between them.

"Dead?" asked Carroll.

"Still breathes, Lieutenant."

"Bring him in to Marthy Ann's."

They laid him on a small bed, gay with patchwork, now rapidly crimsoning, and the soldiers went back to pick up their guns. Corporal Brown, seeking to discover the source of a thin stream of blood down the cheek, drew off the hat firmly wedged over the brow, and down came a long coil of waving, auburn hair.

"Oh!" he said, and with the hand of a father of girls instantly fastened it up, covering it again with the hat. There was absolutely nothing to be done but moisten her lips, death being so near. She opened her eyes and looked into Carroll's face.

"'Tain't no use to foller. He's too fur off by now."

"No—no—we will not. My poor child!" and he took her hand in his. She smiled with a look of almost content, and made the effort to lay her blood-stained cheek against it.

"She's mighty purty," she whispered, "an' you thinks a heap of her, I allow." Then she quivered slightly throughout her shattered young body, and the spirit was gone.

"You see, it's this way, Lieutenant," said Brown, raising himself up and rather avoiding his superior's eye, "'tain't no manner of use to go ramblin' these mountains after a boy we'll never catch now that his sister ain't here. The men think we have him and can bury her as such. You can tell the Colonel; but the example to the regiment will be the same. If you'll just give orders about the grave, I'll tell the men that we'll bring the body ourselves. It's light."

So it came to pass that one of the privates stuck a bit of wood, on which he had whittled "Hank Bedloe," over the grave of Marthy Ann near the banks of the Pigeon, in which the tender water willows dip and flutter, and the lusty trout go leaping to-day as in that last wonderful summer of her life.

A MEDIÆVAL SONG OF THE PASSION.¹

DONE INTO MODERN ENGLISH BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

SUMMER'S come and Winter's gone,
The days begin to lengthen;
All the birdies everyone
With joyous song bestir them:
Yet does hard grief hold me in bond
Though all around me thrills the sound
Of gladness.
'Tis all for the sake
Of a Childe so sweet,
My sadness.

That princely Childe so debonnair
Whose mind is fashioned rarely,
By wood and hill He sought me out,
Nor lingered on the journey;
At length in dire captivity,
Because of an apple on a tree, .
He found me.
With His own wounds
He broke the bonds
That bound me.

That Childe so high-born and so free,
To me He bent Him lowly;

¹The religious songs of mediæval England are all too unknown to the general body of Catholic readers. Yet in thirteenth-century and fourteenth-century English literature, there are not a few gems which ought to be known and prized by English-speaking Catholics. It is satisfactory, therefore, to learn that an anthology of English mediæval verse is shortly to be published in the Catholic Library Series. The *Song of the Passion* here rendered into modern English, belongs to the fourteenth century, and is in the Midland dialect. It has been edited by Morris in *Old English Miscellany*.

For me to Jews He then was sold,
Who did not know Him, surely:
"Upon a tree on yonder hill,"
They said, "We'll nail Him fast and well,"
All ruthless;
"But first we'll heap
All over Him
Shame soothless."

Jesus is that Childe's fair Name;
King of all the world, He;
Yet those Jews made game of Him,
With their hands they smote this King
And tried Him sore; then on a tree
They gave Him wounds, first two, then three,
Most spiteful;
Of bitter drink
They offered Him
A cupful.

Yet had He not been nailed
Upon that cruel tree,
He Who is our true Life,
Naught other would it be
But that in hell we all should boil
And never taste refreshment: all
Would fail us.
Nor castle tower
Nor baron's power
Could save us.

Mary, favored with all grace,
Maid and mother, there she stood;
Upon the ground her tears fell fast,
And all her tears were tears of blood.

The course ran with His blood,
And none who saw His face,
 Would know Him.
He was so drawn
As deer when slain
 At hunting.

So death he took that gentle Childe
Upon a high rood tree;
With His own blood He washed away
Our sins whate'er they be:
And on the flood He passèd down
And broke the gates of hell that frowned
 So proudly;
And chaced them out
Who gods them thought
 Ungodly.

Then on the third day He did rise,
And on His throne He set Him;
He'll come again at Judgment-day,
And give each man his tithing.
Groan he may and weep alway
Who dies in sin; for him 'tis aye
 Outlawry.
But grant us, Christ,
With Thee to rise
 In glory!

ROGER BACON AND THE CELEBRATION AT OXFORD OF THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH.

BY MARY SEGAR.



IN the literature of chapbook and drama, in the works of Pope, Butler, Sir Thomas Browne, and Byron,¹ indeed in tradition generally, Roger Bacon lives to posterity as a magician: a grotesque figure of a magician consulting his strange oracle, a brazen head, which had the power, unique among the talking heads of history, of exploding at intervals with a deafening noise and a cloud of sulphurous smoke.²

A mere handful of men in each century³ realized dimly that Bacon was more than a magician; but he was born two hundred years too soon. His quickness of vision had outrun the minds of his contemporaries, and if there were many as learned as he, and some with as great constructive ability, there were not many enough. For a man with ideas much beyond the level of those of his age, whether in the moral or in the intellectual order, there can be nothing but sorrow. It is the man in whom the *Zeitgeist* reaches its highest expression, who in literature is hailed a genius, and who leaves his mark on all succeeding generations. In science it is the man who arrives at a new and illuminating conclusion from data which all the world knows—the man who goes one step farther, not the man who sees possibilities to be realized in the dim future. Him only posterity can acclaim, and so it was fitting that we of the subsequent ages, we of the day in which his visions have materialized, should honor Roger Bacon, and hail him a true prophet.

May it not also be hoped that the celebration by the great University of Oxford of the seventh centenary of the birth of a great mediæval, is indicative of a turn of the tide of popular interest

¹For a full and most interesting account of the references to Roger Bacon in English literature, and of the confusion of his brazen head with the brazen nose of Brazenose College, Oxford, see an article by Sir John Sandys in *Roger Bacon—Commemoration Essays*.

²To accuse a man of possessing a talking head was to accuse him of witchcraft. Virgil, Pope Sylvester II., Grosseteste, and Albertus Magnus were said to have had them by enemies.

³It was chiefly his work in mathematics and alchemy that was appreciated till the seventeenth century.

in the direction of the Middle Ages, and that after centuries of obloquy the "dark ages" are at last to have their due.

One wished that the most formal part of the commemoration, the ceremony of the unveiling of the statue⁴ by a former President of the Royal Society, Sir Archibald Geikie, and its acceptance by Lord Curzon on behalf of Oxford University, could have taken place in an older building. Merton Library would have been ideal, bat-haunted, dim, and smelling of parchment, steeped in reminiscence of the Middle Ages, and a place where Roger Bacon had very likely been. A welcome sight, and the one real touch of mediævalism, were the brown habits of the friars, who joined with the scarlet-robed doctors of science in offering a sincere homage to the friar scientist of the thirteenth century.

Three friars were there in an official capacity, Father Pascal Robinson, O.F.M., Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., and Father David Fleming, O.F.M., as delegates from the different branches of the Franciscan Order. Besides them were delegates from the Universities of Cambridge and Paris, from the French Academy, from the Vatican Library, and from many Continental and American universities. Quite fittingly University College, Cork, was represented by its Franciscan Professor of Mental Science, Father Edwin, O.S.F.C. Had Roger Bacon been born in an age when his ideas were fully understood, had he been entirely tactful and entirely successful in his dealing with men, and a prime favorite with his own Order and in the Universities of Paris and Oxford, he could not during his lifetime have been honored by a more representative gathering. There would have been of course one notable omission: America would have sent no delegates. Yet America has a special reason for doing him honor. For Roger Bacon dreamed of that passage westwards to India from Spain, which more than two centuries later Columbus realized.⁵

There is something paradoxical, something both sad and humorous, in this tardy reparation to a man who suffered and was forgotten for three hundred years, and who was to begin to be fully

⁴Robert Greene, in his *Honourable History of Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay*, published 1590 (a play that was very popular in the early years of Elizabeth's reign), suggests that a statue should be put up in Oxford, and that all Europe should do honor to Bacon, the greatest of mediæval magicians.

⁵The Cardinal Petrus Alliatus, in the *Imago Mundi* (printed in 1480), quotes without acknowledgment what Bacon had said about this passage westwards. Columbus read it, copied it out, and quoted it in a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella. Humboldt believes that this had more to do with the discovery of America than the Toscanelli letters.

recognized only after the lapse of seven centuries. It is a strange thing to celebrate the birthday of a man for the first time seven hundred years after he is born, and to erect a statue to him when no one can know what his features were.

Had the statue presented to the university been a mere convention, the strangeness of the occasion would not so cogently have struck the assembly; but Mr. Hope Pinker's piece of work is extraordinarily alive; it brings back the man real and living from out of the obscurity of ages. In it are the keenness, the imagination, the sensitiveness, the mental grasp, the nervousness, and the imprudence of Roger Bacon. In his lifetime Bacon was keenly and vividly alive. He cannot write even of mathematics without making his readers feel across the gulf of seven centuries that they are dealing with a man, a man to be admired or a man to be challenged.

Bacon possessed in a most unusual degree the power of grasping the real nature and value of things—their essence and their possibilities. This power is one of the essentials of genius; and like all geniuses who get anywhere, Bacon was a tremendous worker.⁶ He did not stand alone in his century, a solitary figure trying to keep alight the lamp of learning, as has been so often said. He had colleagues as learned as he in many branches of learning. Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, and Chancellor of Oxford University, was in his own way a great natural philosopher, and, like Bacon, was enthusiastic for the study of Greek and Hebrew as aids to the right understanding of the Scriptures.⁷ Undoubtedly Roger Bacon was much influenced by Grosseteste.⁸ Edmund Rich (St. Edmund of Abingdon), Adam Marsh, and later Walter de la Mare were also among his friends, and he knew Albertus Magnus. Albertus Magnus was perhaps a greater physicist than he, and Jordanus Nemorarius more learned in mathematics.

⁶He says in *Opus Tertium*, "Men used to wonder before I became a friar that I lived owing to my excessive labors." We hear of his broken health, of his difficulties of every sort, and in spite of all a close attention to work and an extraordinary thoroughness. He cannot trust copyists, he says, so "anything difficult I have to write four or five times before I get what I want." It was not the minutiae of the different branches of learning which attracted him for their own sake. If this had been so he would have followed one branch of science or letters, and made it completely his own. It was rather a seeking after perfection in his method. Details of science or language interested him only in so far as they were significant of some larger law.

⁷Grosseteste anticipates the action of Colet by two hundred years in inviting over to England *veri graci*. Grosseteste's guest was one Nicholas Gracus, who became a member of his household, and spent his time making translations and teaching correct grammar.

⁸See *Life of Grosseteste*, by R. W. Stevenson.

Bacon's actual knowledge was considerable, but this nowadays must be judged relatively to his time, but his mind, his power of seeing the point that mattered in things, was of the greatest. This we can judge by an absolute, not a relative, standard. His keenness of vision did not extend to people, he did not understand the characters of men, and see their capabilities as he knew the nature and possibilities of things; or if he did he was too impatient to use his knowledge.

His recklessness and irascibility gave him the reputation of pugnacity, and this lessened his influence. He saw far and truly into all realms of knowledge, and felt keenly that amongst his contemporaries many—and they were men who enjoyed considerable repute—were seeking to perfect their knowledge and skill on quite wrong lines. Already, too, some of the schoolmen were losing touch with reality by overloading their ideas with terminology. Instead of helping these men by leading them step by step from the known to the unknown, by building on their knowledge, and using their methods to lead them to his own, Roger Bacon denounced them fiercely as “*asini*” and “*stultissimi*.”

Not only did he abuse the Dominican teachers, but he did not spare the members of his own Order. This irritation at the wordiness and lack of inspiration of his contemporaries was a constant motive force in him. Had his heedless behavior not led to incarceration and prohibition from publishing his books, this feeling of irritation might have done no harm to his scientific work. It was undoubtedly impersonal, and it was undoubtedly born of his wholehearted love for truth. It was not that he loved men less, but that he loved science more. He was strong enough to stand alone in his work; so sure was he that he was right. It was only after real hardship and ill-treatment that he shows his need for sympathy, and his delight in it. It was when Pope Clement IV. sent him a secret message ordering him to send on his work.⁹ Then, delighted, Bacon set himself to write the *Opus Majus*.

Never for a moment, in all his troubles, was he led into any disloyalty towards the Church; his faith was such that it never crossed his mind that it could be shaken by knowledge. He had

⁹In his delight he writes, “The Head of the Church has sought me out—the unworthy sole of its foot. . . . I feel myself elevated above my ordinary strength. I conceive a new fervor of spirit. I ought to be more than grateful, since your Beatitude has asked me for that which I have most ardently desired to communicate, which I have worked at with immense toil and brought into light after manifold expenses.” *Op. text* (Brewer), quoted by Professor Tuttle, *Commemoration Essays*.

vision enough to see that there was no antagonism between faith and knowledge. His great desire was to confirm the reign of Christ upon earth by a better knowledge of the Scriptures, and this was to be brought about by a more thorough mastery of languages and science.¹⁰ The science of words and the science of external things were the handmaidens of the mistress-science, theology. He firmly believed in the Divine Inspiration of the Bible, but he held that unless men knew the languages in which it was originally written, and unless they knew the nature and qualities of all external things, they must miss a great deal of its spiritual significance, for the properties of things and the ways of wild creatures were in the mind of the Creator when He inspired its writing.

Though it is his vision and his grasp on essentials that make Roger Bacon one of the world's geniuses, yet his actual achievement in the different branches of learning he took up was by no means inconsiderable. Indeed his vision was closely dependent on it; as it must ever be except perhaps in philosophy.

Chief perhaps among the innovations for which he is famous, is his esteem for experimental science, *the mistress of all the sciences and the end of all speculation*. "There are two modes in which we acquire knowledge," he says, "argument and experiment. Argument shuts up the question and makes us shut it up too: but it gives no proof, nor does it remove doubt, and cause the mind to rest in the conscious possession of truth, unless the truth is discovered by way of experience," etc.¹¹ The significance of this utterance is that it was made at a time when argument and syllogistic reasoning were the basis of scientific study. He held that scholastic science was too greatly concerned with intellectual definitions, and the supposed causes of natural events, and neglected the accurate observation of these events.¹²

Several of Bacon's contemporaries knew more of the details

¹⁰He says some striking things about authority which led him to be suspected, and deplores the attitude of his contemporaries towards the Fathers. They seem to him to be given the same credence as the Scriptures, whereas the Fathers were but men and had only the faculties of men (*Opus Majus*). To quote only one instance of his loyalty, he begs the Pope to put a stop to the scandalous way in which the Paris teachers were still farther corrupting their already corrupt text. He complains that more attention is paid to the commentary, *The Book of the Sentences*, of Peter the Lombard, than to the text itself. He adds that "so great a work as daring to interfere with the sacred text could not have been accomplished either by the doctors of Paris, or by any other person without the authority of the Holy See. It could not have been and ought not to have been done without this authorization: it would have been improper," *Opus Minus*.

¹¹*Opus Majus*.

¹²*Opus Minus*.

of mathematics than he, but he characteristically seems to have understood its spirit and its scope. Yet it was applied, rather than pure, mathematics that he valued—mathematics as the handmaiden of his *mistress of sciences*. His aim was to base all science on observation and experiment, and for these experiments to use the methods of mathematics.

Bacon sometimes repeats himself, but in doing so he is quite consistent. He had three dominant ideas. He saw the possibility of a closer correlation of all science, and he works out the relationship of every science to the greatest science of all, theology and the interpretation of the Scriptures, and he constantly reiterates that the method of scientific investigation must be experiment based on mathematical law.

Before passing on to the consideration of his ideas about the study of words, it is interesting to note that he foresaw the motor car, the *aéroplane*, high speed engines, self-propelled ships, and machines of wonderful power.

In his three chief works, the *Opus Majus*, the *Opus Minus*, and the *Opus Tertium*, he asserts the necessity of a study of Greek and Hebrew if the Scriptures are to be rightly understood. He has a good knowledge of the history of the different translations of the Bible both before and after St. Jerome, and seems to understand thoroughly the principles on which any critical correction of Scripture texts must proceed.¹³

He takes a great delight in words, and attributes to them a sort of mystical power. This is perhaps due to the influence of his age, but more probably to the fact that he had a wonderful power of relishing everything. It was this artistic gift which helped to make him so great a scientist. He hoped to compile a grammar and a method of study of Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldean. The Greek grammar alone was completed.¹⁴

In the fifth part of the *Opus Majus* he treats of optics and perspective. The exact conformity of this science to mathematical law made it one of his favorites. He describes in it the construction and use of the telescope, also of spectacles, but whether he actually made and used them is open to question. Probably he did.

In his treatises on alchemy, chemistry, and medicine,¹⁵ me-

¹³ See the article entitled *The Latin Vulgate* in *Commemoration Essays*, by H. E. Cardinal Gasquet.

¹⁴ It is preserved in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was published in 1902.

¹⁵ *Communa naturalium. Opus Tertium. Opus Majus. De arte Chymia*, etc.

diæval and modern ideas struggle for the ascendancy, for whilst he bases them on experiment regulated by mathematics, he professes a belief in astrology, and longs to find the elixir of life. He compounds what he calls the Philosopher's Egg, but his directions for making it are vague and cryptic. So vague are his directions for making gunpowder that it may be doubted whether he had it in mind at all. Possibly he was thinking of some sort of Greek fire.¹⁶

Of general ideas in physical science in which he was ahead of his time, he seems to have known that nature abhors a vacuum, and to have held opinions on energy and force very like those of the present day. He believed in the indestructibility of energy, and the possibility of the measurement of force by mathematics.¹⁷ He had formed a sound plan for the revision and correction of the Calendar,¹⁸ but his friend Pope Clement IV. died before the work could be begun.

Such is the range of the man who was but rarely mentioned by serious students during the two centuries following his death, and who lives in the literature of the subsequent five centuries as a magician who invented a clever explosive. The seeds sown by Roger Bacon had to lie unproductive in the ground, till in the course of time the soil became favorable to their growth.

By a strange coincidence another Bacon, two hundred years later, in his *Novum Organum* and his *De Argumentis*, developed the ideas of his earlier namesake, and lives to posterity as the Father of the Experimental Method. It is the tragedy of a man born out of due time, but it is also the tragedy of a man with a temperament which needed tolerant and understanding friends, put into circumstances where every hasty word he uttered was supposed to be fraught with profound significance—a man who had far outstripped his contemporaries in the vision he had of the possibilities of scientific study.

Had Bacon's idea of an experimental method based on mathematical law, been adopted and developed by his immediate successors, the effect on all subsequent scientific study would have been incalculable. Had Grosseteste and Bacon been able to inspire their generation with their own love for pure Greek, the efforts of Colet, Grocyn, Linacre, and Blessed Thomas More in the late fifteenth and

¹⁶See an essay in *Commemoration Essays* entitled *Roger Bacon and Gunpowder*, by Colonel W. A. L. Hime, R.A.

¹⁷*Quæstiones naturales et primo quæstiones libri physicorum Rogeri Bacon*, lib. iv.

¹⁸*Opus Majus*.

early sixteenth centuries would have been unnecessary, and those who hold that the Renaissance as an intellectual movement had any vital influence in England would have found great difficulty in upholding their view. There would have been less of a break, perhaps no break at all, between the culture of the Middle Ages and the enthusiasm for letters, with which in the sixteenth century the greater accessibility of books was attended.

The fifteenth century and the Wars of the Roses cuts through the history of letters and science in England, and Englishmen of subsequent ages, encouraged by Protestantism to regard the earlier period as sunk in superstition, have not cared to investigate its intellectual achievement. They have been taught to regard the beginning of an enthusiasm for letters as brought about by the Renaissance, and fostered and encouraged by the Protestant Reformation, and the history of science as beginning in 1625 with the incorporation of the Royal Society.

The recent Oxford celebration is especially significant, in that it denotes the rolling back of the mists which for so long have hidden the Middle Ages, with their wealth of inspired achievement, from the view of the modern world: and this to us is even more valuable than the proposed publication of Robert Bacon's unpublished works, much as this project is to be welcomed.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS AT LOURDES.

(July 22-26, 1914.)

BY RUTH EGERTON.



OUR journey at its beginnings with an Italian pilgrimage from Milan was a long hot one, but when we got away from the Riviera route, with its perpetual tunnels and patchy views of the blazing Mediterranean, and arrived at Toulouse, it became bearable. Moreover at Toulouse the "movement" all *en route* for Lourdes became evident. And as we waited for our train in steamed the through express with the sumptuous "wagon" attached specially for His Eminence, the Cardinal Legate Prince Granito di Belmonte, and we had our first vision of him blessing and smiling from the window.

At Toulouse we abandoned the Italian pilgrims to their fate—they were going to stay three or four hours there, and visit the tomb of St. Thomas Aquinas in the Church of St. Saturninus, and went on direct, and so to speak, with the Legate to Lourdes. The little town (it only has about eight thousand inhabitants of its own) was decorated from head to foot—balconies, windows, arches, flags flying of Papal colors yellow and white, or the blue and white of Notre Dame de Lourdes. More than two hundred thousand Catholics of every nationality were going to and fro to the grotto or the churches. Everything was beautifully arranged, and another feather has been added to the famous Mayor Le Case's cap. No civil force was employed; no soldiers or mounted police, of course, provided by the government, but to all appearance entire order was maintained by the well-known voluntary force of the *brancardiers*—the men of all ages and all ranks who voluntarily give their services all the year round to help the sick pilgrims, carrying them in their chairs from their houses to the famous *piscine* for the bathing.

After a great reception, a speech of welcome by the Mayor and Bishop of Lourdes, a mounted guard of the native basques heading his escort, the Cardinal Legate drove to the bishop's palace, where he took up his residence for the period of the Congress. And on the next day, the twenty-second, work began. In the Upper Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, night and day, thousands were

thronging for the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. In the Lower Church, from one A. M., Masses were constantly offered one after the other, at all the altars.

At the grotto the same was occurring, and near it at the fountains people were drinking the miraculous water, or filling flasks and bottles with it to take away to less fortunate ones at home. Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, every type and nationality of priest and faithful, were filling up the entire square and all round the grotto, and so it went on for the whole period of the Congress.

From about nine A. M. the different "sections" (there were about twelve), representing different countries, opened; and the various speakers delivered their speeches or read papers—all on the great central subject of the Congress, viz., "The Adoration and Worship of God in the Blessed Sacrament." At our English section we had three Australian bishops, several well-known laymen, several English-speaking guests of other nations, and one well beloved by all Americans, His Eminence Cardinal Farley. His Eminence was presiding over our section the morning that the Cardinal Legate paid his visit there, and the English cheering powers were well tested that day.

With an indescribable magnificence the first big open air gathering of the Congress took place on Wednesday afternoon, July 22d. Imagine a large square, or rather almost a beautiful garden, stretching for perhaps a quarter of a mile, until it ends in the main street of the town—at the other end the beautiful Church of the Rosary (so well known to all by pictures), with the great flight of steps leading up to it, and its stone parapet and balustraded roads on each side winding round and up to the Upper Church. The Cardinal Legate arrived, preceded by eight cardinals in their scarlet, and over two hundred archbishops and bishops in their purple, and took his place on the special velvet throne on the raised platform, which commanded an unbroken view over a black seething sea of people—thousands and thousands for the most part standing, and standing thus patiently for three hours and more. How can one describe these things? And how can one convey in words the feeling that *it is Lourdes*—Lourdes, "the city steeped in the Grace of Mary," in which all is happening? The President, Monsignor Heylen, Bishop of Namur, opened the Congress with appropriate greeting to the Cardinal Legate, and informed us also, in the course of his speeches, that the Cardinal Legate had approved of the plans of the League for promoting these International Eucharistic Congresses. We

learned that for the future *every two years*, instead of annually, the International Congress would be held—the intervening years being dedicated to diocesan or provincial Eucharistic Congresses, and a special appeal being made to all bishops to enforce greater attention regarding the education and instruction of the people by their priests in the meaning and aim of the International Eucharistic Congresses.

The Bishop of Lourdes and Tarbes, on behalf of his people, spoke the official welcome to the Cardinal Legate, and then followed the solemn reading of the special Brief to the Congress of His Holiness Pius X. After this the Cardinal Legate, amidst storms of "*Vive le Legat*," stepped smilingly down, and went on to the reading desk to deliver his address to Congress. This will by now be known through the press to all Catholics. It was what might be expected of a prelate of such well-known saintliness of life, and such intense charm of personality; and its forcible appeal to each and every class of men and women, ending with its almost *command* to fathers and mothers, to come to, and to bring others *daily*, to partake of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, stirred everyone present.

Speeches in every language succeeded one after another that afternoon—one of the briefest certainly was that of Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland. Very clear and very to the point; and we all knew what was "the point" at the Congress.

Cardinal Netto, of Lisbon, was enthusiastically received. Poor Portugal! The multitudes seemed desirous of showing their sympathy with the horribly persecuted Catholics there, by their warm sympathetic expressions to their Cardinal. As one of the *jewels* among all the speeches we heard, perhaps that of Cardinal Luçon, of Reims must be put first. Every afternoon throughout the Congress, till its formal ending again by the Cardinal Legate on Saturday, these hugely attended gatherings continued.

In the evenings, always about eight p. m., the whole of the Place du Rosaire, in front of the churches, again swarmed with people, mostly men; and this for the traditional torch processions. These are quite unique and beautiful in their simplicity. Everybody carries his or her candle, with the little Lourdes shade round it stamped with the picture of the statue of our Lady in the Grotto, and then all walk from the church round the entire length of the square, till all are back facing the church and its steps—all the while the entire throng sings to a simple well-known air the story

of Bernadette Soubirous and the Holy Apparition of the Immaculate Conception, ending with the refrain "*Ave, Ave, Ave Maria*," turning up their lights as they sing the refrain. The effect of this done by perhaps some one hundred thousand persons is very striking. For one second, after the hymn is ended, all is still, and then is intoned the great symbol of our faith, *Credo in Unum Deum*. The whole countless multitude takes up the words, and sings from beginning to end the creed of the faithful, and when it is ended all throng into the churches to pay their act of homage to their Lord in His Tabernacle on the altar.

Every day the Cardinal Prince di Belmonte added to the little, gracious, spontaneous acts with which he always and everywhere gains the hearts of the people among whom he is staying. When the despairing *brancardiers* had with difficulty got him to his carriage through the surging people, all eager to kiss his ring and be blessed, when he had taken, instead of five minutes, three-quarters of an hour to get from the grotto to where the coachman was waiting, voluntarily and suddenly he ordered the carriage to be again stopped, and getting out he walked inside the railings around the entry to the baths, where a patient row of cripples and sick were waiting their turn to enter, and there not only blessed and spoke to each, but took from a sad mother a little child—very little and very hopelessly ill it seemed—took it and held it to him, and blessed and quieted it. He went back to his carriage, and it was harder than ever to get him through the crowds. On another occasion we saw His Eminence reduced simply to *running* away; smiling though, as he did so, and Monsignor Heylen who was with him, had to follow suit laughing, and so did the crowd around laugh, and the *brancardiers* who had at last managed to close the gates which separated the people from the Prince.

It was certified in all the local papers, etc., that on Sunday, July 26th, the last day, His Eminence would say Mass not as hitherto at the Grotto, but would pontificate at High Mass at ten o'clock at the altar placed for the purpose outside the church. The celebration of this Mass was a magnificent spectacle. On one side of the altar facing the Legate on his throne, were the eight cardinals under a scarlet awning; on the other side all the archbishops and bishops and prelates. Above these and to each side leading up till they reached the square front of the Upper Church, were only clergy, either vested in surplice, or in cassocks. In great, many-colored rows high above the altar on the topmost bridge, all the districts

round Lourdes were represented by their flag-bearers, who simultaneously dipped their flags at both the *Gloria* and at the Elevation. In front, below facing the altar, were benches filled with Knights of St. Sepulchre in flowing white mantles and cocked hats with plumes, the Scarlet Knights of Malta, and all the *camerieri*—chamberlains to the Pope—besides some of the more celebrated speakers at the Congress. Backing up all this pomp and color came the people, everywhere around, filling up the housetops near, and all the hills within seeing distance. It was a tremendous sight. One might have supposed the whole world Catholic. At the last moment before the state entry of the Legate, large baskets of flowers were carried in, and the contents strewn along the way he was to pass to the altar. At the end the Papal Blessing was given, and in an hour the place was almost empty, and all were preparing to celebrate finally the Great Eucharistic Triumph, for which these days had been the prelude.

Towards two-thirty p. m., again the whole world was hurrying to and fro, either to their fixed places, or to try to procure one, from whence to witness and take part in the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. More decorations, if possible, had been added—boys in scarlet led by a priest carrying large, open baskets of flowers to strew before the Blessed Host, passed by; an escort mounted of the basque men rode along, and finally at three p. m., the great seemingly endless procession got under way. Cardinals, archbishops, over six thousand clergy, the Mayor and municipal authorities, hundreds of children, dressed in yellow and white, and blue and white, the band crashing out its music, and then, no longer vested in pontifical splendor, but robed as any priest may be robed, and bearing aloft, as any priest may bear aloft, His Lord, slowly and stately, passed the Cardinal Priest, representative of Christ's Vicar on earth, with the Most Sacred Host. Perfect silence fell upon the crowd, and except for the bell announcing the passing of Our Lord Himself, nothing was heard. The cortège wound its way along the little streets of this singularly favored city, until after three hours it re-emerged in face of the church, and the whole square was filled with people on their knees. Then commenced the soul-thrilling "blessing of the sick;" the one high voice of the "priest of the sick" rings out in the well-known invocation, "Lord, we love You! Lord, we adore You! Lord, save our sick! Mother of God, pray for us! Lord, make me walk. make me see. make me hear. Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

Like thunderbolts come the responses taken up by the expectant hundreds of thousands, and the Cardinal Priest passes from beneath the great white and gold *baldacchino*, to walk slowly down the line of the yearning sick ones—"Lord, save us who are sick." Then he passes again under the *baldacchino*, goes up the great steps, and then mounts and mounts, until again he emerges at the upper square, where another altar, with large ostensorium outlined, has been placed, and commands the neighboring hills, almost the entire town of Lourdes—and from whence he can be seen by every soul within a distance of two miles; then the hush which ever accompanies the Elevation of the Blessed Host at Benediction, then the far-away music again, and down on their knees fall the entire mass to receive the Pontifical Blessing. Again silence reigns, and then, with one uprising of the crowd, comes the universal shout, "Long live the Legate," "Long live Pius X.," "Long live the Pope," shouted in every language.

So ended the memorable Congress; memorable for its scenes, and most memorable, we know now, because the "Pope of the Eucharist" declared to the world for the last time his ardent desire that every day Catholics throughout the world should go to the altar, and there partake of Jesus, the Bread of life, in the Most Blessed Sacrament.

THE WARFARE OF THEOLOGY WITH SCIENCE TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.



IN the September issue of this magazine¹ I traced the change that has taken place in the attitude of reasonably informed people in English-speaking countries during the forty years since the publication of Professor Draper's *Conflict Between Religion and Science*. The fact that that volume appeared in the International Scientific Series, confirms the opinion of conservative thinkers, that not a few of the contributions to that series represented scientific positions not only grossly exaggerated, but because of their very exaggeration indicative of an animus against religion.

Professor Draper's book is literally a caricature of the history of science, yet it was almost the only book on the history of science that was generally read by teachers of science in this country at the time of its publication. Nothing that I know shows more clearly the superficiality, the lack of scholarship of the majority of those who taught science a generation ago here in America.

Twenty years after the appearance of Professor Draper's book, President White published *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*. It is interesting to note the change of opinion in the score of years since Draper's publication. The very title of the latter work is a clear indication. President White tempered the issue very much; according to him it is not a conflict between *religion* and *science*, but a series of conflicting incidents; he calls it warfare between *theology* and *science*. Had he called his book *The Warfare Between Theologians and Scientists*, the title would have voiced more accurately the thesis he endeavored to present. Unfortunately President White did not allow for the human elements that enter into these incidents; or, if in his own mind he made such allowance, he wrote on the supposition that there is a more or less necessary disagreement of theology and science. He represents theology as constantly fighting scientific progress, and as constantly yielding before its advance; and in the end compromising so as to save its principles or, as far as possible, its prestige.

If President White had only emphasized the human element in

¹*Science and Religion, Then and Now.*

his accounts of disputations between theologians and scientists, he might have made an enduring contribution to the history of human thought. Scientists and theologians have always disagreed whenever novelties were introduced, and they will always continue to disagree under such circumstances. This is not, however, the fault of the theologians as such, for they have not disagreed more with innovating scientists than have other and more conservative scientists with their progressive colleagues. While theologians have often unfortunately not been as ready, as we might wish, to welcome newly-discovered truth, neither have the scientists themselves been ready. Scientists, as well as theologians, refused to accept Copernicanism. For a full century after Copernicus' death, mathematicians and astronomers refused to take his theory seriously. Even Francis Bacon at the end of the first quarter of the seventeenth century in Galileo's time, declared that the Ptolemaic theory explained the difficulties of astronomy much better and more satisfactorily than the Copernican system, and for that reason he refused to give his adhesion to Copernicus' teaching.

The same story recurs practically in the history of every science whenever a really epoch-making discovery is made. When the discovery is of comparatively little significance, or does not revolutionize men's ordinary modes of thinking, it may slip into the current of human thought without disturbance of any kind. A great discovery, however, always brings down the deprecation of many contemporaries upon the daring innovator. Take, for example, the discovery of the circulation of the blood. Every step in the demonstration of this great truth was not only not welcomed, but on the contrary deprecated. Aubrey tells us that he had heard Harvey say "that after his book on the circulation of the blood came out, he fell mightily in his practice; 'twas believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained, and all the physicians were against him." A little later Steno, demonstrating that the heart was a muscle pump, added another link to the chain of demonstration of the circulation of the blood. Men not only refused at first to accept this new finding, but said harsh things about the youthful anatomist. A little later still Malpighi demonstrated the existence of the capillary blood vessels, and solved the mystery as to how the blood passed from the arteries to the veins. One might expect that this great discovery, which put an end to all cavil with regard to the circulation of the blood, would bring its author great prestige. It did after a while, but in the meantime it brought down on the devoted head of Malpighi some very bitter attacks from the Galenists

of his day, and this bitterness took on a phase of personal enmity, which finally led to the burning of his house. We may talk of *odium theologicum*, but we must not forget the *odium scientificum*. Scientists have never been over ready to welcome new truths that contradicted the old ideas which they had accepted for a lifetime. I venture to say that there is a hundred times as much opposition in the history of science to the introduction of new truths from scientists, than there is from theologians. It is human nature, and not theology or religion that counts in the matter.

President White had the opportunity to write this story of the controversies between scientists and theologians, who are after all two sets of men, each studying science in its own way, but he preferred to generalize and set the opposition between the abstract concepts of science and theology. As a consequence his book was interpreted as an attack on religion, though there seems no doubt that it was not intended as such.

Indeed the book accomplished one very positive good. It made it very clear that the so-called Reformation far from bringing that freedom of opinion and liberty of teaching which is so often claimed followed it, had precisely the opposite effect. As Professor Paulsen, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Berlin, said in his book on German education, "the restrictions on instruction as a consequence of the reform movement within the petty states and their narrow-minded established churches, well nigh stifled the intellectual life of the German people." He declares that the fear of heresy was even more intense in the Lutheran universities than in the Catholic institutions of learning. President White brings out in many ways how much Protestant theologians hampered science, and shows how unwarranted is the ordinary appeal of Protestants to Church opposition in the Middle Ages as due to Catholicity, since at all times there have been endless disputations between scientists and theologians.

What is particularly interesting for us, however, is the significant change that has come in the twenty years since the publication of President White's book with regard to the details of the subject matters that he has treated. The development of our knowledge of the history of science has literally wiped out practically all the assumptions on which he based his arguments. His *facts* are wrong or incompletely given. This was not all his fault, but mainly that of his times. Had he but known it, books had already just been published in Europe, or were being prepared for publication, that made a large number of his contentions utterly ridiculous. What

may be called a Renaissance of the history of the biological sciences, and particularly of the sciences related to medicine, has taken place in the past twenty-five years. Puschmann in Vienna, Pagel in Berlin, Nicaise in France, and Gurlt in Berlin have literally revolutionized our knowledge of the history of medicine and of surgery. Their work is being admirably continued by such men as Sudhoff, of Leipzig, Neuberger of Vienna, and by the Societies for the History of Medicine, which now are active in practically all of the European countries. As a consequence, the International Medical Congress, for the first time in its history, included last year in its London meeting a section in the History of Medicine. It has at length come to be recognized that medical history is not merely a hobby for dry-as-dust students, but an important department of a great intellectual discipline.

It is this development of the history of medicine that has left President White's raft of supposed facts high and dry on the shore of time. He assumed in his book that because he knew nothing about medicine and surgery in the Middle Ages, no progress was made with regard to them. For such a lacuna in human progress as he *thought* he found, there must be some reason. What better reason could be alleged for his purpose than that the Church suppressed intellectual effort, and especially discouraged medicine, because that decreased Church revenues from prayers, relics, pilgrimages, and the like. There is his argument. He has used it over and over again, and the only drawback to it is the falsity of its premise. Instead of there being no medicine and surgery, there was a magnificent development in these departments, and the Church was the patron and support of it in nearly every possible way.

How amusing it is, for anyone who knows the history of medicine, to read President White's constantly recurring declarations that there was prohibition of dissection by the ecclesiastical authorities. The universities were all under the control of the Church, and there is abundant evidence that dissection was studied and practised wherever there was sufficient development of science to look for it. President White represents Vesalius the Father of Modern Anatomy—who after having attended Louvain and Paris in vain, had gone to Italy because he found such ample facilities there—as dissecting in fear and trembling lest he should be discovered by the Inquisition. At that very time every artist in Italy was making dissections quite freely. We have literally many hundreds, probably even thousands, of sketches of dissections made by the Renaissance

artists, some of them before, many of them during, Vesalius' lifetime.

As a matter of fact it was the Church authorities who by their action made dissection possible. There has always been a strong natural feeling of abhorrence against the mutilation of the human body. Most men are quite willing to devote their own bodies, when they have no further use for them, to dissection, but I have known thoroughly scientific physicians refuse to have the bodies of near relatives opened for purposes of investigation. This feeling of abhorrence was so strong in America three generations ago that dissection was made extremely difficult, and bodies could only be obtained by so-called "resurrectionist" methods. The Church authorities in Italy overcame this natural abhorrence, and made liberal regulations by which unclaimed bodies were allowed to be used for dissecting purposes. We have the record of certain of the monastic establishments, in which strangers died, furnishing dissecting material to artists in return for pictures painted for them. Exactly the opposite of President White's contention is true. The Church helped, and did not hamper dissection.

President White insists in a number of places that Church opposition was mainly responsible for the failure of surgery to develop. One finds a number of such interesting expressions as these: "As to surgery, this same amalgamation of theology with survivals of pagan beliefs continued to check the evolution of medical science down to the modern epoch. The nominal hostility of the Church to the shedding of blood withdrew, as we have seen, from surgical practice the great body of her educated men; hence surgery remained down to the fifteenth century a despised profession, its practice continued largely in the hands of charlatans, and down to a very recent period the name of 'Barber Surgeon' was a survival of this. In such surgery the application of various ordures relieved fractures, and a touch of the hangman cured sprains; the breath of a donkey expelled poison; friction with a dead man's tooth cured toothache." In another place he says that "so deeply was the idea rooted in the mind of the universal Church, that for over a thousand years surgery was considered dishonorable; the greatest monarchs were often unable to secure an ordinary surgical observation; and it is only in 1406 that a better beginning was made when the Emperor Wenzel of Germany ordered that dishonor should no longer attach to the surgical profession."

It would take too long to answer in detail all President White's false statements, but some of them I cannot but comment on. Ac-

according to President White, surgery remained down to the fifteenth century a despised profession. As a matter of fact, during the two centuries before the fifteenth, some of the greatest surgical textbooks ever written were composed, and they are the subject of the most active interest at the present time. "Its practice," he says, "continued largely in the hands of charlatans." We know now that some of the greatest minds in Europe were engaged in surgery, and they left magnificent treasures of experience in their textbooks. Most of the writers of these were clergymen. At least one was a bishop. They invented not only one, but several methods of anæsthesia; secured union by first intention; did the finest kind of plastic work in the repair of tissues wounded by swords; made excellent studies in orthopedics, operated upon the brain for tumor and abscess, on the thorax for fluids, and on the abdomen for a number of different conditions.

President White says that "until the Emperor Wenzel issued his decree that dishonor should no longer attach to the surgical profession," no beginning of surgery was made. As a matter of fact the two centuries immediately preceding this date which he has chosen as the end of ecclesiastical suppression of surgery, have come in the minds of those who know the history of medicine to be considered the greatest surgical period in modern history. There is no doubt of the genius of the men who took up the specialty in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, nor of the marvels that they accomplished. They systematized the treatment of fractures, invented all sorts of apparatus for the reduction of dislocations, and the maintenance of injured limbs in position, and so far from believing the foolish nonsense about the breath of a donkey expelling poison or a dead man's tooth healing toothache, they discussed various toxic substances with a scientific knowledge often surprising; they filled teeth with gold, but also with tin, and anticipated many supposedly quite modern developments in the surgical specialties, that is in the treatment of the eye, ear, throat and nose.

President White in many parts of his book emphasizes the traditions of the use of a number of absurd materials, some of them excessively deterrent, as remedies in medicine, and of course attributes this foolish credulity to the influence of the Church, and to what he calls theological pseudo-science. Indeed the good President of Cornell, doubtless with the best intention in the world, devoted much more space to the story of superstitions in medicine than to the real history of medicine. Even the doctrine of *signatures*, which has come and gone many times in medicine without any reference to

theology, finds its place in his scoring of unfortunate religious influences over the medicine of the Middle Ages.

There is no doubt at all that all of these quite absurd remedies were frequently employed in the Middle Ages. As President White tells the story of them, however, the reader is apt to conclude that no other remedies or modes of treatment except these were known. As a matter of fact, as I have said, there was a magnificent development of medicine and of surgery during the Middle Ages, and we know this not from vague traditions, but from literally dozens of textbooks that have come down to us, most of which were, fortunately for us and for human scholarship, printed in the Renaissance time, and which were just beginning to be reprinted when President White wrote his volumes. The histories of medicine for thirty years before that time, however, had given abundant hints of the contents of these textbooks, and more than sufficient information to keep any serious student from concluding for a moment that the traditions of medical superstitions of all kinds which had come down to us from the mediæval period, represented the medicine of that time.

Let us suppose for a moment that the history of medicine in our time should be written in the way that President White has sketched mediæval medicine for his readers. Suppose that some writer of, say five hundred years from now, should neglect our textbooks of medicine and surgery, and should write the story of our medical life from the traditions of popular remedies, which he might still be able to collect because they had been preserved on account of their very strangeness and absurdity. This historian of the future would tell how for years the American people of the twentieth century were ignorant enough to spend millions of money annually advertising the virtues of, and many more millions in paying for, tonic remedies that contained only alcohol, diluted and colored and rendered bitter by a very slight addition of drugs. In this very year of grace 1914 the government has just proclaimed that scores of so-called "tonics" and "cordials" which people have been taking as medicine, must be taxed as alcoholic beverages. The awful abuses that have been practised in the name of tonic medicine with the production of alcoholic habits, and the deterioration of mind and body, would make one interesting feature for our future historian of his sketch of what he might be pleased to call medicine.

Then there are wonderful electrical remedies. Electric belts that are sold by the thousands, and have never a tittle of electricity in them; electric insoles, one made of zinc and the other of copper,

worn in the shoes, and a current of electricity goes up one leg and down the other; electric rings, electric medal batteries, and all the other abuses of popular misinformation. Then there are the cancer cures—a new one every month or so, often approved by physicians, most of them founded on quite absurd theories, nearly all of them meant only to exploit popular ignorance for the benefit of the knavish inventor. Then come the tuberculosis remedies. Practically all of them do harm, but all of them are announced as “sure cures.” There are widely-advertised remedies all effecting harm being sold by the million of bottles every year.

We have the record of many more superstitions in medicine during the nineteenth century than in any other century of medical history. Perkins and his tractors that were supposed to contain the electric secret of life, and cure many diseases, yet that had no physical effect, came at the beginning. Then there was mesmerism. It took us a century to unravel that mystery—and we have not unraveled it yet—and there are still many people deceived by hypnotism and cured by it, though physicians condemn its use as harmful. About the middle of the century came spiritualism, which received its prescriptions from the other shore, and worked wonders of healing. At the end of the century came Dowie, who claimed to have healed over one hundred thousand cases; and at the beginning of the twentieth century appeared the climax of Eddyism, which cures every ill under the sun by simply proclaiming that there is no ill, that there can be no ill.

Suppose the future historian of the relations of science and religion or theology and religion tells the story of all these foolish divagations in a single century of human kind, and represents them as the serious medical conclusions of our time. How absurd we will appear to his readers, and what a curiously false notion of us it will give the people of that future time. This is the way that President White has written the story of mediæval medicine and surgery, in so far as he uses it for his purpose of bringing out the warfare between theology and science. The old foolish remedies had no more to do with theology than the modern foolish medical practices have to do with it, and no more to do with scientific medicine and surgery. Medical superstitions, like the poor, we have always with us. There were never so many of them as now.

Not alone in these matters of less significance in the history of medicine has President White gone far afield from the real story of science as we know it now, but in much more important departments, and, above all, in biography, where mistakes are

much less pardonable, he has grievously erred. He might easily be pardoned for errors due to his unfamiliarity with his subject, but that he should have read the meanings that he has attempted to read into the lives of such men as Vesalius and Copernicus, is quite unpardonable. It makes it very clear that President White, in his anxiety to make out a case against theology, was quite willing to pervert the signification of incidents for his own purposes. As a consequence he created a tradition in American academic life that is only now being cleared away. The effect on the graduates of Cornell has been particularly unfortunate, and many of them are surprisingly unable to see realities in the history of science, because of the unfortunate twist given to their mental faculties by the atmosphere of Cornell in their time. This is not said with bitterness, but noted with surprise, and meant to be a contribution to the psychology of some scientific minds which vaunt themselves so free, yet prove so often to be shackled by prejudices and dogmatic assumptions that are far more shackling to perception than any religious dogmas ever were.

The biography of Vesalius, who so well deserves the name of the Father of Modern Anatomy, has suffered most in the American mind from President White's references to his history. Supposed by the Cornell tradition, as I have said, to have done his work in fear and trembling, this great scientist was in reality one of the happiest of mortals during a long and successful academic career. Very early in life he became interested in biology from reading Albertus Magnus. Even while an undergraduate at the University of Louvain, he dissected small animals. Later he went to Paris in order to get further opportunities for dissection, particularly of human material, and because this proved too scarce for his enthusiasm, he studied the bones in the catacombs. Disappointed he returned from Paris scarcely twenty-one years of age, and succeeded in getting the skeleton of a malefactor who had been hanged, and studied it very carefully.

There was only one country in the world where he or anyone else in Europe could secure opportunities for all sorts of graduate work. That was Italy. The nearer to Rome the better the opportunities. In his early twenties Vesalius is to be found at Padua, and there for the next twenty-five years he did some magnificent work. At the age of twenty-five he was appointed Professor of Anatomy at Padua. He was under thirty when his great textbook on anatomy, one of the most precious of bibliographic treasures in the history of medicine, with its magnificent illustrations,

was published, and gave him European fame. But he was interested not only in anatomy, but also in surgery and medicine and diagnosis and therapeutics. He was the first to diagnose an aneurism on the living subject. He came to be looked upon as the greatest physician of his time. It is not surprising, then, that the Emperor Charles V. offered him the position of imperial physician. It is still less surprising that Vesalius should have accepted it.

His family for three generations had been the apothecaries to the family from which Charles was descended. After Charles' retirement, Vesalius became the physician to King Philip II. Unfortunately, while in Spain, he made an autopsy on a person in a cataleptic state, who died under the knife. In order to atone for this unfortunate occurrence, he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, whether by choice or by order of the Inquisition is not definitely known. On his return he died after shipwreck on the island of Zante.

Out of these details President White has constructed a lurid story of bitter persecution of Vesalius by the Church authorities. He has him dissecting in a closed cell, "with windows and doors bolted and barred within, which betoken the storm of bigotry which rages without." The persecution against him is supposed to have been due to the fact that Vesalius "put an end among thoughtful men to this belief in the missing rib, and in doing this dealt a blow at much else in the sacred theory." Nothing could well be more absurd, in the light of history, than any such declaration. This persecution is supposed to have practically forced him to give up his teaching for the post of imperial physician, as if that dignity would not have tempted any medical scientist at any time.

President White adds, "Naturally all these considerations brought the forces of ecclesiasticism against the innovators in anatomy." However much they might be presumed to do so, if men thought as President White presents them as thinking, all these considerations actually did not do any such thing. Not only did Vesalius have no difficulty about dissection in Italy, but, as I have said, every artist of the generation before his time made dissections quite freely, Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci have all left us a number of sketches of their dissections, and indeed this phase of artists' dissections in Italy during the Renaissance, mainly before 1500, though Vesalius was not born until 1514, is so significant, that an important English publishing house has just announced as one of a series of books on the history of medicine the story of these artist dissectors.

Vesalius could not obtain material for dissection in Paris. He went down to Italy precisely because there was such abundant opportunity for dissection, and such absolute freedom in the matter. The nearer to Rome the easier it was to obtain dissecting material, and the more common was the practice of dissection. A number of the Papal physicians of Vesalius' time, some of whom had been his assistants or colleagues at Padua and Bologna, and were afterwards professors at the Sapienza at Rome, are famous for what they accomplished by their dissections. Such names as Eustachius, Columbus, Varolius are among them, but there were many others whom we know in this previous Renaissance time to have practised dissection quite freely. Every document that we have about Vesalius points him out as in entire sympathy with the ecclesiastical authorities of his time. Indeed it would have been very surprising for him to have been the medical attendant of Philip II. otherwise.

There is a well-known painting of Vesalius at work in his cell by Hamann, which is now at Cornell University. President White has described it in his work, volume two, page 54, as follows: "By the magic of Hamann's pencil, Vesalius again stands on earth, and we look once more into his cell. Its windows and doors, bolted and barred within, betoken the storm of bigotry which rages without; the crucifix to which he turns his eyes symbolizes the spirit in which he labors; the corpse of the plague stricken beneath his hand ceases to be repulsive! his very soul seems to send forth rays from the canvas, which strengthen us for the good fight in this age." A prominent place in one of the principal buildings of Cornell has been given to the painting. Probably no student goes through his course there without seeing it, and having this lesson of bigotry impressed upon him. There is absolutely no truth in the picture.² Vesalius might well have had the crucifix before him always when dissecting because of his deep piety. He was not only not in the slightest danger of the ecclesiastical authorities, but it was they who actually secured for him the dissecting material that he was using. Anytime during the first half of the nineteenth century in America, he would not have been able to secure it. But the Church authorities in Italy allowed for scientific purposes the dissection of unclaimed bodies, and of malefactors.

²When I was at Cornell this picture of Vesalius, prominently hung in one of the most frequented portions of an important building, was supposed, from the inscription under it, to present a horrible example of Church opposition to science. I believe that it is still presumed to do so in the student mind at least. Any such perversion of the plain facts of history is a disgrace to the scholarship of any university.

It is almost more amazing to read President White's account of Copernicus and his theory. A case must be made out for Church persecution of Copernicanism, not only in Galileo's time, but from the very beginning. Accordingly every possible fact is twisted to this purpose. Copernicus dedicated his book to the Pope. The innuendo is that this dedication was in the hope of dispelling the storm that Copernicus foresaw as sure to arise over his theory. In a note President White mentions the fact that Copernicus defended his theory at Rome in 1500 before two thousand scholars, and that a professor of mathematics and astronomy taught the system in 1528, and was made Apostolic Notary by Pope Clement VIII., but only to add that these meant nothing in the light of subsequent history. President White likes to brush aside possible objections by relegating them to notes, and suggesting that they are quite unworthy of consideration.

After the dedication came the question of the significance of Copernicus' preface, and this too contains matter for President White's purpose, or that can be turned to it. This preface suggests that Copernicus had propounded the doctrine of the earth's movement not as a fact, but as a hypothesis. From what we know of Copernicus, nothing would be more likely than that this humble seeker after truth should have emphasized the fact which no one must have known better than himself, that his theory was as yet only a hypothesis. Copernicus had not made many observations, nor were those that he made very carefully computed. He reached his great generalization on the strength of these by native genius, and that marvelous intuition that so often helps great men to reach conclusions which prove eventually to be true, though the reasons they have for them are not such as appeal at the time to the generality of men as demonstrative.

As a matter of fact, not only was Copernicus' theory a mere hypothesis, but the astronomers and mathematicians did not think of it as anything more than that for a full century. Even Francis Bacon, as I have said, refused to accept it a century later, because it did not explain the difficulties of the heavens nearly so well as the Ptolemaic system. Not a single one of the reasons advanced by Galileo for the Copernican theory maintained themselves, but all have been rightly rejected, and when he advanced them no astronomer or mathematician was teaching the Copernican theory, nor was it taught for a considerable period afterwards. It was not the theologians, but the mathematicians and astronomers who refused to accept Copernicanism, and it was following these because of the

disturbing character of Galileo's teachings for other principles that the Church insisted that Copernicanism should be taught as a hypothesis not as a truth.

Probably no one knew better than Copernicus himself how absolutely theoretic was this new doctrine of his, hence his declaration in the preface which President White insists on considering as an apology either forced on Copernicus himself, or written by the man to whom he had entrusted the publication of his work, and who thus hoped to forestall criticism of it. As a matter of fact nothing could have been more scientific than the announcement that Copernicanism was a hypothesis. To know Copernicus' simple, unpretentious ways, is to appreciate at once that it is just the sort of thing that he would have written. Great genius that he was, he passed his life in quiet, fecund obscurity as the canon of the Cathedral of Frauenburg, using his medical knowledge for the benefit of the poor and a few friends, and pursuing his studies without any attempt at seeking applause or prestige, satisfied only to be allowed to go on with his work and fulfill his ecclesiastical obligations, and in the midst of the Lutheran movement opposing the religious revolt, and helping Bishop Ferber, his lifetime friend, to keep his diocese in the old Church.

The epitaph that he chose for himself at the end of his career, is typical of the man and of the simple humble way that he had of looking at himself and his work. He asked that these words should be inscribed upon his tomb. "I ask not the grace accorded to Paul; not that given to Peter; give me only the favor which Thou didst show to the thief on the cross." Even this beautiful epitaph, however, President White twists into an attempt on Copernicus' part to shield himself after death from the persecutions of the Church. He says, volume one, page 124, "Even death could not be trusted to shield him. There seems to have been fear of vengeance upon his corpse, for on his tombstone was placed no record of his lifelong labors, no mention of his great discovery; but there was graven upon it simply a prayer." Could there be a conclusion more absurd? It is on such utterly nonsensical reading of meanings into history that the story of the opposition between science and theology is built.

Of course President White made much of the Galileo case. Some one hundred and fifty pages are devoted to this subject. As Cardinal Newman said, the Galileo case is the one stock example, and for that very reason has to be made much of. It is really the exception which proves the rule of non-opposition to science, since it is the one case that can be quoted in many hundreds of years. No student of the matter would agree with the presentation made of

it by President White. Huxley, after having visited Rome, wrote to a friend that he had looked into the Galileo case, and thought that the Pope and the cardinals had rather the best of it.

In spite of the persecution of him, Galileo lived a long and happy life, and the late M. Bertrand, Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, declared that "the long life of Galileo was one of the most enviable that is recorded in the history of science. The tale of his misfortunes has confirmed the triumph of the truth for which he suffered. Let us tell the whole truth. This great lesson was learned without any profound sorrow to Galileo; and his long life, considered as a whole, was one of the most serene and enviable in the history of science."

The usual impression is, and President White has fostered it, that Galileo was in prison for years, and that he came very near having to pay with his life for daring to have opinions of his own. The picture of Galileo in a dungeon working out a demonstration of his theory, and declaring "*è pur si muove*"—"and yet it moves"—is a favorite one at Cornell. Galileo was of course never even for an hour in such a prison. He was committed to the care of a friend for a time, and later placed under the wardenship of his own son, while the principal part of his punishment consisted in having to say the Seven Penitential Psalms as a penance daily for some time. Galileo himself remained a faithful Catholic, quite confident that everything would work out all right, and that the truth would come to light in its own time; regretting his own hastiness, and recognizing how much he was responsible for the troubles that had come to him. Of all this of course there is not the slightest hint in President White's book.

After reading Professor Draper's and Professor White's volumes, it is easy to understand how university men in this country for whom these books were supposed to represent authoritative expressions of American scholarship, could not possibly conceive of any defence of the Church. It is easy to appreciate, too, that, laboring under the impressions produced by such books, they could not understand how any intelligent man could continue to give his allegiance to the Church. The surprise of course is, that these books should have so been taken on faith, because it was a literal taking on faith by so many supposedly well-informed readers. Now the facts that these books so presented are known, and the books themselves merely serve as indices of the lack of scholarship of a generation ago.

O'LOGHLIN OF CLARE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

I.



HE corkscrew road descends by a natural staircase into a valley, where the verdure is greener perhaps than anywhere else in Ireland. The sea at the foot of the vale is gradually revealed to the traveler by the parting of rounded and terraced bosses of bare mountains, which reflect rainbow-tinted lights from sky and ocean, and take an ethereal coloring more exquisite than the beauty of fresh flowers or the splendor of jewels in the sun. These are the hills, and this is the valley of the Burren of the Kings, and small be the wonder if the Kings of Burren fought hard to hold their own.

In the heart of the vale, and up the sides of the barren gray rocks, as far as the grass can dare to creep, are the little cots and homesteads of the natives, flanked by the rich dark foliage of the elder trees, that in season shake out their fairy-like, white blossoms round humble chimneys, exhaling the pungent fragrance of burning turf. Here and there the gable of a ruined church or a wrecked and deserted dwelling, or perhaps a melancholy mouldering group, still shows where the struggle of soul and body for leave to pray and live was for centuries carried on in this smiling region.

One morning in the summer of 1746 a girl on a pony was coming down the road-staircase, the gleam of a white gown observable only by the goats and the landward-faring gulls, even when the rider with her unconventional garb and gear dropped into the grassy slopes between the road-flights, making short cuts into the valley. The girl on the pony was not in a hurry. She was young, and there was always plenty of time to spare in Burren. A few people were working in the fields, the women with their heads tied up in handkerchiefs, for the sun was strong. The solitary girl who was going down into the valley carried her black hat in her hand, reckless of sunburn or sunstroke. It was a long ride to the goal she had in mind, but she was taking it leisurely, rather as one who was anxious to spend the hours than to save them. Sometimes she dismounted, and while her pony munched the sweet short grass she sat for a while on the gray rocks, from which ferns and foxgloves rose up or dangled, and al-

ways there was a deep shadow in her eyes as if from a habit of sorrow or of bodily suffering.

Down on the level road in the valley she went more quickly. Salutations were given her by those who met her, little children curtsied to her, and she nodded to all with a smile that brought a brilliant momentary light in her eyes, and was lost again in the shadows of her deep preoccupation. As she rode on the land grew more bare and lonely, and at last the gray mouldering walls she was bound for came in sight. She had reached Corcomroe Abbey, an ancient Cisterian monastery that saddens with its shattered beauty a lonely spot between the gleaming crowns of the Burren Mountains. She left the pony at his grass, stepped through a gap in the broken wall, and entered the chancel by a doorway of finely cut stone, crossing the grassy floor that hid a little world of mortality, and reaching the sanctuary where the sunshine burned like a sacrificial fire on the altar stone, and illuminated the carven pillars, their capitals formed of weird human faces, strangely grouped and typical of distinctly different nationalities.

Familiar with the place, she walked leisurely in and out of the grassy aisles, where Gothic arches are so built up to stay ruin that their openings have become parts of the solid wall. In the chancel, roofed with the blue heavens, she stood musing. An army was buried under her feet. That might be hard to realize. But everything, thought the girl, is as hard to realize. One's own existence and the reason for it are inconceivable. Brona at nineteen might not have had these thoughts if she had lived pleasantly amidst happy surroundings, but her days were bitter, and the purposelessness of things of this world sometimes dogged her better nature like a haunting shadow of evil, and threatened to destroy her faith. In this mood her own existence seemed as unreal to her as the dead warriors above whose heads she now stood, trying to imagine their forms, their armor, their noise, to build them up again out of their dust that had been flesh like her own, like the warm round wrist that she touched speculatively with her slender fingers.

Not less of dust was she, who for the moment appeared to be something real and of lasting material. Whence come, whither bound? For all her latent faith, inherent and invincible, Brona was a mystery to herself, and her sad musing habit which sprang from the deadness of her life, like some pale weed out of an uncared-for grave, led her often to this silent, forlorn ruin that once had been so vigorously alive with human movement, so loud with prayer and music, so resonant of the noise of war and dismal funereal cries, a shrine of God, sometimes a barrack for soldiers, a tomb where Masses were offered for the repose of the fallen brave. This is all that the

greatest, the fiercest, the saintliest come to. The grass of the field, the nettle, the wild duck, and the dust and clay of which all are made lying undistinguished beneath them.

She felt a solemn pleasure in gazing on all the features of the place; the blue heaven above; the lofty windows of sharply-cut stone round which the ivy hung; the clustering faces on the pillars frowning and smiling in the strong sunshine; the heavy shadows that draped the central walls; the intense light on the forlorn sanctuary, on the altar stone; the sedilia with its arches of exquisite carving; the stone effigy of the King that lay in an alcove of the sanctuary, in crown and sceptre, with long locks, short robe, long cloak and quaint pointed shoes, the costume of the Irish Kings of his century. Flitting noiselessly about the place the girl finally gravitated to this spot beside the King's tomb, and resting on a pile of loosened stones and hardened earth, the upheaval and accumulation of ages, she sat gazing at the fallen King, marking the chips and notches in his mouldering grandeur.

II.

The girl's position in life was sad and difficult enough to account for her grave brows, and her habit of serious meditation. Hers were the days when the Penal Laws were still in force in Ireland. The price was on the priest's head, and death the penalty of his ministrations of the Mass and Sacrament. If a Catholic gentleman still held his ancestral house it was on sufferance, as a castle of the air that might be blown away at any moment by the breath of the "discoverer." Any enemy or covetous person, a traitor in his family, a kinsman, or even an unworthy son of his own, might report him as a "discovered" Papist, and take possession of his property in the name of the law and as the guerdon of treachery.

Such an Irish Catholic gentleman Brona's father was, Morogh O'Loghlin, of the ancient family of the O'Loghlins, Kings of Burren, who continued to live modestly under the shadow of the ancient castle of his forefathers, contented with the state of peaceful insecurity into which Providence had ordered him. Devoted to study, he found forgetfulness of danger and difficulty in his own library, enjoying in imagination the privileges of ancient Greeks and Romans, and tasting with relish the liberty of life on the prairie, the sierra, and the desert. His gentle manners and cheerful philosophy had won him the respect and good will of his neighbors in the county, and though it was known that he harbored a Popish priest, fingered a rosary, and even wore a small crucifix under his garments suspended round his neck, no one of those favored by the law had risen up to take ad-

vantage of it to dispossess and bring ruin to one so admirable in his endurance of adversity.

Neither the son nor the daughter of Morogh shared his patience under the burden of their disabilities, but chafed at the chains on their youth the odium and insult cast on their religion. Brona who had lately come home from the school in France, where she had been sent after her mother's death, had found with amazement that she was in some sort an outcast among the women of her own degree in her native country. On learning the inevitableness of her fate she had accepted it with courage, and wrapping herself in her pride she had kept close to her father, resolved to seek no countenance from a world that was disposed to think ill of her.

Her brother Turlough was of a totally different mind, and resented furiously the injustice under which he was obliged to live. He also had been educated in France, and, restless at home, spent most of his time in Paris. He was as much disposed to be a king as any of his Dalcassian forefathers, and as eager for supremacy as those who delighted in wars for the maintenance of it, while abiding by their own admirable laws in times of peace. Turlough hated war as destructive of all pleasure, but as there were now no admirable laws to be obeyed, he did not feel bound by any laws in existence in his day. He scorned Morogh's philosophy of endurance as a mean contentment with slavery, and took advantage of his father's self-denying generosity to remain where he could live on a common footing with other young men of his rank, drowning in amusement the future of degradation prepared for him in his own country.

The connection of the west of Ireland with France and Spain, traditional and practical, made it easy for the young man to live among gay friends in Paris, winning popularity by his handsome face and the charm of manner, half Irish and half French, which distinguished him when happy, but was unknown to the gloom of the Irish home which his presence darkened. Links with the Continent had always been kept up by the O'Loghlins. Morogh's sister Aideen, the Marquise de Chevière, had married in France, and having lost her husband early she had returned to live with her brother, not denying herself an occasional visit to Paris. While Brona was there at school in one of the ancient convents now evacuated, her visits had been more frequent than now when her niece preferred to share her father's overshadowed life, rather than escape into the pleasanter *milieu* which her aunt had desired to provide for her. Secretly the Marquise admired the gay expensive tastes of her nephew more than the simplicity and quiet fortitude of her niece, and out of her own purse she contributed generously to enable the young man to make a brilliant figure in the salons and drawing-rooms of Paris.

III.

The old castle of the O'Loughlins was in a half-ruinous condition, part only being habitable, but attached to it was a more modern dwelling, connected with certain apartments of the ancient structure, which were still sound and available for the uses of life. The new dwelling, which was about a hundred years old, was two-storied and straggling, with thick walls and low-ceilinged rooms, part thatched, and part roofed with the curious large thin slabs of the Donegore stone, of which so many uses are made in the County of Clare. With its back to the castle for shelter it faced the sea, and the approach to it was a narrow, hilly byroad, boring its way through the outskirts of a magnificent wood which wandered away on one side in the direction of a desolate stretch of bogland, encrusted here and there with rocks and ridges of limestone, and flecked with pools deep as mountain tarns or shallow as rain puddles. Besides their primary uses, woods and bogs seem to have been designed by nature as shelter for the secret Mass, affording untrackable pathways for the feet of proscribed priests and their adventurous congregations. Above and beyond all rose the rounded bastions of the bare Burren Mountains, gleaming with opalescent color, like fortifications of some fairy realm, bulwarks of some jewelled citadel in a dream.

Within, the O'Loughlin homestead was comfortable enough in a spare way, the antique furniture almost all of foreign workmanship, with here and there a solid oak piece hewn to shape by native hands, black and polished by the usage of time. The dining-room and drawing-room were in the newer building on the level ground facing the cliffs and ocean, the library was an apartment of the old castle on the same flat, near it a spiral stair leading up to the "peel tower," with its round room also in good preservation. In a corner of the library flooring was a trap door, leading down by a flight of steps to a subterranean passage, giving on the seashore through a natural gateway of the towering rocks that menaced approaching ships with wreckage. Such passages had been originally designed for escapes and secret arrivals in time of war, and were often availed of for the reception of smuggled goods from continental ports in times of peace.

O'Loughlin had no taste for trading, but there were others in the county who contrived, in defiance of danger, to amass a fortune by such methods, and it was probable that the small chamber at the entrance to the subterranean passage had been used for the stowing away of valuable contraband goods. It was ill-ventilated, yet with sufficient air through apertures contrived in the stone work above ground to enable life to exist within it, and at the time of this story it was the

hiding place of Father Aengus, an Irish Franciscan friar, chaplain of the O'Loughlin household, and spiritual administrator and comforter, by stealth and at the risk of his life, of the penalized Catholics for miles around.

The little dungeon was a cell which the humble son of St. Francis was glad to inhabit. A crucifix on the wall, a table with books and writing materials, a bed in the corner, were about all its furniture. When no particular scare was abroad, no warning of a visit from the priest-hunter, Father Aengus would give his company to his friend and protector, Morogh, and would sit with him in his library talking or reading. In times of danger he was buried in his cell, the door of which was not to be found except by the initiated. The greatest danger of all was faced when Mass was said on the rock altar of the bog, and the people were assembled to assist at it, or when the priest ventured across the land to the cots and hovels of the faithful to take the Sacraments to the dying. Each time his going forth from his hiding place under O'Loughlin's roof was likely to be the last. That night the stars might look down on his corpse floating in the bog pool, or swinging from the roadside tree.

Meanwhile the soul of his sainted patron of Assisi lived behind the pallid brows and soft, brown eyes of Father Aengus, eyes where human tenderness and the strenuous energy of mystical devotion burned their imperishable fires. A slender figure in gown and girdle, brown as the bog-earth traveled by his sandalled feet in His Divine Master's service, he came and went by the secret stair, sometimes scarcely seen for days, at other times showing a cheerful and comforting face to the household. Beloved by all, from Morogh to the servants who whispered his name and watched at every outpost for his safety, he was worshipped by the countryside at large as God's visible messenger to the afflicted, a hero of the Cross, who daily courted death to carry them the saving grace which would enable them also to die, when necessary, with courage.

A lamp was always burning in his cell where no daylight ever entered. One table was piled with books, the lives and writings of the saints, another was covered with papers and pens and ink. Linked in spiritual descent with those Irish Franciscans of the ancient and demolished and ruined friaries of Quin (Quinchy the arbutus grove), of Ernis and others, Aengus, namesake and follower of the Rapt Cul-dee, kept a record of these evil days in Ireland, and of the harvest of glory reaped from the rack for God, writings to be conveyed when opportunity might arise to the heads of his Order in countries where Christian and Catholic worship was happily free.

IV.

The Marquise de Chevières had the prettiest and most frivolously appointed chamber in Castle O'Loughlin. One could here see that though Aideen was Irish by birth, she was by a second nature a Parisian. Curtains of brilliant silk made much of the sunlight that got through the narrow windows, and many odds and ends of feminine fancy lay about among properties and furniture that had evidently been exiled from a French interior. While Brona was riding homeward, her aunt was busily engaged examining and spreading out on exhibition a quantity of pieces of rich silks, velvets and laces, evidently taking great pleasure in her occupation. Now and again she went to the window that looked inland, and when at last she saw the girl on her pony approaching by the road between the bog and the wood, she threw over her head and shoulders a light scarf of a color very becoming to her white hair dressed high, her dark eyes and healthy complexion, and taking her way out of doors went quickly up the road to meet her brother's daughter. Brona sprang from her pony, and walked beside her aunt back to the castle.

"MacDonogh is here," said Aideen, "and has brought letters, besides a lot of interesting things. His ships got in the night before last. He is talking with your father. I think he will stay until tomorrow. No, Turlough is not coming. Now, don't blame the boy. How can we expect him to bear this dreary life? Yes, of course it is expensive in Paris and he wants money. I am sending him some. It is my own affair."

"You are unselfish. He is not," said Brona. "Father needs him."

"We can do very well without him. Your father lived about the world a good deal when he was young. Let Turlough do the same. He can settle down later on. I wish you had a little of his spirit, Brona, to go abroad and enjoy yourself for awhile. There is plenty of time before you, *après*, for a life of old maidenhood in a country suffering under tyrannical rule."

"Now, Aideen," said Brona, "how can you talk like that? Have you not left your gay Paris to live with us here, willingly?"

"That is different!" cried the Marquise. "I have had my happy youth. I have lived my life. My husband gone, I have no more concern with the world. But you, who ought to have all that before you."

Brona shook her head. "Nothing of the kind for me, dear auntie. Put it out of your mind. Mere glitter and excitement do

not make me happy. Paris, as I hear of it from Turlough, disgusts me. Better the grand hills and the forbidden prayers than such goings on as I hear of."

"You ought to be a nun!" said Aideen impatiently.

"Ah, no," said Brona. "I am not good enough. If I am restless and depressed here, I should be worse either in a convent or at Versailles. Were I as resigned as father I might be content in a cell, or if I were as easily uplifted by pleasure as you, I might take my fling abroad and come back here the better for it. But as I am just myself—"

She gave her pony to a servant, and followed up the stair to Aideen's room, where the rich fabrics and other prettinesses were displayed to her by her aunt.

"See what charming clothes you might have, child, if you were not so obstinate!"

Brona laughed at her aunt's childish delight in the pretty things that she no longer coveted for herself, and by that laugh the girl was transformed. The grave face became irradiated, and the ripple of clear, musical notes that fell from her, would have taken a stranger by surprise contrasting with quiet seriousness of her usual speech.

"What a pity we can't exchange ages," she said, "you to be young. I to be—"

"Not old! Don't say it, my dear. I am not old, nor do I intend to be. But come and let us take these presents to our friends below stairs."

The Marquise seized a bag of parcels. "Here's something for everybody," she said. "My friend in Paris has attended to all my commissions."

"This is how you spend all—never leaving yourself a penny," said Brona, peering into the bag; and then they went down the stairs together to the housekeeper's room, where about a dozen individuals were gathered from outdoors and indoors, summoned by a whisper that had been running round the house for half an hour, beginning at a back door, making a circuit of garden and stables, and coming back again by the front entrance.

Ribbons and kerchiefs and smart aprons for the girls and women, vests and caps and ties for the men and boys, besides rosary beads and a crucifix for everybody. Thanks and blessings in Irish were freely poured out in return, and repeated in English to make them doubly emphatic. Thady Quin, the butler, and Mrs. MacCurtin, the housekeeper, had first of all leave to choose the best to their taste, the younger people in turn afterwards. Aideen, giving orders for the evening and the next morning, was appealed to by whispered remarks and questions.

"God bless Mr. MacDonogh, and we hope he has brought good news from France!"

For all reply the Marquise put her finger on her lip, which seemed to say that there was no bad news, and there was safety in silence. But the anxious were not satisfied. Norah and Bridget murmured together as they made ready the visitor's bedchamber for the night. The best embroidered counterpane was put on the bed, the finest linen sheets and the woolliest blankets. The best of everything in the dwelling was for the guest. An antique silver font was taken from a hiding place and hung by the bed, a little blessed water was put into it, and a bit of the blessed palm of last Easter was placed above it.

"Sure nothin' will happen for one night, and if it does there's the hole under the boards."

As MacDonogh came up to his room to prepare for dinner, he was waylaid in passages and on stairs. Mrs. MacCurtin in her best cap curtsied to him in a dark corner.

"God bless you, sir, and have you a word of news from my Dan that's own body-man to Lord Clare?"

"Dan? Dan MacCurtin? Of course I have the best of news. I know him. A splendid fellow! No news is good news, ma'am, and you may give God thanks for it."

Mrs. MacCurtin burst into tears and vanished.

Further on Norah and Bridget, their task finished, were lying in wait in a passage, when the tall burly figure of MacDonogh came tramping towards them.

"Beg pardon, your honor, but how is the boys you took from us last year? Sure we don't know if they're living or dead. And is it comin' back they are to us at all, at all?"

"Oh, you girls!" said MacDonogh. "Would you bring them back to be hanged, drawn, and quartered?"

The girls wept into their aprons.

"There now! They're well enough, as right as a trivet. I'll give your love to them all."

"Shán O'Hare," faltered Norah.

"A great fellow! Will be a general," said MacDonogh.

"But you're not goin' to take Brian Conor with you this turn, sir?" said Bridget. "There's work for him here with the master."

"Is it refuse a fine recruit like Brian for the Brigade?" said MacDonogh. "Where's your patriotism, my good girl? If Brian wants to come I'll take him."

The girls lowered their heads with groans and retreated tearfully, while the guest passed into his room, followed by Phelim, the boy who had been told off to wait on him, and who was also a

candidate for membership in the Irish Brigade under Lord Clare in Paris.

MacDonogh was in fact a recruiting officer for the Brigade, as well as a clever merchant, doing a thriving trade in smuggling wines and silks from foreign parts and exchanging them for tallow, wool, and hides in his native country. His vessels, coming and going, brought news as well as goods from France and Spain, and conveyed the recruits required to keep up the standing regiment which held its place in Paris until dissolved by Louis XVI. in his days of evil fortune, when at the dissolution he presented the Brigade with a banner bearing the motto,

1692-1792

Semper et Ubique Fideles.

V.

After dinner the little company sat in the library, Morogh, his sister, Brona, the guest MacDonogh and Father Aengus, who had been pressingly invited to leave his cell for the moment, no danger being imminent. A huge turf fire burned on the wide flagged hearth, for though it was spring the sea dews were chill and the winds were sharp. The group in their various costumes made a picture. Aileen was in the French dress of the day, gay and elegant, for she held that to make a pleasant appearance—does something towards creating cheerfulness in sad and serious surroundings and circumstances. Brona's gray woolen frock, with a blue girdle, protested against elaborate fashions, Morogh and MacDonogh were in the gentleman's dress usual at the time, and Father Aengus wore his brown gown and cord of the Franciscan Order. A tall screen of Spanish leather made a rich and sombre background for the figures at one side of the hearth, and behind in the shadows of the more dimly lighted part of the room, rows of books were to be seen covering the wall from the floor even up to the very ceiling.

Morogh, a pale man of placid countenance, with thoughtful brows and somewhat worn and weary eyes, was unusually bright and lively in enjoyment of the rare visit of his friend, yet in every particular of manner and appearance he was in strong contrast with MacDonogh, who was a big florid man, loud of speech, with a certain reckless-seeming dash that covered a good deal of wary prudence not to say occasional cunning.

"Here is the letter," said MacDonogh. "The date is six months old. I found it waiting for me in care of a safe hand. I was in Spain when it was written. A good long way to come round to get a letter from France!"

Morogh took the letter, and read it aloud in a low voice, while all the little company listened with the keenest interest.

PARIS, October, 1746.

DEAR MACDONOGH:

I congratulate you on your marriage, but trust it will not induce you to retire from the Irish Brigade. I hope you do not forget the memorable day we had at Fontenoy, and the other glorious days in which they had a share. Your promotion goes on and all are wishing for your return. With your assistance and O'Brien's the ranks are near filled up. I hope to see you soon. How does my old friend and relation Capt. Dermot O'Brien get on? How is Morogh O'Loghlin? Are they in good health and permitted to live and pray in peace?

Yours,

CLARE.

TO MONS. A. MACDONOGH,
Co. Clare, Ireland.

"He doesn't forget his friends," said Morogh, folding the letter. "Pity that he will die over there, unmarried, and that his line will come to an end."

"We hope not. We hope not," said MacDonogh. "A noble French wife will not bring him any fresh danger. And since even I have now got a wife in France, what may not be expected to happen?"

"My nephew will do the same, I hope," said Aideen briskly.

"Turlough? I don't know. He will need to get a bit steadier first," said MacDonogh with a change of voice.

Morogh sighed and shifted in his chair.

"He does not make himself happy here," he said.

"How could it be expected?" Aideen hastened to say.

"He is young. He will improve," said MacDonogh. "We must give him time." The big recruiting officer regretted the words that had roused pain in the mind of his friend and host.

"Aye!" said Turlough's father, "aye!"

"You were not always a contented stay-at-home, yourself," said Aideen.

"No," said her brother, "I took the full benefit of my youth in many scenes and societies. You are right to remind me of it, Aideen."

Brona said little. Her eyes were on her father's face. More than any other she knew how deep was his disappointment in Turlough. She shared his sorrow, a grief that at nineteen was enough to overcloud her days with even a bigger shadow than was cast by Penal bondage.

"You have more letters to read, Morogh," said Aideen anxious to divert her brother's mind from Turlough's affairs, of which she knew more than he did.

"Very interesting letters," said O'Loghlin, "life is not so hard when one has friends. Here is one from honest Charles Lucas, who never forgets that he is a Clare man."

"Or that he began life as an apothecary in Ennis," said MacDonogh. "What is he doing now? Is he still fighting the Corporation of Dublin who disfranchised him? For a man who is not a Papist he has had a rough time of it."

"He has got the better of them. He is returned to Parliament. Anything that can be done for his Papist friends he will do."

"That will not be much," said MacDonogh. "He will ruin himself over again before he will be of any use to us. There is nothing for the Papist but war, and war at present is not possible."

"Impossible nowhere but here," said Aileen. "War everywhere except where it ought to be! England and France plunging at each other. You and your Brigade fighting for France, and your own country with the assassin at her throat."

"Sh—sh—dear lady!" said MacDonogh. "No use showing your teeth when you can't bite. Better fight as at Fontenoy than nowhere."

Aileen shrugged her shoulders, French fashion, and looked at her brother. Fear of injuring him was stronger in her even than her desire to indulge here in the freedom of speech she had been accustomed to in Paris. Morogh changed the conversation by producing another letter.

"This is from Mrs. Delany," he said, "my old friend of so many years ago."

"The Dean's wife of St. Werbergh's?" said MacDonogh. "Certainly you have an odd assortment of friends, O'Loghlin. Now, where did you make acquaintance with this comfortable, prosperous English dame, who is enjoying on her husband's ill-gotten spoils from Papists all the best the world can give her, while you and yours suffer that she may thrive, and are pinched to ensure her plenty of pin money?"

"Let me see," said Morogh, "I met her first in Paris, in, I think, 1718, the year of the Quadruple Alliance. She was then the almost child-wife of the brutal old Cornishman, Pendarves. Her uncle, Granville, had forced her into the marriage two years before—by way of providing for her—and we were all amazed at the dignity and modesty of the young creature, and her patient endurance of so pitiful a fate. My memory holds her as one of those figures never to be forgotten. I first saw her then, and not again till I met her as a widow, in London living with her mother and sister, and declining all invitations to make a fresh venture into matrimony. Many a one she disappointed, for she was a charming creature, but no one ever had a right to com-

plain of her treatment. About 1730 she came to Ireland to stay with the Donnellans in St. Stephen's Green, and I met her at Dr. Delany's in Stafford Street in company with Swift and Stella."

"And became one of her lovers," said MacDonogh laughing.

A shade crossed Morogh's face, and Brona darted an indignant glance at the guest, and then raised her eyes to her mother's portrait that hung on the opposite wall.

"My wife was with me then," said Morogh quietly.

"Pardon!" said MacDonogh.

"After that," continued Morogh, "I met her frequently in London, for, as my sister reminds me, I was a good deal about the world, and interested in many people, before I settled down to be a proscribed Papist in my old home in my native country. I have always had a warm and pleasant feeling for Mrs. Delany, and when I heard of her marriage with the worthy Dean, three years ago, none of her friends were more rejoiced than I was to know that she had found happiness with an affectionate husband."

MacDonogh was evidently not in sympathy with his friend on all points, and his face showed it now, but before he could speak again Aideen averted danger by turning the conversation on the King of France.

"Has Louis profited anything by his illness at Metz and the counsels of the Bishop of Soissons?"

MacDonogh laughed.

"When the devil was sick
The devil a saint would be:
When the devil was well
The devil a saint was he,"

he said. "The Bishop is still in banishment from the Court in consequence of his temerity. Chateauroud is gone, of course, gone the way of all flesh, but Pompadour is reigning. Louis will never be anything but a vulgar profligate, and the people who were frenzied with anxiety about him in his fever, fearing his death, are losing their enthusiasm, and are suffering horribly throughout the country. God knows what will be the end of it. Wise men say there will be a revolution."

"They worshipped his predecessors, why not him?" said Aideen scornfully.

"Louis XIV. was an outrageous and vainglorious spendthrift," said MacDonogh, "but his audacity and magnificence dazzled the multitude, who saw in him a splendid figure, and were proud of him, vices and all. But this man is all low vice and vulgarity, no splendor, no bravery of style even, and the disgusted people are gnashing their teeth at him."

"He may yet repent," said the Franciscan, who had scarcely spoken except to ask some questions about friends of his Order in the places lately visited by MacDonogh, who had brought him letters.

"As a coward, at the last," said MacDonogh bitterly.

"Even that," said the friar mildly. "The Lord made no conditions except just repentance."

Then he slipped away, and left the group of friends to talk round the fire while the wind whistled like a war bugle in the chimney and through the chinks of the doors, and the ocean rollers beat like the roll of drums on the not far distant shore.

At four o'clock next morning the house was astir, for Mass was to be said in the secret cell, and all the household were preparing to receive the Sacraments.

"The best opportunity I ever get," said MacDonogh, "and I am not going to lose it," and there he was on his knees on the steps outside the cell with all the Norahs and Bridgets and Dans of the household, waiting to go to confession with the rest. When all that was done, and Brona had lighted the candles on the altar in the little dungeon chapel, the door was shut and the Mass was said, and everyone in turn partook of the Lord's Feast. Morogh and his sister and daughter in line with the humble members of the household, all being there but Thady Quin, who was on watch to avert the tragedy of a surprise, and was busy in the dining-room preparing for the family breakfast. As he spread the cloth and arranged the table, he talked to himself, going frequently to the windows to take a sharp observation up and down the country.

"For they might have a spy set on MacDonogh," he said. "Now, what would I do if they walked into me this minute? Where could I say the family all did be? Out takin' a ride, may be, or down to the shore to bathe? The whole o' them? MacDonogh and the Master, and Miss Brona and the Marquee herself? And Honor MacCurtin on a pillion, or in the sea, rheumatism an' all? With them troops o' girls and boys thrapesin' after them? No, I don't think the King's regiments would be believin' y', Thady Quin, so it's only to the heavens above that you have to look for deliverance. And be at your prayers, my man, while you do be handlin' the cups and saucers, for the Lord won't be angry if you break a plate or two through the distraction of an 'Our Father,' and it's angels will be pickin' up the pieces!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POPE PIUS THE TENTH.

BY M. P. SMITH, C.S.P.



ON August 20th the Church was called upon to mourn the death of Pius X., a Pontiff who for over ten years had endeared himself not only to the children of the household of the faith, but to all who either came in personal contact with him, or who knowing his motives and acts, lament the passing away of a truly good and great man.

Until about the first of August, the condition of the Holy Father was that of a man strong for his years, but the dread spectre of war, the sudden emergence of this awful conflict which has precipitated practically all Europe in the greatest and most destructive war known to history, was, in large measure, the reason of his collapse; the burden of it weighed upon his spirit, broke his power of resistance to what otherwise was an ordinary recurrence of bronchitis.

More than any Pope within living memory, Pius X. belonged to the people, and he appealed more than any of his illustrious predecessors to an age which is democratic; by birth, training, and all the outward manifestations of his thoughts and actions, he was a simple, plain man, a man of the people. More than that, he was always the priest, the man of God, mainly, nay wholly, intent on spiritual things, on the religious well being of those committed to his care. The dignity and honor of bishop or cardinal, the supreme majesty of his unique office, though ever fitly borne, never obscured the simple piety and benignity of the man himself. Hence when he passed away there came a wide tribute of veneration from those who owned no allegiance to him as members of his fold, and it was well expressed in the message of condolence from our President, Mr. Wilson, who characterized him as a lover of humanity, one whose passing away made the world poorer. We are too close to the events of his reign to get the proper perspective, or to gauge the full character and results of his administration; but it is certain to stand out in history as an era of apostolic vigilance, of great reforms, and of widespread beneficence.

Before passing in review his pontifical activities, let us first

present his personal qualities, and the various steps which eventually led him to the Chair of St. Peter. In Pius X. we may truly say that the words of Scripture find a wonderful application, that "the path of the just man is like unto the dawn which advances unto the fullness of the day." No one could have foreseen its full development, but the onward progress of the bright-faced pious little schoolboy into the exemplary seminarian; to the zealous young curate; upwards to the energetic and influential parish priest; then the able rector of a seminary; the honored Canon and Vicar-General; the wise and strong Bishop; the venerated Patriarch and Cardinal who was a popular idol, and finally the altogether unlooked-for choice which made him Supreme Pastor, is as perfect an epic as the life of anyone could furnish. The capable fulfillment of all these duties prove him to have been a remarkable man, not on account of any manifest brilliancy, but in virtue of strength of character, unceasing industry, luminous sagacity, sincerity of purpose, and disinterested devotion to souls.

The story of his life is as follows: Joseph Sarto was born on June 2, 1835, in the little town of Riese, in the province of Venetia, Italy. His parents were industrious poor people, who managed, though with difficulty, to bring up their large family of ten children, and give them rudiments of education, and impress upon them by precept and example the principles and practice of Catholic piety. Giuseppe, or Beppo as he was familiarly called, was a bright, handsome and devout child. His capacity for study and love of learning were such as to win the interest and good will of his parish priest, who undertook to give the boy the rudiments of Latin, taught him to serve Mass, and induced his parents to send the child to a more advanced school at Castelfranco, four miles from home.

Whether in a little donkey-cart or trudging on foot, Joseph and Angelo, his brother, were happy, docile scholars, well inclined to study, and not averse to play or work, and the future Pope had then a sense of humor, a fund of pleasantry which was a helpful and a saving grace in the higher and more difficult situations that were to come. Such was the boy's progress that the good *paroco* used his influence, and obtained for his protégé a scholarship in the seminary at Padua, which he entered after passing his fifteenth birthday.

Ordained priest on September 18, 1858, his first appointment was to the curacy of Tombolo, a small village, and he soon won all hearts by his devotion and tact. He organized a choir which was

the admiration of neighboring parishes; encouraged and brought the young men together in sports and athletic exercises; tastes and characteristics which, marking the beginning of his ministry, did not fail or wane when he was raised to the highest position in the Church.

After a stay of nine years as curate, he was promoted to be parish priest at Salzano, a good-sized town near Venice, where his untiring zeal for another period of nine years marked him for further promotion, and a wider field of labor. He became, in quick succession, Rector of the Seminary of Treviso, Canon of the Cathedral there, and Vicar-General of the diocese. In these various positions he made the impress of his character, strong at once, prudent, yet ever progressive; he encouraged saving-banks, interested himself intelligently in social and agricultural betterment, and improved the course of studies in the seminary over which he presided.

It is probable that he was brought to the knowledge and favorable consideration of Leo XIII. by Cardinal Parrochi. Work such as he performed merited recognition, and Canon Sarto was named Bishop of Mantua in the year 1884. Here he found himself confronted with many difficulties. Owing to the adverse action of the Italian government, this See had been vacant for ten years; many of the parishes were without priests; vocations to the ministry were few; some of the priests were disaffected; the funds of the diocese had been wasted; the people were greatly divided on religious and political issues, and Freemasonry was rampant. His first care was naturally for the increase and the betterment of the clergy; and in this matter he personally gave the example of an all-embracing zeal. He visited in turn and with minute care every parish; fostered vocations; never wearied in hearing confessions; preaching, and going into the formation of catechetical instruction. He founded a newspaper to defend Catholic interests; inaugurated courses of lectures; proved himself to be not only active, but full of resources and initiative; in making headway against opposition he was pleasant, and with genial wit overcame prejudice, with a result that in the nine years of his administration, Mantua became a model diocese.

The Patriarchate of Venice had become vacant in 1891 by the death of Cardinal Agostino. Among those who might have worthily filled that high place, the energetic Bishop of Mantua seemed the most fitted. He was accordingly summoned to Rome in the summer of 1893, made Cardinal of San Bernardo alle Terme, and three

days later named Patriarch of Venice. It was hoped that owing to his conciliatory disposition, and the fact that he was a Venetian, the appointment would be acceptable to the government. Quite unexpectedly the government made contention that the former right of nomination which had belonged to the Austrian Emperor fell to Italy as his successor, and hence the *exequatur* was refused. The dispute dragged on for months. Cardinal Sarto begged to remain in Mantua, but the Pope was inflexible, until the happy chance of obliging the civil authorities in another matter presented itself, and the government gave way and conceded the *exequatur* in September, 1894.

With these higher honors came also the proofs of higher abilities. The municipality was unsympathetic, but the people accorded their new Patriarch a hearty welcome. His pastorals and other public utterances were at once full of tact and religious fervor. "We must fight," he said, "against the capital crime of modern times, the sacrilegious enthronement of man in the place of God. We must light up with the precepts and counsels of the Gospel all the problems which the Church in the past has successfully essayed—education, the family, rights and duties. We must strive to bring peace to earth and souls to heaven." Putting himself always at the service of his clergy and people, he revived interest in preaching and instruction; advocated reform and effected it; interested himself in the better housing of the poor; helped to settle disputes between capital and labor; met anticlericalism by uniting the religious and conservative elements of society, and fused them into accord with the moderate liberals. Nor did he neglect his duty as a citizen and a subject. He deplored the assassination of King Humbert in a touching letter to his clergy and people, celebrated a solemn requiem in San Marco, and later paid a visit of condolence to Queen Margherita. When it was a question of laying the corner stone of the new Campanile, it was a matter of doubt whether he ought, or was expected, to participate. He himself laid the stone after an address which won all hearts by its tact and sincerity. His home life was as simple and frugal as his charities were constant and prodigal. Too poor to be a Mæcenas, he yet loved and encouraged art and artists.

Leo. XIII. died in July, 1903, and Cardinal Sarto was summoned to attend the forthcoming Conclave. The incident of the return ticket is too well known to be here repeated, but it is thoroughly in accord with the man. The Conclave was of brief dura-

tion, and its result unexpected, by none surely more than by him who was its choice. Cardinal Sarto had not distinguished himself in those employments which ordinarily give one prominence; he had never been in the diplomatic career; he had not acquired a reputation in academic or curial ways; he was a complete stranger to the non-Italian Cardinals, and but little known even to those of Rome. It was a tribute no less to the democratic spirit of the age than to the inherent democracy of the Church, that the son of a peasant should be raised to the most exalted position.

The first Encyclical letter of Pope Pius X. merited and received great praise. In it he set forth his ambition and his programme, which was "to renew all things in Christ." Society, said the document, was oppressed by great evils, apostasy, revolt, indifference, false science, and it would be the ambition of the Pontiff by means of a devoted and a learned clergy, by increase of religious instruction, by active efforts in behalf of the poor, and for social justice to bring it back to Christ, the Healer."

Our space will admit only of some brief analysis of the main documents which emanated from the Vatican in the years which followed his accession. There was a *Motu Proprio* on Church music, and serious and detailed efforts were prescribed to bring it back to the norm approved by the Church and suited to worship.

Leo. XIII. had treated the subject of labor, of a just wage and Christian democracy, with a masterly hand, and as a consequence there were organized both in Italy and France various associations to give the principles he had enunciated practical application and existence. The most-widely spread of these was that called in France "*Le Sillon*"—the plow—which soon obtained a great membership, and gave promise of considerable amelioration for the agricultural classes; but over-hasty in acquiring membership, implicating itself too closely with Socialism and politics, it soon got out of hand, and caused the gravest anxiety to bishops. The same was true also in Italy, and the Pope was forced to restrict and check these tendencies in both countries, and to bring back the movement to safer and saner plans—the faith was not to be subordinated to democracy. Class hatred was to be eliminated, not fostered, and in matters touching the faith the admonition of the bishops or the Pope was to be sought. At first these utterances were ungraciously received, some organs of the press spoke of them as reactionary and arbitrary, but their wisdom was seen later, and, in general, secured the submission of the leaders.

The two most momentous events of the entire reign of Pius X. were, first, in the political order, the separation of Church and State in France, and in the more religious and dogmatic sphere, the question of "Modernism." To be brief about each: The spirit shown by the French government towards religion in general and the relations established by Napoleon a hundred years ago, which were embodied in the *Concordat*, had even in the days of Leo XIII. awakened the most lively anxiety. It was only too evident that the Freemasons and anti-religious politicians of France were fully minded to disrupt the peace, and to persecute the Church; to secularize all teaching, and to expel the religious.

Frenchmen have been credited for a long time with a great regard for the amenities of life and intercourse; for a passionate love of justice and liberty; with a determination to heal up national discord, and to make ready for the inevitable *revanche*, for the prestige which belonged to them in arms and in territory forty years ago. It must be denied, and wholly disbelieved in, if MM. Combes, Briand, Clemenceau, Viviani, and the rest are to stand as representatives of national honor. For conduct more unseemly, for disregard of truth and justice, for persecution more unmanly, petty, refined, cruel, and far-reaching, they stand on the highest step of infamy, and deserve the pen of a Macaulay to find fit characterization among his worthies of the Revolution.

The programme they determined to enforce ruthlessly included the confiscation of Church property, the expatriation of thousands of religious, and the complete enslavement of the Church.

Pius X. was essentially a man of peace, much was he willing to sacrifice, much he could not hinder, but the sacred liberty of God's Church, the rights of justice, of property, of letting the little ones come unto and know Christ, never, not one jot or tittle of these would he yield.

There were many other incidents and encroachments on the rights of the Church before the final rupture occurred. The stipends of the clergy were withdrawn, though this money was in reality only a partial compensation for the Church property which had been confiscated by the French government at the time of the Revolution. Moreover, Catholics were now to be turned out of their churches unless they formed certain parish organizations, called *associations cultuelles*, in which no provision was made for control or direction by the bishop. This provision was simply intended to put Church property and its management into the hands

of laymen, who might not be practical Catholics at all; it was making congregationalism the prevailing form of French Catholicism. The alternative was a hard one surely, viz., to begin all over again without churches, without the support the clergy had been accustomed to, and all this in the face of a hostile government.

But the Pope was resolute and determined. In his Encyclical of February 28, 1906—*Vehementer Nos*—he reprobated and utterly condemned the law, the proposed associations, and exhorted the French bishops and people rather than submit to such injustice to abandon all. The result has justified his action. The government has not dared to drive Catholics from the churches; religion has taken on an increased vitality; attendance has been augmented; new churches have been erected; the Pope is free to name bishops without government sanction; there has been a wonderful rallying to the practice and the defence of religion, especially on the part of the leading literary men.

It has been, moreover, part of the cross borne by Pius X. to face distressing situations both in Spain and Portugal. The rupture of diplomatic relations with Spain; the riot in Barcelona, in which religious houses and churches were destroyed; priests and sisters killed, are some of the sad consequences of this revolt. As for Portugal, the situation has been even more hostile and embittered, and there is no present prospect of settlement; persecution, imprisonment of priests and nuns, confiscation of Church property are still in progress.

Were these conflicts with governments the only sad pages in the annals of the late Pope's pontificate, they would be amply sufficient to call for sympathy for him who bears the solicitude for all the churches, but to them must be added some account of an intellectual movement, called Modernism, which seemed to menace the foundations of the faith, "once delivered to the saints."

A foremost characteristic of our times has been religious unrest, the advance of intellectual and scientific endeavor in certain fields, notably in history, in comparative religion, and criticism, and the putting forth of new philosophies, and ever-new forms of undogmatic religion. All Christian Churches have experienced the force and the hurtful consequences of this centrifugal movement, and it has been one of the primary and most anxious cares of the Catholic Church to safeguard the integrity of the faith, to maintain the sound form of words and doctrine, and by a necessary consequence to repress and condemn error. So widespread were

the occasions, so new and subtle the forms of these errors, that the movement of those inside the Church, who denying the substance of Catholic faith yet wished to retain the name and form of Catholicity, became dangerous, and a special Commission of the Holy Office had been formed to study these teachings and draw up a list of them. This Commission, under date of July 3, 1907, issued a *Syllabus*, in which sixty-five errors were noted and condemned.

Pius X. followed up this condemnation of the Commission by a powerful, strongly-reasoned and even, we may say, by a drastic Encyclical, entitled *Pascendi Dominicæ Gregis* on September 8, 1907. He condemned the system, which he called Modernism, as being "the meeting-ground of all heresies;" in particular he reprobated the separation of a historical from a religious Christ; the reversal of the Incarnation by the Modernistic denial of the entrance of the Divine into the domain of fact; the degradation of faith to the region of sentiment; the reduction of authority from an Apostolic to a mere presidential basis; the substitution of the Bible and revelation in favor of interior revelation. The force, the analysis, the compendious résumé of Modernistic teaching were recognized on all sides, even where its teaching was rejected.

Nor did the Pope rest content with the general form of condemnation; books were proscribed, authors and writers summoned to recant, or receive censure and correction; the bishops were commanded to take practical measures to extirpate whatever might favor the Modernistic side. What was most unusual, almost unprecedented, an oath was imposed later on the clergy, prescribing their adhesion to the teachings laid down, and their rejection of what had been banned. Thorough-paced as was this action, it struck squarely at the new teaching and eradicated it. We cannot say that this result was gained without opposition, and even the loss of some who had figured prominently as writers and teachers, but the faith, the future training of priests and people were in jeopardy, and the Pope knew that half-measures would not answer the requirements of such a crisis.

Work far more congenial in itself, and more in accord with his own character and temperament, were the reforms in various matters which Pius X. inaugurated and carried through during his administration. His mind was naturally constructive, and his long pastoral experience as Bishop had brought home to him the need of simplifying and giving clearness to many matters concerning law, order, and discipline. A simple enumeration of the more

important of these, will show at once how far-reaching were his plans; how sound and practical was his understanding of modern requirements. These reforms dealt with the reorganization of the Roman Curia; the codification of Canon Law; the reform of the Breviary; the regulation of study in seminaries, the work of the Biblical Commission. He appears to have had the great and happy faculty of infusing his energy and determination into his working force, and of getting things done.

But unless we added his decrees and reforms about the reception of the Holy Eucharist, we should deprive the late Pope of one of his chief merits, and a merit which had the most popular and far-reaching effect in the Catholic world. Desirous of restoring all things in Christ, nothing could be better calculated to that end than to re-awaken and cultivate the devotional life of the faithful by frequent and even daily Communion. In a Decree in 1906, the Pope recalled the practice of the primitive and early Church. He repeated the exhortation of the Council of Trent, and in formal terms provided that the faithful of all classes are to be allowed and admitted to Holy Communion, if only they were in the state of grace, and came with piety and a right intention.

More startling still for many was a subsequent Decree on August 8, 1910, setting the age for children to receive their First Communion, "which was about the seventh year, or later, or even sooner," and that they, too, if adequate knowledge were present were to be allowed daily Communion. Pius X. wished, with apostolic zeal, "that *little* children should be suffered to come unto our Lord, and not be deprived of the sap of interior life." In spite of the objections made at first against it from many quarters, the wisdom of the Decree quickly became apparent to all, and it has been wonderfully fruitful in good results.

Pope Pius had more than his share of trials in the decade of his reign; one which brought out the paternal tenderness of his heart, and which showed, on a larger scale, that prodigal devotion to the poor and the distressed which was his lifelong tendency, was the awful visitation of the earthquake that befell the coast towns of Sicily and Calabria in December, 1908. He sent forthwith a relief party, made instant preparation for the reception and housing of survivors in Rome, and charged himself with the maintenance and education of five hundred orphans there. Moreover, the response to his appeal was so generous, that he became as by right the almoner of the Catholic world's benefactions; hundreds still

live on the bounty he provided, and thousands will continue to bless his memory.

His sacerdotal golden jubilee gave a fitting occasion for the Catholics of the world to make manifest their affection, sympathy, and loyalty to himself and his great office. He had let it be known that he wished for nothing for himself but prayers; should gifts be presented, he desired that they should be of a character that would enable him to help poor churches. He himself celebrated the Jubilee Mass in St. Peter's on November 16, 1908—the deferred date of his anniversary—and the overwhelming tribute of veneration voiced by four hundred bishops and fifty thousand people in attendance was reëchoed throughout the world.

The special affection which Pius had for our country, was shown constantly on occasions both great and small. In giving to our national Church two additional members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, in according interviews to American pilgrims, and impressing on them the ineffaceable cordiality of his welcome.

Imperfect and necessarily brief and fragmentary as our review has been, if it but serve to renew sweet and abiding memories of one who was simple and strong and holy—a Great Shepherd true to his office, a Pontiff full worthy of his lineage, a Pope, unflecked and radiant in the intense light which beats on the Fisherman's throne—it will in some measure have served its purpose.



New Books.

THE NEW MAN. A Portrait Study of the Latest Type. By Philip Gibbs. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00.

We hear a great deal to-day from novelists, playwrights, essayists, and journalists of the New Woman, but they forget to tell us of the evolution of the New Man. Mr. Gibbs, a brilliant Catholic journalist, proposes to draw his portrait for us in the present volume.

The New Man, unlike his fathers and his forefathers, has no fixed convictions. He has no authority to whom he can turn for guidance, because he has denied all authority. He is an agnostic in all matters. Why should a man have only one wife? Why should a woman be ostracized if she has a child without going through an ecclesiastical ceremony? Why should any kind of action be called sin, and any kind of action be called virtue, when all men and women are under the irresistible pressure of hereditary instincts, of economic conditions, of mental influences which impel them to do the things they do? Why should certain classes of people enjoy the good things of life because of the accident of birth, while others, by another accident, are the serfs of a ceaseless drudgery?

The New Man considers scholarship a drug in the market. The masters who teach him have no respect for duty and discipline, for the virtues of obedience and honor; for the dignity and grandeur of knowledge. They teach him the methods that are likely to make money, how to fight by cunning and by force for the good things of life; how to do the least amount of work for the greatest amount of pleasure. The New Man has no definite religious belief of any kind. He considers it bad form to express with any violence his views on matters of dogma. He is tolerant as the last of the Romans to the old gods. He regards clergymen either as deliberate frauds of an amiable, harmless kind, or as men of inferior intellect.

The New Workingman has no higher ideal than that of material prosperity. He feels that he has no use for God, and can do without religious emotion. His aim is to drive the capitalist into the last ditch, and then enter into the heritage of the world's wealth. He is perfectly aware that the governing classes are afraid of him, and throw him sop now and again to keep him quiet. He accepts the sops, and utters new threats.

The New Aristocracy has been created by machine-made wealth, by commercial activities, and by successful gambling with

stocks and shares. It is not at all exclusive. It measures a man mainly by his wealth, and does not inquire too closely how he came by it. As long as he can join in the game and pay the entrance fee he is welcomed. The New Aristocracy has practically abandoned the old excesses, which used to be the ritual of mammon worship. It holds with Epicurus that pleasure is the chief good, but imitates its master in the belief that moderation is necessary in order to enjoy pleasure perfectly. Pain must be thrust aside, and by pain is meant not only physical agony, disease, and discomfort, but everything which hurts the senses, such as ugliness, squalor, vulgarity, harsh noises, bad smells, shabby clothes, the sight of other people's misfortunes, and anything which hurts the intellect, such as deep thinking, hard study, unpleasant facts and unpleasant truth.

The New Suburbia is peopled with fathers without authority over their wives and children, restless, discontented souls, given to gambling in every form, shirking the responsibility of parenthood, full of snobbery, and utterly unhappy in its irreligion and worldliness.

The New Politician has no political prejudices, but a great deal of political ambition. His chief desire is to be on the winning side, so that he may get a chance of office. He soon learns that independence is absolutely fatal to his chance of success, so he supports his party, right or wrong. As for the people, he keeps them in good humor by promising them everything that they ask for. He soon grasps the fact that public speeches are only for effect, and that the real business of politics is conducted behind the scenes, by secret negotiations between the leaders, by bargaining and bribing between various groups and interests, and by compromise and diplomacy.

Altogether the book is a very severe indictment against the New Man, and like most savage onslaughts it sins by excess. A clever word painter can take every age from the time of Adam and, picking out the evils that predominate, draw a picture that will fill the beholder with dismay. In enforcing his point, Mr. Gibbs exaggerates, oftentimes grossly, but his criticisms might well be taken to heart by this age, which is in sore need of many of them.

EGYPT IN TRANSITION. By Sidney Low. With an Introduction by the Earl of Cromer. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

Mr. Sidney Low in the work before us has written an ex-

cellent account of the political, social, and administrative condition of Egypt and the Sudan in that stage of transition which followed Lord Cromer's period of reconstruction and financial readjustment. He believes that the British occupation of Egypt is the most honorable episode in the recent history of the English race. He says: "It has been a difficult experiment, which seemed foredoomed to failure; it is creditable to many Englishmen and some Egyptians that it has been, on the whole, a success."

When the English first blundered into the country in 1882, they had no idea of either conquering or annexing Egypt. Alexandria was bombarded merely to save the lives of Europeans threatened by a military rabble, while Lord Wolseley was sent with an army to restore the authority of the Khedive, weakened by the revolt of his mutinous colonels. England has been restoring or maintaining the authority of the Khedive ever since. The few English troops in Egypt are not a British garrison, but merely the remains of the army of occupation. The English officers are not technically in the British service, but are temporarily lent to the Khedive to assist him to drill and discipline his army. The British civilian officials who assist him with the administration and management of his finances are paid by him and not by England. Nominally he remains the executive and the supreme power in the state. As the author well states: "It is government by inspection and authoritative advice. We leave the administration so far as may be in native hands; but we tell the native administrators what they ought to do, and we provide European supervisors to see that they do it."

The greatest of these gifts of England to Egypt were the Assuan dam and the Assuit barrage, which will finally solve the problem of the irrigation of Egypt. It has been estimated that as a result the annual rental value of lands in middle Egypt has been increased by \$13,000,000, and their sale value by \$132,000,000. The prosperity of Egypt depends in great part upon the River Nile, and the immense potential resources of the North African river basin will only be developed to their highest capacity under England's direction and control.

The most unsatisfactory feature in the condition of modern Egypt is the administration of criminal justice. Life and property, especially in the Delta region, are less secure than they used to be in some provinces of European Turkey. Arson, robbery, and murder decrease very little, while homicidal attacks, housebreaking,

forgery, cattle poisoning, and other offences tend to increase. More than half the crimes reported go unpunished, and many notorious criminals are lightly acquitted in the native courts. Mr. Low thinks that the Capitulations have now a baneful influence, but we do not think that he has considered the matter comprehensively. If they were removed, Christians would, in the long run, have a poor chance for justice in the native courts.

In speaking of progress in the Sudan, Lord Cromer in his introduction attributes it to the fact that the form of government there is singularly adapted to the special requirements of the country. Broadly speaking, the Sudanese officials have been left to themselves without any interference from London, and the agents employed have been carefully chosen, well paid, and allowed most generous leaves of absence.

Mr. Low declares that the English are not popular in Egypt. Feared and respected they may be, but loved they assuredly are not.

LIFE HISTORIES OF AFRICAN GAME ANIMALS. By Theodore Roosevelt and Edmund Heller. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$10.00 net.

"The chief purpose of the present publication," as the authors tell us in the preface, "is to give our own observations, and in some cases to add what is already known, regarding the life histories of 'African game animals, so that sportsmen who combine love of hunting with a taste for faunal natural history and outdoor observations of all kinds, may direct their efforts along new lines of investigation, and towards a more complete understanding of the life histories of the various species."

The specimens of game animals familiar to the writers were those secured by the Smithsonian African Expedition of 1909-1910 under the direction of Colonel Roosevelt, and now preserved in the National Museum at Washington. This collection consists of some six hundred specimens of big game mammals from British East Africa and the Upper Nile regions, and comprises more than seventy species or races, nearly all of which are represented by a series of various ages and sexes. Besides this collection, Mr. Heller has examined a number of other collections in Washington, London, Berlin, Paris, and Brussels.

After a few introductory chapters on the history of British East Africa, the nature and derivation of its fauna and flora, the problem of concealing and revealing coloration, the authors discuss

in turn the lion, the leopard, the cheetah, the hyena, the hippopotamus, the giraffe, the various species of antelopes, the rhinoceros, the zebra, and the elephant.

The two volumes give a very full and detailed account of the behavior of these animals in their natural environment. They are intensely interesting.

THE ART AND CRAFT OF LETTERS. London: Martin Secker.
25 cents per volume.

If the little series now being issued by Martin Secker, of London, may be judged by the three volumes submitted for review, it should prove of real interest and stimulus to lovers of English literature. It is precisely the charm of these initial volumes that they are not too narrowly "instructive"—that they take much for granted, and that their *art* is always more in evidence than their mere *craftsmanship*.

Comedy, by John Palmer. This little dissertation on *Comedy* is a delight, even if it does leave the question of the comic definition almost as unsolved at its close as at its beginning. It is the sort of question the clever mind can ramble around very amusingly and fruitfully without solving at all! Using as starting point Horace Walpole's aphorism that "life is a comedy to the man who thinks, and a tragedy to the man who feels," Mr. Palmer proves successively (and successfully!) that no true Englishman *can* thus separate thought from feeling; that hence he cannot, save by accident—or the French tradition—achieve true comedy.

Satire, by Gilbert Cannon. The rich subject of *Satire* is treated by Mr. Cannon with much satiric insight, and no small ability in epigram. His contention that "every work of art is an act of faith," his arraignment of those pale, negative virtues which "have no pride in their purity," and of the deep-rooted British vice of *humbug*—the "fear-of-giving-yourself-away disease"—could scarcely be better. Neither could his fancy of Icarus as the typical victim of satire, "which is as a glass to concentrate the heart of the sun upon all those who attempt to rise on wings of wax." Less satisfying are his formal definitions of satire itself; and some few of his judgments would seem to betray a superficiality which quarrels strangely with the depth, even the sublimity of others. Now it is true that morality is not in itself an exciting subject—

that it is, after all, merely the rough foundation of high living. Yet a verdict which can speak seriously of "the only perfect morality, which is perfect stagnation," will need revision for people who wish to think vitally. And for obvious reasons, people who wish to think vitally are the only ones who really enjoy satire. For—if satire be anything at all—it is the light sword-play of destructive idealism, just as invective is its heavy artillery. Without a deep and impassioned and bitterly disappointed idealism, there could be no satire worth the name. For a' that and a' that, Mr. Cannon's book is eminently readable, and—as our French cousins might put it—"gives furiously to think."

The Epic, by Lascelles Abercrombie, has been treated by the author with a dignity befitting his subject. The distinction between "authentic" and "literary" epics is not only admirably drawn, but—a rarer virtue—it is never pushed too far. And considering the limitation of his ninety-five pages, Mr. Abercrombie has covered the heroic stretches of epic achievement (all the long way from Homer to Victor Hugo) with a tact and inclusiveness scarcely to be overpraised.

FRANCIS THOMPSON. By John Thomson. St. Louis: B. Herder. 90 cents net.

All lovers of Francis Thompson will welcome this second edition of John Thomson's life of the poet. Thompson's sad life is too well known to bear repetition. The most interesting part of this volume, therefore, is the author's estimate of the poet's place in literature. He says of him: "In the qualities peculiarly his own—the combination of insensuous passion and spiritual fervor, courtly love and saintly reverence, ecclesiastical pageantry and liturgical splendor; in his mountain-top ecstasies and the remoter flights of his wonderful imagination—he stands absolutely apart from any other English singer." The author believes that it will take some time before Thompson will come to his own, for all great poetry advances but slowly in general estimation. Its appeal is always in the first instance to the more discerning thinkers, and only later on will it reach that larger body who follow blindly the lead of the critics. Our author compares him to Crashaw, asserting that he often outstripped the latter, even in his own special glory of "mixing heaven and earth." He is "all compact of thought"—thought elaborated with exquisite subtlety, and an endless profusion and

variety of metaphor and simile drawn from a thousand sources, but most happily from his profound knowledge of the Old and New Testaments, and from the philosophy, dogma, and liturgy of the Catholic Church.

Our author says of *The Hound of Heaven*: "Certain it is that no mystical words of such profound power and such soul-stirring sweetness have been written in modern times. As a religious poem it has no superior."

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP. By Rev. Thomas Wright. 20 cents net.

THE DRINK QUESTION. By Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 20 cents net.

We welcome these two latest brochures of the Catholic Social Bureau of England. In the first pamphlet Father Wright sets forth clearly the Christian concept of the State—its origin, its functions, its rights, its duties, and its power. He also discusses the true relations of Church and State, and the loyalty, patriotism, respect, and obedience required of every citizen.

In the second pamphlet, Father Keating gives a clear analysis of that vast sociological problem, the drink question, and shows to what extent and in what way Catholic principles are concerned in its solution. He says in conclusion: "Until the habits and prejudices of generations have been altered, until public opinion in this regard has become not merely rational but Christian, the solution of the drink question lies in the hands of resolute men and women inspired by love of God and of their neighbor, and united in associations pledged to take all lawful means to overthrow the tyranny of drink by example, by instruction, by legislation, and by prayer."

A NAVAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By G. W. Allen. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00 net.

Our struggle for independence has from the beginning excited the attention and received the critical study of historical scholars. From social, commercial, political, diplomatic, and military points of view this interesting field has been worked over most thoroughly. But the naval history of the American Revolution has never been subjected to an exhaustive inquiry. Mr. Allen has supplied this need by his researches in the archives of our country and in those

of England and France, as well as in private collections, newspapers, and other original sources.

These two volumes form most readable and interesting study. In conclusion he says: "That the maritime achievements of the revolutionists resulted in the keeping open the intercourse with continental Europe, especially France, and the diversion of supplies from the British to the American army. The injury done to the British navy was almost negligible, and to British commerce far from disabling, to say the least. It is certain that the revolution would have failed without its sailors. In spite of its shortcomings, the record of the American marine during this critical period was an honorable one."

In a series of appendices the author gives us a complete bibliography, the navy regulations of the period, the instructions of the Continental Congress to commanders of privateers, and a list of the vessels and the officers of the Continental navy.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF SPANISH VERSE. Chosen by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, F.B.A. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.00 net.

The well-known Professor of Spanish at the University of Liverpool, Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, has added an anthology of Spanish poets to the now famous collection of the Oxford books of verse. He starts with the earliest Spanish lyric known, the *Razon de Amor*, and ends with a few living poets like the Machado brothers of Seville, Villæspesa of Almeria, and Jimenez of Moguer. A scholarly introduction traces the history of Spanish poetry from the thirteenth century to the present day, while the notes contain short biographical essays of all the authors cited.

Though the most ancient poets in this volume are given without any modernization, the author has thought it inadvisable to deter readers by reproducing throughout the peculiarities of spelling found in old editions of later poets. Modernization has, however, been sparingly used till the age of Cervantes, with whom modern Spanish literature may be said to begin.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO, 1821-1848. By George L. Rives. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$8.00 net.

Mr. Rives, in two lengthy volumes, has presented a consecutive narrative of the events which culminated in the Mexican War of 1846 and the peace of 1848. For a fuller understanding of the

political conditions of the time, he has deemed it necessary to relate the French seizure of Vera Cruz, and our controversy with Great Britain over Oregon. He believes firmly that the events which led up to the war between the United States and Mexico have been very generally misapprehended. Americans have falsely regarded it as a mere episode in the struggle over slavery, while Mexican historians have untruly, he thinks, treated it as an inescapable result of American aggression in Texas. He admits, however, that each of these views embodies a sort of half truth, and his work is written with the purpose of disentangling the whole truth.

The story of the Mexican War is given in detail, although the author assures us that he had no intention of writing a military history. The book is valuable for its estimates of many well-known Americans who figure in its pages—Houston, Fremont, Clay, Calhoun, Van Buren, Polk, Buchanan, Webster, Scott, Taylor, and Archbishop Hughes. The author is most outspoken at times. Van Buren was “usually a follower, rather than a leader of public opinion, and anxious to find out what the people wanted before he declared himself.” Houston he calls “a vigorous personality, full of gross faults—such as drunkenness—and with some great merits.” Calhoun was “a man in whom the powers of intellect always prevailed at the expense of good judgment. His contemporaries described him as a thinking machine.” Polk he pictures as “devoid of imagination and a sense of humor, but an excellent administrator, and master of his cabinet.” Buchanan was a “man of undoubted abilities, which were hampered through all of a long life by constitutional timidity and a lack of resolution and strength of will.” Fremont he considers a liar and a blusterer, who acted in defiance of his orders, doing what he could to sow strife and bring about war.” Scott “was his own worst enemy.” A love of paradox, extraordinary vanity, and the restless pen of a ready writer were his chief defects. He was withal a diligent student of military affairs, and his personal courage was unquestionable.

President Polk declared in a letter that General Taylor was “a hard fighter, but had none other of the qualities of a good general.” But the American people regarded this estimate as a prejudiced one, prompted by the envy of an administration which dreaded Taylor’s coming forward as a candidate for the Presidency. As a result the Whig newspapers did proclaim him their candidate, although he was a Southerner and a slave-holder with no experience of public life.

These two volumes should be read by every American Senator and Congressman, for most of our failures in the past in dealing with our Latin-American neighbors have been due to ignorance rather than to malice. The American sympathy at the present time with the so-called patriots of the Carranza and Villa type in Mexico is certainly due to a misapprehension of the facts in the case, insincere utterances of a pseudo-patriotism having been taken by too many at their face value.

ATHANASE DE MÉZIÈRES AND THE LOUISIANA-TEXAS

FRONTIER, 1768-1780. Documents published for the first time, from the original Spanish and French manuscripts, chiefly in the archives of Mexico and Spain. Translated, edited, and annotated by Herbert Eugene Bolton, Ph.D. Two volumes. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co. \$10.00 net.

Professor Bolton, of the University of California, is the leading authority to-day on the history of the Spanish Southwest and the Indian tribes of Texas. In these two handsomely printed volumes, he has gathered together a great number of original documents regarding the Louisiana-Texas frontier at the close of the eighteenth century. They centre around Athanase de Mézières, a well-known Indian agent and diplomat of that period, and afford us a great insight into the history of what are now Texas, Western Louisiana, Arkansas, and Oklahoma.

These documents tell us a great deal about certain unknown phases of our history, namely, the encroachments of American frontiersmen upon Spanish territory; the lively trade in captives conducted between the French of Louisiana and the Indians of Texas; the trade between the same parties in horses and mules stolen by the Indians from the Spanish settlements; the life of the outlaws of Oklahoma and Arkansas; the fur trade of the Southwest conducted from Natchitoches to the Arkansas post among the tribes of the Red River Valley; the annual wood-cutting and cattle-killing on the Guadalupe River and beyond by the residents of San Antonio.

Spain was most anxious to win the allegiance of the border tribes known as the Nations of the North, and realizing that the services of a Frenchman would be necessary, they selected de Mézières for the task. He established a Spanish administration in the Natchitoches district, and made many exploring expeditions among the Indians of the Red, Trinity, and Brazos Rivers. His

letters constitute a most authoritative account of the Indian tribes of the Southwest, and throw a flood of light upon life and political conditions in that region. A lengthy introduction by Professor Bolton gives an excellent view of Southwestern Indian history and Spanish policy. He has been at great pains to gather these documents from the archives of Mexico and Spain, and from the Bancroft and other private collections. He has also made an excellent map, which gives the location of the various tribes, the routes of the many expeditions, and the location of the missions, presidios, Spanish towns, and Indian villages. A thorough analytical index concludes the work.

REPORT OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION TO INQUIRE INTO THE CAUSES AND CONDUCT OF THE BALKAN WARS. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Division of Intercourse and Education. Publication No. 4. Washington, D. C.: Published by the Endowment.

We read with the greatest interest this Report of the International Commission of Inquiry into the recent Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913. Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the President of the Commission, had associated with him seven men of the highest standing from Austria, France, Germany, Great Britain, Russia, and the United States. Their aim was to give the public an impartial account of all the facts concerning the origin and conduct of these two wars, with a view of bringing about some day the substitution of justice for force in the settlement of international differences. It is a sad commentary on their earnest endeavors in the cause of peace, to find the whole of Europe involved in one of the most disastrous wars of history within five months after the publication of their report.

The main divisions of this work deal with the causes of the two wars, the theatre of operation, the actors in the drama, the various nationalities engaged, the inevitable violation, or rather the non-existence, of an international law in the anarchy of men and things, and the economic and moral consequences of the wars, and the possible prospects for the future. It is clear that every clause in international law relative to war on land and to the treatment of the wounded, has been violated by all the belligerents, including the Roumanian army, which was not properly speaking belligerent. The report is nothing practically but a long list of executions, assassinations, drownings, massacres, rapes, and slaughter of prison-

ers. Is it too much to hope that when the report of the present war in Europe is written, it will be the prelude of the days of arbitration and peace?

FOOTPRINTS OF THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH CHURCH. By Michael Barrett, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.80 net.

In this volume Father Barrett has gathered together many facts relating to the Catholic faith which once held exclusive sway in Scotland, as in the other countries of Christian Europe. As he tells us, they have been gleaned from various sources not easily accessible to the ordinary reader, and known as a rule only to antiquarians. The information conveyed under different headings will serve "to trace the footprints left by the Church of old on the shifting sands of time, footprints so faint in many instances as to be already nigh effaced."

Out of the thirteen cathedrals which once were the glory of Scottish Catholics, only one remains in its entirety. The others have been either wantonly destroyed, or have perished through persistent neglect and the ravages of time. Our author reconstructs these cathedrals for us, and tells us all that is practically known of their interesting history.

Before the Reformation there were in Scotland forty collegiate churches and ninety hospitals for a population of about five hundred thousand. It will always be recorded to the shame of the Reformation that it not only attempted to destroy every vestige of the ancient faith, but that it suppressed even charitable institutions and seized their revenue. No attempt was made for a long period to replace the heritage thus fraudulently snatched from the poor and struggling.

The devotion of mediæval Scotland to the Blessed Virgin is proved by the dedication of churches and chapels in the name of Mary, by the traditional place names of the country, by special bequests in Mary's honor, by pilgrimages to her shrines and wells, by the veneration paid to her images, and by the cherished hymns of the people.

FATHER FABER. By W. Hall-Patch. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons. 40 cents.

The life of the founder of the London Oratory has long been out of print, and amid the rush of our twentieth century life we are in danger of forgetting one of the most amiable of that noble band

of converts who entered the Church about 1845. It is well, therefore, to recall their deeds of courage and of sacrifice; and particularly to renew our gratitude for those devout books and hymns which were Father Faber's contribution to the needs of those days, and to which thousands of English-speaking Catholics owe a deepening of their spirituality, a quickening of their zeal, and additional fervor in their personal love of our Incarnate Lord. This summary is meagre, but it will serve to keep green the memory of one who was a burning and a shining light to many souls.

WHAT SHALL I BE? By Rev. Francis Cassilly, S.J. New York: The America Press. 15 cents.

The writer presents in brief and simple form the true Catholic principles on the subject of vocation. He complains of the rigorist authors who, for the last three centuries, so hedge the approach to religious life with difficulties and restrictions as to frighten or repel from it many aspiring hearts.

He writes in the spirit of the decree of July 16, 1912, which was framed by a special commission of Cardinals appointed to examine the Abbé Lahitton's *La Vocation Sacerdotale*. The decree states "that vocation to the priesthood by no means consists, necessarily and according to the ordinary law, in a certain interior inclination of the person, or in special promptings of the Holy Spirit, to enter the priesthood. On the contrary, nothing more is required of the person to be ordained than a right intention, and such fitness of nature and grace, evidenced in integrity of life and sufficiency of learning, as will give a well founded hope of his rightly discharging the office and obligation of the priesthood."

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. By Rev. Joseph J. Baierl. Rochester, N. Y.: St. Bernard's Seminary. 50 cents.

This little book, arranged and illustrated for school use, consists of explanations of the subject matter as well as questions and answers, forming a very efficient summary of the most important points. It is divided into four parts: The Mass; the things needful for the Holy Sacrifice; the prayers of Holy Mass; the ceremonies of Holy Mass. We hope in a future edition that the answers will follow immediately upon the questions, instead of allowing explanations to intervene. There are eighty-three questions in all, and the excellent suggestion made for the division of the work will considerably lighten the task of the catechist.

THE LIVES OF THE POPES IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Rev. Horace K. Mann, D.D. Innocent II. to Hadrian IV., 1130-1159. \$3.00 net.

NICHOLAS BREAKSPEAR (HADRIAN IV). The only English Pope. By Rev. Horace K. Mann, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00 net.

Volume IX. of Father Mann's history, contains the lives of six Popes, Innocent II., Celestine II., Lucius II., Blessed Eugenius III., Anastasius IV., and Hadrian IV. In an introduction of some sixty pages, the author gives a brief but excellent sketch of what he calls the flower of the Gregorian Renaissance (1130-1305).

Father Mann has also published the *Life of Pope Hadrian* in a separate volume, because of its interest to English readers. He was ill-advised in prefacing it with the introductory chapter of his ninth volume, for most of the matter is irrelevant, referring to another age altogether. He might have revised the text a little, for to one unacquainted with the previous volumes of his history, too much is taken for granted.

FROM COURT TO CLOISTER. A Sketch by M. A. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net.

Madeleine Luillier, better known as Madame Sainte-Beuve, who was later foundress of the Ursulines of Paris, was one of the great ladies of the Courts of Henry III. and Henry IV. of France. A valiant woman in troublous times, she passed through many dangers mid a corrupt court, in which her ardent nature sometimes led her into grave peril. Madame Sainte-Beuve herself, who never became a religious, is depicted with sympathy and understanding; not so the cause to which she devoted her energies and her life. The tale is interesting, but there is a tone of partisanship when touching upon the politics of the period, while a certain unfamiliarity with Catholicism betrays itself.

THANKSGIVING AFTER HOLY COMMUNION IN UNION WITH THE SACRED HEART. Translated from the French of the Rev. G. Villefranche, S.J., by Irene Hernaman. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.

This book though small will be of exceeding value to those who frequently receive Holy Communion, and the translator has

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done a good service in bringing it before the English-speaking public. The author does not give a series of prayers, but after stating the acts to be made, he indicates their motives, and suggests numerous ways of making them for ourselves. He thus leaves us something to do in the matter of choice and appropriation.

We can easily understand that this work received an enthusiastic welcome in France; no one will fail to appreciate the spirituality with which it is permeated, while at the same time its practical good sense will recommend it to all. The translation is well done, and the publishers have given it to us in handy size and tasteful binding.

THE SECRET CITADEL. By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35 net.

Godfrey Denne—a conceited, domineering and selfish non-Catholic—marries, after some opposition, a most devout Catholic, Melanie Ettrington. To win her he makes all the required promises, but in his heart feels confident that one day he will convince her of the utter folly of Catholicism. The story treats of his mean attempt to wean her away from the practice of her religion. He takes her to his handsome palace near Tunis in order to separate her from the influence of her Catholic relatives, and to make it difficult for her to attend Mass. An anticlerical French architect urges him to fight boldly against the most stupendous organization the world has ever seen.

Melanie conquers in the end. Her husband finds it impossible to storm the secret citadel of her heart, which is ever true to the Catholic faith. The shock of her mother's death brings her to the point of death, and by a miracle of grace wins Godfrey to Catholicism.

The story is well written, the plot well conceived, and the interest well sustained from the first page to the last. The book should be circulated widely among young women, because of its powerful presentation of the right view of the sacrament of matrimony.

TIME OR ETERNITY? AND OTHER PREACHABLE SERMONS. By Rt. Rev. J. S. Vaughan, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75.

Bishop Vaughan modestly tells us that as these sermons were reprinted soon after delivery just as they appeared in the public press: "they necessarily lack the careful arrangement, the choice

diction, and the finish that are looked for in more labored compositions." We found the sermons so carefully and logically arranged, we are sure they will be welcomed by priests, and we hope also by many laymen, who will find them encouraging and helpful.

RELIGIOUS ART IN FRANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. A Study in Mediæval Iconography and its Sources of Inspiration. By Émile Mâle. Translated from the Third French edition by Dora Nussey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$6.00 net.

M. Mâle has limited his study to French art in particular, because he is convinced that Christian thought was not expressed elsewhere so fully or so richly as in France. In the whole of Europe, for example, there is no group of works of dogmatic art in the least comparable to that presented by the cathedral at Chartres. He says rightly that there is little to be learned from other foreign cathedrals, when one knows Chartres, Amiens, Paris, Rheims, Laon, Bourges, Le Mans, Sens, Auxerre, Troyes, Tours, Rouen, Lyons, Poitiers and Clermont. He makes the thirteenth century the central point of his study, for "it was then that art with admirable daring tried to express all things."

Our author tells us he has profited by the detailed research of the scholars of the past sixty years. He owes much to reviews like the *Annales Archéologiques* inspired by Didron, the *Bulletin Monumental* of De Caumont, the *Revue de l'Art Chrétien* of Canon Corblet, and the *Mélanges* of Abbé Cahier and the Abbé Martin. He has seen personally the works of art of which he writes; has consulted countless engravings and drawings in the museums which describe works of art no longer extant, and numerous miniatures in the manuscripts of the libraries of France.

The illustrations are excellent, and the translation remarkably well done.

THE PERIOD OF DISCOVERY, by Joseph V. McKee and Louise S. Roemer (New York: The Century Co. 50 cents. net), is an historical reader planned to meet the requirements of the public school's fifth year in history and civics. The stories are told in the form of fiction, though they are based strictly on facts, the greatest pains having been taken to give the pupils accurate knowledge of the dress, customs, and ideals of the men dominant

in the period of discovery. The verses at the end of each chapter add much to the interest of the book.

A HOUSE party in Scotland, a great deal of clever badinage, a practical joke with serious consequences, make up the story of *The Widow's Necklace*, by Ernest Davies. (New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.35 net.) Incidentally it demonstrates the old adage: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The story is excellent as a detective story, clean, and amusing, with a well-sustained mystery; but it is not uplifting; detective stories seldom are.

IN fifteen instructions, published under the title *My Bark* (St. Louis: B. Herder. 60 cents net), the Abbé Petit pictures the Christian as a traveler on the ocean of life, sailing for the port of eternity. The constant thought of our last end is the compass of the vessel; the rudder is reason supported by faith; the oars are examination of conscience, confession, and mortification; the sails are vocal and mental prayer; the flag at the masthead is the Sacred Heart of Jesus; the anchor is obedience; the cause of shipwreck is sin, and the harbor to which we should be headed is heaven.

CHARLES DICKENS, translated from the French of Albert Keim and Louis Lumet by F. T. Cooper (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 75 cents), forms a valuable addition to *The Great Men* series. There is little new in the volume save the few references to Dickens' visit to Paris, and his estimates of Victor Hugo, Lamartine and George Sand.

THE scholarly editor of the *Bombay Examiner* has written an excellent pamphlet of a hundred pages on the condemnation of Galileo, entitled *Galileo and His Condemnation*, by Earnest R. Hull, S.J. (Bombay: The Examiner Press. 15 cents.) We notice that the author omits to mention Favaro's critical edition of the trials and decrees of the Galileo case, published at Florence in 1907, and says nothing of the works of Berti, Schanz, Pieralisi, Reusch, Bourquard, Jaugey, Vacandard, and Aubanel.

IDEALS AND REALITIES (New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents net) is a series of enjoyable and genial essays by Edith Pearson. They discuss the poems of Adelaide Proctor,

Alfred Noyes, and Father Ryan; treat of abstract themes such as *Compensation*, *Sacrifice*, *Sympathy*, and *Silence* after the manner of Emerson; give us biographical sketches (*Caroline Chisholm*) and travelogues (*Irish Visits*), and at all times foster in the reader the author's own love of ideals and good reading. We regret to say the author's style is not altogether equal to her ideals.

THE amateur gardener anxious to supply cut flowers for the decoration of the altar, will inevitably discover that the ordinary flower garden fails to supply a sufficient quantity of the particular flowers most in request, *i. e.*, white ones. An excellent little handbook, *Altar Flowers and How to Grow Them*, by Herbert Jones (New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents net), gives the results of the author's many years of experience as an amateur gardener. His work will be welcomed by many an amateur gardener.

IN *The Pearl of Great Price*, by Vera Riccardi-Cubitt (New York: Benziger Brothers. 60 cents), we read the story of not only one family, but of many who suffered for the faith in the cruel days of "Good Queen Bess." In following the fortunes of Lord and Lady Ireverne, we see again the rack, the gallows, and all the tortures with which our forefathers in the faith wisely purchased the pearl of great price.

IN *The Romance on El Camino Real*, Jarrett T. Richards (St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.35 net) has given us a series of vivid pictures of California's life in the early sixties. The story centres about a young lawyer who goes West to win his fortune. Viewed as a novel, the story is too long drawn out, the characters too numerous, and their speeches interminable. As a series of character sketches, we enjoyed the volume greatly, for we felt that only an eyewitness of these scenes could have described them so well.

IN *The Inglethorpe Chronicles* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents), Theodora Kendal wishes to bring out clearly the faults of the average middle-class English child, which appear to be vanity, detraction, selfishness, inquisitiveness, cowardice, conceit, and grumbling. We are confident that the writer will do more effective work among children when she learns the art of concealing her too obvious moral purpose.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Notre Dame de Lourdes, by Henri Lasserre. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 1 fr. 50.) It is sufficient to say that this work is the source from which all later accounts of the famous apparitions are drawn, even when their writers visit the sacred shrine itself. To all times it will remain the standard history thereof. The faithful witness of a contemporary and devoted historian.

L'Eucharistie—La Présence Réelle et La Transsubstantiation, by Pierre Batiffol. (Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. 4 frs.) This is the sixth edition of Monsignor Batiffol's well-known work on the early history of the Real Presence. Part I. treats of the witness of the Gospels, St. Paul, the *Didache*, St. Clement, St. Ignatius, Hermas, Pliny, and St. Justin. Part II. discusses St. Irenæus and his contemporaries, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and St. Dionysius of Alexandria. Part III. deals with the Sacramentary of Serapion, St. Ambrose, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. John Chrysostom, and St. Augustine. We trust that this important work will be shortly translated, for it is the best treatise we possess on the primitive history of the Blessed Eucharist.

La Paix Constantinienne et Le Catholicisme, by Pierre Batiffol. (Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. 4 frs.) This work is a continuation of the author's *L'Eglise Naissante et Catholicisme*, which appeared in 1908. He promises us a third volume to complete the series, *Le Catholicisme Romain de Saint Damase à Saint Léon*. The theme of the volume before us is the relations of Church and State from the time of the Severi to the days of Constantius II., the son and successor of Constantine the Great.

Figures de Pères et Mères Chrétiens, by Abbé H. Bels. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 2 volumes. 4 frs.) In these two volumes the Abbé Bels gives us brief sketches of the parents of many of the Saints, such as St. Francis Xavier, St. Aloysius, St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle, St. Teresa, and others. These conferences will prove helpful to priests in charge of sodalities of married men and women.

La Survivance Française au Canada, by the Prince de Beauvau-Craon. (Paris: Emile-Paul Frères. 3 frs. 50.) The Prince de Beauvau-Craon has written a bright, superficial sketch of his tour through Canada in the summer of 1912. On nearly every page he bespeaks his astonishment at finding Old France still living in the French Canada of to-day. The mothers lull their children to sleep with the French songs of the seventeenth century, and the French curés preach to their flocks as a curé of old in lower Normandy. The people, although happy under English rule, have in their hearts a great love for Catholic France and a most strong attachment to its language. The book is well written, but contains nothing strikingly new.

Monsignor Dupanloup—Un Grand Evêque, by Emile Faguet. (Paris: Hachette et Cie. 5 frs.) The famous French littérateur, Emile Faguet, has written a most sympathetic sketch of the life of the Bishop of Orleans, Monsignor Dupanloup. A Catholic will differ from Monsignor Faguet in many of his views and principles, but he must needs thank him for his well-written tribute to a fearless and saintly prelate of nineteenth century France.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Catholic Church in Uganda. By Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B. Following the explorations of the middle nineteenth century, Sir H. M. Stanley resided for a time during the year 1875 with King Mtesa of Uganda, or the "Land of Drums." Mtesa's interest in what Stanley told him of the Christian religion, caused him to call upon the Church Missionary Society for help, and in 1877 the first Protestant missionaries reached Uganda. Meanwhile the International African Association had been founded at Brussels, under King Leopold II., "for the exploration of the Dark Continent, and for mere humanitarian and philanthropic commercial and scientific purposes."

The appeal of Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers, that the Church take her part in the work of civilizing Central Africa, and the interest of Pope Pius IX. in the newly-explored country, resulted in the White Fathers taking upon themselves the burden of evangelizing Uganda. After one year of travel, five missionaries reached the shores of Victoria Nyanza, and six months later, June, 1879, Mtesa, despite Protestant opposition, received them at Rubaga, the capital of Uganda. Mtesa in the beginning treated the missionaries most cordially, but Mohammedan surroundings and suspicion, aroused by the policy of Germany and England on the East Coast, brought about a prohibition of all Christian teaching, Catholic or Protestant. The prohibition was not, however, enforced on the Catholics, and in March, 1880, four catechumens, the first fruits of their labors, were baptized. The opposition, however, soon increased, and in 1882 the missionaries withdrew to neighboring kingdoms to permit the storm to blow over. In 1883 the mission of Uganda became a vicariate. The following year Monsignor Livinhac, superior of the mission, was consecrated Bishop, and took charge of the vicariate. In 1885 the missionaries returned, and were welcomed by the new King, Mwanga. Neophytes and catechumens multiplied despite their absence, but hardly had the Fathers recommenced their work when persecution broke out.

The Mohammedans coerced the king, and in two years more than two hundred native Catholics perished. A second Moham-

medan persecution brought an equally disastrous result. Of those who died for the faith, twenty-two have been declared Venerable, and the process of their beatification has commenced. In 1891 a third persecution of the Catholics was directed by the representation of the East African Company, a company exploiting the material resources of Africa, and protecting the Church Missionary Society. After the withdrawal of this company in 1891, the British government paid the White Fathers ten thousand pounds for their losses. Since then the Fathers have labored with remarkable success.

The territory is now divided into three vicariates, and the Mill Hill missionaries, the Sisters of Notre Dame d'Afrique, and the Franciscan Sisters of Mill Hill have taken up the work. "Pagans and Mohammedans, British Governors and Commissioners, explorers and travelers, have only words of praise and admiration for their self-imposed sacrifices." In 1913 one of these vicariates, Victoria Nyanza North, reported 126,690 Catholics, 97,135 catechumens, two native priests, 114 native students in the two seminaries, 39 native sisters, 715 schools with 24,544 pupils, St. Mary's High School with 204 pupils, and 55 charitable institutions. The other British vicariate, the Upper Nile, is equally flourishing.—*The Tablet*, August 8.

Rudolph Eucken's Philosophy. By Dom Daniel Fenling, O.S.B. Professor Eucken is the staunch opponent of naturalism, an untiring teacher of the necessity of some spiritual life. His idea of religion, however, is of the vaguest; he does not admit miracle nor sacrament nor defined doctrine. His concept of the life of the spirit appears pantheistic, and he follows absolutely the German rationalistic schools in all matters relative to the origin and doctrines of the Christian Church.—*The Dublin Review*, July.

France in the Orient. By E. Bourguine. In 1902 Sheikh Abdul Hagk of Bagdad published in *La Revue* an article entitled *Islam's Last Word to Europe*. Therein he declared that modern Islam is eager for progress and civilization, but it must be a progress and civilization completely independent of all Trinitarian ideas. Only France, the defender of "lay" religion, the creator of the religion of universal reason in the revolution of 1789, can give Islam the free thought which it demands. The other Powers of Europe are, officially at least, too closely bound up with Christianity. The policy of France towards her religious educators would seem to

justify this hope. This fatal policy was instigated by Gambetta at the solicitation of Bismarck.

Of the forty-five thousand pupils now in French schools in the East, forty thousand are in schools conducted by religious congregations; but the teaching staff, owing to the law of 1905, has been reduced from two thousand to one thousand in the last twelve years. Free thinkers have weakened religious faith and with it patriotism, its inseparable companion.—*Revue du Clérge Français*, August.

The Church Quarterly Review (July): Rev. C. F. Rogers discusses the history of baptism by affusion and submersion in the early Church, and shows that history and art agree that affusion was the normal custom, while the evidence for submersion from the meaning of the word and from isolated texts of the Fathers is slight, or practically nil.—The Rev. W. K. Lowther Clarke compares *Christian and Greek Miracle Stories*, showing the superiority of the Gospel records to the cures ascribed to pagan healers.

The Dublin Review (July): *Mr. Balfour on Beauty*, by Albert A. Cock. We are as far off as ever from agreeing as to the ultimate nature of beauty and the sublime, says Mr. Balfour. While in the Romanes Lectures (1909), he took up a frankly subjective position, in his Gifford Lectures of this year he admits and emphasizes the judgment factor in appreciation. He insists that the appeal and value of works of art lie in a communication of the personality of the artist to the personality of the beholder.—*A Poet of the Streets*, by W. M. Letts. Poets do not usually sing of the streets, but T. A. Daly, the American poet, is an exception. He writes from three points of view; his own, the Irish, and the Italian. Mr. Daly is a true Franciscan. Like his great master, he finds his brothers and sisters everywhere; the poor emigrant, the laborer, the old Irish gossip, the lame boy, the stray dog, are all kin to the poet.—Monsignor Benson, in his *Cardinal Gasquet*, brings out the three elements which cause the universal satisfaction felt in England over the honor conferred upon Abbot Gasquet: that he is a truly great scholar, a thorough Englishman, and a remarkable personality who has endeared himself to all.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (September): A passage in the Catechism of the Council of Trent says it is difficult to make so

perfect an act of contrition as thereby to blot out one's sins. The Rev. T. Slater, S.J., considers that this is one of the points of doctrine which have no greater weight than a theological opinion, and that Catholics are left free to hold the more consoling opinion, as stated, for example, by St. Francis de Sales.—M. M. Riordan reviews the moral condition of clergy and people in England on the eve of the Reformation, his estimate being generally favorable.—Rev. J. D. Folghera, O.P., in *Conversion and Perversion* shows how logically the Church approves the former and condemns the latter act.

Le Correspondant (August 10): Francis Jammes records his impressions of the Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes.—Jacques de Coussange describes the Exposition at Malmö and Christiania as illustrating the comparative progress of Sweden and Denmark during the past century.—De Lanzac de Laborie welcomes Frédéric Masson's *Napoleon and His Family*, a study of the Hundred Days.—Victor Guiraud's criticisms on modern French writers receives complimentary notice from Pierre de Quirielle.

(August 25): Vicomte du Motey presents some recollections of his childhood in Alsace during 1870-1871.—André Chéradame describes the situation in Bulgaria at the beginning of the present war.—A memorial sketch of the late Jules Lemaitre, the critic, by Fortunat Strowski.—Henri Joly who for twelve years, in the name of the Society for Social Economy, has been placing orphan children in the African colony of Sainte-Marie-du-Zit in Tunis, describes this colony and the general French situation in northern Africa.

Revue du Clergé Français (August 1): *Historical Gleanings*, by E. Vacandard. The conclusions of Joseph Dahlmann's study on St. Thomas the Apostle is that, although the *Acta Thomæ* has no great historical value, India certainly received the Gospel in the early centuries of the Christian era, and perhaps in the Apostolic age.—Baronius, the third centenary of whose death is being commemorated, was twice nearly elected Pope in 1605, but was vetoed by the Spanish government because he denied that St. James was ever in Spain.—The title "Company of Jesus" aroused such keen opposition in Rome, that Sixtus V. had prepared a Bull condemning it, when he suddenly died.—Abbé Escudier defends against Monsignor Duchesne, the tradition of the evangelization

of Provence by SS. Martha, Mary, Lazarus, and their friends.——The *Life* of St. Cyprian, by M. Paul Monceaux, and that of St. Athanasius, by Abbé Bardy, are among the best in "The Saint's" series.——The Congregation of Montaign has recently had its story well told by M. Marcel Godet. Founded by Jean Standonck, one of the Brothers of the Common Life, it consisted at first of eighty-four members, who entered other religious Orders, and did much to uplift the monastic and clerical life of the late fifteenth century. Its increase and influence were checked by the death of the founder, and its too austere rule caused many to leave. It had really ceased to exist long before its official close in 1744. Its influence on the Society of Jesus has been much exaggerated.——In *A Model Theatre*, the Bon Théâtre of Paris, J. Bricout finds one sufficient answer to the charge that the theatre is necessarily bad. Established several years ago, with excellent scenery, and a corps of able actors presenting a varied repertoire, it has had a continually increasing success. The eight hundred seats, at prices ranging from two to ten francs, are ordinarily entirely filled. M. Bricout considers that the actors are really doing, as they wish to do, the work of an apostolate.

(August 15): J. Bricout undertakes to show briefly why the works of Bergson have been put on the Index. M. Bergson affirms free will, but seems to confound it with spontaneity; asserts that the memory of images is independent of matter, a statement hard to reconcile with experiments on cerebral localizations and aphasia; denies the permanence and identity of the *ego*, and thus precludes the possibility of any real memory; states, without proving it, that all reality is psychological; and, by many illustrations, which become practical personifications, makes the past (seemingly some conscious divinity) create the present. He rejects the established proofs for the existence of God, but gives no clear ones of his own, and seems to reduce God to energy. Creation he declares no mystery, but only what we ourselves experience when we act freely. He minimizes the value of intelligence, and denies the existence of absolute truths. In condemning Bergson the Church but protects her children against error.

Études (August 5): Marie-Joseph Rouët de Journal reconstructs the position of Catholics in St. Petersburg in 1814. Though faithful to the law which forbade proselytism, the Jesuits received many distinguished converts, and even received special favors for

their colleges from Alexander I. But, known to be sworn enemies of Illuminism, Freemasonry, and the Socinian Bible Societies, they could not stand against the influence brought to bear upon the Emperor after his return from the Napoleonic wars.—Joseph Guillermin describes the conversion of Monsignor Benson, and declares his novels the work of a true apostle.—Henri du Passage defends *Christian Sydicalism*, the name and the reality, as understood and practised in France.—Alexandre Brou summarizes the missionary efforts of the Jesuits during the past century.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (August 1): René Aigrain praises the critical sense, the fine taste, the patriotic and religious spirit evidenced by Victor Giraud in his two-volume work on contemporary writers.—Gustave Bardy commends P. de Labriolle's study of the Montanist heresy, the first important examination since that of Bonwetsch in 1881. The question at issue, in that second and third century crisis, was the relation between the gift of prophecy and the authority of the hierarchy. Without condemning private inspiration or attempting to fetter the liberty of the Holy Spirit, the Church proclaimed that the first mark of the true prophet is obedience to the external authority of legitimate superiors.

The Stimmen aus Maria Laach (July 19) is for the greater part devoted to topics bearing on the one hundredth anniversary of the restoration of the Jesuits. The spirit and work of the Society are well defined under the article *All for the Greater Glory of God*. Retreats, according to the method of St. Ignatius, Apostleship of Prayer, Jesuit Mission work, are also treated. Father Huonder, S.J., devotes about twenty-two pages, giving close references to the early historical sources of the Jesuit Order.—Catholic growth in Germany is well brought out in an article (*Diaspora*) showing statistics of Catholic parishes in the non-Catholic provinces.—The fact is lamented that Balthasar Gracian, one of the best thinkers of his day, has been practically ignored in the *History of Philosophy of the Seventeenth Century*.—The new Belgian school law (May, 1914) is a model of justice and fairness to all—Catholics and non-Catholics. This article shows what patient struggle can do for the school question.—Admirers of Robert Southwell will read with pleasure the article entitled *William Shakespeare and Robert Southwell*, for the writer favorably compares the latter with the former.

Recent Events.

The progress of the war from day to day is **The European War.** naturally engrossing the attention of all; yet the chief duty would seem to be the understanding of its causes, in order to see what is at stake, and to discover the seed out of which this accursed harvest has grown. This may not be altogether possible; the publication, however, of the German and British White Papers (reprinted in this country by the *New York Times*), affords a better opportunity than usual, for they give an account of the events which took place in the momentous week which immediately preceded its outbreak, and of the efforts made to preserve peace, and by whom those efforts were made.

In the almost complete breakdown of modern civilization, involved in the methods which have been adopted, the violation of the rights of neutral states, the laying of mines in the open seas, the dropping of bombs on peaceful inhabitants, to say nothing of the burning of towns and the slaughter of non-combatants and of women and children, the one thing that is admitted by all to be wrong is the waging of an aggressive war. The question then arises at whose door is to be laid the guilt of aggression. The White Papers to which we have referred, place it in the power of anyone to form a judgment.

It will be remembered that the ultimatum presented by Austria-Hungary to Servia was the immediate cause of the outbreak of hostilities. No reader of it can fail to see that the author of this note must have had in view the waging of war at least with Servia, for no state wishing to retain its independent existence could have yielded to its demands. Yet Servia yielded an almost complete compliance, and this is the important point to be noticed—it was after consultation with Russia that she thus yielded. This fact disposes of the contention that Russia has been the aggressor. In fact it is known that Russia was not prepared for war, and did not expect to be ready for two years to come. Moreover, the German official account, as appears from the White Paper, admits that the note to Servia was aimed at Russia as the repre-

sentative of Slavdom, the fear of which has dominated Germany ever since the confederation of the Balkan States, which led to the first Balkan War. It was not until after Serbia's qualified acceptance of the ultimatum had been summarily rejected by Austria, that Russia mobilized her troops, and then only on the borders of Austria-Hungary. There is, therefore, no evidence that Russia took the aggressive, nor any proof, or even allegation, that she had been making any definite preparation for immediate warfare. It was, indeed, the general opinion in Germany that Russia was not prepared.

The part which Great Britain took was, as soon as the ultimatum had been presented to Serbia, to make a proposal for a peace conference between the Ambassadors of the Powers not directly interested—France, Italy, Germany, and Great Britain. Russia, as evidently being a party, was not invited, although the proposal was made before mobilization had been ordered by the Tsar. Serbia's reply to Austria's note was made on the twenty-sixth of July last, and was rejected on the same day within an hour. Sir E. Grey's proposal for a conference was made on the same day, and was at once accepted by France and Italy. Germany was the only Power that opposed the conference, on the ground that it amounted to a proposal for arbitration, a course which, in the opinion of the German government, could be adopted only at the request of Austria and Russia. Previously to this the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had expressed the opinion that the question was one to be settled between Austria and Serbia alone, and that there should be no interference between the two countries. This attitude Germany maintained almost to the end. Great Britain's first efforts for peace were, therefore, unsuccessful.

But Sir E. Grey, not being willing to be baffled, did all he could to promote an agreement between Russia and Austria by means of direct conferences between those two Powers, and not without some degree of success; for even after the mobilization of the two Powers, conversations were held both at Vienna and St. Petersburg, with a view to limiting Austria's action, while respecting the territorial integrity of Serbia, and to the obtaining from Serbia satisfaction of Austria's demands so far as these were just. But Austria, while willing to respect the integrity of Servian territory, would give no assurance as to her independence, and would not put off for a single hour the taking of war measures against Serbia. At first Austria-Hungary categorically refused to accept

any form of mediation, although when too late her attitude on this point was modified. During these discussions, it is to be noted that Germany had refused to use her influence at Vienna, so far as the relations between Serbia and Austria were concerned.

Having failed a second time in his efforts to maintain peace, a like failure attended Sir E. Grey's efforts to keep Great Britain out of the conflict. Along with Germany and France, Great Britain was a guarantor of the neutrality of Belgium. Accordingly on the thirty-first of July he made representations to France and Germany to learn what course these two Powers would adopt. France at once replied that she was resolved to respect the neutrality of Belgium, unless compelled to act otherwise by reason of its violation at the hands of another Power. In reply to the same request the German government delayed giving any answer, and in fact made no reply. It was not until the fourth of August that it was learned that Germany, while disclaiming any intention of annexing Belgian territory, declared herself forced to disregard its neutrality, owing (as was alleged) to her knowledge of the French plans. On the same day the British Ambassador at Berlin was ordered to demand his passports, as the British government felt bound to take all the steps in its power to uphold its treaty obligations.

It cannot be alleged that Great Britain was bound by any strict obligation to enter the war for the sake of France. No treaty, in fact, existed imposing such an obligation either with Russia or with France. In fact, in the course of the negotiations, Sir E. Grey made an offer in the event of Austria or Germany making a reasonable proposal for the preservation of peace, to support such proposal at Paris and St. Petersburg, and in the event of its being rejected to inform these two Powers that Great Britain would find herself unable to offer them any support in any war that might result.

Can it be said that France was the aggressor? The policy of the French government for many years has been to do no more than prepare an adequate defence of French territory. In fact, there was a strong peace party in France, and on the first rumor of an impending conflict demonstrations were made in Paris against any warlike step being taken. As to the events which immediately preceded the war, it was Germany that took the first steps. On the thirty-first of July the German Ambassador in Paris demanded from the French government an answer by one o'clock the next day

as to the attitude it would adopt. That was the day on which Germany had sent its ultimatum to Russia. In reply to the German demand, the French government expressed its failure to comprehend the reason for such a request, as there was no question at issue between the two governments and, in order not to give any excuse for an attack, and to avoid any danger of incidents on the frontier, ordered that the French troops should be withdrawn ten kilometres from the boundary. This was done even after the Germans had made incursions across the border.

As to Belgium, no one will accuse her of aggressive action against Germany, although she has won the admiration and applause of the whole world by the heroic stand which she has made in defence of her liberties. To use the words of Mr. John Redmond: "In no quarter of the world has the heroism of the Belgium people been received with more genuine enthusiasm and admiration than within the shores of Ireland, and there is no compliment which it would be possible for the Irish people to pay to Belgium that they would not willingly pay, and there is no sacrifice, I believe, which Ireland would not be willing to make to come to their assistance."

No one acquainted with the facts will lay the blame of aggression at the door of Servia. Ever since the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Austria-Hungary has treated Servia as an enemy. The conquests which she had made in the first Balkan War, by which the long-desired opening to the sea had been secured, Austria-Hungary compelled her to relinquish by the establishment of the new state of Albania. It was Austria-Hungary that encouraged Bulgaria to attack Servia, an attack which led to the Second Balkan War. The Agrane and Friëdjung trials showed how unjust were the suspicions entertained by the Austrian government: that Servians were intriguing for the dismemberment of Austria. And if there are aspirations in Servia for the union of all Serbs, is there anything criminal in that? The murder of the Archduke, if complicity in it had been brought home to the Servian government, would, indeed, have rendered it necessary that full and complete satisfaction should be made: but of this complicity there has been no proof, only assertion. The assassins, in fact, were Austrian subjects.

Evidence that seems conclusive that Russia was not the aggressor, is afforded by the fact that the Ambassador of Austria-Hungary at Berlin expressed as late as the twenty-eighth of July his conviction that a general war was most unlikely, as Russia

neither wanted nor was in a position to make war. This opinion was shared by many in Berlin.

This is the case as presented in the British White Paper. The German White Paper is different in its character. That of the British consists solely and exclusively of the communications which passed between the British Foreign Secretary and the representatives of its government at the various capitals. There is nothing in the way of note or comment. The German White Paper consists largely of an historical memorandum. An endeavor is made to prove that Serbia has been guilty of various attempts to dismember the Austrian Empire, and that in these attempts she has been supported by Russia. The murder of the Archduke is laid at the door, not of the Servian government directly, but of individual Servian officials, although the government is accused of furnishing the weapons which the assassins used. The ultimatum to Serbia is given, together with the reply of Serbia, and the comments on that reply made by the Austrian government point by point. This part of the White Paper is followed by the texts of communications between the German Chancellor and the German representatives at the various courts, as well as of a half dozen direct communications between the Kaiser and the Tsar. These documents number twenty-seven in all.

A study of these documents will show that the German government refused to interfere between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, and, in fact, justified and approved of the ultimatum. When, however, it was seen that Russia would not tolerate an attack upon Serbia, the Kaiser tried to mediate between Russia and Austria-Hungary, the latter Power giving the assurance that it would respect the integrity of Servian territory, but refusing to guarantee its complete independence. With this Russia was not satisfied, a thing which did not please the Kaiser. He expressed to the Tsar his opinion that Russia should remain in the rôle of a spectator of an Austrian-Servian war. The Tsar replied by asking the Kaiser to exert strong pressure on Austria in order that an understanding might be brought about. No reply to this request was given, and as Russia would not demobilize, two days after, on the first of August, the German government declared war on Russia. The whole weight of the decision, in the opinion of the Kaiser, rested on the shoulders of the Tsar.

The opinion of the Kaiser, however, is not accepted by all. There are those who think that the guilt of aggression must be laid

at the door of either Austria-Hungary or Germany. The answer to the question which of the two is the more guilty, is at present a matter of conjecture. Austria, indeed, it was that sent the note to Servia: but did she do it *proprio motu*? The opinion of the writer of these notes is that the military authorities of the two empires had at last succeeded in gaining that control for which they had been striving, and that they forced the hands of the Emperor-King and the Kaiser against the better judgment of each. Moreover, even these authorities did not wish or expect to bring on a general war; the Austrians wanted to open the way to Salonika; the Germans were willing that Austria should do this for them; as this would facilitate that increase of German influence over Turkey which has become so prominent a feature in German world policy. As Russia was thought to be unprepared, it was believed the war with Servia would be localized, and that thereby they would be left to exercise their will over Servia. A mistake was made as to the course which Russia would take; a mistake of which we now are witnessing the terrible results. For Russia's entrance into war, by virtue of the treaty between the two Powers, involved that of France. The *entente* between France and Great Britain did not necessitate Great Britain's taking any part in the conflict, especially as, it is believed, Germany had given assurances that the northern coasts of France would not be attacked by the German fleet. It was only when the neutrality of Belgium was violated that Great Britain's decision was made.

But after all, the recent events have rather been the pretexts than the causes of the war. These causes must be looked for in what has taken place in the time which has elapsed since the close of the Franco-German War in 1871. Dreading an attempt of France to recover Alsace-Lorraine, Germany maintained and increased the army, and the belief became universal that as the existence of the Empire was due to military force, it was by military force alone that it was to be maintained. Then came the era of commercial expansion, for the protection and fostering of which a navy was required. Last of all, the dread of the predominance of the Slavs took possession of the German government, and further increases of the army took place. Year by year from the Kaiser to the messenger-boy, the belief in the superiority of the German people, of the invincibility of the army, grew stronger and stronger until it became a national conviction that Germany had the right to dominate the whole of Europe, and that nothing was to be done

except by her consent. Nor were her desires limited to Europe; the seizure of a part of China is an evidence of an ambition that was world-wide. The enmity felt for Great Britain is due to the fact that that country possesses colonies which Germany covets as an outlet for her surplus population.

The army was to be the instrument by means of which the primary aims of Germany were to be realized. By those who have lived in Germany, it is said that it is impossible for anyone who has not had that experience to realize how great is the arrogance of the military caste, and the submission which is exacted by it and paid to it by the rest of the population. Its teachings have not been concealed, but have been revealed without shame by several military writers. Of these General Friedrich von Bernhardi is one of the best known, and anyone wishing to learn the spirit of German militarism cannot do better than read *Germany and the Next War*, a cheap edition of which has just appeared in New York. He will there find a candid exposition of the doctrine that Germany must, regardless of the rights and interests of other peoples, fight her way to predominance. Brute strength, reënforced by science, is to be supreme in international relationships. "The law of love," says von Bernhardi, "can claim no significance for the relations of one country to another Christian morality is personal and social, and in its nature cannot be political."

Doctrines of a similar character have become practically universal in the leading universities. The Chair of Modern History at Berlin was held for twenty years by Heinrich von Treitschke. During these years he was the most influential teacher of that German culture to which so many are willing to pay homage. The main thesis of his teaching was that world-dominion was to be won by Germany by means of military power, while Germany itself was to become an expansion of Prussia. It should, indeed, be noted that the word Prussian should rather be used than German in connection with recent events, for all that has happened is due to the ascendancy which Prussia has attained over the more or less reluctant States in the German Empire. As an example of Treitschke's teaching, may be taken his proposal with reference to Holland, "Why talk of founding colonies? Let us take Holland: then we shall have them ready-made." The ideas of Treitschke have completely conquered the army, the bureaucracy, and the universities; and in virtue of the power of the universities, his teachings have deeply pervaded the schools of the country, at least of Prussia.

Mention must be made of another influence which has been powerful in moulding modern Germany, that of a man of whom it is hard to determine which is the more loathsome—his life or his teaching. This is Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche. In his eyes only that which is strong is valuable. Christianity is a religion for slaves. For mankind it is necessary to create a higher, stronger, and dominant race. Of such an ideal Prussian militarism aspired to become the embodiment.

The civil administration has completely assimilated the same ideas, and has carried them into effect. *Deutschland über alles* is not only a song but an ethical principle. The German Chancellor regretted, indeed, the necessity of violating the neutrality of Belgium, but as such a violation was necessary, in order that Germany's plans might be carried out, no law human or divine would stand in the way. "We must hack our way through." The Foreign Secretary was astonished that the "mere scrap of paper" which guaranteed the Belgian neutrality, should have any weight in the question of peace or war. That any regard should be paid to such a trifle was utterly beyond his comprehension.

How far the Kaiser is himself responsible is a question hard to determine. There are those who think that he has been overridden by the military caste, and who look upon him as having for long been the maintainer of the world's peace. He was, in fact, on the list of candidates for the Nobel Peace Prize. But even if this credit is to be given to him, he cannot be exonerated from the responsibility for the present war, for it could not have been entered upon without his consent. Others there are who lay the whole of the responsibility at his door. They remember how he dismissed Bismarck and took into his own hands the control of the Empire, and that he has never listened to any advice except such as was agreeable to him. He it was who initiated the world policy of the German Empire, and the building of the new navy, which was to be its instrument. At all times and by every means he has encouraged the war spirit. The strongest claim which he has been accustomed to make upon the loyalty of his people is that he is their "War Lord." The mailed fist has been so often the appeal which he has made for the realization of his wishes, that it has become proverbial. If then in the present instance he has yielded to outside pressure, he cannot be acquitted of responsibility for the formation of that opinion to which he has had to yield.

And what shall be said of his responsibility for the brutal way

in which the war has been waged? In this case the responsibility is wholly his. Fourteen years ago, addressing his troops on the eve of the expedition to Peking, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1900, their War Lord addressed them in the following terms: "When you meet the foe you will defeat him. No quarter will be given; no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Gain a reputation like the Huns under Attila." This reputation has been gained for all time by the treatment of Louvain and of the Belgians. The Kaiser's advice has been followed; his commands have been obeyed.

The point at issue in this war is of the most momentous importance. If the Kaiser wins, military ideas will dominate not only Europe, but the world, for all unsubdued countries will have to make themselves ready for self-defence. If the Allied Nations win, the least they will demand will be that effectual steps shall be taken to secure permanent peace, free from the anxiety by which they have been harassed for so long a time. Moreover, an answer may perhaps be given to this question—what right have a score or so of men to doom to destruction hundreds of thousands of their fellow-beings, and to bring upon them the unspeakable horrors of which the world is now the witness?

Dark as the present hour is, the prospects of a bright future are not wanting. The fact that this country has concluded with twenty-six different nations, among whom are included Italy, France, Great Britain, and Spain, treaties by which any disputes which cannot be settled by diplomacy, will go before a permanent International Commission, is a proof that the movement towards a higher civilization is not going to be stayed in its course by reactionary governments or peoples.

With Our Readers.

THE appeals coming from all sources, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, to the Holy Father that he use his influence to bring about peace among the warring nations, may serve to point out the position held, and the work done, by the Papacy in saving mediæval Europe to civilization.

An extraordinary thing is that these appeals now frequently come from those who have seldom said a good word for the Catholic Church or its supreme Head, the Pope. Do not such longings prove that, as in the heart of every man there is a sense of the supreme worth of spiritual things and a conscience which tells him that truth and justice should prevail, so, from that same heart, when a world crisis demands it, comes the prayer for a power upon earth, that, standing above things temporal and independent of them, should use its influence to the end that truth and justice may reign.

* * * *

WITH all the modern talk of state supremacy, every honest man knows that state supremacy, taken comprehensively, is the worst kind of temporal and spiritual tyranny. It leaves no dignity, no individual worth or liberty to man.

Personal liberty is a spiritual right, and all men who love it will invariably look for a spiritual power to defend and champion it. Some may permit theories, opposed to and destructive of it, to run their course so long as such theories have no practical effect. Some may not see the subtlety of the attack, nor recognize quickly how they are surrendering little by little their greatest inheritance.

* * * *

IT demands a widespread and imminent danger to arouse a people; it demands something like a catastrophe, for example, to bring out all the fraternal charity that dwells in men's hearts. For a long time before the danger becomes imminent, many may have sanctioned, pursued, and defended methods that were really unjust, most subversive of human rights and human liberty.

The tendency to further state supremacy, characteristic of some modern schools, has been pointed out times without number by students of contemporaneous history. Never were the high-sounding phrases of democracy, progress, advance, truth, justice repeated more eloquently than to-day, and yet, have they not become, in great measure, mere shibboleths of vaguest meaning? The one thing clear

about them is that they do not mean what they once meant. What we have left of the genuine meaning of them has substance, logically and historically, only from Catholic doctrine.

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FROM its first days even to this day, the champion of spiritual liberty for man is the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church is the only power upon earth that dares, or has ever dared, to tell states and governments that there is a province in which they have no authority. She is the supporter and champion of the state, because she is the champion of authority, of justice, and of law. She is also the representative of God. States and governments are human, and are not all-supreme. They may err; they may sin; they may attempt to deprive individuals of their inalienable rights; they are not themselves beyond all law and authority.

The one Power that since the days of the ancient world, even until now, has declared that truth unflinchingly, is the Catholic Church. And now, when a great darkness envelopes the world; when all Europe is maddened with war; when men are sacrificed to death without counting the cost; when countless homes are made desolate and countless children orphaned; when nations lie in ruins, and their people face decades of desolation and misery; when every human heart is depressed and saddened, men turn again to the light that has shone through the centuries, the spiritual, God-given and God-protected light of Rome, that once again they may be shown the way of peace. Instinctively almost they repeat the cry of the poet:

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee.

THE letters from the ready correspondents that write to the daily press, and that murmur against God because He allows the present terrible European war, or read into it the failure of Christ's mission and of the Church, are a sad index of the lack among such correspondents and their sympathizers of anything like real religion. Even when written in a temperate spirit and with show of reverence, they bespeak a smug self-satisfaction; a cheap, agnostic attitude that is both pitiable and appalling. Of God's supreme dominion over us, and of that humility which is the first grace of a creature, they contain no echo. Their writers have evidently studied, or rather been impressed by, the school of modern practical agnosticism that would drive God and Christ and all positive religion out of everyday life; that considers none of these things essential or even very important in the conduct or the government of society. Because of such teachings God has been driven officially from the government, from the school,

from social and business life, and relegated to individual privacy, where He may be welcomed if the individual so wishes. But no public encouragement must be given to such a welcome; no public expression be made of our eternal relations to Him; religion is decidedly a private matter, and in its great problems and responsibilities the world can get along much better without dragging it in.

This summary may seem to some over-severe, but it is undoubtedly a fair synopsis of the theories upon which many act and talk and write to-day; and it is equally a fair presentation of the tendency that is receiving a wider and wider acceptance.

* * * *

WHEN individuals have for a long time ceased to associate God in an intimate way with the conduct of life, when they have failed to apply the truth that the thought of God should be with man from his rising up in the morning till the end of his work and his pleasure at night; when they forget that God and His revelation should direct man in every field of his activity, social, educational, philanthropic, economic, business, political, every field without exception, they are powerless in the face of a cataclysm that proves beyond question the insufficiency of man in himself. Having lost, or never having learned, the real relationship between man and God, which comes to us only by thinking upon Him and by serving Him, they do not understand the terms of the problem. Many of them with characteristic human weakness seek the "someone else" who is to blame, and, though perhaps they realize it not, they blasphemously make that "someone else" God.

Upon God they thoughtlessly and ignorantly place a responsibility which belongs to man. For to man God has surely and definitely entrusted the earth and the things of earth; to man He has given intelligence and free will, and we know that man has the power through the one to deny the Giver, and through the other to disobey Him. Man may pursue methods and adopt standards absolutely at variance with the methods and standards God has laid down in His revelation and in the teachings of His Church. Man may cultivate ambitions, desires, plans of material betterment and advancement; of pleasure and of debauchery; of dishonesty and of injustice—and all this in spite of the fact that God has told us long ago to what all or any such ambitions and such desires eventually lead.

* * * *

IF the habitual neglect of His law begets injustice and war upon earth, it is, we say, blasphemy to attribute the result and the problem to God. War and its horrors are the direct outcome of man's powers and efforts and plans. If all men kept the law of God there would be no war. That the just may be attacked and compelled to

suffer, is due to the fact that there exist those who are unjust; and the problem is essentially no greater than that which we see every day—the just man begging his bread, and the unjust and the dishonest flourishing like the green bay tree. They who find reason for complaint in this are but poorly versed in the message of God to man delivered by His own Beloved Son, the Just One, persecuted and crucified for us sinners. Of one thing we may be certain—to those who love God all things work together unto good.

* * * *

BUT the primary requisite for this spiritual vision is that man must *love* God. Love is not a mere sentiment nor a reasonless emotion; it is a reasonable service, a filial loyalty; the consecration to God of the powers whereby man may know and serve God—intelligence and free will. By these same powers man may deny and disobey Him. When bestowing them God knew that man might pervert them. By giving man the powers of intelligence and free will God made him—man. Without these he would possess neither dignity nor knowledge nor moral worth. Yet their very possession means the free choice on the part of the individual man of good or evil. God bestowed them that His own glory might be reflected through righteousness in the children of men. He saw that man might in a measure defeat His holy purpose; man might make the earth and his own soul a wicked place—a place of sin, of injustice, of dishonesty, of jealousy and hatred, of war and death. If it is so cursed the responsibility is upon man. No one deplores it more than God Himself; He could not prevent it unless He chose to make man otherwise than he is, and deprive him of all self-worth and all responsibility.

* * * *

GOD'S absolute Will encompasses the earth with perfect love. He will have all men to be saved, and to come to a knowledge of the truth. No thought nor action nor desire of man is foreign to Him. He is "Our Father." He knows us better than we know ourselves. He cares for each and everyone of human kind with a care greater than that of the mother for her first-born. He watches over us more keenly than ever shepherd watches his sheep. With Him the very hairs of our head are numbered. Through means infinite in number, external and internal, He calls to us, warns us, exhorts us, inspires us. The evil deeds of men are, so to speak, a wound infinitely grievous to Him. His Only-begotten Son upon the Cross is the evident testimony to us of how far sin and injustice and all wrong doing are opposed to His Will; how, in truth, they aim at the very death of God just as truly as they aim at the destruction of His Will in this world.

FOR the evil and the cruelty of men, men are to blame. Out of the evil good will come, and it will be seen in the end that the glory of the Lord is all in all. The Prince of Peace is one day to come triumphant. To those that love God all things work together unto good.

God does not reveal fully His purposes to us. He is, as the Prophet says, a hidden God; for He is infinite; we are creatures. His purposes are infinitely wise and merciful, begotten of His infinite knowledge and love. If they were revealed to man more clearly than they have been, man would not be any more ready to accept them.

THE importance of a well-supported and intelligently-edited Catholic press of Catholic books and pamphlets that explain and defend Catholic teaching and the Catholic position, is none too widely recognized. Impressive sensible things that we can see with our bodily eyes appeal to us; material or numerical progress encourages and arouses our zeal; but interest in Catholic intellectual work demands, of course, intellectual effort; and nature, even when aided by grace, gives this tardily. Moreover, the things of the mind work secretly; we see only their result, and we do not see them immediately.

But it is a fact of experience that where the children of the Church understand her doctrines and are able to defend them, the Church itself is strong; that where her children are intellectually and spiritually lazy, the Church is weak. This should suffice to arouse every Catholic to a sense of his duty in this most important matter of Catholic literature.

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AN interesting contribution to the evidence of what a strong intellectual defence will accomplish for the welfare of God's Church, is given in a recent publication by Dr. Peter Guilday, entitled *The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent*. Though not without its shadows, as all human history must be, the story is one of the most glorious in self-sacrifice, courage, and heroism that the world has ever known. It tells of the work done by the Catholic religious men and women of England who were driven by Protestant persecution from their country, and forced to find homes on the continent, and particularly in the Low Countries. Many of the battles and sieges of the present war recall towns and cities made forever memorable by the foundations of these exiled Catholics. The history spans the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

It might be thought that these homeless religious had enough to do to secure homes and the means of livelihood, without thinking much of intellectual work. In the light of how uncertainty harassed

them, and hatred hounded them, and English spies watched their every move, Catholic literature might for them be considered a luxury. But while they labored to build homes, they labored also to defend and explain Catholic doctrine; to show the weakness and absurdity of the Protestant position. "Their activities many and varied," says the author, "were of a far higher intellectual order than those of the continental Protestant exiles in England."

"Their history is the history of a race of men and women who built better than they knew, and the result of their labors.....proved to be the foundation of that strength and courage which brought about peace and toleration at last. The first fruit of their work, known as the English Counter-Reformation, showed itself even before the permanent foundation at Douay." "English Protestant theological circles had been fairly demoralized by the formidable attack made upon their doctrines by the Louvain School of Apologetics. This attack brought the Anglican Church face to face with the fact that the despised and vilified Catholic theologians possessed a strength of logic and doctrine that fairly threatened the flimsy fabric which had been built out of the views of the ancient Church."

* * * *

THE literary work of the exiles caused consternation in the Establishment. "For our fugitives at Louvain," says Bishop Jewel, "began during the last year (1564-5) to be in violent commotion, and to write with the greatest asperity against us all. Me alone they have attacked by name.....they began to bark in their holes and corners, and to call me impudent, bold, insolent, and frantic boaster. Four years after (1564) one Harding unexpectedly came forward.....I replied to him last year as well as I could.....I had scarce finished my work, when there suddenly flies abroad a *Confutation* of my *Apology*; an immense and elaborate work, and filled with abuse, contumely, falsehoods and flatteries.....he must be answered.....those countrymen of ours at Louvain disturb us as much as they can." "There came out last summer," Cox writes from Ely, "an immense volume by one Nicholas Saunders, who is, they say, a countryman of ours; the title of which is *The Monarchy of the Church*.....our friend Jewel is dead, and has left among us but few equal to him. It is, therefore, both your concern and mine to cut off the heads of this hydra." "De Silva, the Spanish Ambassador in London, writing to Philip II., says that the books sent from Louvain had done incalculable good in spreading the growth of the faith. In reply, the King told his Ambassador how gratified he was with the Apologetic School of Louvain, and urged him to forego no opportunity of encouraging and strengthening the work of the English exiles. The list of names connected with this work of defending the faith, includes Sanders,

Harpsfield, Harding, Allen, Stapleton, Marshall, Dorman, Rastall, and others, whose works constitute the strongest breakwater Catholic scholars have ever made against Anglicanism. What Louvain accomplished between 1559-1575 the English College of Douay continued. From its foundation, in 1568, until the end of the Thirty Years' War, the English Catholic exiles, religious and lay, were to be found in the front of the battle-line formed by the Counter-Reformation against the heresies of the times."

Dr. Guilday promises to treat more in detail the intellectual activities of the exiles in a second volume.

THE respectful comments, and, in many cases, the enthusiastic eulogies published in the secular press on Pius X., immediately after his death, are not only encouraging signs of a better understanding and a friendlier attitude on the part of non-Catholics, but also a strong reason for the hope that a widespread wave of anti-Catholic hatred will not soon sweep over the country.

It would be impossible to reprint even a small number of the estimates. The *New York Sun* said: "His wonderful experience from peasant boy, daily trudging miles to and from school, through the grades of the priesthood, to the supreme position he reached, left him unspoiled in modesty, a stranger to avarice, and in his relations to his sacred charge a true custodian and faithful trustee. . . . Will not this splendid example of the cardinal virtues, so naturally displayed, influence men's minds long after the political and polemical questions that arose in his time have faded from all except historical memory?"

Another editorial of the same journal which was copied extensively throughout our country ended with these words: "Writers of Church history may dispute whether he was a great Pope. But Giuseppe Sarto, who bought a return ticket when he went from Venice to the last Conclave, was not a man to care much for the verdict on such questions. The verdict for which he incessantly urged his millions of followers to strive, the verdict which he prized above all glory or worldly success, the verdict, which is his without reservation, is: he was a good man."

The *Washington Post* declared that: "Among all sects and creeds there will be genuine regret that so fine a mind and so gentle a spirit should be lost to the world at such a time."

The *Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*: "The deceased Pontiff won the respect of the world for his moderation and humility."

The *Philadelphia Press*: "Pius X. was at once the man of the Church and the man of the people, venerated and loved by his own, admired and respected among those who are not of his fold."

The *Boston Post*: "For America and Americans Pius X. had a warm interest and affection, as his elevation of two illustrious Americans to the Cardinalate testifies. He was proud of the Church's progress in this country."

The *London Times* published on August 21st a lengthy and highly appreciative estimate of the character and work of Pius X. We quote from it in part:

The policy of Pius X. has had many critics, not all of them outside the Church he ruled, but none has ever questioned the transparent honesty of his convictions or refused admiration for his priestly virtues. But the Roman Church mourns in him something more than a saintly priest and a great bishop; in him she also deploras a great Pope. In the sphere of Church politics his reign has witnessed grievous disasters. It has seen the separation of Church and State in France and in Portugal, and the whole process of "dechristianizing" national and social life, of which that measure was the symbol. Unprejudiced judges cannot blame a Pope for rejecting all compromise with a policy which, on the admission of its authors, was deliberately aimed at the destruction of the faith it was his mission to uphold. Compromise, it has been said, ought to have been possible, but there are principles which Rome cannot waive or abate. Pius X. conceived that such principles were jeopardized in all the accommodations with the new system which were suggested to him. It was no light thing for him to impose upon the faithful clergy of France and of Portugal a course which brought to them the loss of their revenues, their homes, and even of all legal right in their churches. But his decision was to him a question not of expediency, but of right and wrong. He gave it in accordance with the dictates of his conscience, and the wonderful obedience which the priests whom it impoverished have shown to his commands, has filled with a just pride his children throughout the world.

It is not, however, because Pius X. did in this question what any other Pope would almost certainly have done, that his own Church believes he will hold a distinguished place in the long line of Roman Pontiffs. It is in the internal affairs of that vast and elaborate institution that he has done work which promises to leave its mark upon the ages. It has not been work of the kind which strikes outside observers. It is no exaggeration to say that Giuseppe Sarto, the child of the laborer and the dressmaker, has made greater changes of his own motion in the domestic discipline of the Roman Church than almost any of his predecessors since the period of the Council of Trent, or perhaps since the days of the mediæval legislators who declared the Canon Law.

MANY of the new productions presented at the opening of the present theatrical season, call for fresh and vigorous protest from all clean-minded people. The plays of which we speak deal with sexual immorality and marital infidelity. Their disguise as problem plays has been worn away; they must be classed as appeals to the vulgar and the prurient. All who patronize them are abetting the agencies of evil.

WE read a few days ago a letter in the *London Times*, which expressed distrust of the French Catholic religious, men and women, in Belgium. The writer said, "All the French expatriated religious Orders should be carefully watched, as they are bitter enemies of the French government, and before the war joined hands with Germans and Austrians." Mr. Wilfrid Ward replied at once, and the *Times* published his letter in a conspicuous place on its editorial page.

"May I protest," wrote Mr. Ward, "against this unfounded calumny? I have personal knowledge of many of the communities which were driven by M. Combes from their native land, and, in many cases, deprived of their property, and the cause of France has no more devoted adherents.... On the face of it the idea that men and women whose fathers, brothers, and nephews are fighting for their country should intrigue on behalf of the enemy is a ridiculous one. Your correspondent evidently belongs to a class of monomaniacs not uncommon in my youth, though now I hope nearly extinct."

The charge of course is born of the fanaticism of one who will not see. Thousands and thousands—we have seen a published estimate of fifteen thousand—of the best sons of France, whom she robbed and persecuted out of the country, have returned and are serving under her colors.

* * * *

THE fate and the fidelity of these Catholic religious recalled the following passage in the work by Dr. Guilday, already mentioned, in which he speaks of the conduct of English exiles of three hundred years ago:

"Hand-in-hand with a love of God and of His holy Church, went a love for their country, and a loyalty to their sovereign which have never been equalled in similar circumstances since nation took its place apart from nation, and men imbibed that affection for the land of their birth which no number of years spent in exile will ever obliterate or destroy."

NO sooner was it announced that the American troops would be withdrawn from Mexico, than Rev. Francis P. Joyce, U. S. Army Chaplain at Vera Cruz, sent the following message to Rev. Lewis J. O'Hern, C.S.P., of Washington, D.C.:

"Request transportation to Galveston for five hundred priests and Sisters destitute on our departure and in danger.

"*Vera Cruz, Mexico, September 17, 1914.*"

Father O'Hern at once called at the White House, and was assured by Mr. Tumulty that he would lay the matter immediately before President Wilson.

On the advice of the Secretary to the President, he also brought the matter to the attention of the State Department. Mr. Bryan was away, but the Acting Secretary at once sent a lengthy communication to Carranza, informing him of the report that had reached Washington, and requesting a guarantee as to the safety of the priests and Sisters at Vera Cruz.

We do not know what this reply of Carranza was, and frankly we do not feel that he is to be trusted. The money appropriated by Congress cannot be used by the Department of State except for the relief of "American citizens" in Mexico, and so the situation is a grave one.

That the danger is real there can be no doubt. In a long dispatch to the War Department, under date of September 17th, General Funston, commanding the American forces in Mexico, recommended that the troops be withdrawn slowly, and mentioned the presence of three hundred priests and nuns who would need protection. It is to be hoped they will not be abandoned to the mercy of Villa and Carranza. Heaven knows they have suffered enough already!

The representative of the Red Cross Society, who has just returned to Washington from Mexico, reports that the Sisters have suffered worse than death at the hands of the Constitutionalist soldiers. They were subjected to every indignity imaginable. In some cases, having been pursued to the roofs of the buildings, they preferred death to dishonor, and leaped to the pavement below. Surely the Washington government, which is morally responsible for the present régime in Mexico, must recognize its duty in the present grave situation. It must recognize that it will be morally responsible for the acts of a government which it has placed in power. And it will be justly stigmatized before the civilized world, if it permits such a government to inflict upon innocent men and women indignities and cruelties far worse than death.

We have faith in President Wilson, and believe that he can be relied upon to take immediately such action as will secure protection and justice for these unfortunates.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Thanksgiving After Holy Communion. From the French by I. Hernaman. 75 cents net. *From Court to Cloister.* By M. A. 75 cents net. *A Layman's Retreats.* By H. Owen-Lewis. \$1.25 net. *The Ideal of the Monastic Life Found in the Apostolic Age.* By Dom G. Morin, O.S.B. \$1.25 net. *The Spirit of Cardinal Newman.* 50 cents net. *The Spirit of Father Faber, Apostle of London.* 50 cents.

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The Choir Manual. By G. Burton. 80 cents net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

A Garden of Girls, or Famous Schoolgirls of Other Days. By Mrs. T. Concannon, M.A. \$1.00 net. *Teacher and Teaching.* By R. H. Tierney, S.J. \$1.00 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The Prayers of St. Paul. By Rev. W. H. G. Thomas, D.D. 60 cents net. *The Son of Man.* By A. C. Zenos, LL.D. 60 cents net. *The Joy of Finding.* By Rev. A. E. Garvie, D.D. 60 cents net. *The Beginnings of the Church.* By E. F. Scott, D.D. \$1.50 net. *The Holy Land of Asia Minor.* By F. E. Clark, LL.D. \$1.00 net. *Modern Theology and the Preaching of the Gospel.* By W. A. Brown, D.D. \$1.25 net. *Plays.* By J. Galsworthy. \$1.35 net. *To the Land of the Caribou.* By P. G. Tomlinson. \$1.00 net. *The Wolf Hunters.* \$1.25 net. *The Prophet and His Problems.* By J. M. P. Smith, Ph.D. \$1.25 net.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:

Yourself and the Neighbours. By Seumas MacManus. \$1.25.

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL PRESS, New York:

The Century of Columbus. By James J. Walsh, LL.D. \$3.50.

THE ART BUREAU, Albany:

A Memento of the Death of the Holy Father Pope Pius X. 5 cents.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Saturday's Child. By Kathleen Norris. \$1.50.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Concise Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante. By P. Toynbee, M.A. \$2.50.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

The Holy Eucharist in Art. By P. D. C. Wirz, O.S.B. \$1.00. *Poems for Loyal Hearts.* By Rev. Wm. Livingston. \$1.25. *The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola.* Translated from the autograph by Father C. Mullan, S.J. 60 cents.

LE COUTEULX LEADER PRESS, Buffalo:

Novena for the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D.C.:

The Lumber Industry. Present Status of Drawing and Art in the Elementary and Secondary Schools of the United States.

JOHN JOSEPH McVEY, Philadelphia:

Hints on Preaching. By Rev. Jos. V. O'Connor. 25 cents.

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Our Failings. By Father S. V. Oer, O.S.B. \$1.10 net. *Commentary on the Seven Penitential Psalms.* By J. Fisher. 30 cents net. *Choice.* By M. S. Daniel. 75 cents net. *The Priest's Daily Manna.* By J. C. Schmitt, D.D. \$1.80 net.

OFFICE OF CITY MISSIONARY, St. Paul, Minn.:

The Scope of Charity. By Rev. James Donahoe.

CENTRAL BUREAU OF THE CENTRAL VEREIN, St. Louis:

The Teaching of Sex Hygiene in Our Schools. By Rev. F. Heiermann, S.J. Pamphlet. 5 cents.

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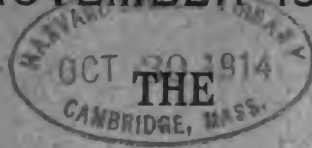
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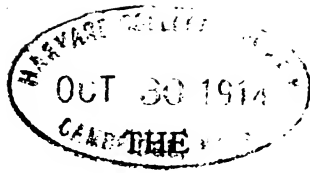
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CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. C.

NOVEMBER, 1914.

No. 596.

OUR CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.



THE meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities held recently at the Catholic University in Washington brings to mind again the vast charities of the Church, and the philosophy which comes to expression through them. Four years ago when the first meeting of the Conference occurred, *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* published an interpretation of it, and called attention to the hitherto uncatalogued forces which express themselves in it. When the Conference first appeared it gave promise of inspiring service, and of stimulating self-knowledge of our charities. That promise has been kept. The meeting that was just held displayed a consciousness of purpose and a definiteness of organization which usually come only with years and experience.

The meeting was attended by four hundred and forty delegates, of which over three hundred came from outside the city of Washington. Twenty-four states and fifty-three cities were represented. There were present bankers, lawyers, business men of every type, Brothers, Priests, Sisters, and women who represent nearly every form of charitable action. Some of them occupy positions of great responsibility in the civic charities of our country. Others of them have achieved enviable distinction in our own ranks. Practically all of them were splendid types of the large mindedness which includes the social welfare within the circle of deep personal concern. The meeting was marked by extraordinary

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earnestness and a tempered enthusiasm, which had all of the elements of fascination. The papers and the discussion were, on the unsolicited testimony of the delegates, of a high order of merit. Dozens among those in attendance who are familiar with the spirit and processes of similar conferences in the field of philanthropy, declared without reserve that they found more immediate practical help and definite guidance here than they had ever found in any other meeting of the kind.

The National Conference appears to have taken a permanent place in the national charities of the Church. A sentiment of personal attachment to it and to its purposes, seems to lodge in the hearts of those who have identified themselves with it. Large numbers of delegates find that the Conference is an experience in faith as well as in charity. Reports were brought in from every part of the country represented, telling of the awakening of new impulses in social service, of the refining of standards of work and of stimulation which is always the sign of vitality and the promise of growth.

I.

The aims of the National Conference are thoroughly representative. They are the following:

1. To bring about exchange of views among experienced Catholic men and women who are active in the work of charity.
2. To collect and publish information concerning organization, problems and results in Catholic charity.
3. To bring to expression a general policy toward distinctive modern questions in relief and prevention, and toward methods and tendencies in them.
4. To encourage further development of a literature in which the religious and social ideals of charity shall find dignified expression.

Every one of our agencies of relief in the United States has a direct interest in the accomplishment of these purposes. That accomplishment will make for efficiency in work, refinement in motive, and depth in spiritual sympathy.

The organization of the National Conference of Catholic Charities is not yet fully representative. Undoubtedly many years will be required to make it so. However, its four committees, which have a membership of one hundred in all, do represent the different parts of the country fairly well. These members serve as advisers to

the chairmen of the committees, and the programme of each biennial meeting represents the net result of consultation among them. There are many large cities which have either few or no representatives among the delegates present at our biennial meetings. Of course, the National Conference will not be fully representative until it represents all sections of the country. If, however, we take into account the organization of the committees, the composition of the programme, the delegates in attendance at meetings, and the total paid memberships in the Conference, we may say that from these several standpoints it is fairly representative of the problems, the spirit, the methods, and the aims of the Catholic Charities of the nation at large.

On the other hand, however, the religious communities of women have not yet identified themselves to any great extent with it. Not over fifteen Sisters have been at any one of the three meetings already held. A larger number have, however, taken membership in the Conference. Although practically all of the sisterhoods applaud the aims of the Conference and encourage it, and many of them are thoughtful enough to say so, yet neither their works, nor their views, nor their methods have come to adequate expression in the meetings or in the reports of the National Conference. Headway in this direction will probably be slow. The circumstances which make the coöperation of the sisterhoods difficult are well known to all of us. We respect unreservedly the judgment and the traditions which make them slow to identify themselves with public movements. We may expect, however, that as the sisterhoods gradually widen their vision they will see their special works in relation to all works of the same kind, and as they see their activities in relation to the welfare of the Church as a whole, they will discover that the National Conference offers welcome opportunity to them for just the kind of experience and expression which their larger interests demand. Fortunately most of the delegates, if not all of them, are in more or less intimate relation with the sisterhoods. Through this happy circumstance a sympathetic relationship is established. That makes us certain that neither in principle, nor in method, nor in any fundamental view, will the work and spirit of the National Conference be far removed from fullest sympathy with the great sisterhoods which are the power and the glory of the Church.

The communities of Brothers which engage in many forms of relief work, have been fairly well represented at the meetings of the

Conference by delegates who have taken active and creditable part in all of its deliberations. Steps are under way at this moment to provide increasing opportunity for representation of the brotherhoods in future meetings of the Conference.

Although the organization of the Conference is not yet fully representative of our charities, the approval which it enjoys is representative. The Holy See, the Apostolic Delegates, and the hierarchy in this country have given it most cordial and encouraging approval. The Conference may therefore continue in its development, with every reason to believe that it has a real work to do for our Charities as a whole.

II.

As is proper the Conference has no policies of its own. It never votes upon any problem which it discusses. It never touches the work of actual relief, nor does it in any manner affect the organization or activity of any agency in the field. It endeavors in the main to assemble the talent, and to organize the experience of which our charities possess a creditable abundance. It permits every meeting to obey its own spirit, and to express itself in its own way. Divergent points of view and unlike temperaments are brought together in the expectation that they will clash. Psychology calls it clash while logic calls it debate. This is, of course, simply one of the incidents of progress. The flash of debate quickens vision, and shows the way toward the deeper unities of feeling and thought of which we are always conscious. The Conference matches judgment against judgment, and view against view. It leads us to the comforting discovery that our fundamental agreements in relief work are solid and numerous, that our perils are common, and that our differences rarely reach beneath the accidental aspects of our work.

The Conference acts directly upon its members in many ways. Those whose views are narrow, and whose vision is local, make the uncomfortable but profitable discovery that larger knowledge and wider insight command respect, and will not be denied. This makes us docile. Those who are of broad vision and tolerant impulses, are sometimes reminded that breadth of view is not always truth, that compromise is not always sanctioned, and that toleration is not always virtue. This makes us orthodox. There are some whose standards in relief work are so small that they live in an at-

mosphere of lasting security, and in the consciousness of great achievement. Such standards shrink in the presence of the nobler ideals and wider vision which a Conference always brings to expression. Thus we are made humble. Some of us make a philosophy out of our temperaments. We receive our deserved punishment while in attendance at a Conference. Some of us shape our principles in the hope of hiding our limitations. A Conference exercises salutary corrective influence upon those who make this mistake.

There are currents of thought and policies of statesmanship in academic and philanthropic and political circles which touch our charities at many points, and would do them harm. The National Conference offers convenient opportunity to study these movements, to understand them, and to reach a proper attitude toward them. In particular, the Conference becomes a graduate school in practical leadership for those who are called upon to represent our charities in many fields outside the Church.

These are no mean services to charity. The National Conference has an ambition to perform them well. No other single organized activity in the American Church has undertaken this complete service. Here the Conference rests its hope for the future, and upon this ground it bases its appeal for sympathy and interest. It would be tedious to attempt to review the discussion of the many problems which were brought to the attention of the Conference at the meeting just held. Four topics are singled out for hurried attention.

III.

The Conference registered one important note of disappointment in ordering a suspension of the work of compiling a National Directory of Catholic Charities. It began this work in 1910, intending to make it its first permanent contribution to our self-knowledge. At the 1910 meeting the delegates remarked frequently that our Catholic charities were not known to one another. It was discovered that agencies engaged in dealing with identical problems in different cities, and even in the same city, were unknown to one another. Delegates who complained that the Catholic Church was backward in certain kinds of social work, were astounded to find that in other cities, such works were flourishing. There was a consciousness of a general lack of relation and associa-

tion. This had led to the creation of the National Conference, and this led the Conference itself to order the compilation of an authentic National Directory. The work was begun promptly in that year, and it was carried on intermittently since then as other duties of the Conference officers permitted.

Naturally the work had to be done through correspondence. The services of the Catholic press were asked and were cordially given. Systematic correspondence seeking approval from the authorities in the Church, and seeking direct relation with those in authority in our great communities, was begun and maintained. As a result of the most persevering efforts, the files of the National Conference show at this date that complete information is on hand from ten dioceses; incomplete information is on hand from fifty-three dioceses; there is no information whatever from thirty-two dioceses. Out of a total of over a thousand institutions in charge of Religious in the United States, information is on hand from five hundred and thirty. A last effort was made in June of this year when a personal letter was sent to five hundred and twenty-six institutions, asking that the simple directory blank be filled out and returned. But thirty-eight replies were received to the five hundred and twenty-six letters. When these results were presented to the Conference at its recent meeting, it voted to suspend work on the directory for the present. Evidently we must await a day when the larger interests of the Catholic Church will inspire its agencies to coöperate with more generosity to serve the impersonal and general interests of the Church, no less than in its immediate and daily tasks. An optimist finds ready warrant for believing that we shall yet have a directory of the Catholic charities of the United States, in the spirit of progress that is making its way in our circles, and in the measures of self-defence to which our institutions are sometimes driven by those who have little sympathy for them and for their works. History has its paradoxes as well as logic. Sometimes our enemies accomplish for us by indirection what we ourselves find it impossible to do.

IV.

The sentiment of the National Conference this year was strongly in favor of some kind of systematic instruction in relief work, to be offered to those who are willing to take it. Whether this instruction be imparted in a school created for that purpose, or

in round table talks at regular intervals and confined to specific phases of the work, or whether efforts be made to take advantage of courses of instruction given for other purposes, are questions with which the Conference did not busy itself. The newer and wider view of poverty asserted itself on all sides. Relief that stops short of prevention appeared to be but a small part of the duty of charity. Preventive work carried on without due regard to the processes in poverty, and to its implications, seemed inadequate as well.

The quantity and variety of information of which one has real need, make necessary some kind of systematic training if our work is to be done with any credit. Of course, exceptional men or women may not need teachers or a school, but average men find their power increased a hundredfold when they are instructed, and when the elements of method and of intelligent action are presented to them in some formal manner. Labor unions, juvenile courts, departments of municipal administration, city ordinances, hospitals, courts, labor laws, voluntary associations of many kinds, a rich and wonderful literature, are of real interest in varying degrees to everyone who raises his hand to ease the burden of poverty. If the poor are the most neglected class in society, they have need of the most intelligent service that society can offer. He would be a strange man who would maintain that the charity interests of society alone have no need of the institution of schools or of courses of instruction, when all of the lessons of history tell us the contrary.

The delegates to this year's Conference were conscious of all of this. No one in attendance could make any mistake in understanding its spirit. All endorsed with cordial enthusiasm the earnest and stirring appeal that was made by speakers for such instruction as would bring our works to the highest pitch of efficiency.

V.

The institution of City Conferences in Catholic Charities was discussed at the second general session of the Conference. The mind of the audience was unmistakably in favor of that step. The aim of a Conference is to bring together at stated intervals all of the Catholic workers in our larger cities, in order to spread knowledge of our problems, of our resources and our limitations, to

promote mutual acquaintance, comparison of views and discussion of methods. It was pointed out that neither the difficulties nor the expense of travel stand in the way. It was said with no little force that not a single difficulty can be stated which would reflect any credit on those who admit much force in it. City Conferences in our charities would serve our city charities just as the National Conference serves our national charities. The immense resources of our agencies of relief are not used adequately, because we are not well coördinated. To borrow a figure happily introduced in one of the section meetings, a City Conference may be likened to an assembling plant where the parts of the automobile are put together, and the machine is made ready for operation. A City Conference of Catholic Charities assembles leaders, agencies, experience, talent, and coördinates them in a way to promote efficiency and development.

But one city occurs to mind wherein an attempt has been made to establish a City Conference, that is St. Louis. The report on its organization made at the National Conference, showed that it had to survive many gratuitous difficulties before its existence was made at all secure. But one diocese occurs to mind wherein there is established a Diocesan Conference, Pittsburgh. There are possibly fifteen dioceses in the country which have Diocesan Directors of Charity. It would seem that the creation of either city or diocesan conferences might fall happily within the jurisdiction of such directors.

The discussion of this step in organization brought out many interesting things. It represented the City Conference rightly indeed as a great and impressive assembling of our charity interests, as a training school in writing and speaking, as a factor which would win over to the cause of charity many who are indifferent to it, and as the prolific source of a very profitable literature of relief. If the enthusiasm of the delegates to the Conference survives the inroads of time, we may hope to see the impulse toward the establishment of City Conferences develop much strength within the next few years.

VI.

The Conference voted unanimously at its concluding session in favor of the creation of a National Catholic Charities monthly. The resolution as a whole was as follows:

Resolved, That a permanent body of five members of the National Conference of Catholic Charities be established for the dissemination of correct information, and the defence of the legitimate claims of Catholic charity in principle as well as in practice.

That this committee be known as the Educational Committee of the National Conference of Catholic Charities.

That its chief aim be to collect information, and to receive the same concerning every branch of Catholic charitable activity throughout the world, but more especially in the United States, for the purpose of diffusing such useful information among Catholic people, and of arousing their interest, as well as enlisting their support in this good work.

That a National Conference of Catholic Charities magazine or periodical be edited under the direction of this permanent committee, to be issued monthly or bimonthly during the year to subscribers throughout the country.

That this Educational Committee consist of the Right Reverend President and the Reverend Secretary of the Conference, together with three members to be designated by the Executive Committee.

That the whole Conference pledge its support to this periodical, as a medium of information and encouragement in the work common to all its members.

The Conference expressed the same mind as regards a monthly publication in 1910. It had been anticipated by the national meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Richmond in 1908, when that thoroughly representative body declared itself in favor of a monthly publication devoted to our Catholic Charities.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society has published a quarterly for the past eighteen years. The demand for a periodical of more frequent appearance which will work close to the whole frontier line of modern charities, has been strong and definite. The St. Vincent de Paul Society held a meeting during the days of the National Conference, and unanimously voted in favor of converting the Quarterly into a monthly. It took steps to work with a committee of the National Conference for the purpose of bringing both actions to a common issue, and of assembling all of our charity forces to the support of a single publication which will represent them. This action of the St. Vincent de Paul Society equalled its noblest tradition in its spirit of unselfish zeal.

The publication which both organizations have in mind, is to be

devoted exclusively to the technical charities of the Catholic Church. It would devote itself to all Catholic charities in many ways not heretofore thought of or attempted. It would aim professedly to inform its readers of vital movements within the Church and outside of it: to publish detailed information concerning all particular works and movements in its field. It would devote itself to the encouragement of the development of the literature of relief in its four fundamental aspects of investigation, interpretation, direction, and inspiration.¹ Such a publication once it were well established, would serve every good purpose of the modern press.

VII.

We believe that we foster the noblest concept of Christian charity that animates the modern social conscience anywhere. We are certain that we obey the law of God in working among the poor, and that at the same time we serve the highest purposes of human progress. We realize that this work is exacting as well as imperative, and that there is no choice left with the Christian other than that of doing it nobly and with consecration. However powerful our motives and exalted our sanctions, we shall never be released from the duty of seeking the best in human wisdom to help us in our task. It is the spoken hope and the cherished ambition of the National Conference of Catholic Charities to serve all of these purposes in a way creditable to both our faith and our cherished aims.

¹See *The Literature of Relief*, in the October, 1912, CATHOLIC WORLD.

WALTER SCOTT AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.

BY W. H. KENT, O.S.C.



THE present year of grace, 1914, now nearing its close, has been notable for a number of very various centenary anniversaries. And those who are fain to follow the new fashion of celebrating such occasions, may well be bewildered by the abundance of conflicting claims on their attention, for there are centenaries of peace and war, of learning and letters, of events that mark an epoch in civil or religious history. Thus, to take but a few instances, some are commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the Peace of Ghent, or of the restoration of the Jesuits, while others, looking further back, are celebrating the two great victories of the Gael at Clontarf in 1014, and Bannockburn in 1314, or the birth of Friar Roger Bacon seven hundred years ago. But for lovers of literature, and, we may add, for students of religious history, one of the most interesting and significant of all these anniversaries is the centenary of Sir Walter Scott's great historical romance, which was first published, as we need hardly say, anonymously in the summer of 1814. The year that saw the first appearance of *Waverly* may well be accounted an epoch in the history of English literature. And now that the book, with all its goodly company, has stood the test of time, and still holds its own, we are, or should be, in a position to form a just estimate of its worth and significance.

We are well aware that some fastidious critics are disposed to disparage Walter Scott and his writings, and even dispute his claim to be accounted a great man. His metrical romances, we may be reminded, are not poetry at all; his prose is not of a high order; and his stories, however interesting, to an earlier and less critical generation, can scarcely be read in these days. In a word, they would have us believe that this great master of historical romance is now a spent force or a fallen idol. Such things are freely said in these days, when critics seem to claim a larger license of audacity than that which Horace allowed to the old poets and painters. But admirers of the master, though they may be amused or indignant, can afford to regard these utterances without any alarm. And, if

need be, they can confirm their own faith, and confound the critics by the consideration of a few significant facts and figures.

There can be no doubt that many other authors have really suffered the fate which is said to have befallen Walter Scott and his writings. It will often happen that books of little or no real worth enjoy a season of fleeting popularity. And others, again, that have genuine merit sooner or later go the same way; because they are but the rude efforts of a pioneer who is breaking new ground, and those who come after him can profit by his example and improve on his methods. Now, when we remember the immense number of novels and historical romances that have been written in the past hundred years, many of them by writers of rare gifts, it could scarcely surprise us to find that something of this kind had happened to *Waverly*, and the rest of the famous series. The once popular author might still retain the credit of opening a new path in literature. But men of the present day would have no need of his books when something better was available. This is, perhaps, only what might be anticipated by some foreign student of English literature, having some acquaintance with its history, and knowing how much has been written in the past hundred years, but without any evidence as to what is being read at the present day.

But is it really the fact that the once popular *Waverly* novels have been superseded, and are now become food for oblivion? The answer is not far to seek. For we have only to glance at the shelves in any bookseller's shop, or to look at the lists of the various new popular libraries and cheap series of reprinted classics, to find an embarrassing abundance of fresh editions of these forgotten novels. Certainly, if our modern novelists have really surpassed and supplanted Sir Walter and his works, it must be confessed that the publishers and booksellers of the present day are not equally wise in their generation. For why in the world should they waste their substance in printing and publishing these endless editions of books that no one wants and no one reads? A candid inquirer who begins by looking at the facts for himself, will more reasonably argue that this abundant supply must be taken to indicate a very considerable demand for the novels, and, making every allowance for copies that remain unsold and books that are bought and never read, it seems safe to conclude from the continued issue of so many editions of all sizes and prices, that the *Waverly* novels are still very widely read after the lapse of a hundred years. And the mere fact that these old books should thus maintain their ground in spite

of all the changes of popular taste and fancy, and in the midst of a great and growing crowd of younger rivals, shows plainly enough that they belong to the true literature which the world will not willingly let die.

There are some books that win a passing popularity for some considerable time, though competent critics will not admit their merit. But it is safe to say that only those that are really great books will survive so long as this. And Scott is one of those whose genius has been recognized both by the high priest of criticism and the voice of the people. How high he still stands, may be seen from the fact that a leading literary critic of the present day has expressed the deliberate opinion that the four greatest novelists in the English language are Henry Fielding, Walter Scott, Jane Austen, and Charles Dickens. And if others with equal right to speak as experts might possibly support the claims of Thackeray or Charlotte Brontë to rank with them, few would be disposed to refuse Scott a place in this select company. It may be remarked, moreover, that of the above four names, Dickens alone is likely to enjoy a wider popularity than Walter Scott. Hence, if we combine the testimony of critics with the favor of the people, it will be seen that the author of *Waverly* must be one of the very first of English novelists.

It may be said that the fact that a book is widely read and highly praised by the best critics, does not always show that it is really a favorite. For some books may be read as a duty rather than a delight. And even a novel may be read as a lesson in history or literature, or because it is a work that one is supposed to read. Moreover, a critic may feel constrained to acknowledge high merit in a book, though it does not give him pleasure. But it can hardly be said that this is generally the case with Scott's novels. It is not always easy to analyze one's own motives. And if some read certain books because of a real, or imaginary duty, they may also say they like a book because it is supposed to be the correct thing to do so. Even the pattern of propriety, Mrs. Pendennis, who would have shrunk from a conscious falsehood, said she liked Shakespeare and didn't. But some of us need have no fear of any such sacrifice of truth to literary convention, when we profess our un-failing delight in Scott's novels. If, as the proverb has it, "the proof of the pudding is the eating," the proof of the praise is the reading. And to read a book again and again is surely the best proof that we take delight in it, and love it for its own sake. This

has certainly been the present writer's own experience with the works of Scott and Thackeray and Dickens. But he would be sorry to try the same plan with some more modern fiction. To read some books once is to read them once too often.

It may be well to put this point first, for it is on this that there is most misunderstanding. And after all it is the primary function of works of this kind to give pleasure to the reader. To adapt the philosophical definition of beauty to this particular form of literary art, we may say that a good novel is one that is read with pleasure. If the book conveys moral lessons or historical knowledge, but is dull and dreary, it has missed its mark, and cannot be called a good novel, nor can its moral or historical lessons avail to justify it. For they can do little good while the book remains unread. And if they are to find readers on their own merits, they had far better be delivered apart as simple lectures or exhortations. We can welcome a true work of art which pleases and instructs or edifies at the same time. And an author who can give us this deserves the praise bestowed by the poet in the familiar line:

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

But it is idle for a book which is merely useful to pretend to please when it doesn't. Such books are only calculated to create a prejudice against those of a better class, and give one the impression that instructive or edifying books must needs be dull and wearisome to the reader. And partly from this cause, partly from the misleading reports of readers, who for one reason or another were incapable of appreciating his merits, too many of those who have not made acquaintance with Scott, have formed a false impression of the character of his writings. No doubt there is a subjective element in the various judgments passed on books or other works of art. There are differences in natural capacity on the part of readers, as well as on the part of authors. All have not the same natural or acquired tastes. And some may corrupt their taste by injudicious reading. But the pity is that many of those who could best appreciate the beauties of such an author as Walter Scott, may be kept from his works by the reports of those who fail to understand him.

It is something of a relief to turn from these blind guides, and think of the vast multitude of readers who have found unfailing delight in these books during the past hundred years. Even if

this were all that he had done, it is surely no mean thing for one man to have given so much pure pleasure to his countrymen and to many others in every land. But it would be a great mistake to imagine that only those who read his books owe a deep debt of gratitude to Walter Scott, and have good reason to honor the memory of the man who gave *Waverly* to the world a hundred years ago. For besides this we have to reckon up all that has been done by the indirect influence of his writings. And even if we look for a moment at literature alone, we may easily see how much more would have been lost to us if *Waverly* and the rest of that goodly series had never been written. Those who know these works well, and who also know something of the glories of later literature, can trace the influence of Scott on many of its best and brightest pages. That influence is naturally most obvious in later English novels and historical romances, but it is by no means confined to the field of fiction or to one land alone. Some readers may remember how greatly the Northern novelist was gratified, when Alessandro Manzoni told him that he himself had first been moved to write historical romance by the example set in the *Waverly* novels. And the Italian master's candid acknowledgment of his indebtedness was immediately repaid by a generous and graceful compliment. For Sir Walter answered that he should henceforth regard *I Promessi Sposi* as his greatest achievement.

After his own realm of romance, it is in the field of historical studies that the influence of Scott has had the most conspicuous and far-reaching effect. And if it were possible to eliminate from this branch of English literature everything that owes its origin, directly or indirectly, to the *Waverly* novels, a large mass of meritorious works would disappear altogether, and many others would be notably diminished or changed in character and contents.

Here it may be well to add that while later English and Scottish historical literature owes much to this master of romance, more recent research in this field has enabled the critics to detect not a few mistakes or inaccuracies in his vivid pictures of the past. To some this might seem to diminish, if not to destroy, the historical value of his stories. But while it is well to have these mistakes of the novelist and of earlier histories set right by the more exact methods now in use, our scientific historians in their turn may still have something to learn from Scott's moving romances. And if he sometimes falls short of the accuracy in detail demanded by critical science, in point of impartiality he is, on the other hand,

superior to not a few professional historians. For these writers, in spite of their desire to be accurate and scientific, are too often biassed, however unconsciously, by their historical theories and religious beliefs or political opinions. Hence, their pictures of men with whom they are in sympathy are real and true, while the figures of their opponents are fictitious or distorted. But the true artist has no use for monstrosities and abstractions. And the truth of art saves the truth of history.

We have a notable example of this in *Old Mortality*, which deals with a stormy period of civil strife and religious fanaticism and persecution, where an historian can scarcely escape doing some injustice to one side or the other. Moved by his own sympathies, he is only too likely to enlarge on the crimes and cruelty of his enemies, and extenuate the offences of his friends. He is thus, in too many cases, an artist in black and white, or in Ruskin's forcible phrase, "in lampblack and lightning." Thus the great Whig historian of this period leaves us with the impression that the followers of Claverhouse were monsters of iniquity, while their Cameronian victims were like sheep in the fangs of ravening wolves. Tory critics, on the other hand, leave us with the belief that fanatical crime and cruelty was punished with righteous severity. But the picture painted by the master of romance leaves a more impartial impression. For the reader can recognize a true nobility of character in both the contending parties, and sympathizes in turn with the wrongs endured by the victims on both sides. In this respect this vivid masterpiece of romance might well serve as a pattern for historians.

This historical quality of Sir Walter's work should have a special interest for Catholic readers, for it was by this power of painting a faithful and impartial picture of the past that he was enabled to play an important part in the great religious revival, and though no such result was foreseen or desired by him, his writings were, however indirectly, the means of bringing many thousands of his fellow-citizens into the Catholic fold. Some readers may wonder how this can be true of books written by one who lived and died a Protestant, and was by no means free from a traditional prejudice against Popery. But the statement can present no difficulty to those who are familiar with the obvious historical and causal connection between the Romantic movement in art and letters and the Catholic Revival. No one who has studied this story, can doubt that the influence of the literary and artistic movement on the

religious renaissance, was as real as the influence of Voltaire and Rousseau on the men of the Revolution. As a general rule, the historical effect wrought by books is only rightly appreciated in later years. But in the case of Walter Scott, the influence of his works on the religious movement was felt and frankly acknowledged at the time by the great Oxford leader.

On this point it may be of interest to cite the testimony of Cardinal Newman in a paper originally published in an Anglican review, and subsequently reprinted in the first volume of his *Essays Critical and Historical*. In this paper on the *Prospects of the Anglican Church*, Newman is reviewing the various causes which contributed to the remarkable revival of Catholic doctrines and principles in England, and the surprising success of the movement then in progress. And this is what he has to say on the part played by the romantic writings of Sir Walter Scott:

During the first quarter of this century a great poet was raised up in the North, who, whatever were his defects, has contributed, by his works in prose and verse, to prepare men for some closer and more practical approximation to Catholic truth. The general need of something deeper and more attractive than what had offered itself elsewhere, may be considered to have led to his popularity; and by means of his popularity he re-acted on his readers, stimulating their mental thirst, feeding their hopes, setting before them visions which, when once seen, are not easily forgotten, and silently indocinating them with nobler ideas, which might afterwards be appealed to as first principles. Doubtless there are things in the poems and romances in question of which a correct judgment is forced to disapprove; and which must be ever a matter of regret; but contrasted with the popular writers of the last century, with its novelists, and some of its most admired poets, as Pope, they stand almost as oracles of Truth confronting the ministers of error and sin.¹

This is surely one of the highest tributes ever paid to a great writer. And for some of us may well outweigh all the words of the modern minor critics who decry Walter Scott and his writings. It might be possible for a keen observer to form this favorable judgment of the effect produced by these romantic poems and novels, even though he had not himself felt their fascination. For though such a man might have only come upon the books in maturer

¹ *Essays Critical and Historical*, vol. i., p. 267.

years when his mind was already formed, he might still be able to estimate the effect they would be likely to have on other and younger readers. But it may be of interest to note that this was not the case with Newman, who could speak on this matter from his own personal experience. Thus we find him in 1871 writing as follows to James Hope-Scott, who had just sent him a copy of his abridged edition of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*:

Thank you for your book. In one sense I deserve it; I have ever had such a devotion, I may call it, to Walter Scott. As a boy, in the early summer mornings, I read *Waverly* and *Guy Mannering* in bed, when they first came out. At five it was time to get up. And long before that, I think when I was eight years old, I listened eagerly to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which my mother and aunt were reading aloud. When he was dying I was continually thinking of him, with Keble's words:

If ever floating from faint earthly lyre.

It has been a trouble to me that his works seem to be so forgotten now. Our boys know very little about them.

From this it will be seen that Newman was one of the very first readers of *Waverly*, and thus came under the spell of the master at an early and impressionable age. And those who are familiar with the Cardinal's own writings, know how his interest in Scott's works still remained with him in later life. He was reading *Guy Mannering* in his early boyhood when it first came out. And after the lapse of half a lifetime, we find him quoting the same book with happy effect in the first of his *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*. His intimate familiarity with the *Waverly* novels is turned to still better account in the memorable quotation from *The Fortunes of Nigel*, which comes as a climax to his caustic commentary on the Kingsley correspondence. And even in such an abstruse philosophical work as *The Grammar of Assent*, an apt quotation from *Peveril of the Peak* serves to illustrate his theories on the subject of *Natural Inference*.

As the above letter to Hope-Scott shows us, Newman's personal devotion to Scott had in it an element of gratitude. This is clearly seen in the allusion to the lines in which Keble asks the prayers of those readers who have derived any profit from his writings. And we may well believe that Newman's prayers had some

share in bringing Sir Walter's own family into the Catholic fold.

The part played by Scott's writings as a contributory cause of the Catholic Revival, has thus been traced for us in sympathetic terms by Newman himself and his disciples and biographers. But it may be remarked that the connection has been as clearly seen and as forcibly described by one who regards the whole movement with very different eyes, to wit, that typical British Protestant, George Borrow. In the course of his polemical appendix to the book of that name, the *Romany Rye* gives full vent to his hatred of Popery and priestcraft and Jacobitism. When he is denouncing the Catholic movement at Oxford and elsewhere, he insists that the writings of Walter Scott are the *fons et origo mali*. And when he is confronted with the objection that the Popery, at any rate, came not from Scott but from Oxford, his answer is ready to hand.

Now, what these honest folks say is, to a certain extent, founded on fact; the Popery which has overflowed the land during the last fourteen or fifteen years has come immediately from Oxford, and likewise some of the Jacobitism; Popish and Jacobite nonsense, and little or nothing else having been taught at Oxford for about that number of years. But whence did the pedants get the Popish nonsense with which they have corrupted youth? Why, from the same quarter from which they got the Jacobite nonsense with which they have inoculated those lads who were not inoculated with it before—Scott's novels.

And speaking, as it would seem, of that sermon which Newman always regarded as the beginning of the movement, Borrow says with bitter scorn, "Oh! that sermon which was the first manifestation of Oxford feeling, preached at Oxford some time in the year '38 by a divine of a weak and confused intellect, in which Popery was mixed up with Jacobitism. The present writer remembers perfectly well on reading some extracts from it at the time in a newspaper, on the top of a coach, exclaiming, 'Why, the simpleton has been pilfering from Walter Scott's novels!'"

As might be expected, Borrow does not omit to notice the fact that as one result of the movement to which his writings had contributed, Walter Scott's own descendants had eventually become Catholics. To us, this naturally appears an appropriate reward for the good that has thus been done by his means, or as a blessing won for the master's family by Newman's grateful prayers. But

Borrow, regarding the matter from his Protestant standpoint, sees it in another light, and considers it a Divine judgment on the house of a man who had done so much harm by helping in the revival of Popery.

As we recall the great novelist's services to the Catholic cause, and this bitter abuse which it has brought on his devoted head, it is a satisfaction to reflect that the first fit critical appreciation of his life and works came from a Catholic hand. Readers of Macaulay's life may remember how the Whig historian was asked to review Lockhart's *Life of Scott* in the *Edinburgh*, and how he declined the task for very sufficient reasons. With a just sense of his own limitations, he confessed that the critical appreciation of works of art was not his strong point; and as a review of Lockhart's book must be in great part an appreciation of Scott's novels, the objection was not easy to answer. But even if this were not sufficient, Macaulay felt that his own estimate of Sir Walter's character was not one that could be appropriately printed at such a time in a Scottish review. It was suggested that Jeffrey might be asked to write the article. But whatever may have been the reason the result was that no such article was written for the *Edinburgh*, and for some other reason, possibly the difficulty felt in criticizing or praising Lockhart's book in his own organ, the *Quarterly* also remained silent. (Thus the first important review was Carlyle's article in the *London and Westminster Review*, subsequently reprinted in his *Miscellanies*, vol. iv.) This is certainly a characteristic piece of vigorous and original writing. But as a review of the biography and as an estimate of its subject, it is eminently unsatisfactory. Admirers of Lockhart's great biography, now very generally regarded as second only to Boswell's *Johnson*, must feel that the critic has misjudged a masterpiece, and lovers of Scott will marvel yet more at the hard fate of their hero in the hands of this advocate of hero-worship. If the other reviews had remained silent before Carlyle spoke, now, at any rate, there was need of some rejoinder to this literary miscarriage of justice. And the answer came appropriately enough from the pen of a Catholic critic.

So far, when we have had occasion to quote the opinions of Newman or Carlyle or George Borrow, we are only referring to books that are widely read, and familiar to many of our readers. But we are afraid that comparatively few will at once be able to identify this critical rejoinder to Carlyle's article on Scott and Lockhart. For this reason it will be well to explain that we

are speaking of the paper on Sir Walter Scott which the late Mr. Thomas Arnold contributed to the pages of the *Rambler* in May, 1860. The critic, as the reader may remember, was the Catholic son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and the brother of Matthew Arnold.

The writer in the *Rambler* begins by noting the remarkable fact that "since the appearance of the biography of Sir Walter Scott by his son-in-law in 1835, none of the leading reviews, with one exception, have attempted either a comprehensive criticism of the work itself, or a thorough analysis of the character of its subject"—that one exception, as we have seen, was Carlyle's paper. "The *Westminster Review* alone," says Mr. Arnold, "published as early as 1838, before the publication of the concluding volume of the *Life*, a long and remarkable paper on Scott from the pen of Carlyle. This article has since been reprinted among the writer's miscellaneous works. Yet, striking and suggestive as it is, and graphic as are many of its touches, we are not sure that the reticence of other journals was not a wiser course than the hasty verdict of the *Westminster*."

There is no need to linger on Mr. Arnold's vindication of Lockhart's labors as a biographer, or on his critical appreciation of Scott's own writings. But it may be worth while to cite one striking passage designed as an answer to Carlyle's verdict on the merely worldly character of Scott's ambition. "One knows not," says Carlyle, "what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct, or tendency that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with. His life was worldly: his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual about him; all is economical, material, of the earth earthy."

Against this Mr. Arnold shows how Scott was dominated by a lofty idea of patriotism, and of upholding the social fabric in which his own lot was cast. And, after this, he gives us the following striking account of the part played by three great men of letters in a critical period of English history:

If England [he says] is still "a land that freedom chose;" if in her national life there is no discontinuity, but the past and present still mingle with and temper one another in an inextricable network of links and fibres; if we would rather have our *old* England than belong to any nationality in the world, though perfected and organized after the most approved revolutionary mold, we must remember that it was these idealess, soulless worldlings, who are the object of Mr. Carlyle's dis-

paraging sentences—the Scotts, and Burkes, and Johnsons—who, winning the *intellectual* battle saved their country even from engaging, much more from sinking, in the internecine social strife which ruined France. First, when the elements were getting electric, but the storm was still far off, came the English Johnson, confounding, like another Socrates, the Sophists who were laboring to import and naturalize the Voltairian philosophy, and securing for the cause of the old and received ideas that intellectual ascendancy among the upper ranks of society which in France the scoffs of Voltaire and the heavy metal of the encyclopedia had transferred to the side of skepticism. Next, Burke, the Irishman, when the thunder-cloud first broke, stood firm against the exciting influences of the heated atmosphere; and addressing himself especially to the political question, demonstrated how empty and delusive were the current cries, how sordid the motives of their utterers; and predicted, with marvelous sagacity, the exact course of declension which the revolution would take. The last among these heroes of order was the Scotchman, Sir Walter Scott. In a somewhat different province of human affairs, he fought substantially the same battle which Johnson and Burke had fought before him. The elemental strife was now raging with doubtful event, and all the massiveness of his character, all the force of his will, all the resources of his mind, were employed to sustain British society under the exhausting struggle, to harden and confirm the old inveterate pertinacity of the race, to speak words of encouragement in dark days, and raise high the song of victory when fortune smiled once more. Of such a man it is not true to say, as Mr. Carlyle has said, that there is “nothing spiritual” about him; that all is “of the earth earthy.” True, your *Atlas* makes less noise than your *Enceladus* or *Briareus*; but these will, sooner or later, be whelmed under Mount Etna, and heard of no more, while the pillar which supports a world, the moral prop which stays society from rushing into ruin and collapse, will be valued more and more with the lapse of years, and consecrated to perpetual honor by the grateful veneration of posterity.

Mr. Arnold, it may be added, attributes Carlyle’s failure to appreciate Scott to the philosopher’s theory on the true functions and dignity of a man of letters. “The author of *Sartor Resartus* and of *Past and Present*, would fain have invested the modern writer with the attributes of a Hebrew prophet; despairing of religion, he would have set up literature as the guide of life, made the author

the only authentic preacher, and the publication of a book synonymous with the evangelization of a people." A man holding this lofty, if somewhat exaggerated idea of literature, might well be disposed to misjudge one who apparently wrote books for no better object than that of winning wealth and fame for himself by giving pleasure to his readers. And even to some who do not take such a high line as Carlyle, it might seem that Scott lived on a lower plane than those writers whose main purpose it is to edify or instruct their countrymen.

But, to go back to a topic on which we have already touched, it may be remarked that these admirable ends are far more likely to be served by a true artist exercising his gifts in their most natural way, under the inspiration of genius and according to the laws of his art, than by one who is preoccupied with other considerations. A story written for the purpose of imparting moral or religious principles, or illustrating a period of history, will almost inevitably fail to secure its effect. But these novels and poems, which apparently aimed only at that pleasure in fair forms which is the native end of art, have really had a far-reaching effect on historical studies, and as Mr. Arnold and Cardinal Newman have shown us, have helped to sustain the state in an hour of danger, and have contributed to a great religious revival. And the reason, as we have seen, is this, that the truth of art secures the truth of history.

The instinct of the true artist will save him from the pitfalls that beset the polemical historian. And we may see this clearly enough, when we contrast the Catholic influence of Scott's novels with those pages in which Borrow's otherwise admirable books are marred by his hereditary hatred of Popery. Turn from those to the other pages where he draws his pleasing pictures of the tramps and gypsies whom he knew and loved so well, and you recognize the hand of an artist, and feel that the likeness is true to life. But when he shows us the solemn absurdities of the "man in black," we feel that he is dealing in monstrosities and abstractions. It is evidently meant to be a hard hit at Popery. But the discerning Catholic reader will only regret to see a man of such real ability beating the air and making himself ridiculous. This poor piece of polemical but unhistorical romance was obviously designed to vindicate Protestantism, but it is easy to see why it is hopelessly ineffective, while Scott's romances, which were not written to promote Catholicism, really had that desirable result.

Much the same may be said of the excellent moral influence exerted by Walter Scott's writings. In this he presents a pleasing contrast to too many modern novelists. But here, again, there is no reason to suspect him of any desire to pose as a moral teacher who writes for the purpose of edification. And for this very reason he was all the more likely to fulfill that useful office. For it is enough that the author is a good man and true to himself. For his work is in a manner himself, and gives faithful expression to the noble ideas by which he is inspired. It must be remembered, moreover, that whatever may be its beauty of outward form and musical language, a literature which is tainted with immorality and exerts an evil influence in so far falls short of artistic perfection. For the beauty of true art, like that of the king's daughter, is not only in the fair form of words and the harmony of sweet sounds that are pleasing to the ear. It is likewise within, in the beauty of fair thoughts and noble ideals and harmony with everlasting law.

Judged by this standard, the work of Walter Scott may rightly claim a higher place than much of that modern literature which a mere sensuous criticism would set above him. And those who are familiar with his writings, may well rejoice in the fact that in spite of the crowd of younger rivals by which they are surrounded, they still hold their own after the lapse of a hundred years. For when we come to compare them with some of our modern novels, we can hardly do better than give a new application to Newman's words, and say that whatever fault may be found with the poems and romances of Walter Scott, when contrasted with the popular writers of the present century, "they stand almost as oracles of truth confronting the ministers of error and sin."

THE OLD DOOR IN THE WALL.

BY ANNIE JOLLIFFE.



THE object of my great curiosity for sometime was an old door set in a crumbling, smoke-begrimed wall, which formed the end of a short alley, called Ivy Court, turning out of a street which I frequented daily. The door had once been green, now the little paint which was left was of a dull brownish color. There had been some ornamental stone work in the bricks above, but this had fallen down, and weeds were growing out of the interstices. There was nothing very remarkable about wall or door; why it should interest me so much I did not know. Perhaps because I was lonely, and my life so strange at that time. I had been brought up in a bright, happy home, with every luxury money could buy, every wish gratified—almost before it was expressed—by loving parents who were devoted to me, the only child left to them out of a large family. I fully returned their affection, though I think I feared, more than loved, my father. For there were times when I could tell there was some secret which made my mother silent and sad, and my father stern and cross, though no trouble or difficulty was ever mentioned before me, and when I tried to question my mother on the subject, she refused to enlighten me, and begged me never to ask again, so I went on my own way, enjoying my careless and happy youth, and I was nearly twenty before any sorrow came to me.

My father died suddenly; then I found that he had lost all his money, leaving myself and my delicate mother to poverty, and a dishonored name. My time was fully occupied in adapting myself to my new life, and taking care of my dear mother, who was never quite the same again, though she tried hard for my sake to be brave and uncomplaining. In three years she also died, and I was alone. When all was settled, I found I should have just enough money to keep me from actual starvation, and it was clear that I must *work*. Fortunately I was strong and full of energy, and I made up my mind to go to a large city, away from all my former friends.

My one talent was drawing: from my earliest years I had been devoted to it. I had been well taught, and therefore I hoped I might find some way of making money by my art. This might

have been a work of time and difficulty, but for the kindness of a former drawing master. At one time—years ago—my parents had helped him with money. He and his good wife were most grateful and never forgot us, so that when, in this crisis of my life, I wrote to him for advice he was only too delighted to help me. He soon procured me some work, which would not at first be very remunerative, but might lead to something better.

So I went to the great city, and by the help of these kind people, I found a quiet and comfortable lodging, and settled down to my work, which was at some distance away. Every day I walked there and back. The nearest and most agreeable way led me through a street called "Lime Walk;" it was composed of small houses, occupied, it seemed, by working people; there were little gardens in front of all the homes, and it amused me to see how differently they were kept.

I began to take an interest in these poor people; I knew all the children by sight, and often talked to them. From this street ran Ivy Court, which ended in the old wall and the door, which so much excited my curiosity. It was a very short, narrow, stone-paved alley, only a few houses on each side, and these appeared to be uninhabited and dilapidated. Over the top of the old wall, I could see tall trees, which led me to believe there was a garden behind it, but I could see no house, nor did I ever see the door open. I asked my landlady if she could tell me anything about this desolate and apparently deserted place; she knew nothing, and had scarcely noticed the place, and evidently thought my curiosity childish.

One spring morning, as I was passing quite early, I saw standing by the door an old woman, poorly dressed, carrying a basket of provisions. I hesitated in passing, and saw her pull a string which I had not noticed before; a bell tinkled, the door opened of itself, and the woman passed in, shutting it behind her. "So that is the inhabitant of the place," I said to myself, "how abject and poor she looks."

As I passed through Lime Walk, some months later, my eyes, as usual, turned to the old wall. I looked at the fine plane trees, and fancied an old-fashioned garden, and longed to see it. To my great surprise I noticed that the door really was a little way open; without thinking of what I was doing, I walked quickly towards it and stepped inside. I found myself in a square flagged courtyard; to my left were the backs of houses; facing me was a wall correspond-

ing with the one by which I had entered; behind this second wall must be the garden, for the branches of the trees hung over into the yard.

On my right, against the back of some tall building, stood a small dwelling house, only one story high. But how unlike a poor hovel! There were two windows, shaded with pretty white lace curtains; two window boxes of scarlet geraniums made bright spots of color, a canary was singing joyously. A door in the corner stood wide open, and just as I was beginning to realize my own rudeness, a figure appeared in the doorway saying, "Come in, my dear, *do* come in."

She was neither poor nor abject; she was a dear little old lady, with a sweet face, bright brown eyes, and snowy hair waving on her forehead, surmounted by a dainty cap of white muslin. She was dressed in black, on her shoulders a white muslin fichu which crossed in front, and was fastened with an old-fashioned cameo brooch. She was evidently lame or decrepit, for she leaned heavily on a stick. As I hesitated to go forward, she cried out, entreatingly,

"Oh, please come in, my dear. I have waited for you so long."

I followed her, as she slowly made her way through a long and narrow room, into which the outer door opened. She led the way to the far end, and begged me to be seated in an easy chair which stood beside the open window; she herself sank into another, for her exertions seemed to have left her breathless and exhausted. Meanwhile I was taking a rapid survey of this mysterious place. There was a fireplace at one end of the room farthest from the door; on one side of it stood a tall cupboard of carved oak; on the other was an open door, through which I could see a pretty, well-furnished bedroom. There were easy chairs, an old-fashioned chest of drawers, a large table, and one or two small ones, and a dresser on which was arranged crockery of all kinds and a grandfather's clock. But what struck me most, as being out of keeping with the rest of the room, was a very large oil painting in a massive frame, which occupied most of the wall opposite where I was sitting. There was time for only a hasty glance, when the old lady began to talk again.

"To think that you have come at last, my dear, how glad I am."

"But surely you do not know who I am, so how could you expect me?"

"I saw you in a vision of the night, dear. I have waited many years for my boy to come back to me. Then one night in a dream I saw a young lady, in a white dress and hat, standing out there in the yard in the bright sunshine, and I heard a voice saying, 'This is the lady who will bring your boy back to you.' I saw it three nights, so I knew it was true, and I have been watching for you ever since."

"How long ago was that?"

She shook her head sadly, and answered, "I don't know; may have been two years, or may have been ten, I can't remember. I know it's many years since he went away. I've kept count of that. Oh, my boy, it's been weary waiting so long for you."

She looked up, over the fireplace, and I saw hanging there an oil painting of a very handsome young man. "Your son?" I asked.

"My son, oh, no, he was a gentleman, but more to me than a son. I loved his mother dearly, and I brought him up from a baby."

Again she became silent, but as I rose to go, she exclaimed, "You are not going to leave me, you must have some tea, and after that you can tell me what you know of him."

I thought the poor old lady was slightly mad, and that I had better humor her.

While she was busied in her preparations, I examined more closely the large picture. It represented part of the interior of an old church, with massive pillars and arches, and an ancient porch, cool and dark. Through the open door, the summer sunlight formed a striking contrast. On the porch, on a stone bench, sat an aged man with long white hair and beard; his thin hands were clasped on the head of his stick; his whole face and figure expressed weariness and sorrow; his gaze appeared fixed on a grave, bright with summer flowers, in the churchyard outside. Close by, in the brilliant sunshine, stood a beautiful girl, and by her side a young man, the very personification of youth and strength; beyond the church gate some children were playing on the grass beside the road. The whole picture was wonderfully attractive.

"Who painted this?" I asked.

"Why *him*, Harry Melcombe, of course," she answered, in a tone which implied reproof at my ignorance. "He was only twenty when he did that, in this very room; it was his studio then. He thought that picture would make him famous, but nothing came of it, and now it's mine, and I am keeping it till he comes back. But now

let us have our tea. I am always at my best after a cup of good tea. I'm sorry, though, I have no cake for you. I prepared for you at one time, but you were so long coming. Why was it?"

"I had no vision telling me to come."

"Not before, but you must have had it at last, or why did you come?"

Then I told her how much I had been interested in the doorway, and seeing it open had stepped in to look.

"The gate open," she exclaimed, "then it must have been unfastened all the morning, and *they* might have got in!"

She seemed much troubled about this, so to divert her thoughts, I asked, "Do you live here alone?"

"Oh, yes."

"But how do you manage about your house, you surely cannot do the work yourself?"

"No, Sarah Phillips comes in most mornings to clean up and do my errands. I don't mind her. I've known her all her life; her mother was cook when I lived with Mrs. Melcombe there," pointing to the wall over which the plane trees hung.

"Oh, did you live there once?"

"Yes, till the master died; if you look you can see the place in that wall where there was a gate that led from the garden to this studio where my boy used to paint. There is a fine old house in that garden; when it was sold after the master's death, the entrance from here was blocked up; they would have this too if they could; they're trying to turn me out, but they won't. I'm going to be here till my Harry comes back, please God."

"Does no one come to visit you?" I asked.

"Only Father Morris; I don't open to anybody else."

"How do you know who is outside, you cannot see?"

"He and Sarah ring twice, then I pull the string, and so I will for you, but you must remember to ring distinctly twice."

I now said I really must go.

"You'll come again soon, and bring him, won't you?"

"I cannot promise that, but I will come and see you again if you like."

"Well, well, we can wait, and sometime you will be shown how to find him. You see it has come true so far; you were sent to me exactly as I saw."

"I should like to know your name," I said.

"I am Mrs. Kezia Bowen, but they always called me Kippy,

so I must be Kippy to you; it will be good to hear the old name after so many years; now what shall I call you?"

"My name is Vanda Waldegrave."

"Oh, Miss Waldegrave is much too long for me, and I should not like to call you Vanda; so let me think—I know! I will call you 'Comfort,' for you have comforted me to-day, and I am sure you will in future."

The next day I sought out the good Jesuit Father Morris, and from him I learned her history. She came of well-to-do parents, and had a good education, but at sixteen she married, against the wishes of her friends, a very undesirable man—a sea captain. She traveled about with him, and had a life of trial and many adventures till his death. At twenty years old she found herself a penniless widow, in a foreign town. While traveling she met a young man and woman on their honeymoon, to whom she was able to be of service. Shortly afterwards the young bride was again taken ill in a hotel; her distracted husband sent for Mrs. Bowen to nurse her. The illness proved to be scarlet fever; Mrs. Bowen's good nursing really saved Mrs. Melcombe's life, and they became much attached. She lived with them till the wife's death a few years later, when Harry, her only child, was about a year old. Kippy promised to be a mother to him, and well she kept her promise; she took entire charge of him, never leaving him night or day, devoting her whole life to him. As the boy grew up, he returned her affection and loved her as a mother. From his earliest years he showed great talent for drawing, and determined to be an artist, and from this he never wavered, though his father had planned quite a different career for him.

Mr. Melcombe was never the same man after his wife's death, and took little notice of the boy during his childhood, so that as he grew up there was very little sympathy between father and son. The boy was not bad or vicious, nor was he as good as his adoring foster-mother believed, and as time went on he had frequent disagreements with his father. Kippy always did her best to help him, and often gave him her own savings to shield him from the anger of his father when he had been too extravagant.

By the time Harry was twenty he had painted several really good pictures, and was looked upon as a most promising artist. Then he had a serious quarrel with his father; no one, not even Kippy, knew what it was about, but it ended in Harry leaving home quite suddenly and never returning. Kippy was broken-

hearted at parting with her darling, but he told her to wait patiently, and some day he would come back, or send for her, and on that hope she had lived ever since.

His father did not live long after this; he left an annuity for the faithful Kippy, and would have given her a nice cottage to live in, but she begged so hard to be allowed to live in the old studio that Mr. Melcombe had it made into a dwelling place, and settled it upon her for life. She never believed her boy was dead, and was sure when he came back he would look for her there. When Mr. Melcombe's effects were sold, Kippy tried hard to get the large picture, which was Harry's greatest work; she found she could only have it by buying it, and cheerfully devoted all her savings for the purpose. At one time she was a very active woman, but prolonged illness had left her crippled and lame, and she never went out now, except occasionally to Mass.

"Her old friends have died or gone away," he added, "and she will not admit strangers, so, if she is willing to let you visit her sometimes, it will be very kind of you to do so."

I told him I had been afraid she was rather mad.

"Oh, no, her mind is all right, but she continually dwells on this thought of Harry's return, and has a morbid fear of being turned out of her home. Some years ago when those stores in front changed hands, they wanted to buy the studio, as it is built against the back of their premises, and someone called on Kippy about it. Since then she has lived in fear of letting anyone come in, but I think you will in other respects find her an interesting and intelligent woman; she is grand in her long and unselfish devotion to Harrison Melcombe."

After this I went often to see the dear old woman, and became much attached to her; she was always pleased to see me, and very grateful for my visits. But it was very pathetic to see her look at me when I entered her room, and I grew to dread her constant question, "Any news of my boy?" and to see her face change from hopeful expectancy to patient sadness at my reply; but after a moment she would look up with her sweet smile and say, "Well, we must wait, and meanwhile my dear Comfort is always welcome."

The time came round to the anniversary of my first visit to her. I found she had got quite a little feast for my tea—cakes, strawberries and cream—"to celebrate the first coming of my Comfort," she said. As I looked at her attentively during tea, it struck me

that she seemed much older and more fragile, but she was bright and cheerful as ever. Her talk as usual turned to her boy.

"He'll soon come now, I think, for I don't believe I can live much longer, and I must see him again before I die."

"But do you not think it is just possible he may be dead?" I asked. "You know it is so long since you heard of him."

"Oh, no, his father believed he was dead, but I knew better; he would not have left his Kippy without a word; he would have sent a message, or left it to be sent in case of his death; no, no, he's alive; and means to come back to me some day; he never thinks how hard it is for me to wait so long; that was always Harry's failing, he was so thoughtless."

As winter came on she grew more feeble, but at first refused to have anyone to stay with her. I managed to bribe Sarah Phillips to go in frequently, and soon Kippy was glad to give up her little housework, and by degrees Sarah was installed there altogether.

But Kippy's strength continued to fail rapidly. I installed a nurse for the night, whilst Sarah Phillips took charge of her in the day when I could not be there, but every spare moment I devoted to her. One wet stormy evening, when I had left her comfortably settled for the night, I set off to walk home. I felt that my poor old friend would not need me much longer; the end could not be far off. Arriving at my own door I suddenly remembered a promise made to a friend to go to a certain shop, and explain about a frame she very much wanted. "It will do to-morrow," I said, for the shop was some little distance, and no car would bring me near it. But at once I thought better of it, and started off.

When I arrived at the shop, a young man, who was about to go in, stepped back, and held open the door for me to enter. Something in his face arrested my attention. I seemed to have known him before. While waiting I wondered who he could be; he was unmistakably of good breeding, handsome, and distinguished looking. I heard him ordering a frame for a small water color drawing which he had brought. As I glanced idly at the picture which the shopman was measuring, I saw, to my surprise, that it was a sketch of the large oil painting in Kippy's room! The shopman said, "It shall be done to-morrow, sir. What name and address?" and the answer was "Mr. Harrison Melcombe, Palace Hotel." Then I knew where I had so often seen the face before—in the portrait over Kippy's mantelpiece.

I followed him out of the shop, never reflecting how I could

speak to a stranger, thinking only of Kippy and her longing to see her boy—nor thinking that this young man might not be her lost darling. As he was waiting to cross the street, my hesitating “I beg your pardon,” caused him to turn in surprise. I don’t know how I began, or in what words I told my story, but somehow I made him acquainted with the facts of the case.

“You must be speaking of my father,” he said; “I know he lived in this neighborhood in his youth, and that he once painted a large picture from the sketch you saw, which only came into my possession when my mother died, a year ago.”

“And your father?” I asked. “Oh, surely *he* is not dead.”

“He has been dead ten years.”

“Oh, poor old Kippy! but you must have heard your father speak of her; you will see her, won’t you, and talk to her of him?”

“I will see her gladly, to-night if you like; he never told me much of his early life, yet I do remember his once saying to me that if he ever went back to his native city, he should first look up his dear old foster-mother. He had heard that his father was dead, and had left everything to a distant relation, so there was nothing to call him back.”

Nothing, I thought, but one patient old woman who trusted in his promise, and waited year after year for a word from him! As we walked on together, he told me how his father had traveled about the world for some years, and eventually settled down in California, where he met his wife.

“Did he continue to paint?” I asked.

“No, I believe he gave that up. I fancy he led rather a wild life before he came to California, and after his marriage he had enough to do to manage my mother’s large estates.”

I thought it advisable that he should not see Kippy that night, so he agreed to meet me in Lime Court early the next morning. He quite understood my feelings on the subject, and readily agreed to make the most of that one poor little speech of his father’s, and to take care she should not find out that her boy had lived in comfort and prosperity for years, without sending her a word, or even giving her a thought.

When we met at the green door in the morning, I said to him, “I will go in first and see how she is. What we shall say afterwards I do not know—if you only had a message for her! We must keep the truth from her if need be, so that she shall die happy, and mind you are intelligent about your father’s picture and the portrait of

himself; look at it well as you go through the sitting-room, and then you can tell her if you think it like him."

But our plans and worries were quite unnecessary. She saw us pass the window, and as I appeared alone at the door, she cried out, "You have brought him at last, Comfort; I knew you would. Come in at once, Harry, my boy."

She raised herself in bed, and throwing her arms round his neck, she murmured, "God has been very good to spare me till you came home, Harry, and now I can give you back your big picture; aren't you glad I kept it for you?"

He rose to the occasion and answered,

"Very glad, dear Kippy, and I thank you so much for all your faithful devotions."

She was quite exhausted after that, and lay quite still, till a slight movement on Harry's part aroused her.

"You won't go away! You won't leave me again? Promise me, it won't be long; I am going fast."

"I promise I will not leave you, Kippy dear," he answered.

"Ah, now, I know you are indeed my boy, that is the way you used to speak when you were a child."

She lay still, looking so radiantly happy, with her hand in Harry's. She would occasionally rouse herself to smile on him, and once she asked,

"You know your father is dead?"

"Yes."

"You must not feel hardly about him, dear, he believed you were dead, or he would not have left his money to your cousin. I hope you are well off, dear boy."

"Yes, very well off."

"That's good, and are you married?"

"No." She turned to me with a smile. "Was not my vision true, Comfort? A real comfort she has been to me, Harry, and you'll look after her when I'm gone, won't you?"

"Indeed I will."

She spoke no more after that, and we thought she was unconscious, but occasionally she opened her eyes to look at us. So we sat beside her till sunset, when with a slight sigh, and a happy smile on her face, the faithful spirit passed away. Harry has fulfilled his promise. We have a house in the country where an honored place is given to the large picture, and Harry's portrait hangs side by side with that of the faithful Kippy.

THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

BY T. J. S.

*The Voices of the Dead,
Whose calling from above
Comes as the joy of heaven
To those who fear and love.*

“Thou takest, Death, earth’s best,
Beggared are we who live;
For pain that must abide,
What solace canst thou give?”

“I take him not away,
He was but loaned to thee;
And now I make him thine
In lasting charity.

“Silencing call of sense,
His voice shall reign supreme.
From him into thy soul
Shall benediction stream.

“Above the noise of earth,
Above the lust and strife,
His quiet call shall sound,
Leading thee on to life.

“What I am worth to thee
Shall deepen in thy soul;
Both urge thee in the race
And lead thee to the goal.

“In loyal thought of him,
Now by God’s vision blest,
The unseen shall be seen,
And thou shalt know God best.”

*The Voices of the Dead,
Whose singing low and clear
Comes as the joy of heaven
To those who love and hear.*

COMPLETING THE REFORMATION.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

V.



THE history of the modern anti-intellectualist movement, from Kant's time on, is the recurrence of the same central principle under various guises—the superiority, namely, of the sentimental over the rational, the gradual identification of the “real” and the “true” with the “experienced” and the “felt.” It is a tale that lends itself to a shortened telling, because of its underlying unity of thought and purpose.

Kant, it will be remembered, separated the intellect from the will, the speculative reason from the practical. Only by separating these two powers could he disparage intellectual, and extol moral, conviction. The end, it would seem, justified the means. And although Kant's system, as a whole, may be said to have perished with him, not so its spirit, which still survives the dead body of doctrine whereof it was once the animating soul. Kant was the creator of a method rather than the founder of an enduring philosophy, and the method he created consisted in dismembering the human mind, in divorcing its faculties, in disorganizing its powers. That method it is which he bequeathed to modern philosophy, and we shall now see to what lengths it drove his residuary legatees.

Kant lived to see his life work suddenly eclipsed by one not to be mentioned in the same breath with him for ability, yet around whose superficial thought the age gathered, as it always does, when someone says something to its suiting. In 1799, Schleiermacher reduced religion to sentiment pure and simple, striking off the adjective “moral,” as Kant, in his own high-handed way, had stricken off the adjective “intellectual.” We have, said Schleiermacher, a *feeling* of absolute dependence on the power that animates and upholds the universe. This feeling is the very essence of religion. Reason may subsequently pry into this feeling, morality may blossom forth from it, but neither the rational nor the moral has anything to do with the taproot of religion undefiled. A pure and perfect harmony, discerned by the listening spirit, hovers around

all human actions, and "manifests the essence" of the world far better than the pale white light of intelligence reflects it. Religion, he said, is just such an æsthetic emotion as this, independent of reason for its origin, and of morality for its development. How Kant would have scorned this reduction of religion from a moral to an æsthetic emotion, especially to that of music, which he classified as "inferior" and "unsturdy." But he himself had not scrupled to reduce religion from an intellectual idea to a moral sentiment, so that, in principle, at least, his rebuke of Schleiermacher would have recoiled inwardly upon himself. The founder of the "divorcing process" should not complain if his example was imitated, and an absolute separation decreed between religion and all things else. Logic is logic, in error as in truth.

It is impossible to calculate the mischief wrought by this fallacious separation of sentiment from reason. It is the "original sin" that vitiates the entire philosophy of the Reform, and makes "common sense" gasp and stare at the extravagances of view to which it insidiously led. Do we fear because we tremble, or do we tremble because we fear? The former, says Professor James, in his theory of the emotions: it is the tremblings that cause all our fears. He had to invert the truth of experience and scandalize "common sense," in this statement, because, like Schleiermacher and Kant, he imagined that the mind did all its feeling and experiencing downstairs, and then ran upstairs to do its thinking—two separate operations which it never intermixed. So we tremble first and fear afterwards, *in theory*, though *in practise* no one yet—not even Professor James or Professor Lange—ever "*experienced*" that *order* of events.

There must be something wrong with the instrument of logic when it puts the cart before the horse. What is it? As we have had occasion to point out more than once before, *intelligence* compenetrates *sense*, and our rudimentary concepts of the "good," the "true," the "noxious," and the "pleasant" are *practically* simultaneous with our earliest impressions. Restore this fact of compenetration, banish the fiction of a compartmental mind, and what becomes of the sentimentalist theory of knowledge and religion? It falls with the fallacy, the groundless supposition, on which its whole superstructure is reared. The champions of experience do not follow it themselves, they lead it into alien paths, and make it point in the direction they trace out beforehand for it. It was not enough to disrupt the Church, it would seem—the mind, too, had

to have its solidarity broken, lest the inner unity survive, after the outer had been shattered. When Solomon proposed to divide the child for which the rival mothers contended, it was the real mother who cried out in anguish—No! The spurious claimant does not appear to have been so disheartened over the prospect of division. Why should she? It was not her child!

But the "divorce proceedings" did not stop at the separation of the sentimental and the rational. Religion had yet to be completely divorced from knowledge, from reality also, and this division was effected by Albrecht Ritschl, in 1870, when he attempted to rewrite theology from a purely subjective point of view, treading over old ground already broken by Kant. The content of one's faith did not matter, he said, so long as the foundation was sure, and what is that but an *experience of ideal values*? He accordingly substituted "judgments of worth" for "judgments of existence," reduced the realities of religion to subjective ideals, and sought shelter behind the contradiction that a believing heart might coexist with an agnostic intellect. Christianity was thus made to dwindle to a set of *spiritual impressions*, with no physical, historical, or philosophical background for support. All its relations were suppressed, save those that concern the emotions of the individual.

Christian dogma, so far from being a true, though inadequate, apprehension of reality, as Catholic theologians teach, became a sort of mental knight-errantry—a pursuit of hazy ideals, forever sought, yet never to be won. Knowledge? There could be no real knowledge of religious truths in such an airy view. Christianity is undogmatic, and a man need not trouble to inquire, much less to believe, that the facts narrated in the Gospels, concerning the person and work of Christ, are historically true, or the veriest of inventions. Keep your religion in one chamber of the mind, and your science in another. Let your intellect be as agnostic as it may, provided your heart hold true to what your mind discredits. The insulators are at work on Christianity!

It is the same seeking of an asylum for religion, a house of refuge for pietism, that dominated the thought of Kant. And it stands condemned by the very fact that the human mind is a solitary whole which can neither invite nor harbor contradiction. Protestantism is wiping the slate of history clean, to rewrite it in accord with its own principles. The complex is being simplified, the part is usurping to itself the place of the whole, and *impersonal objective truth* might as well be non-existent, for all the notice

that is taken of it. *Sic volo, sic inbeo: stat pro ratione voluntas!* Was not truth, like the Sabbath, made for man? Well, then, we will accept so much of it as suits our temperament, and declare the rest corruption. It is a facile method, but when we inquire into the authority behind it, we find nothing but arrogance—the presumption, namely, that any and every individual has the ability to discover for himself the “simple essence” of Christianity. Will not some of these omniscient beings please pause long enough to tell us when, where, and how they acquired this extraordinary ability? Or rather, will not someone first prove that the essence of the Christian religion *is* simple?—because *that* is the real question. To criticize everything but one’s own point of view and procedure, is to make audacity the criterion of truth, supposition the touchstone of reality.

Cardinal Newman recounts the fable of a lion, shown through a baronial demesne by the master of the house. The tables in the hall fell away into alabaster lion’s paws, the mural decorations portrayed the king of beasts in every conceivable posture of inferiority to man. Upon being dismissed, the lion was asked how he had enjoyed his visit. Very much, he said, only, only—things would have been quite different had lions, and not men, been the sculptors and the painters. The moral of which, so far as it concerns the present drift of our theme, is that the sturdiness of Christianity has been similarly misdealt with by self-assured critics who paint things not as they are, but as the painters would have them be. They see, in other words, what they wish to see, no more. The “intent” of their thinking has not a little to do with the “content” of their thought.

Professor James went so far, on one occasion, as practically to identify “wishing” and “willing” with “knowing” and “believing,” when he said that the purpose of a man’s thought created the sum and substance of his thinking. The statement is false, when thus unduly generalized, and yet we have often wondered if Professor James was not accurately here describing the mind of the modern critic, where purpose certainly plays the predominant part, diminishing the real “content” of ideas, in accord with the prejudices or preferences of the analyst. True of minds of his own type, he made the statement true of all; universalizing what was particular, extending the psychology of a specially indoctrinated class to the race at large. His mistake lay in making the indictment general.

Ritschl's attempt to combine agnosticism and religion was naturally followed by others in the same direction. Fries and Wette put forth the theory that religion is a sort of "presentiment," in support of which no rational justification can be offered. The heart feels, but when the mind tries to analyze this feeling into ideas, the whole thing evaporates, so they say, and becomes wraith-like. All that can be done, therefore, is to study the history of this world-old *emotion* of man, called religion. And in doing so, care must be taken to separate the *feeling* from the *ideas* in which it struggles to find expression through the ages. For religion, child of darkness, is ever striving to array itself as an angel of light, ever endeavoring to translate its blind emotion into a rational idea. But in vain. The ideas to which religion gives rise in the course of history are mere *symbols* of the unknowable, not an actual growth in knowledge at all. To recover religion in all its pristine and perpetual purity, we must look for an original, mysterious emotion or feeling, not for an idea, bless me!—no, not for anything like that! Let's take the things that come first, first! The history of religion must be rewritten, with all *ideas* left out—contaminations these, that crept in from philosophy, without anybody's noticing it, till the critics made the great discovery.

Loisy and Tyrrell were more influenced by this insidious thought than by anything else. It is the false inspiration of everything they ever imagined or wrote, and had they devoted as much time to their accepted starting-principle, as they did to elaborating the conclusions which it suggested, they would have seen that it was not history that needed to be rewritten, but their own misconception of it that should have been revised.

For, clearly, it is impossible to regard history as the *mere* observation of fact by reputable witnesses. There is no fact perceived or observed by man, that is not accompanied by *some* interpretation, spontaneously, immediately. Intellectual, rational elements are present in all that a man observes, as well as elements of sense and physical sight. An inchoative interpretation accompanies the perception of every fact. No man does *all* his thinking, *after* he has done his observing. He does his *reflective* thinking afterwards, it is true, but reflection is only a *prolongation* of the thinking which he did spontaneously, while facts were occurring or being observed. The intellect is no "detached apparatus," and only an *interested* psychology could ever so regard it. "Pure" thought, "pure" feeling, "pure" observation, pure this or pure

that, are abstract inventions, philosophical myths. The mind of man is not a tessellated checkerboard, with one little square for sentiment, another for ideas, and still others for will, desire, and purpose. To say, therefore, that feeling occurs independently of ideas, that intuition goes on without rational apprehension, or that facts and scenes are observed, without *thought* having any part in the process, is to say something so radically at variance with the truth of psychology and the psychology of truth, that any system, built upon such a groundless assumption, totters to its fall, of its own weight.

"Modernism," from top to bottom, is honeycombed with the fallacious spirit of separatism just mentioned. It is built upon the general assumption that ideas express *feelings*, not *objects*, and that they rise out of sentiment, only to fall back again into this their parent sea. Ritschl, Fries, Wette, and Harnack had already advanced this sentimentalist theory, and Sabatier had gaily dressed it up for the popular eye, before Loisy and Tyrrell made it their point of starting, to draw therefrom the conclusion that we are forever in the presence of two unknowables—the Divine and the human. The dogmatic formulas of the Church, they said, afford us no real knowledge of God, even partial. They are symbols of the unknown, which tell us how to act, but reveal not the object of our seeking in the slightest. In fact, revelation is only an *interpretation* of our own religious sentiment, not a *manifestation* of divine truth, made by the Lord of all to the sons of men. How is it that men will persist in drawing consequences from a point of view, without ever submitting to criticism the point from which the view is taken? There are many reasons, of course, but the psychological one seems to be that every evolution of thought is regarded as a real progress, every reaction an advance. The love of the novel is stronger, apparently, than the love of the lasting and the true. And the desire to be abreast of the times has led many to race past truth bruised and battered by the wayside.

Two views more, and we are at the end of our historical survey. The reader will have noticed that Reformation thought has been running steadily in a subjective direction for three hundred years. Philosophy has become idealistic, and realism of whatever sort has had no one until very recently to do it reverence, and then all too poorly and without heart. The reigning system all along has been that of absolute idealism which locates all objects within the Divine mind, and goes so far as to identify the physical universe

with the mind of God Himself. "Nothing is but thinking makes it so." It must be said of this attitude, however, that it still retained the idea of *absolute truth*, even though it denied the independent existence of the physical universe. Beneath change it saw permanency, and in matter, mind. It refused to court the irrational, it would not pin its faith to the fleeting.

This theory of an *absolute mind*, this insistence on an unchanging truth, drew the fire of the pragmatists. It had to go as part of the old régime, and make way for the new era of the *irrational*. Bergson and James proposed in its stead a relative idealism—the doctrine that the world is "mind-in-motion," and that there is nothing absolute anywhere to be found. According to Bergson everything is *thought*—matter itself being nothing else than thought "slowed down" and slackened in its forward paces. The first and most perfect form of reality, he said, is "becoming," "change," "progress," "motion." Any kind of thinking which would introduce repose or rest into the moving reality of the world, mutilates the latter's nature, destroys its character. Consequently, we must regard all speculative ideas as foolhardy attempts to catch perpetual motion at a standstill. Our notions must be as active and as changeful as the stream of reality out of which they bubble forth. Only by keeping them filled with action, like shifting picture-films, may we hope to catch the fleeting truth, and register the push and rush of the world to its flying goal. Action is knowledge, knowledge action, and nothing substantial greets us in the passing procession of events. We think to *act*, we do not think to *know*.

The late Professor James drew his inspiration from the same one-sided founts. He identified knowing with doing, reduced knowledge to a mere matter of personal utility, and criticized all intellectual ideas as barren, lifeless, and uninforming. And he made this criticism appear plausible and effective, by restricting the idea of *vitality* to the sense-powers, instead of allowing it to extend over the whole mind, which is what he should have done, if he consulted truth instead of his own personal preferences. By this expedient of restriction he triumphed, as all sentimentalists do, with the unwary. He analyzed very closely the *content* of religious experience, and the psychological conditions that govern their occurrence. But in doing so he failed to notice that every individual brings *specific ideas* to his religious experiences; and that the differences in these previously acquired ideas are such as to preclude

the possibility of the experiences themselves being regarded as identical in all cases.

This was a serious oversight, for it led him to think that religious ideas came from the experiences, when, as a matter of fact, it is the other way round. This oversight was also responsible for his claiming that religious conversions are all sudden uprushes from the subconscious, with no specific elements in them whatsoever, to distinguish the case of the "holy roller" from that of the Catholic saint. He investigated only the emotional type of conversion for which, as a Protestant, he had an inherited preference. The higher types—the intellectual, namely, and the moral, in which the history of the Catholic Church abounds, he did not take into account at all, when framing his theory, merely noticing them, so to speak, in the preamble as he approached his subject.

Luther's doctrine of faith as a "saving experience," independent of morality, knowledge, and effort—this was for him the glorious essence of religion. Practical utility is the sum and substance of the religious idea in the history of the human spirit. Religion has nothing to do with metaphysics, or with a knowledge of God. Luther and Kant did not do their work thoroughly, he thought, when they allowed any of the "Roman Catholic metaphysics," even a shred of rational truth, to survive. And the Reformation will not be complete, so long as a single "truth of reason" remains unexpelled. The world itself must be made to square with Protestant principles, and be turned into a world of experience only—surcharged with feeling, overflowing with practical opportunity, plastic to the individual's touch, filling all men with its mysterious, irrational, unaccountable urge and driving-power. The anti-intellectualist movement has reached "its lonely peak in Darien." Further, it would seem, it cannot go. The Reformation has ended explicitly just where it implicitly began—in the irrational. Luther, Kant, and James shake hands across the years. The "rational" has been ostracized, "feeling" reigns supreme, Micawber-like we wait for "something new to turn up," we know not what. And this is progress!

Professor James' own words are well worth transcribing in this connection. For a long time he wavered between empiricism and rationalism, the structural and the dynamic theories of the world and life. He found himself in a dilemma. The world is "many" and is "one" at the same time. Which horn of the dilemma should he choose? "I saw," he says, "that I must either

forswear that 'psychology without a soul,' to which my whole psychological and Kantian education had committed me—I must, in short, bring back distinct spiritual agents to know the mental states, now singly and now in combination, in a word, bring back scholasticism and common sense—or else I must squarely confess the solution of the problem impossible, and then either give up my intellectualist logic, the logic of identity, and adopt some higher (or lower) form of rationality, or, finally, face the fact that life is logically irrational."¹ After testing each of the alternatives, Professor James decides in favor of the last—that life is logically, fundamentally irrational. "He hesitates for a long time to accept this appalling alternative," says Professor Kallen, "but under the inspiration of the French Jew, Bergson—who, incidentally must be referred back for the source of his subtle and stupendous (?) vision to James himself—he takes the step."²

We know of nothing more interesting to the student of human thought than this "personal confession" of Professor James. It contains four statements: he finds himself standing at the cross-roads leading to the "one" and to the "many" respectively; he makes his choice, turns to the left, and goes down the latter road; the prejudice of his "psychological and Kantian education," he admits, "had committed him" to this choice; he waves a parting salutation to Hegel, Royce, and Bradley—the last he saw of them, they were going down Unity Avenue at a brisk pace, discussing the "intellectualist" logic of identity, no doubt—as he swung into Variety Street, headed straight for the Dismal Swamp.

Now, we do not blame Professor James a particle for refusing to accompany his confrere, Professor Royce, down the aristocratic avenue of absolute idealism. It is too much to be asked to believe that the road under one's feet, the flowers by the wayside, the dogs that bay a welcome or a warning, the horses that champ the bits of their iron lot, the genial sun overhead, the walking-stick in one's hand, and the "animated dust" that hurries along in the shape of two highly educated human beings, are all one and the same thing fundamentally—a glorious "unity-in-difference," as it is technically called.

Reason deserves all the ill things said of it by Professor James, when thus employed to crowd out the reality of the "many" in the interest of the "one." Or, should we not say, rather, that the

¹*A Pluralistic Universe*, William James, p. 208.

²*Boston Transcript*, Wednesday, June 16, 1909, p. 26, col. 3, par. 2.

philosophers who misuse reason, are alone to blame for having brought it into disrepute? "Intellectualist" logic of the "identity" sort he might well forswear, and be none the worse for having forsworn it, either. It proves too much and, therefore, nothing. It grabs at all things, to grasp no one of them fully in the end. It affords the strange spectacle of a man's reasoning shocking his reason—and scandalizing his "common sense," by the thesis—that the physical world is a world of divine ideas—the very mind of God Himself bared directly to human inspection.

The amount of uncontrolled speculation, like the foregoing, of which philosophers themselves have been guilty, might well justify one's exclaiming: Reason! What crimes have been committed in thy name? A sprightly bit of verse so well and playfully sums up the effect of this over-stretching of reason, that it may be quoted in the course of this sober study, without offence to the literary proprieties, and with no wish to belittle the moderate and controlled kind of intellectualism which we are here defending. It is the abuse of reason, not its use, that stands condemned.

PHIL. B.

A message to me from the Oracle came:
"Wouldst know thyself," said she,
To Radcliffe College at Cambridge go,
And study Philosophy B."

I started in with an open mind,
From previous wisdom free,
And fully expected to answer the Sphinx,
When I'd studied Philosophy B.

From Descartes' clear and distinct idea,
"Je pens-e, donc je suis,"
I learned that I was a consciousness,
When I studied Philosophy B.

Spinoza no individuals found:
"All being is one," quoth he;
So I learned I was nothing if not *à la mode*,
When I studied Philosophy B.

Then Leibnitz came with his doctrine of force,
To make matter and mind agree,
And a windowless monad I called myself,
When I studied Philosophy B.

I was quite complacent till Locke appeared:
 "You're only a blank," said he,
 And I learned I was just an experience,
 When I studied Philosophy B.

Now Berkeley came and politely said
 There was nothing the matter with me;
 So I learned from him I was simply idea,
 When I studied Philosophy B.

But Hume took away my conceit, for he proved
 I could have no identitee:
 A mental modification was I,
 That studied Philosophy B.

I'm glad I've a little dog at home,
 And I trust he will still know me,
 For I don't know who or what I am,
 Since I studied Philosophy B.*

Professor James frankly confesses the prejudicial influence of his Kantian education, and so well he might. He makes the same *separation* between the "empirical" and the "rational" as Kant. He draws the same sharp line of demarcation between the work of "reason," on the one hand, and the work of "sense," on the other, the only new feature which he contributes to Kant's thought being the conception of the categories as "dynamic" and "floating" rather than as "static" and "fixed." But this contribution, so far from removing the original vice of separatism, inherited from Kant, merely makes it more lively and animated—not changing its nature, but brightening its features. The same fideism, that is to say, the same *uncritical reliance* on instinctive belief, is manifest in the psychologist of Cambridge as in the philosopher of Königsberg. And this instinctive belief is pitted against man's scientific or demonstrated knowledge, as if our rational ideas and instinctive notions were the products of two radically different knowing-powers that had no continuity or connection with each other.

Both Kant and James forgot that reason is *empirical* as well as *speculative*, and that the latter function is a continuation of the former, not an independent undertaking. When the *continuity* of reason and sense is recognized, the hollowness of the fideist position in Kant, Loisy, Tyrrell, Ritschl, Sabatier, Harnack, and

*Flora L. Mason, in *The Independent*.

James stands revealed. These men would have us prefer sentiment to conviction, feeling to certainty, in other words, they would have us stop at the beginning of the knowing-process, instead of pursuing it from the imperfect to the perfect and finished stage.

All this contrast, division, and severance, introduced between the "instinctive" and the "rational," was originally created by *religious feeling*, when Kant sought to make philosophy an appendix to pietism—an "*apologia pro vita sua*" that was neither philosophically pure nor purely philosophical. There was, there is nothing in the psychological evidence to lend credence or support to any such antagonistic theory of the human mind, or the objects of its knowledge. Subject and object, the "empirical" and the "rational," the "many" and the "one," come to us in an original synthesis united, not separate. Our perceptions, it is a well-known fact, are of *wholes*, not of *parts*. The first apprehensive act of the mind reveals the presence of objects as concrete individual unities. The parts come distinctly before our notice only when we analyze the wholes, and it often seems to the analyst that their piecing-together is impossible. But we should not forget that, whatever opposition or incompatibility the parts may seem to have *among themselves*, they have none, actually, in the concrete individual or collective wholes to which they belong and in which they are discovered coexistent. The oppositions are all created by abstraction, and melt away when we return to concrete thinking.

What more opposite, for instance, than spirit and matter, subject and object, relation and substance, "external" and "internal"—and yet in this "muddy vesture of decay" which we all put on for a while, we find these so-called "incompatibles" dwelling amicably together. The things that are farthestmost apart in nature are found to be closest in communion. There may be star-dust in our frames and animality in our natures, but there is something more than earth in the dust that God has animated, and something more than time in the vision with which He dimly fills our eyes. One could hardly imagine anything more contradictory and impracticable, in the abstract, than the American form of government. The legislative branch may block the executive, the executive the legislative, and the judiciary in turn may block both. It looks as if all the wheels of government might be stopped. Well, this abstractly impossible government of ours, with its system of mutual checks and balances, has worked admirably in the concrete for nearly a century and a half, and bids fair to continue doing so indefinitely,

notwithstanding the triple incompatibility written into its constitution. *Solvitur ambulando*, as was the ancient reply to the sophist's proof that walking is impossible.

But not only do we know things as individual unities, we know them also as related agencies. Relations are seen, like an electric spark, leaping from object to object, and this little flash of light reveals a connecting bond. We perceive a word in relation to a whole sentence; that noise in the other room as something that has fallen and struck something else; that cry just heard as the voice of a man in straits or of children at their rompings. Everything has its context, its connections, its relative setting; and *fraternity* is as much a mark of the "many" in nature as it is of men. Things differ, but they agree also, and both the fact of agreement and the fact of difference have to be taken into account. We cannot choose either to the exclusion of the other, and remain faithful to the data of experience. We have to accept both facts, under penalty of taking half the truth for the whole, which has been the fashion in philosophy since Kant's time.

Professor James would interrupt us here to say that the world is too complex, too rich, too varied a thing to be grasped as a unity, or to be spread out thin in the form of an abstract idea. He would have us go down Variety Street with him, and admire the "passing show," the "flux of experience," the procession of "mental images"—for the latter was his only world—nature being for him a sort of "mind stuff" that yields to "psychic treatment," and offers itself for refashioning in accord with one's "practical" needs and purposes. Alas! The theory of universal plasticity shows as yet no signs of leaving dreamland for the planet which we inhabit.

We decline the invitation of Professor James to accompany him down Variety Street, where all things met with are *different*, and nothing looks like anything else. Neither shall we go down Unity Avenue with Professor Royce, where all things are so much *alike* that the differences are only apparent—mere surface gleams of the fundamental identity, the rational idea, that envelops them all. The agnosticism of the one and the gnosticism of the other are equally uninviting. Fortunately we are not reduced to the extremity of choosing either of these two roads. Another and a wider way lies open, though philosophers have not frequented it much of late—the avenue of Complete Evidence, the road of Common Reason. In a final study we hope to point it out, and then leave the reader to his own reflections.

ERNEST DOWSON: AN INTERPRETATION.

BY KATHERINE BREGY.

The wisdom of the world said unto me:

"Go forth and run, the race is to the brave;

Perchance some honor tarrieth for thee!"

"As tarrieth," I said, "for sure the grave."

—Dowson: *Sapientia Luna*.



IT is to be doubted if really happy people are ever very thoroughgoing æsthetes. That fine and hungry and never-to-be-gainsaid quest of beauty—the "nostalgia," as Fiona MacLeod called it, "for sweet, impossible things"—at first perhaps an instinct, at the last emphatically a cult, is rather an escape from life as men too commonly know it. It is a protest against and a denial of what we call *realism*. And very happy people, like very healthy people ("comfortable men," in the poet's words), have small sympathy with any such protest. But if the æsthete be not happy himself, he adds none the less to the ultimate happiness of others. More highly sensitized to pain alike and pleasure, he blazes the trail where they shall follow. There is even a sublimated æstheticism discoverable in many of the saints and mystics; in the joyous abandon of St. Francis' *Canticle of the Sun*, or in St. Gertrude offering to her divine Spouse the delight she found in a bunch of luscious grapes *during Lent*!

Whenever life grows a little tight, a little gray, one of two things is imminent—a wave of laxity or a wave of æstheticism. Only the crude mind will confuse these two, in spite of certain superficial resemblances. For as everlasting exemplars, we have the thirteenth century on one side, on the other, the Renaissance; we have the English Restoration period, and for Mid-Victorian England the new discovery of beauty. Ruskin and William Morris had felt passionately the machine-made ugliness around them: then came the young enthusiasts to whom this new awakening meant a crusade! Some followed the Pre-Raphaelites, some the sunflower or the peacock, some the Celtic revival—these men always a little pagan, but often more than a little Catholic as well. Walter Pater

is perhaps the typical protagonist: Lionel Johnson's "unforgettably most gracious friend," who influenced a whole generation of Oxford students, and who left—along with the stimulating if perilous mandate to crowd as many great passions as possible into our fleeting hours—at least two maxims worthy of immortality. The first defines the perfection of culture as "not rebellion but peace." The second bids us, for really great harvesting, "treat life in the spirit of art"—never *vice versa*.

But the march went on beyond Pater. Wilde came, hovering always between the great artist and the great poseur; rising to the summit of even popular acclaim, sinking to the easier abyss of popular obloquy. Arthur Symons was of the band, lover of Renaissance lore, of old streets and gardens, and of the rhythmic ballet. There was Aubrey Beardsley, the delicate bizarre, sensuous, cryptic Beardsley. And of them, too, their friend, their coworker, and more than most their cosufferer, was Ernest Dowson.

He has been scarcely remembered. He was not, as Beardsley was to so amazing a degree, vivid in his exoticism. Child he was, and singer also, of the twilight dusk. In the happier moments, fireflies lighted his way; or he lay dreaming quietly, like his own Pierrot, in the white, subdued radiance of the moon. The waking hours held the real darkness, and theirs were the blacker dreams. It is easy, of course, to strain sentimentalities too far: but for those who know the story well, it is scarcely possible to picture the Dowson of the last decade walking cheerily along a sunlit road at noon-time! And having said that, one has implied all the frailty, the abnormality and aloofness of his sad life; all the exquisite remote grace, the enmity to obvious things, the weariness and pastel perfection of his work in literature.

Ernest Christopher Dowson was gently born and even delicately bred. His great uncle was a man of letters and the friend of literary men—Alfred Domett, for awhile Prime Minister of New Zealand. His father was an amateur of books and an invalid. At the time of Ernest's birth, the second of August, 1867, the family was living in Kent; but much of the boy's youth was spent in Italy and France, because of the perpetual mandate by which his father was "ordered south." Hence it happened that Ernest grew up in beautiful, semi-tropical countries; in particular strips of country where there was much leisure, much interest in all expressions of sensuous loveliness, and a certain forced detachment from humdrum workaday life. He read much and studied desultorily. He was

familiar with his classics, and—of course!—with the modern French school of Beaudelaire and Verlaine. It would seem that the only “regular” period of Dowson’s education was the few years spent at Queen’s College, Oxford; and even this regularity was not without detours into the hectic youthful world of hashish, day-dreams and nocturnal revellings. Dowson left Oxford without taking his degree (he was then but twenty years old), and divided the remaining twelve and a half years of his life between London and his “*cher pays de la France*.” The fragmentary facts of this later career we owe mainly to the pen of Mr. Arthur Symonds, whose little intimate memoir (written shortly after his friend’s death) is still by all odds the best analysis of the poet’s genius and personality. “I cannot remember my first meeting with Ernest Dowson,” he tells us. “It may have been in 1891, at one of the meetings of the Rhymers’ Club, in an upper room of the ‘Cheshire Cheese,’ where long clay pipes lay in slim heaps on the wooden tables, between tankards of ale; and young poets, then very young, recited their own verses to one another with a desperate and ineffectual attempt to get into key with the Latin Quarter.” Ernest, who had “enjoyed the real thing so much in Paris,” did not, apparently, frequent many of these amiable hothouse conferences; but to the first published volume of this Rhymers’ Club, he contributed poems notable even among such notable companions as Lionel Johnson’s lines upon *King Charles’ Statue at Charing Cross*. One of Dowson’s most powerful and perfect lyrics, the *Cynara* lament, appeared that same early year (1891) in another exotic publication, the *Century Guild Hobby Horse*. He has left nothing more finished nor more arresting than this youthful creation; the posthumous poems are only less fresh, scarcely ever more mature, in their artistry. His was a genius which knew little development: like many another highly concentrated personality, it would seem to have sprung to birth fully armed and caparisoned. All his decisions were reached early—not one of his sentiments was outgrown. Indeed, there was a curious integrity in that simple yet sophisticated nature. One cannot conceive of him as a really innocent child nor as a really experienced man, but always as the youth—stung by exquisite dreams, hand-tied in the grip of sordid and insistent realities.

Shortly after leaving Oxford, Ernest Dowson was received into the Church. It was a step which could have surprised very few of his circle. Not at the height of the Oxford Movement was Rome more regnant over poetic England than during those curious

early 90's. Patmore, Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell—London still held these. From Oxford came the young group which had grown up about Pater: Lionel Johnson, who was received in 1891; and Beardsley, who accepted the sublime convention of Catholicity just as he was beginning, in his art, to accept the "convention of nature," all too close to his death in 1898.

The artistic side of the Church was, indeed, much the vogue amongst these young Oxonian æsthetes. They were intoxicated with incense: even those who did not take Catholicity to their hearts, toyed with her—and got themselves most delightfully satirized in Lionel Johnson's *Cultured Faun*. But this is not to imply that Dowson toyed. It is the unique agreement of all who knew him that he was never insincere; that through a thousand seeming contradictions he maintained a delicate permanence and unity of spirit. Not that he claimed—frail, sweet-tongued vagrant of the Breton coast and London streets!—to live a consistently Catholic life. Ernest Dowson made no humblest pretence at consistency in anything; and that, perhaps, is why no sensible person could accuse him of contradicting himself. But to his striving, stumbling pilgrimage, Faith was, none the less, the candle set upon a hill.

He had, too, his little love story: a story of what Mr. Symons has called "the most exquisite and appropriate impossibility;" not the less fatal and final because it was sketched in pastel colors. The girl was of French extraction, the daughter of a poor but not ill-born *émigré* who had set up a restaurant in some out of the way corner of London. Dowson dined there every evening; after dinner he had his game of cards with *mademoiselle*, while *madame la mère* sat by. They were the only happy hours, it would seem, in the brief tragedy of his later life: wistful, half-silent hours distributed over some two years. *Eh bien*—this little ideal romance of the shy modern Dante did not appeal to the thrifty French mother! So one day *mademoiselle* became in her own turn *madame*: a marriage had been arranged between Dowson's Beatrice and the waiter at her father's restaurant. Ernest did not rant. He did not fight for the joy he had never really considered his own. He seems to have expected, from the very first, that it would be taken away from him. Only, he plunged more deeply into that strange, bitter sea of dissipation which had already become his sea of forgetfulness. But the seal of that early, unfulfilled love was upon his life and upon his verse sacramentally, for better, for worse.

Mademoiselle (let us forget, if we can, the *mariage de convenance*!) was set up like a Virgin above his altar forevermore. Very gently, very reverently, he wrote of her:

I would not alter thy cold eyes
 With trouble of the human heart:
 Within their glance my spirit lies,
 A frozen thing, alone, apart;
 I would not alter thy cold eyes.

And in a still more exquisite poem, *Amor Umbratilis*, the renouncement goes a step further:

I have no songs to sing,
 That you should heed or know:
 I have no lilies, in full hands, to fling
 Across the path you go.

* * *

I watch you pass and pass,
 Serene and cold: I lay
 My lips upon your trodden, daisied grass,
 And turn my life away.
 Yea, for I cast you, sweet!
 This one gift you shall take:
 Like ointment, on your unobservant feet,
My silence, for your sake.

It was an early poem, quietly sung; but of the quietness which survives many tempests. Later, in *Impenitentia Ultima*, there flamed a different mood of love—since love, surely, has many moods, and may be fierce or fine or tender with equal truth. Here we have Dowson's challenge to fate and time and death and change, his ultimatum to Almighty God Himself—all the more arresting because the poet dealt so little in ultimates or challenges. The "virilists" have pronounced him, with small mincing of words, a weakling; well, it is not weak to ask one grand passion of life, and then to pay the price. It may be foolish and it may be futile, but it is not weak! Let the stanzas sing for themselves:

Before my light goes out forever, if God should give me a choice of
graces,

I would not reck of length of days, nor crave for things to be;
But cry: "One day of the great lost days, one face of all the faces,
Grant me to see and touch once more and nothing more to see.

* * * *

"But once before the sand is run and the silver thread is broken,
Give me a grace and cast aside the veil of dolorous years,
Grant me one hour of all mine hours, and let me see for a token
Her pure and pitiful eyes shine out and bathe her feet with tears."

Her pitiful hands should calm, and her hair stream down and blind me,
Out of the sight of night, and out of the reach of fear,
And her eyes should be my light whilst the sun went out behind me,
And the viols in her voice be the last sound in my ear.

Before the ruining waters fall and my life be carried under,
And thine anger cleave me through as a child cuts down a flower,
I will praise Thee, Lord, in hell, while my limbs are racked asunder,
For the last sad sight of her face and the little grace of an hour.

One more love poem, this time a profession of faith, and we are done for the present. The publication of *De Amore* did not come until after Dowson's death, but all that was best, highest, most steadfast in his soul soared into it. It would not be true (although it would be easy!) to picture Ernest Dowson as a poet of one single emotion: that is never quite true of any poet. But one would not go far amiss in remembering him as the poet of a single, vitalizing passion. Driven by that wind alone, his fragile sail made boldly across the unplumbed sea. Now the touchstone of all love lies, obviously, in the things we count "well lost" for it—in the number of years which seem as one year when we are serving it. Suffering, *cheerfully* borne, is the ultimate test of artist, lover and saint alike. The poet we have been considering had his sincerely spiritual moments, and he wrote of them with a sad and reverent conviction. He had also, it would seem, his sincerely carnal moments; but when he wrote of these, it was with a forced gaiety that is without conviction. But it is notable that in only one poem has he accepted loss high-heartedly, and acknowledged the ministry of pain. And for this reason, *De Amore* registers the high watermark of his passionate inspiration. It is a praise of love unfulfilled, unreturned, uncrowned by all "the certain peace which happier lovers know." It sings, almost, as a Middle Age

troubadour might have sung, the pride of the servitor who asks no guerdon in the Court of Love:

Grows not the world to him a fairer place,
 How far soever his days
 Pass from his lady's ways,
 From mere encounter with her golden face?
 * * * *

Is she not still a star,
 Deeply to be desired, worshipped afar,
 A beacon-light to aid
 From bitter-sweet delights, Love's masquerade?
 Though he lose many things,
 Though much he miss:
 The heart upon his heart, the hand that clings,
 The memorable first kiss;
 Love that is love at all,
 Needs not an earthly coronal;
 Love is himself his own exceeding great reward,
 A mighty lord!
 Lord over Life and all the ways of breath,
 Mighty and strong to save
 From the devouring grave;
 Yea, whose dominion doth out-tyrant death,
 Thou who art life and death in one,
 The night, the sun;
 Who art, when all things seem:
 Foiled, frustrate and forlorn, rejected of to-day,
 Go with me all my way,
 And let me not blaspheme.

There had been his moments of blasphemy—his turnings aside, often enough, to bitter-sweet delights. Indeed, it spells folly and the obscuring of values to deny the degradation of our poet's final years. He was drinking almost to madness. He haunted the docks and market places, alternately quarrelling and consorting with strangely squalid bedfellows. He fled, it would seem, from all the delicate ideals which had failed him or which he had failed. Having broken his viol in the midst, he took solace in discord. There was never any "half world" for Ernest Dowson: there was only Elysium—and the underworld! Even in his dear Gallic lands, where vice itself has learned to go daintily vested, he would have none of its daintiness. So it came about that an exquisite

poet died at the cottage of a bricklayer in the impossible suburb of Catford. He had been talking feverishly to the one friend whose care and charity had followed him. All night he had talked, of the future, of new beginnings. Then came the tell-tale cough, and the sudden swoon which ended his struggle. It was upon the twenty-third of February, 1900, that Ernest Dowson passed to the judgment seat of God, Who was his Father. Four days later the Church whom he had not failed to claim for Mother, laid the broken body in consecrated ground, and followed the bruised soul with her pitiful, asperging prayers.

So much for the eternal mercy. But in the eternal justice of things, Dowson must go down to history as a literary decadent. Never as a literary degenerate—that would be a cruel and false arraignment! Decadent art is not yet corrupt or corrupting. It is a tired art, pale or feverish: too tired to work its fine dreams into any approach toward a fine reality; too tired to fight, to reconcile inconsistencies, to pierce through the obvious smoke of conflict that it may, in Francis Thompson's fine words, "see and restore the Divine idea of things." But none the less, it has its moods of beauty. If it be art at all, it captures something of the multitudinous vision and experience of man! In Ernest Dowson's work the memorable moods, the moods most perfectly and poignantly expressed, are *delicacy* and *disenchantment*. They are not the robust or heroic virtues of literature: none the less we take them for such as they are. There was an almost infinite delicacy in Dowson's viewpoint and in his simple yet subtle craftsmanship: a sympathetic delight in all delicate things—in clouds, and childhood, and the white hands of women; in the whimsical Pierrot, and the silent peace of old churches huddling close upon some crowded street. Often he chose quaint French forms for the expression of these aloof beauties: a villanelle of sunset, a rondeau to Manon, a refrain of love or sorrow or farewell. Not one of his contemporaries (not even the delectable Austin Dobson!) knew better how to use the airy and archaic beauty of these delicate verse forms. But where Dobson used them for blitheness, the younger, sadder Dowson made them serve a haunting and persistent melancholy. It is the saving grace of the poet's sometimes morbid outlook, of his often excessive sense of tragedy, that he never tore a passion to tatters. What shall one point to in its kind more gracious, more eloquent of suggested, unspoken things, than the lines *Ad Domnulam Suam*, beginning:

Little lady of my heart!
 Just a little longer
 Love me: we will pass and part
 Ere this love grow stronger.

Then there is the fine restraint of his *Valediction*:

If we must part,
 Then let it be like this;
 Not heart on heart,
 Nor with the useless anguish of a kiss;
 But touch mine hand and say:
Until to-morrow or some other day,
If we must part!

Perhaps the most deliciously delicate of all is the little fantastic comedy published in 1897, *The Pierrot of the Minute*. It is like nothing so much as a white butterfly in the gardens of Versailles; always supposing that butterflies sojourning in the neighborhood of the Trianons should flutter to the music of a gently whimsical irony, as well as a gently whimsical tenderness!

As for the poems of disenchantment, their name is legion. Here also delicacy prevails, but it is the ominous autumnal delicacy of fair things nearing death. Scarcely half a score of times do the verses reach the sinister power of *Bedlam*; only once or twice does their hopelessness quite darken the sun. For the most part they are the songs of a heartsick boy,

Not sorrowful, but only tired
 Of everything that ever he desired!

He is tired of love and of life, since he has rubbed the freshness from both of these; tired of beauty and of work; tired of body and of spirit, and of all the brave things he has abused. There was never anything more insidiously weary than these complaints of Ernest Dowson. They weigh us down with their suffocating sense of dissolution. The pages teem with requiems, vespersals, farewells, and salutations to "death, the host of all our golden dreams." Edgar Poe, also, had this preoccupation with the Valley of the Shadow; a preoccupation which may fairly be described as one hallmark of the decadent genius. There is, indeed, something in Dowson's poetry and more in his prose to suggest the work of Poe. In both the French influence predominated; but Dowson's touch was more refined because more restrained. The prose sketches, which he himself loved better than his poems, could be gathered

easily into a single volume no stouter than the single volume of his collected verse. A few of the best were first published in the beautiful adventure of the *Savoy Magazine*—others in a book called *Dilemmas*—while with Mr. Arthur Moore he shared responsibility for two novels. The stories themselves are slight things, exquisitely observed, deeply meditated, sometimes witty and always fastidious in their expression. Often, as in *Eyes of Pride* or *Countess Marie of the Angels*, they tell a little sophisticated love story—always ending unhappily. Or else, as in that extraordinary prose-poem, *The Visit*, and the better-known *Dying of Francis Donne*, they are, like many of the poems, studies in death. There is no denying their haunting quality; they smell of the grave; but—terrible as they are—they stop short of the horror of Poe's post-mortem colloquies. One almost forgives the morbidness of the theme throughout *Francis Donne*, for the delicate artistry and realism of its closing pages:

He opened his eyes, and seemed to discern a few blurred figures against the darkness of the closed shutters through which one broad ray filtered in; but he could not distinguish their faces, and he closed his eyes once more. An immense and ineffable tiredness had come over him, but the pain—oh, miracle! had ceased. And it suddenly flashed over him that this—*this* was Death; this was the thing against which he had cried and revolted. this utter luxury of physical exhaustion, this calm, this release. The corporal capacity of smiling had passed from him, but he would fain have smiled.

And for a few moments of singular mental lucidity, all his life flashed before him in a new relief: his childhood, his adolescence, the people whom he had known; his mother, who had died when he was a boy. the friend of his youth who had shot himself for so little reason; the girl whom he had loved, but who had not loved him. All that was distorted in life was adjusted and justified in the light of his sudden knowledge. *Beati mortui*. and then the great tiredness swept over him once more, and a fainter consciousness, in which he could yet just dimly hear, as in a dream, the sound of Latin prayers, and feel the application of the oils upon all the issues and approaches of his wearied sense; then utter unconsciousness, while pulse and heart gradually grew fainter until both ceased. And that was all.¹

So much for the "æsthetic" treatment of physical death. It could scarcely be better done—albeit we may think what we

¹ Reprinted in the *Bibelot* of March, 1912. Mosher. Portland, Maine.

like about the utility of doing it at all. Personally, we may have an entirely vulgar *penchant* for life and laughter and God's sunshine. That is beside the point! Moreover, the poet, has forestalled any such banal criticism. He was French not only in form, but in the logic and sequence of his thought. The remote, Horatian melancholy of his early work deepened as time wore on, until, upon the last page of his posthumous *Decorations*, we meet one of the bitterest cries in modern literature. It is a terrible arraignment of decadent art and life, the self-arraignment less of a man than of a school.

We cannot understand
Laughter or tears, for we have only known
Surpassing vanity,

muses the poet; and then, with sudden anguish,

Twine our torn hands! O pray the earth enfold
Our life-sick hearts and turn them into dust!

Such words out-preach the preacher and leave the moralist dumb. Surely, for such as Dowson, life is become its own exceeding great regret!

But after all, there is no defiance, very little *diablerie* in all this disenchantment. It was less a conviction than a sentiment with Ernest Dowson: the sentiment of a tired boy, a rejected lover, a runner who had lost the race. Perhaps its chief evil is that it vitiates the rest of his work. Critics (severe critics who are fond of checker-board definitions!) insist upon asking whether the devotional strain, also, were less a conviction than a sentiment? Doubtless, it was both—nothing in human nature being quite so simple as the checker-board philosophers would pretend. There is, in truth, the best of all reasons for believing in the sincerity of Dowson's religious poems. They express exactly the sort of religious emotion most native to what we (none too kindly) call inefficient people. *Lord, I believe—help thou mine unbelief!* That is the one prayer open to no charge of hypocrisy; and it is the cry which trembles upon our poet's lips when he kneels for Benediction before the altar "dressed like a bride, illustrious with light," or sings the praises of Carmel, or kisses (as Villon might have kissed!) the habit of the austere Carthusian. To each poet his own sacrament! To Patmore the mystic chant of Bride and Bridegroom—to Francis Thompson the pageant of the sun-bright Eucharist—but to Dowson,

meetly enough! the sacrament of death and the dying, Extreme Unction. His song of it should be better remembered by Catholic anthologists: there is scarcely another page of his work more simply dramatic in its appeal. Yet even higher is the strain throughout *Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration*—a thing of almost sculptural beauty, which, if it had not come to us from the hand of Ernest Dowson, we should perhaps have attributed to the convert-poet whose life ran so strangely parallel, that rare scholar and fine dreamer, Lionel Johnson:

Calm, sad, secure; behind high convent walls,
 These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray:
 And it is one with them when evening falls,
 And one with them the cold return of day.
 These heed not time; their nights and days they make
 Into a long returning rosary,
 Whereon their lives are threaded for Christ's sake;
 Meekness and vigilance and chastity.

* * * *

They saw the glory of the world displayed;
 They saw the bitter of it and the sweet;
 They knew the roses of the world should fade,
 And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

Therefore they rather put away desire,
 And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary,
 And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire,
 Because their comeliness was vanity.

* * * *

Calm, sad, secure; with faces worn and mild;
 Surely their choice of vigil is the best?
 Yea! for our roses fade, the world is wild;
 But there, beside the altar, there, is rest.

By his friends, Dowson is said to have been the most reticent of men. His readers will scarcely find him so. It is true he was of those to whom the part is more than the whole—manifestly because the *part* can be seen with reasonable perfectness. It is true also that, knowing too well the riot of the unharnessed will, the realism of crude and ugly facts, he never for one moment permitted these to obtrude upon his work. He was all an æsthete in the fastidious choice of his material. But how inalienably his own were the very delicacy, weariness, disenchantment we have found throughout his work: the paucity and perfection of it technically; and

spiritually, the quivering hunger after purity and peace! Falling himself unnumbered times, Dowson never quite forgot the steadfast mountain tops. If he could have forgotten, indeed, the loss would have been greater, but the heartbreak might have been less. We have spoken of him as the poet of a single passion—the passion of his hopeless love. But having the grace to be a poet, he transmuted this love into a symbol of all remote and inaccessible loveliness: of the Ideal which changes not (albeit *we* change!), of the spirit which *is* “when all things seem.” And then, with that blending of vehement self-revelation and baffling aloofness common to the artist of every age, he wrapped his symbol in the classic robe of *Cynara*. And at the feet of *Cynara*, thinking not at all of men’s judgment, the young poet who was never to grow old laid that one surpassing lyric gift for which men have thanked and consented to remember him:

Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonæ Sub Regno Cynaræ.

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
 There fell thy shadow, *Cynara*! thy breath was shed
 Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
 And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
 Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head;
 I have been faithful to thee, *Cynara*! in my fashion.

* * * *

I have forgot much, *Cynara*! gone with the wind,
 Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
 Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
 But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
 Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
 I have been faithful to thee, *Cynara*! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
 But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
 Then falls thy shadow, *Cynara*! the night is thine;
 And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
 Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
 I have been faithful to thee, *Cynara*! in my fashion.

If that tragic thing had not come from Ernest Dowson’s hand, one feels instinctively that neither Johnson nor any other could have given it to the world. What if there should be gathered into those brief stanzas the faith, the wistfulness, the insufficiency of a whole life?

PROTESTANTISM IN CUBA.

BY RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER, O.S.A.



It is now about fifteen years since the United States Senate adopted the Platt Amendment, which gave to Cuba her status as a nation, and guaranteed to her independence even against herself. Since that time Cuba, as a nation, has been the theatre and the subject of an experiment which is unique in the religious life and activities of the modern world. This experiment will furnish the answer to a question which many men have asked, but which has gone unanswered, because the conditions for the proper and fair working out of the answer have never been fulfilled. The question broadly is this: could Protestantism as a whole, or any of its bodies, given an absolutely free hand and favorable conditions, accomplish the proselytism of a nation which is even nominally Catholic?

To prove that the Cuban experiment is a definite and conclusive test of the power of Protestantism in this direction, it is necessary to establish three things: First, that a determined and systematic effort has been made and sustained by the various Protestant missionary organizations; second, that the Catholic Church has not been in a position to offer any hindrance, official or of any kind whatever, to the Protestant campaign; third, that outside conditions have been favorable to the side of Protestantism. These three essentials have been at hand in Cuba to a very marked degree.

Before the Spanish-American War was fairly over, and long before it was thought that Cuba would be independent, Protestant missionaries, men and women, came flocking into Cuba, literally by the hundred. They were well equipped. They were good men and women, zealous for the work. They were supported by the enthusiasm and the money of powerful mission societies. They knew that their work would not be sporadic. Knowing the resources that were behind them, they knew that whatever they did could be done with a view to permanence. They had every incentive and encouragement, both as individuals and as members of appreciative Church organizations, to do and to show the very best work that was possible for them.

Before the end of the year 1900 every considerable village in Cuba had at least one Protestant minister—*cura Americano*, as the Cubans call them—with, generally, two or three women auxiliaries. They were furnished with money either to build churches or to hire or buy suitable halls, which could be made to serve very well as churches. They received good salaries from their mission societies, and were able to live creditably without asking any money from the Cubans to whom they preached. Now this ability to build churches out of hand, to invest and to spend money, to make, in fact, a showing of opulence and power, does not appear among the apostolic requirements of missionaries. The injunction, "Taking neither script nor staff," would seem to discountenance it. But there were peculiar conditions in the case of Cuba and the Cuban people, which made this show of wealth and financial strength much more important and effective than would be thought.

During the last seventy years of the nineteenth century, that is, loosely covering the period of political unrest in Cuba, there had not been a single important Catholic Church founded in the country. Hardly any were built at all, and very few even repaired to any extent. Men went through life and died without ever hearing of a church being built. Cubans did not think it was being done any more. The Spanish government during those years, always with an incipient revolution at its elbow, had no money to spend on churches.

Again, the ideas and the habits of thought of the Cuban people are essentially Spanish. Under the frothy talk of nationalism and devotion to the Republic, the mass of the white people of Cuba is thinking just what the mass of the people of Spain is thinking and has been thinking for the last three hundred years. How many people in Spain ever saw a Protestant? From the pulpit the Spaniard perhaps sometimes heard of Protestantism, but it really had no meaning to him. He had never seen. Nor had he ever talked with a man of his own kind who had seen. It is a fact that the average Spanish peasant or villager—the kind that comes to Cuba—has a far livelier idea of the power of Mohammedanism in Morocco than he has of the Protestant peoples. He has seen men who were shot by Mohammedans—he believes in that. Now, to the Cuban, with his mind thus set, the spectacle of Protestantism, in the existence of which he had only vaguely believed, suddenly appearing at his side with money and power, and doing things that the Catholic Church had been unable to do

within the memory of man, was, to say the least, impressive and disturbing to his conceptions.

I have gone to this length to show that, whatever we may think of the spiritual or Scriptural aspect of such a missionary campaign, the fact remains: The effort of Protestantism to proselytize Cuba was a serious and a powerful one, one well calculated to command the respect and attention of the Cubans.

The main body of the missionary work in Cuba has been done by the four leading Protestant organizations: Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists. The first of these has spent one hundred thousand dollars yearly in Cuba for salaries and running expenses since the year 1900. This does not include real estate purchased or buildings erected, which items are carried as investments. The figures for the three other organizations are not available directly, for the reason that their bookkeeping is divided among the several auxiliary societies working sometimes with, and sometimes independently of, each parent body. These figures often overlap each other, or are returned as general mission expenses, so that only expert accounting could determine just what money has actually been spent in Cuba each year by each body. This, however, may be set down. The three other organizations do not pay as large individual salaries as do the Episcopalians, nor are their properties so costly in maintenance; but they each have larger numbers of workers. Remembering that there are many other Protestant organizations in Cuba, spending more or less money; and that many individual Protestants living in Cuba are giving their time and money to private missionary work, it is well below the truth to say that four hundred thousand dollars are being spent annually for the conversion of Cuba.

Turning to the reports of the *Audencia* (Comptroller's Office) of the Spanish colonial government, we find that for the years 1860 to 1895 the average yearly appropriation for the salaries and maintenance of the parishes and pastors of Cuba, falls just a little short of one hundred and ninety thousand Spanish dollars. This sum was appropriated. How much of it really reached the parishes or the priests is problematical. However, that sum served for the upkeep of the men and the churches that ministered to all Cuba. And it was considered enormous and oppressive. In fact, that very tax is one of the stock arguments of the Protestant preachers in Cuba. Figures, however, despite the axiom to the contrary, do sometimes lie. Comparisons by statistics are often no comparisons at all.

These figures are brought in to show the one fact—that Protestantism has made a determined, systematic, and sustained effort to proselytize Cuba.

The Catholic Church has been in no position, official or influential, to hinder in any way the programme of Protestantism in Cuba. Since 1898 it has had no more to do with the government of Cuba, or any part of that government, than have, for instance, the Seventh-day Adventists. The American military government found the Catholic Church in Cuba without, practically, any visible means of support, except the personal *jura stolæ* of the parish priests. The stipends which had been paid by the Spanish government to the parishes, were founded on the fact that that government had from time to time confiscated the properties which individuals had left to the various parish churches. The fact that those stipends were paid at all, was an admission by the Spanish government that it had taken private property, and stood under a legal obligation to make a definite return to the churches. By the Treaty of Paris the government of the United States, as guardian for the not yet existing government of Cuba, assumed that obligation. In other words, the United States took up the debt of Spain, and agreed to see that it was settled, for whatever it would be necessary to pay.

The burden of proof thus devolved upon the Catholic Church to show its titles and the values of property acquired during a period extending back over three hundred years. In many cases the deeds had been lost or had actually perished of age. To anyone who has ever attempted to follow a deed through the fog of legal Spanish phrase, the only wonder is that the Church was able to prove title to any of its properties. In the end the government offered the Church a lump sum of money in release of all claims. This sum was not quite equivalent to the value of one single piece of property which the Church had held on the Havana water front. The interest on this sum, when it finally became available, was used for the seminary, and for the support of such priests as were positively indigent. The point is this, the Catholic Church had no money, no resources, with which to meet the money and the showing of the Protestants. In these fifteen years one very small Catholic church has been built, and three others have been repaired; this by private subscriptions.

The Church had no influence, direct or indirect, by the use of which it could in any way hamper the work of Protestantism. The military and civil governors of Cuba during the first American oc-

cupation were American Protestants. This does not mean that they took any active part in the campaign to Protestantize Cuba. But they certainly were not Catholics. They were, with one exception, fair in their dealings with the Catholic Church, just as they were fair with the English-owned railroads and the Spanish-owned tobacco companies. Even General Brooks, the exception, in establishing civil marriages by magistrates and marriages of Cuban Catholics by American Protestant ministers, was acting fairly, according to his point of view. *But his was a Protestant point of view.* His action, in itself, implied a reproach and a rebuke to the Catholic Church, whether or not it was so intended. And the demand for that action came not from the Cuban people who were affected, but from the agitation and clamor of Protestant workers, who had no proper interest whatever in the matter. Certainly, under an American—and practically Protestant—administration, the Catholic Church could do nothing to block the way of Protestant progress.

There have been two Cuban administrations before the present one. The first President of Cuba, Estrada Palma, was a Protestant schoolmaster. He was chosen for the nomination primarily because, being an Americanized Cuban and a Protestant, it was thought that he would be backed and supported by the influence of the American government. He did receive the whole-hearted support of the government until, in the beginning of his second term as President, it was found that he was negotiating, through Sir Lionel Carden, whose activities we have recently experienced in Mexico, for the transfer of a large part of the Havana water front to an English railroad corporation. Then the American government "allowed" Estrada Palma to be deposed by the revolution of August, 1906, and there came another period of American occupation of Cuba.

That second American occupation worked powerfully in favor of Protestantism in Cuba. For, when men saw the downfall of the first Cuban republic, they said: This is the end; the American flag and forces will never leave now; Cuba is an American colony, it will never be anything else. The future of Cuba seemed to be settled definitely. Cubans and Americans in Cuba, alike, believed that Cuba would inevitably become an American state. As Cuba should become more and more American, the influence and the prestige of Protestantism in Cuba would automatically work up to the level and the proportion which it holds

in the United States. The Catholic Church was powerless to help or hinder this development.

These calculations were, it is true, upset by President Roosevelt's action in establishing the second Cuban republic. But the Gomez administration which was set up, was composed of groups of men who were not likely to favor in any way the Catholic Church. The most active of them were frankly unreligious or anti-religious. Several times during the years of that administration, bills were brought up in the Cuban Congress which were aimed inimically at the Catholic Church. And those bills were only dropped upon the friendly advice of the American Minister, that the United States would disapprove, as a matter of sensible politics, any action unfriendly to the Catholic Church. That the Church has never in all these years been able to offer any hampering opposition to the spread of Protestantism in Cuba, is more than proven by the facts. That the circumstances of the situation have not only not been adverse to the work of Protestantism, but have even been directly favorable to it, is patent from the most cursory view of the matter.

The United States came into Cuba as the saviour of the Cuban people and the guarantor of their liberties. The political changes in Cuba consequent upon the Spanish-American War, meant very little to the average Cuban, compared to the economic changes which he foresaw. And it was easy to believe that social changes would be even greater, and more sweeping. To the usual Cuban planter or trader, the American occupation of Cuba in a political sense really meant very little. All his life he had been hearing hectic words of patriotism, but the examples that he had seen had only taught him to bury his money, and pray for the coming of any power strong and intelligent enough really to rule Cuba, and allow him to go about his business unmolested.

But in the case of economic changes it was different. He saw that the whole course of trade would be turned toward the United States. Business to an ever-increasing extent would have to be done in the English language. He must learn the language himself, or, if he were too old, at least he must see to it that his sons had American business training. They must go North to school or college. He found that there were four or five Protestant schools in the United States to every one Catholic school. He found that the State universities and agricultural colleges, particularly of our Southern States—which were nearest him and generally

the least expensive—were, in effect, Protestant schools. Cuban boys did not go to Protestant schools because they were Protestant schools. But they *did* go by the thousand to Protestant schools. Protestantism had its opportunity with those boys. Those boys, as a fact, returned to Cuba without any religion whatever. But the circumstance that they went in large numbers to Protestant schools, should have worked to the advantage of the spread of Protestantism in Cuba.

Again, the Cuban could not believe, and does not to-day believe, that the money of the missions in Cuba comes from voluntary private subscription. That would be a thing entirely outside of his experience. From the beginning he was convinced that the American government supported those missions. And that conviction gave to the missions a prestige which they could not otherwise have obtained in Cuba.

The American people who have settled in Cuba have been largely from the Southern States. The proportion of Catholics among them is of course very small. The average Cuban, especially outside the city of Havana, believes that all Americans are Protestants. And he believes that if Cuba is to be American it is also to be Protestant. Protestantism, too, has been powerfully aided in its Cuban campaign by the numbers of school teachers who have at various times been engaged in the public school work of the country. Just how it should have happened that a very large proportion of the teachers appointed by the Cuban department of education, especially in the early years when that department was under American army officers, should have been at the same time active Protestant mission workers is not easy to explain. Their work was very valuable to the Protestant cause, for they reached children and families with whom the avowed workers would not ordinarily have come into contact. Every single circumstance of the whole American invasion of Cuba has been favorable to Protestantism. There is not a solitary fact or condition in the whole situation of which Protestants could complain. Nor is there an excuse to which they could point to discount a failure.

Is it unfair to speak of failure, when only the half of a generation has passed since the beginning of the Protestant experiment in Cuba? To say that because Protestantism has made no definite progress in Cuba in fifteen years it will, therefore, never make any progress, is too much. But to say that after fifteen years of the fairest and most favorable trial, Protestantism is to-day in Cuba just

where it began, is to state a simple, bald fact. There were no Cuban Protestants then. There are none now.

After all the years of powerful effort, after all the expenditure of money and enthusiasm, there is not to-day a single established Protestant congregation of Cubans. There are those who go with some regularity to the Protestant meetings, for one reason or another. And there are those who go for no reason at all. And of course advertising and music will gather audiences anywhere. But even those who go with some regularity to the Protestant services, do not, as a rule, fail to have their children baptized in the Catholic Church. When these people come with their children to the parish priest, and he happens to know that they are in the habit of going to the Protestant churches, he usually finds himself with a small-sized riot on his hands. He tells them that they are not Catholics, and that since they show no indications that they will bring up the children Catholics, he cannot baptize them. But long before he has reached the end, they are protesting to high heaven. Are they not Catholics! Were they not born Catholics! Were not their fathers before them Catholics! What if they do go to the American priests (*curas Americanos*)—is it not all one? Have they not their saints there and the Virgin? And one must confess that it is just a little misleading to see a disciple of John Knox giving out May devotions to the Blessed Virgin, or to hear a Methodist preacher praying to St. Joseph. When, however, the priest asks those people why they do not bring the children to the ministers for baptism, their only answer is a Latin shrug. They do not know how to express the real answer, which is almost an innate knowledge with all Latin peoples, that, whatever they may get from Protestantism or from anything else, the Catholic Church really holds them eternally in birth and life and death. They will never learn to look elsewhere for the vital things.

That Protestantism is failing in Cuba is attested by two widely-separated facts. First, there are to-day thirty per cent less missions and fifty per cent less workers than there were six years ago. Second, the whole attitude of the missions and the preaching has undergone a complete and radical change. All over the island men and women workers are giving up the struggle and coming home. There is no future in sight for the work. The mission societies also at home are becoming wearied of the constant strain. For years they have been giving glowing and wonderful promises of the things to be done in Cuba, and these promises are overdue.

In the beginning the missionaries preached aggressively against the Church, its idolatry, its fostering of the superstition of the people. In this they were good and logical Protestants. But to-day they are falling back, for attractions, upon the very things they so bitterly condemned in the beginning. They crown statues in their churches, observe the feast days of the Church, and where formerly they went to all lengths to emphasize and mark the difference between Protestantism and Catholicity, they now assume every robe to hide those differences. It is a confession of failure which cannot bring respect. Cuba seems, then, to answer the question set forth in the beginning of this article. Protestantism had in Cuba an opportunity which probably it will never again have in this world. It has not been able to rise to it. It found there a people willing enough to listen to it. It found the Catholic Church in a state of helplessness, crippled by seventy years of revolutionary unrest. It rode the very crest of the wave of American progression. It was assisted by every possible circumstance. And in fifteen years it has nothing to which it can point as accomplished by the power and spiritual strength of Protestantism.

O'LOGHLIN OF CLARE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

VI.



AFTER breakfast the next morning MacDonogh took horse, and rode off to spend the day recruiting for the Irish Brigade under Lord Clare, who at that time maintained a standing regiment of sixteen hundred men at Paris, ready for active foreign service when required. When he had gone O'Loghlin called his daughter into the library, and read to her the kind letter of Mrs. Delany, to which he had only alluded the evening before.

"MacDonogh, though a brave and true fellow, is a bit of a bigot," he said smiling, "and we need not discuss everything in his presence."

DEAR MR. O'LOGHLIN [said the letter]: I have heard that your daughter has returned from school, and it seems to me that the County Clare will be rather a sad place for a young girl at present. Will you lend her to me for a few weeks, during which I may try to give her a little pleasure and amusement? You know me well enough to trust that I will take every care of her, and will shield her from all annoyance on the burning subject of religion. Indeed, intolerance and tyranny are less cruelly in evidence here than in the country parts. You know D. D.'s liberal-mindedness of old, and that I pretend to be nothing but a mere Christian. Do, please, persuade your girl to come, and believe me always

Your sincere friend,

MARY DELANY.

During the reading of this letter several changes had passed over Brona's countenance. Surprise, disapproval and something like indignation followed each other in her expressive eyes.

"You don't wish me to go, father?" she said.

"I do wish it, Brona," said Morogh. "Why not?" he added as the girl sat silent, with opposition gathering strength on her dark brows.

"Oh, why?" she exclaimed. "Why should I go out among these people who hate us, call us idolators—rob and murder us?"

"Hush! my dear, you are surely not speaking of the kind woman whose letter I have read to you?"

"I do not believe in any of them," said Brona passionately, folding her hands tightly together on her knees.

"You dread the Greeks, even when bearing gifts," said her father with a little playful smile. "Well, Mary Delany is not a Greek. She means friendship when she offers it."

"I could not live with them!" cried the girl piteously. "I could not help showing my distrust of them, could not make myself agreeable to their patronage. Let me stay with you, father! I am as happy here with you as it is possible for me to be in this world."

"I am disappointed," said Morogh, sinking back in his chair. "I thought I saw a little ray of brightness—but if you deny it to me—"

A wild look of pain swept the girl's face.

Disappoint! Deny! Oh, would one ever get to the bottom of this well of misery? It was too much for her. She dropped her head and hid her face in her hands.

O'Loghlin looked at the bowed head and his heart ached.

"Brona," he said, "don't make yourself too unhappy about the matter. Think it over, dear, and bring your own naturally sound judgment to bear on it, then let me know your decision. Just at this moment impulsive feeling has got the better of your common sense."

Brona burst into tears, stooped beside her father's chair, and kissed the hand that rested on the arm of it, then silently hastened out of the room.

Aideen who met her rushing up to her own retreat in the "peel tower," came to Morogh to know what had happened to agitate the girl, who was usually so controlled and self-contained.

"Oh, she must go!" cried Aideen on hearing all about it. "She will end by doing it to please you. Though you may appeal to her common sense, her decision will be of the heart rather than the head. She will gratify her father."

Morogh was hardly consoled by the suggestion that he was to win by giving his child pain, instead of the pleasure he thought to provide for her. He sighed and retired behind his book, leaving Aideen to her pleasant anticipations of a coming change for her niece, who she believed would be happier in Dublin than in Paris, and who must surely benefit by a little experience of life beyond that of her convent school or of her home in the Burren. The event proved the Marquise right in her reading of Brona, for next day the girl came to her father to offer the sacrifice of her will with so much well-assumed cheerfulness, that Morogh dismissed his fear of affectionate coercion, and replied to Mrs. Delany's invitation with a lightened heart.

Then, for a week or two Aideen was in her glory, preparing a fitting wardrobe for her niece.

"My love, I never knew you were so beautiful," said Aideen, embracing her as the girl stood before her arrayed for the first time in one of the pretty Pompadour costumes of the day.

"Don't be silly, Aideen," said Brona. "If clothes make beauty—"

"They discover it. They illumine it," said Aideen enthusiastically.

cally. "People in Dublin shall not say that the beauty of Clare women is on the decline, or that they dress like Hottentots."

The question of how Brona was to travel from the County Clare to Dublin, no easy journey in the year 1747, was solved by the thoughtfulness of the good lady whose invitation Morogh had accepted for his daughter.

"Miss Ingoldesby, a friend of ours," she wrote, "is returning after a visit to arrange a household for her nephew, who intends settling down on his paternal property of Ardcurragh, near you, and she will be pleased to take your daughter under her wing. For her return journey to you I shall take care to provide an equally desirable escort."

Brona, having yielded, made no further allusion to her sacrifice of her will and inclinations, but braced herself to endure what was a severe trial to her pride and natural shrinking from strangers, an attitude not to be wondered at considering the circumstances into which she had been born and had grown up. To be forced into the society of strangers who persecuted her faith, was to her like being thrown into the arena to fight with wolves. Seeing that her father and Aideen with their cosmopolitan experiences could not understand her, she locked up the unconquerable pain and dismay in her heart, saying to herself that she would have courage enough to live through the experience, that it would pass as all things pass, and that she would return when it was over to the refuge of her home.

On the evening before her departure, after Aideen's maid had packed the trunks, and all was ready for the morrow's journey, she stood at the window of her high room and looked out on the weirdly beautiful mountains in their silver-gray and violet veils, and from them glanced round the chamber which she loved as a hermit loves his cell. White curtains and a small white bed, with a large crucifix above it, an ancient statue of the Holy Mother in worn silver, a long Irish rosary of amber beads, with silver tubular links and crucifix hanging on the wall, a table with books and desk and a couple of hard chairs, were all the furniture visible. As she looked round this cell of her prayers and dreams, which had seemed to her on her return from school rather cold and lonely, she could not remember that she had ever found it anything but the sweet home of her separate and solitary soul. Half the night she spent on her knees wrestling with her unwillingness to leave it, praying that it might be left to her by the cruelty of the law, entreating God that her father might remain undiscovered by an enemy till her happy return. Next morning the private coach that was to convey Miss Ingoldesby to Dublin called for Miss O'Loghlin at an early hour, and Brona smiled her good-bye to her father as brightly as if her anticipated pleasure in the visit to his friends had been as great as his own.

VII.

The journey to Dublin of Miss Jacquetta Ingoldesby and Brona was tedious, the coach stopping only to change horses or to allow of sleep at two places on the way. Miss Ingoldesby had shrunk a little from such close companionship with a probably rather uncouth young Irish Papist from the back of the bogs, and wondered what Mary Delany meant by transferring the creature from her native wilds to civilized society in Dublin. Her manner, accordingly, was at first cold and distant to the young person, and Brona was left a good deal to her own meditations. As the journey proceeded, however, the elder woman's attitude to her fellow-traveler changed, and when they arrived at Delville near Dublin, then the home of the Delanys, she delivered over her charge with a word of commendation.

"I think I have brought you a rather remarkable young woman, my dear Mary," she said, "she has given me several surprises by the way. Of course these stately old French nuns give a manner and a finish. I did not know she had been at school with them."

"We must be careful with her," said Mrs. Delany. "Her father gives me to understand that she is an obstinate little Papist. I was glad to hear it. I do not like half and half people."

"Well, I am off to England to-morrow, and I wish you safely through with your visitor, for I think she has a will of her own," said Miss Ingoldesby just before they descended to dinner, and while Brona was dressing in that nook of Mrs. Delany's "peaceful bowers" which had been assigned to her.

At dinner a pleasant company was assembled, including Miss Delany, a niece of the Dean's, and Mr. Greene, a young man to whom she was engaged to be married; Miss Ingoldesby, a couple of young barristers from Dublin, Mrs. Barbour, the poetess, whose home was close by in the village, and Mr. Hugh Ingoldesby, the nephew in whose domestic interests Miss Jacquetta had paid her visit to the County of Clare. So closely did his aunt hold this young man engaged in conversation on the subject of her efforts for his comfort that the dessert was on Mary Delany's beautiful polished mahogany, and the pierced silver "coasters" were going round the table with the wine, before Ingoldesby had found leisure to make observation of the rest of the company. Then, his eyes traveling towards the Dean's dinner companion at the other end of the board, he had to lean forward a little to see the lady fully, and after a few moments of silence, during which he gave his aunt a rather absent-minded answer, he said abruptly:

"Who is the remarkable looking girl sitting beside the Dean?"

"A bitter little Papist, low be it spoken! Turn your eyes else-

where, my boy. She will not appreciate any interest you may take in her."

"I am sorry for that," said Ingoldesby, "for it is a face that will create a good deal of interest."

Miss Jacquetta reflected with satisfaction on the obstinacy insisted upon as characteristic of Miss O'Loghlin, and did not tell him that the interesting young person was a neighbor of his in the county in which he was to establish himself, but pointed out to him the charming flower-wreaths formed of shells on the ceiling above their heads, the ingenious work of their hostess, far more exquisite than the carved stucco it imitated.

After dinner, however, Mr. Ingoldesby lost no time in requesting an introduction to Miss O'Loghlin. Brona was sitting a little aloof from the other young people, who were making merry together with their own familiar quips and jests and catchwords, and sat with a little the air of a spectator of a novel scene. The pretty French costume which Aideen had charged her to wear on the first occasion, was curiously in contrast with the face above it, giving to seriousness a touch of something like tragedy.

Mr. Ingoldesby was presented and received with "rather the air of a queen receiving a subject," as Mrs. Delany said afterwards to her husband. "It will do him good. Our friend Hugh has had sufficient favor from fair ladies, and played the king often enough in different social *milieus*. It is amusing to see our little Papist from the bogs exacting tribute from him."

"Take care, my dear," said the Dean. "There are burning questions in the air. Don't let us play with fire."

"Oh, have no anxiety," said his wife. "The girl is a rock of principle, and no Ingoldesby will ever be tempted to draw nearer than is convenient to a proscribed maiden."

Hugh sat down beside the sphinx-like stranger, and felt unusually uncertain of how to proceed further. But he was not daunted, and endeavored to draw her out. No, she was not very well acquainted with Paris. French society did not attract her. Yes, the Burren Mountains were strangely beautiful. One must know them to believe it. Her answers were short, if intelligent, and she made no spontaneous effort at conversation. Only once she looked up quickly with a flash of feeling that illumined her countenance in a startling manner, and she was beginning to say a few words to account for it when Mrs. Delany approached her with:

"My dear you are shockingly tired I know, and would like to get some rest. No trifle is traveling to Dublin from the County Clare. Miss Ingoldesby has gone to bed. Do you not wish—"

"Thank you!" said Brona. "You are very kind. Traveling by coach is more fatiguing than walking—"

"All those miles?"

"No," said Brona with her first laugh since she left home. "I am a good walker, but—"

Ingoldesby and his hostess were both so surprised by her laugh, and the change it made in her face, that they neither heard nor said more for half a minute, while Ingoldesby gathered up the stranger's fan and other frivolities as she had called them to Aideen, and then "good-night" was all that was necessary before Brona made her escape.

"That laugh broke the ice," said Mrs. Delany to Ingoldesby when she was gone. "There is deep water under the ice. Don't let us drown her."

She had suddenly realized that the Dean was right, and that, whether of fire or water, there might happen to be danger in the air. Here Miss Greene and Miss Delany approached Ingoldesby with messages, which they asked him to convey to their friends in England.

"I am not going to-morrow," he said "but I am sure my aunt will attend to these matters much better. Shall I ask her?"

"Not going?" said Miss Delany.

"I find I have still some business in Dublin."

"I am surprised. Miss Ingoldesby expects your escort," said Miss Greene.

Ingoldesby smiled with a slight bow, and the young ladies went off to confer with their hostess on the change of affairs. Journeys were serious undertakings in those days, and so was the conveyance of letters and parcels. Miss Ingoldesby was decidedly dissatisfied at finding that her nephew was not to accompany her, but he departed with her next morning to see her off from Dublin, and for a few days he was seen no more at Delville.

After the early breakfast Mary Delany took her young guest all over the house and grounds. The evidence of perfect freedom and security in this happy and prosperous house impressed Brona, in contrast with the sadness of her own home, with its overhanging cloud of danger, and she was silent as she passed from one to another joyfully-displayed detail and circumstance of prosperity.

Mrs. Delany began to fear that her guest was going to prove unconquerably shy and dull, but found her more sympathetic in the garden, which was the name given to the whole extent of the pleasure ground of Delville. Brona was introduced to the brook with its high bank and hanging wood of evergreens, the long walks covered with great trees and bordered with flowers.¹

"The robins are as fond of this place as we are," said Mrs. Delany, "it just holds a few of them as well as D. D. and myself."

¹For further description of house and grounds cf. *Autobiography of Mrs. Delany*, vol. i., pp. 281, 286, 287.

The fresh air and the peep at mountains and the sea seemed to restore some of her natural vigor to Brona's spirits, and color flowed into her cheeks and light into her eyes. The natural sweetness and happy peacefulness of it all, the air of protected liberty and joyful security everywhere around, appealed to her latent power of sympathizing generously in the good of others which she could not share, and for the moment she looked on her surroundings with the eyes of her kind entertainer. The clear tones of her voice were heard ringing with admiration as Miss Greene and Miss Delany came up a side path to meet them, half afraid of the grave stranger of the night before, and relieved to hear her cries of pleasure and her laughter.

After this success Mrs. Delany was encouraged to proceed energetically with her plans for giving pleasure to this "half-frozen girl" from the gloomy wilds of the Clare of the proscribed. During the following week many visitors passed in and out of the gates of Delville, and excursions were made into Dublin to see the sights and the people. The Parliament house in College Green was visited, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Christ Church where Strongbow the invader lies beside Eva his wife, daughter of the Irish King; St. Werbergh's, the church where Delany officiated, and Stafford Street to look at the Dean's old house where Mrs. Pendarves used to meet Swift and Stella and Morogh O'Loughlin, as members of the lively Dean's Thursday dinner parties.

A great surprise was in store for the charming Papist (as the Dean called her to his wife), when she was informed that a nun had been invited to dinner to meet her.

"Privately, you know, my dear. She is Miss Crilly, a relative of my husband, and we are on excellent terms with her. She will be exceedingly pleased to see you."

That was a quiet family dinner, and Miss Crilly proved to be a plain but pleasant-faced elderly lady, dressed in black with collar and coif of white, who made herself very agreeable, and was evidently a favorite with the family circle.

To return her visit Mrs. Delany and Brona were driven the next day to her "nunnery" in King Street, a hidden convent of Poor Clares, where they spent a lively afternoon, drinking tea, seeing "the pretty chapel," and entertained by Mrs. Delany, who played the nun's organ (the gift of the Countess of Fingall), greatly to the delight of the Community.

Brona was drawn into many corners by the Sisters, whispered to and petted with joy, and warmed and comforted by their sympathy.

"I knew you would enjoy that visit," said Mrs. Delany as they were driven homeward. And after this surprising and unexpected experience, Brona began to feel really happy at Delville, glad to send pleasing reports to her father without hurt to her sense of honesty.

The week ended with a little dance at Delville, such as Mary Delany loved to get up in a hasty unceremonious way, beginning early and ending early, and greatly delighting her simple friends and neighbors of Glasnevin village and surroundings. At the "little rout" in question, the company were all matched in couples. There were Miss Delany, the Dean's niece, Miss Greene, sister of her fiancé, Mr. Parker, the curate, and his sister Miss Parker, two Mr. Swifts, young men of the village, and another young man a nephew of the Dean's. Mrs. Barbour the poetess, in whom Swift was interested, who lived in the village of Glasnevin, came "though the gout was on her."

Such an entertainment was a complete novelty to Brona, who had never danced except with her schoolfellows on the polished floor of her French convent, but after a little hesitation she paired off with Mr. Parker, the curate, and threw herself into the fun of the moment, much to the satisfaction of her benevolent hostess. She was in the act of flying down the middle in a country dance, when Hugh Ingollesby came into the room, and stood near the doorway to watch the performance, his eyes arrested on the moment by Brona's laughing face and flying figure.

"I think we have cheered up our gloomy little Papist rather successfully," said the Dean coming to welcome him.

"A miracle!" said Ingollesby.

"A bright creature enough, only under a cloud," said the Dean.

"She positively radiates enjoyment," said Ingollesby, still following Brona with his eyes.

"So, so!" said the Dean laughing. "But don't get too much interested in her, my dear fellow. No good could come of it."

Ingollesby did not hear him. When the dance was over he made his way to the spot where Brona was waiting for a cup of tea, which her partner had gone to fetch her.

"Will you dance with me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, "if you are not afraid of the blunders of my school dancing."

"I am not a dancer myself," said Hugh, "but I would like to learn from you."

"It is just a pleasant romp," said Brona. "Our minuets at school were far more prim and stately."

"That was in Paris?"

"Yes."

"All your life has been spent between Paris and the County of Clare?"

"I am only beginning to feel that there are some other places in the world."

"You find the new experience pleasant?"

"Too pleasant in contrast with the County of Clare, which is my home."

"My home is also in Clare. Do not depress me."

"It need not be sad for you. There will be nothing to depress you. But the music is beginning. I really want to dance."

"And so do I." And they danced. A memorable dance for Ingoldesby.

VIII.

The next day was Sunday, and Mrs. Delany, stepping from her carriage at the entrance to St. Werbergh's Church, was met by Hugh Ingoldesby, who handed her out.

"Miss O'Loughlin is not with you?" he said.

"You forget that she is not one of us. I tried to persuade her to come, or to stay at home. We have dropped her at their little secret place on Arran Quay."

"Heavens!" said Ingoldesby under his breath. "A girl like that—an idolator!"

"No, don't flatter yourself that you have such an excuse for persecuting her."

"What does it all mean, then?"

"I have to call for her on my way home. Not exactly desirable for the Dean, but—"

"Let me go and fetch her," said Ingoldesby. "I will bring her to meet you, and so save—"

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Delany, but Ingoldesby had lifted his hat and was gone.

The lady followed her husband into the church, and Hugh walked towards Arran Quay, wondering how he was to find the secret worshipping place in which Miss O'Loughlin had hidden herself. He walked up and down, and observed people passing in at a small dingy-looking door, in twos and threes or one at a time, and all with a frightened or guilty look as if dreading to be caught in the act.

"This is the place," he said at last, and next time the door opened he passed in with the rest.

He went up to the top of a high, narrow stair that creaked under his feet, and entered a dimly-lighted room, where people were packed together in a kneeling crowd, and where on a low mean altar candles were burning and vessels of gold were shining. Before the altar a thin dark man was robing himself, putting a richly colored vestment over a white gown. And then some young boys gathered to his side and the Mass began.

Ingoldesby had squeezed himself into an obscure corner, and stared at the spectacle of the altar, which was to him just what he

had been taught to call it, a "mummery." How strange and unaccountable was the scene, people daring death for such an experience as this! And where was the unhappy girl he had come to seek? Was she too assisting at this worse than pagan travesty of religious worship?

At last he saw her, kneeling in the front near the altar, just caught a glimpse of her, squeezed in between two, stout, meanly dressed women, herself covered all over in a black silk cloak, her pure features in profile almost screened by her black hat. Her hands were clasped and raised to her chin, her eyes fixed on the altar.

"What is the thrall?" asked Ingoldesby of himself. "Why does this girl, with family troubles on her head, turn from God to pray to—what? It is a mystery."

When Mass was over she was one of the last to move, and when he saw her rise he went down and waited for her at the foot of the stair. Then he explained to her that he was to take her to meet Mrs. Delany at St. Werbergh's, and they walked along the quay together. Conversation was difficult. Ingoldesby was feeling too much shocked and pained to know what to say, and Brona had put on her breastplate of steel. She was the first to speak, but only about the river and the buildings along its sides and the bridges. Before long they met the Delany carriage coming to meet them. Brona was picked up, and Ingoldesby walked towards his club, pondering deeply by the way.

Hugh Ingoldesby had never given a serious thought to religion, except as placing it foremost among the disastrous things of existence, the cause of wars and persecutions, the instigator and perpetrator of cruelties. His ancestor had been planted in Clare by Cromwell, and his people had held a place there as staunch Protestants, upholders of English Church and State. His father having died while he was a boy, he had lived with his widowed mother in England, and received an English educational training. After the death of his mother, his aunt had tried to fill her place, but Hugh was by that time past feminine tutelage. Leaving his university he had been seized with a strong desire to see the world in all its continents, and had spent a good many years of his youth in gratifying the wish. All that being done he had been stationary in England for the last year or two, and only quite recently had bethought him of taking up a position in Ireland on his hereditary property.

It had not entered into his mind as an objection that he would be living in a country where the people were suffering persecution, where men and women burrowed in holes to escape observation, and priests were hunted like wolves. He had a general idea that the Irish were a bad stock, and that any ills they suffered had been brought on them by themselves. A few Protestant and English, or of the Anglo-Irish type who had conformed sensibly to the religion and ways of living

prescribed for them by their masters, would, he deemed, be friends enough for him in the shooting or fishing season, and for the rest of his years he would live where he might please. He had arrived at a time of life when it had become rather interesting for him to go and see the ground on which so many fierce battles had been fought, where struggle never came to an end, where superstition yet reigned, and where he was assured romance was still afoot on the hills and in the glens, while the rest of the world had settled down to make the best of common sense. He was even beginning to feel a little curious as to whether he belonged at all in any of his parts to the Celtic race, or was wholly English accidentally born in Ireland, whether the words Dalcassian or Milesian had any significance for him, or were only decorative quantities in the dream-talk of a people whose history was a make-up of inventions and delusions. That a creature like Brona O'Loghlin could be found among the ignorant Papist population of the country deserving to be treated no better than rats, was an amazing fact never recognized till to-day when he had seen her on her knees in that mean crowd, jostled by bargemen and fishwomen, and praying like any Hindoo fanatic, with her eyes fixed on—something that he could not bring himself to designate or even to think of.

As he sat in his club room that Sunday evening staring at the wall, with his unread English paper on his knee, he told himself that it did not matter to him if the girl were an Egyptian priestess, and prayed to a cat or a bull.

But another wave of what he called curiosity crossing this angry thought washed it out, and he got up suddenly, put on his hat and walked out to Delville where he dropped into the evening family circle, to the surprise of everybody, so unusually late was the hour.

IX.

He was rewarded for this friendly visit by an invitation from his hostess for the next morning, when the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Dorset, and the Duchess were coming to honor the lady of Delville by breakfasting with her. Such breakfasts were Mrs. Delany's favorite form of hospitality. Dinners had become such luxurious entertainments, that the Dean's wife did not feel inclined to "show away with such magnificence."

Breakfast was prepared in the beautiful old drawing-room. The entertainment passed off delightfully, the great people walking through the interesting rooms on that floor, and requesting to be played to on the harpsichord by their hostess. In the afternoon, when they had retired, Ingoldesby who had been in attendance on the vice-regal party, looked around for Miss O'Loghlin.

"Oh, I think that as early as possible she retired somewhere with

her embroidery," said Mrs. Delany, "but not before his Excellency remarked her face as new to him, saying he had not seen her at Court. I made a pretty excuse for her without betraying the little cloven foot peeping from under her charming pompadour dress, which by the way is so quaintly unsuited to her style and at the same time so fascinatingly becoming to her."

Mrs. Delany, while speaking, was called away by the Dean, and Ingoldesby proceeded to walk through the gardens alone, hardly expecting to find Brona. Yet he found her in a little summer-house, which was a favorite resort of Mary Delany and her husband.

"Am I intruding? May I sit beside you? I will go away if you bid me," he said, but looking so pleasant and manly, so ready though reluctant, to keep his word and depart if necessary, that it would have been difficult for anyone to wish for his absence.

"Oh, no," said Brona, "this bower is none of mine, and it really holds two. Mrs. Delany says it just holds herself and D. D. and the birds. I have been watching her pet robin hopping round. He can't think why I am here instead of his mistress—and without crumbs!"

"May I wind this silk for you?"

"Thank you. You wind in this direction."

"Are there many birds in Clare?" asked Hugh, having caught the right trick of winding a skein of silk.

"Birds in Clare? Ah, the birds of the cliffs of Moher. There you have a different voice of nature."

"As how?"

"Wait till you hear them."

"I shall do so. Seabirds? But they don't sing."

"They speak, cry, scream, denounce the ills of some world that is beyond our ken. It is a war of voices. One does not think of mere birds when one is listening, and when one goes away one is haunted by something that is neither of man or bird."

"I must hear them. May I go with you some day where they are to be heard? You know Clare is to be my home as well as yours. I shall be glad to have friends there before me."

Brona shook her head very gently, and put a few fine stitches in the petal of an embroidered flower.

"My place is only a very few miles away from your father's place," Ingoldesby went on. "At much greater distances people are neighbors in the country."

Brona was silent for a few moments, and lifted her face to look at a thrush that was shouting melodiously from the top of a high tree.

"That is the music of peace and prosperity," she said. "Is it not sweet? Our birds in Clare shriek of war and hardship."

Ingoldesby was thinking at the moment more of the rare outline

and coloring of the uplifted face than of her words. He noted the rich creamy tint of the cheek, in which the carnations went and came, the eyes like sea water, gray, green or blue, the generous curve of the dark yet delicate eyebrows that hinted of Brona's Spanish mother, the clustering locks above the low forehead. A rare face, full of latent strength, though touched with the softness of youth. The lifting of the face had suggested the experience of Sunday, and Hugh said with an impetuosity that might have answered his own question as to his Celtic blood!

"Miss O'Lughlin, why did you go up that crazy stair yesterday, and into that crowd so unfit for your presence?"

Brona looked amazed. "Why did I go? If Mrs. Delany—"

"I know she took you there—consented to gratify her guest. But why in the name of heaven did you want to go?"

"In the name of heaven," said Brona slowly. "That is just it."

Ingoldesby made an impatient gesture.

"Mr. Ingoldesby, you came here to-day, because you were bidden to meet a great personage. I went to meet a greater. If you had not come to welcome that Vice-King, he would not have missed you. If I had not gone my King would have missed me."

She spoke simply and quietly, but she had turned white from a deeper feeling than indignation, and her eyes were full of tears.

Ingoldesby heaved a sigh.

"If there is a God, is He not everywhere?"

"He is everywhere."

"Then why go to a pestilential den?"

"Because you have seized His churches—our churches," cried Brona with a sudden blaze in her eyes turned full on him.

"I did not take them," said Ingoldesby. "I do not want any churches. I do not believe in them."

"Let us say no more then," said Brona. "I am in your power. For myself I should not care, but you can ruin my father if you will."

"Great heaven! You know that it would be impossible."

"I do not know. It is an incredibly cruel world as I have found it. You are part of that world—"

But here Mrs. Delany interrupted them. She had come to look for Brona.

There was no opportunity for resuming the conversation that evening, and as Hugh Ingoldesby walked back to Dublin in the clear starlight of a June night, he told himself that he did not want to know anything further of this unaccountable girl, who shocked even more than she charmed him. What was to be thought of a country that produced such bewitched and bewitching beings, keenly intelligent on all points but one? Devotees of an intolerable creed? Eyes ca-

pable of flashing green fire, mouth of childlike tenderness, but ready in a moment to take a set of determination? A man could not be in sympathy with a woman like that. To draw near her would be to submit to thrall.

A week passed, of busy days with his lawyer, and of mixing in the society of his many friends in Dublin. He felt that he had quite shaken off the strange impressions which had of late so disturbed his calm, self-contained habit of mind. Papists and Papistry were nothing to them, there were too many other charming women. Having recovered from his curious attack of mental irritability, he felt sufficiently in good humor to turn his steps once more to Delville. Mrs. Delany was busy gathering sweets in her garden, and met him with her laced muslin apron filled with lovely blooms.

"You are just in time," she said. "I shall want you for dinner to-morrow. We have friends coming. The table was nicely filled, but as Miss O'Loughlin went off unexpectedly this morning there is a vacant seat."

"She is gone?" said Ingoldesby. "I thought you said she would stay another month."

"So I hoped. But there was a summons home, and she would hear of no delay. As a proper escort offered at the moment we could not try to keep her."

"I hope no special trouble."

"I don't know. Her brother has returned from Paris, and her presence was urgently required. I suspect that the visits of Mr. Turlough O'Loughlin to his father's house are not productive of much happiness to his family."

"She has a brother?"

"The proscribed heir of a proscribed father—without the strength or grace to bear what my old friend Morogh endures with dignity. I imagine that Brona has influence over her brother, and that altogether she is the person who keeps up a sort of mental equanimity in the household."

"What others are there?"

"Only an aunt, Irish, my friend's sister, but an almost naturalized French woman, devoted to her brother's children, but silly on the subject of Turlough, while she expects superhuman wisdom from Brona."

"What a fate!"

"For whom?"

"For Miss O'Loughlin, of course. Brains carrier and peacemaker in a miserable home, and in a country no better than a charnel house—from what I hear."

"She loves her people and her country, and none of them are wanting in brains. The conditions of life all round her are painful indeed. I wanted to do something, but the evil goes too deep."

Ingoldesby was silent, and Mrs. Delany, raising her eyes to his face, saw something there that prompted her to speak further.

"It is better that neither you nor I should interfere too much. Whatever I may do, you can do nothing."

"I have no desire to try. The whole situation is repulsive. I have changed my mind about going to take up a residence at Ardcurragh. There would be endless vexation and no kind of advantage to anybody. I will return to England immediately."

"I think you will be wise to do so," said Mrs. Delany gravely, speaking rather on her own thought than on his words. You could, as you say, do nothing to alleviate suffering. You might only bring further trouble to a young creature already over-weighted."

"As how?"

"Now, Hugh! I have known you since you were a little boy, and I may venture to warn you. We have seen you unusually interested in Miss O'Loghlin."

"Surely I am able to guard myself."

"It is not for you that I am uneasy. You need not put on your 'all the Courts of Europe' air with me. What was the song some one sang the other night?"

He gave his bridle rein a shake,
Said adieu for evermore!

You may not be that hero of romance, but remember that my friend's girl is just out of her convent, where her mind has been filled with high ideals. You are the first man she has known except her father and brother. She may have found you attractive."

"You flatter me."

"I don't mean to do so. Circumstances may bestow on you graces not your own. When you ride away she will be left with an added difficulty in her place in the world, which you describe as a charnel house. You tell me you are going to England. I have noticed you a little unstable in your resolutions of late. If you are thinking of going—go."

Ingoldesby was silent, and Mrs. Delany glancing at him saw that he looked pale and disturbed. He left her abruptly, without thanking her for her counsel.

A week later Mrs. Delany said to her husband: "I wonder what has become of Hugh Ingoldesby." The Dean came home that evening saying: "I went to look up Hugh at his club. He has left Dublin."

"For England?"

"No, for Clare."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME OLD TIME DEVOTIONS IN TIME OF WAR.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



DURING three days we made litanies, supplicating the mercy of God, that He would deign to grant us peace." Thus writes the great Charlemagne, in a letter to his wife Fastrada, relating his victory over the Huns, those barbarous hosts whose invasions were ever accompanied by indescribable horrors and overwhelming disasters, the briefest records of which are the most pathetic. Take, for instance, that of the annalist of Corby. "The Huns," he says (A. D. 917), "laid waste the monastery and all the country round about." And twenty-seven years earlier, another writer, alluding to the Huns in a letter to the Bishop of Verdun, reflects upon their incursions in the following words: "These wars and desolations are sent to punish our sins, and lead us to mercy. In all ages," he adds, "they have been employed for that end." Here we see that battles and violence were regarded in the light of a correction, or penalty, allowed by heaven, for as St. Augustine tells us: "Times of war are sent according as God judges fitting, *in order to punish the human race*" (*De Civ. Dei.*, v. 22).

The same idea has been expressed in slightly varying terms by wise and holy men at all periods of the world's history; and thus it has ever been the custom at such times to implore the Divine clemency as is done to-day: "Spare, O Lord, spare Thy people, and be not angry with us forever." Fasting also, and praying, as we see, was the case when Charlemagne, after taking counsel with his spiritual and temporal advisers, ordained "a fast of three days, with abstinence from food and wine, till None, at which hour all must repair to the church and sing litanies." This he did before going forth to contend against the pagan hordes.

Still earlier, *i. e.*, A. D. 472, Sidonius Apollinaris thus writes to St. Mamertus: "It is reported that the Goths are in motion to invade the Roman territory, and it is always our unfortunate country that is the gate through which they pass; but what sustains us amidst the horrors surrounding us, and gives us confidence in our sore peril, is not our fortified ramparts and instruments of war, it is the holy institution of the Rogations." He, therefore, ordered

the litanies to be sung in procession round the walls of Clermont, that he might obtain peace from the assaults of Euric.

Another very favorite practice during the Middle Ages, was the singing of the celebrated anthem *Media Vita*, to invoke the protection of God against the enemies of the Church, and to procure peace. "So profound were the emotions inspired by this antiphon," we are told, that in the thirteenth century it was deemed necessary to caution the faithful against attaching to it too great an importance. Its popularity was degenerating into superstition, and men were disposed to look upon it in the light of a charm, by which death could be averted and enemies destroyed. That such was in truth the case, is proved from the fact that, during times of war, the contending armies would both chant it for this intention, till at length, by a Synod at Cologne in 1316, its use was forbidden, unless with the express permission of the bishop. It used, however, to be sung every year, down to a comparatively recent date, in the monastery of St. Gall, on the Monday in Rogation week, when priests and people walked in solemn procession to a lonely valley situated between lofty mountains, where the river was crossed by a bridge, and the wild desolation of the spot lent something awful and mysterious to the scene.

The history of this ancient hymn is exceedingly interesting; indeed, its origin is quite poetic, it having been composed by one of the members of a noble family in Zurich, named Notker Balbulus, who, leaving worldly ambition and worldly honor, retired to the Abbey of St. Gall, where he became a monk, and rapidly rose into prominence on account of his learning, knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, and skill "in music and poetry." "No one," the monastic chronicler tells us, "ever saw him unless either reading, writing, or praying. He wrote many spiritual songs; he was the most humble and meek of men, and most holy. The sound of a millwheel not far from the abbey, inspired him to compose a beautiful melody suitable to some religious verses;" then, looking down into the deep gulf at Martistobel, the sight of the great danger incurred by some workmen building a bridge over the abyss, suggested to him that famous antiphon which has come down to us through the centuries as the *Media Vita*, the words of which are as follows: "In the midst of life we are in death; what help shall we seek except Thee, O God, Who art justly angry because of our sins. Holy God, Holy Omnipotent One, Holy and Merciful Saviour, deliver us not to the bitterness of death."

The story of this monk-poet in the early ages seems to show us, as in a mirror, that vast multitude of cloistered souls, men and women, who behind their quiet convent walls lived out their lives of praise and supplication—ambassadors of peace; mediators between a sinful world and a justly offended God; angels of mercy, ever imploring pardon for violence, crime, and wrong—ever more and more closely uniting themselves to the spirit of Holy Church in her ardent and insatiable longing for true concord amongst the nations and tranquillity for their people.

Prayers for deliverance from present or impending war are to be found throughout the Liturgy, as well as in the Divine Office. From the first Sunday of Advent, when we pray that we may not be subject to human dangers, to the last after Pentecost, we find the same strain running through all; whilst on the festivals a similar idea prevails. For example, on the Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, the Church beseeches God that the sacrifice which she immolates to Him “may deliver us from all the iniquity of wars.” Again, how often she places these words on the lips of her faithful:

Far from us drive our hellish foe
True peace unto us bring.

Again, we have the hymns for the Feast of St. Michael, and for that of All Saints, and the prayers for peace on the Nativity of Our Lady, and on the festivals of the Visitation and of her Immaculate Conception. Again, in the Divine Office, as has been already said, these constant references to peace are not wanting; at Matins; at Lauds, when we sing of serving God “without fear,” and having “our feet directed in the way of peace;” at Prime, when these beautiful words sound in our ears, “Love, peace, and truth;” at Sext, and None, and again at Vespers, everything serves to remind us that tranquillity of heart amongst nations and between individuals is the best gift that heaven can bestow. How strongly this was felt, we find not only from the regular Offices of Holy Church, but from many ancient *local* liturgical sources, notably in certain litanies in use in the monastery of St. Gall, one of which contains these lines: “We seek perpetual peace. Look down upon us, O Christ, and give us the lasting joys of healthy life.” And again, in the hymn for the Feast of St. Gall, “times of peace” are specially mentioned.

It is interesting also to discover in some ancient service books

the ritual of a Mass for peace; whilst in an old sacramentary, found in the Abbey of Vauclair, at the prayer *Hanc igitur oblationem*, there were added the following words: "which we offer to Thee for peace and charity, and the unity of Holy Church, and for all Catholic people, for those who are in dissension and discord, that all may be restored to charity and concord."

It is significant of the troublous days of the ninth century, that in the archives of the Canons of Modena there is a sacramentary of St. Gregory the Great, in which we note a *Missa contra tyrannos*; and old annalists frequently record with thankfulness the fact that different feasts have been kept "without any molestation;" thus Baronius tells us that, in 1099, "the Lord Pope celebrated Christmas in great peace." In truth, such examples are too numerous to mention, though the Church in the Middle Ages never curtailed or suspended the solemn commemoration of her festivals on account of war, and the resulting dangers to which the faithful might be exposed; rather did she increase the beauty and stateliness of her functions, in order that the laity should redouble the ardor of their prayers. For this end, too, the civil authority usually lent its aid. Of Charlemagne, it is said that "Before all things he sought the defence, and exaltation, and honor of Holy Mother Church, and that the people should have peace and justice;" whilst Louis le Debonnaire is accused of not having made sufficient provision to ensure the public peace, and of causing innumerable crimes, such as homicide, perjury, rapine, sacrilege, oppression of the poor, etc., by his useless and injurious expeditions.

Again, history tells us that the bishops reminded Louis, brother of Charles the Bald, that the office of a Christian king is to defend the Church, and to secure the tranquillity and peace of Christendom. Moreover, in the Roman Ordo for the crowning of an emperor, the Pope asks the monarch if he wishes to have peace with the Church, and he answering thrice, "I wish it," the Sovereign Pontiff adds, "And I give you peace, as the Lord gave to His disciples," at the same time kissing the emperor on his forehead and chin, and lastly his mouth.

It has been truly said, that "the symbols of majesty were all designed to indicate the pacific end of power." When being invested with the royal robes, which descended to the ground, the Emperor Otho, in 936, was admonished to persist in maintaining peace unto the end, and the archbishop, giving him the sword, said: "Take this sword, with which you may expel all adversaries

of Christ, barbarians, and evil Christians." In another coronation ceremony, we find the sceptre presented in the following terms: "Take the sceptre of the kingdom, that you may govern all men of good will in tranquil peace."

The semi-sacerdotal character attaching to royalty in mediæval times was not confined to the French nation only; it was a religious idea common to all Christian countries, and is well expressed in the words of an old writer, who says that "the Pontiff has the keys of the temple, the sovereign, of the kingdom. . . . in the church, the pontiff, in the tribunal, the emperor, *both for peace*; the one for that of the souls, the other for that of the bodies. Such was the ancient concord between the priesthood and the empire." In the state, physical force would ever seem to have been considered secondary to peace; and it was significant of the spirit of the age, that in the arms of Ghent was a lion, crowned, sleeping on the knees of the Blessed Virgin.

At no period has the Church attached great importance to any special form of administration; if the monarchical government prevailed, for the most part, throughout Christendom during the ages of faith, it did so because it was found more conducive to the peace of the world. "What we want is peace," says an old historian, "and what we must avoid is discord." Thus did men unconsciously strive to carry out the principle laid down by the Angelic Doctor, who holds that the relative merits of all forms of rule lie in their greater or less fitness for maintaining peace.¹

To return, however, to the pious practices of the faithful in times of war. In 1260, when the cities of Italy were torn by dissensions, "the devotion of the flagellants," says an historian of that time, "prevailed in Lombardy. Then hermits came forth from their caves, and entering cities, preached the Gospel. The citizens of Asti, with the bishop and clergy, went in procession, and kneeling down in the public places, cried aloud: "Grant us, O Lord, mercy and peace." In those days many discords were appeased, and elsewhere we read that "men began to lash themselves at Perugia. . . . Peace was then made between many at Bologna; and twenty thousand men came from thence to Modena and lashed themselves," with the result that "all discords and wars ceased there and in many other cities."

In 1261, another chronicler tells us that, "by means of the devotion of the flagellants, who went about crying, Peace! Peace!

¹ St. Thomas, *De Regimine Princip.*, lib. 1. 2.

many enmities and wars both new and old, in the city of Genoa and throughout Italy, were exchanged for peace."

In France, in 1349, according to the chronicles of St. Denis, eight hundred thousand persons, from the highest to the lowest, are said to have practised this devotion. Another curious and interesting custom appeared half a century later, in Grenada, where a number of men and women, clad in white linen, went in solemn procession through cities and towns, singing canticles, and praying to God for the safety of the human race, and at intervals kneeling down and crying aloud: "Mercy, O Lord, mercy!" This penitential exercise spread rapidly through Spain, and thence into Gaul, England, and other countries, as we see from the words of the old annalist. "In 1398, there was in Italy and other Christian countries," he says, "a certain wondrous movement of religion and ceremonies called 'the white-robed.'" Four members of this company "came in that habit" to Ferrara, on the first of September, and on the second, which was Sunday, "one of them preached in the great church, and explained the cause and manner of the constitution, and related the miracles which had occurred in Spain." A large concourse of people listened to this discourse; and on the eighth of September, "the Feast of St. Mary, the illustrious Lord Marquis of Est, with his consort, the Lady Ziliola, and all the courtiers and nobles, with the Bishops of Ferrara and Modena, and the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and many other prelates, and all the clergy, assisted in the procession, clad in white, to the number of about thirteen thousand." After other processions, "the said four persons departed to Padua, Trevisa, and elsewhere, establishing in each place the same ceremonies, by this means bringing all kinds of enemies to concord and peace."

"Truly it was an incredible and admirable thing," exclaimed the learned Leonardus Aretinus, writing of the terrible troubles that led to these processions; for "at that time," he tells us, "there was no rest from war." The "peregrination," as he calls it, of the white-robed ones "lasted generally ten days, and the fast was on bread and water." There was free access to all towns, even those but lately the most hostile, and "no one then attempted any kind of deceit or oppression."

It must be noted that opinions differ as to the country where this devotion originated; some authorities believing that it first began in Ireland and Scotland; others in Spain; and others again in Provence. The latter view is that of George Stella, an eyewitness

of the processions in Genoa, in 1388, when the *Stabat Mater* was sung, interspersed with special verses having reference to the desire for peace. One of these ran as follows:

Advocate, whose heart is breaking
In the death of Christ partaking,
Hear Thy people's cry to thee.

"Children of twelve," he tells us, "sang the alternate strophe, the rest being chanted in full chorus, and at the end of every three stanzas all joined in singing, 'At the Cross Her Station Keeping,' often falling on the ground, and with a loud voice crying thrice, 'Mercy,' and thrice, 'Peace!' afterwards repeating the 'Our Father,' and some short prayers in Latin. This devotion," he adds, "was practised all through the Genoese territory." Enemies were reconciled, feuds ceased, and goods which had been seized in war, were now restored to their rightful owners. Even persons who had at first derided the processions, "were moved with zeal and the fear of God." Some noblemen, who were spending the summer in their country villas, left their houses, and, joining the crowd, put on white. Immense numbers flocked to the churches for confession, and at the Mass at break of day received the Body and Blood of Christ; after which the people of Genoa, of all classes and ages, men, women, and children clothed in white, followed the clergy to the cathedral, where the venerable Archbishop James de Flisco awaited them, mounted on a horse, "because," says the chronicler, "through old age he could not walk; but the horse was covered with white." And then the whole procession moved on to the gate of the Monastery of St. Thomas. "On one day the Brothers of the Order of Minors (Franciscans) bore the sacred relics of their church; and, on another, the Dominicans carried theirs;" whilst the inhabitants of the villages through which they passed came out and joined them, girt with a cord.

A few years later, a Dominican (Friar Jerome) gives us another interesting account of this same devotion. In the month of September, 1400, he tells us "there was a wonderful event in Italy, for at that time multitudes of men and women clothed themselves in white, and went about carrying the cross or the banner of some saint; and when the Body of Christ was elevated at the Altar, they used to cry often, 'Mercy! Mercy!' And I remember, while celebrating at the altar of St. James, that I was terrified at this new and strange kind of clamor. But they walked in procession like

brothers, some singing 'Mercy,' and others *Stabat Mater*. And they fasted nine days and went barefoot. Some bishops and some monks went with them to lords of states and castles, too; and preached to them, and many were reconciled, who before had been mortal enemies. And they went thus, singing day and night."

In 1399 we read that "six thousand English and French had lately gone to Rome, clad in white;" and, in the same year, a great throng, "numbering ten thousand and more," assembled on the mountain of Fara, not far from Bergamo, and all unanimously cried out, *peace* and *mercy*! "In the name of the eternal God," says the old chronicle, "and of the Blessed Virgin Mother Mary. Amen; and to their praise, and the glory of the blessed martyrs, Alexander and Vincent, I record and write, that on this twenty-seventh day of August. . . . many Masses were said on that mountain by the Bishop of Milan, and Brothers James de Urìo, a Dominican Friar, Petrus de St. Pelegrino, and Aloysius de Scalve, of the Order of St. Francis, and all the clergy of Bergamo; and then, on that mountain of Fara, peace was made between many citizens."

Again, we are told by the anonymous author of a Paduan chronicle, that "this devotion so pleased the people, that many on their deathbeds gave instructions that their bodies should be clothed, after their decease, in the white habit, and carried to the grave by men similarly clad."

Evidences of this custom are also to be found in English testamentary documents of the Middle-Ages. Before leaving this subject of the white-robed ones, it may be mentioned in passing, that Dante would seem to have foretold these processions, when he says,² seventy-seven years prior to their inauguration, "I marked a multitude that walked as if attendant on their leaders, clothed in raiment of such whiteness as the world has never seen." Everything in the Liturgy and ceremonial of Christ's Church, which has been called by the Fathers "The House of Peace;" all her prayers; even the very buildings, however humble, in which the Adorable Sacrifice is offered, seem to breathe a holy and a solemn tranquillity—"this place was built in peace."

If we recall the ordinary of the Mass alone, how many references to peace recur to the mind; how many reminders that this is the Supreme Sacrament, in which Almighty God reconciles the world to Himself. It will be remembered that the beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours, now so familiar to us, in-

²Purg. 29.

stituted by a humble Capuchin Friar, Joseph of Milan, to commemorate the interval during which the Sacred Body of our Lord rested in the Sepulchre, was specially intended as an exercise suitable for times of public calamity or danger. This brings us back to our starting point—the necessity of penance, fasting, and supplication when war, and the horrors of war, hangs like a cloud over the nations; when scenes, which, to use St. Jerome's words, "the mind shudders to contemplate," are before our eyes. Peace in Israel: such was the prayer during the ages of faith; and surely it should be on every lip to-day. Battles, bloodshed, devastation of territory may be at times unavoidable—that question we are not called upon to decide; the point for us is to imitate our Catholic forefathers in their faith and in their practise, crying often, in the depths of our hearts, "Let mercy and peace reign among us."

EXPRESSION.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

I WOODED Thee with a gift of song
Easily, at the start;
Soon learning lips go surely wrong
That hope to shape the heart.

I claim Thee with unuttered thought,
Too large for frontier'd speech,
Knowing that all mere sound had sought,
Unfettered Love may reach.

I praise Thee with the pondering
Of one in Nazareth;
Her silence, an immortal thing
That measured Life and Death.

CARDINAL ALLEN.¹

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.



THE old Protestant notion of the settlement of religion under Elizabeth as the joyous rebound of the whole nation from a hatred of superstition to the pure truth of Calvinism and Zwinglianism, has been proved false in the light of contemporary evidence now open to the scholars of the world. Objective writers—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—have repudiated the unfair and dishonest version of Burnet, Macaulay, and Creighton, and have shown conclusively that the change in religion brought about by Elizabeth and her three ministers, Cecil, Walsingham, and Bacon, was due to coercion of the cruelest kind, which thought nothing of principle, or of human life and suffering. The one Englishman, who did more than any other to offset the reforming zeal of Elizabeth, and save from utter wreck the remnants of the ancient faith, was William Allen, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, President of Douay and of Rheims, and Cardinal.

Of the three great Tudor Cardinals—Wolsey, Pole, and Allen—Allen is the least known. Yet he was Wolsey's superior as a scholar, and Pole's superior as a writer and a controversialist. Strangely enough each of them failed to accomplish the chief task he had determined upon. Wolsey unwisely lent himself to Henry VIII.'s dishonest scheme of the divorce, which led eventually to the breach with Rome; Pole lived to see his work nullified by the folly of Mary's Spanish marriage and her overzeal which threatened the stability of his work; and Allen in his last years let himself be drawn into the political arena, which was, as our author says, "to fill up the cup of sorrows of his afflicted fellow-Catholics in England, by throwing into it the seeds of fierce and bitter internecine political strife."

Cardinal Allen came of an ancient and honorable race of the Allens of Rossall Grange and Toderstaffe Hall, in the county of Lancashire. His ancestors had lived on the same spot for centuries, comfortable country gentlemen, leading useful and God-

¹*An Elizabethan Cardinal, William Allen.* By Martin Haile. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$6.00 net.

fearing lives. William Allen was born at Rossall Grange, which his family held on lease from the abbots of Dieulacres, in 1532. He was educated at home under the watchful eye of his parents until his fifteenth year, when he was entered at Oriel College, Oxford. His academical career was noted for the rapidity of his advancement in learning, his extraordinary industry and exactness under discipline, and the singular modesty and integrity of his life. He became Bachelor of Arts in 1550, and was in the same year unanimously elected fellow of his college. Whitaker, in his history of Richmondshire,² says, that to obtain his degree, Allen must "at least, have professed himself of the reformed religion," but there is not the slightest evidence of his apostasy: in fact, whatever evidence there is points the other way. A conjecture made two centuries after the event ought to be set aside as worthless, especially when we know fully the nature of the man. Allen's College is mentioned by Turner, afterwards Dean of Wells, as "a stronghold of Popery" at this very time. In 1556 Allen was chosen Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and Proctor of the University. Whether he ever met Cardinal Pole is uncertain, but that the fame of his attainments and learning had reached the Chancellor of the University is beyond question. It is most probable that the canonry of York conferred upon Allen, still a layman, in 1558, was bestowed through the influence of Cardinal Pole.

Elizabeth came to the throne, November 17, 1558. With a packed Parliament and a subservient House of Lords, she succeeded in passing three bills, which effected the severance with Rome, established the Royal Supremacy, and decreed uniformity of worship according to the revised second Prayer Book of Edward VI. "The battle raged so fiercely over the Supremacy Bill, and passions were so aroused by it, that it has become impossible to follow the measure through all the stages and changes necessitated by violent and strenuous opposition in both houses."⁸ The Act of Uniformity was opposed by the whole bench of bishops, and by nine lay peers; several of the latter must have absented themselves on one pretext or another, for that momentous measure was passed by a majority of only *three votes*. The bill thus became a law without a single episcopal vote in its favor. When the Oath of Supremacy was tendered to the bishops, they all, with the one exception of Kitchen of Llandaff, declined to take it, and were at once deposed from their sees. The majority of the clergy followed

²Vol. i., p. 444.

⁸Dom Birt, *Settlement of Religion Under Elizabeth*, p. 90.

the example of their prelates, and refused to take the oath. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were equally loyal to the old faith, but Elizabeth simply removed the heads of houses and professors just as she had deposed the bishops, and men of the New Learning were put in their place. William Allen staid at Oxford until 1561; his departure then became inevitable, as his biographer and secretary, Nicholas Fitzherbert, tells us, on account of his untiring zeal in encouraging the timid to steadfastness, and giving counsel to the doubting to stand firm against heretical attacks.

After a year in Flanders, he fell ill, and was advised by his physicians to try his native air as the only means of saving his life. With the penal laws in full force, the remedy would appear to have been little less dangerous than the disease. He went to England fully aware of the risks he ran, for he was most anxious to help counteract the evil effects of the legislative alteration of religion. In those early days of doubt and hesitancy, many Catholics were sheltering themselves under what was known as "occasional conformity." Both priests and people persuaded themselves, as Allen put it later in a letter to Bishop Vendeville, "that it was enough to hold the faith interiorly while obeying the sovereign in externals, especially in the singing of psalms and parts of Scripture in the vulgar tongue, a thing which seemed to them indifferent, and, in persons otherwise virtuous, worthy of toleration on account of the terrible rigor of the laws."⁴

The question of occasional conformity was submitted to the Pope, Paul IV., who decided, as might be expected, that there could be no compromise with heresy, and no alliance between the ancient Church and the sect of the day. William Allen finding "that not only laymen, who believed the faith in their hearts, and heard Mass when they could, frequented the schismatical churches. . . . but many priests said Mass privately and celebrated the heretical offices and Supper in public,"⁵ set to work at once to combat this fast spreading error. Although a mere layman, he was listened to as one speaking with authority, a fact which speaks volumes for the estimate in which he was held at this early date by his Catholic fellow-countrymen. He went from house to house insisting on obedience to the commands of the Holy See, and circulated in manuscript his treatise on the authority of the Church, which was printed abroad two years later under the title *Certain Brief Reasons Con-*

⁴September 16, 1580.

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⁵Knox, *The Douay Diaries*, vol. i., p. 23.

cerning the Catholic Faith. He remained in England two years, and so stiffened the resolution of the Catholics of Lancashire, that it remained, according to his enemies, for three centuries "a hotbed of Popery," and furnished him the chief supporters in England of the seminaries he was to establish abroad. Such activity incited the wrath of the authorities, who did their utmost to apprehend him. He was forced to go in turn to Oxfordshire, and Norfolk; and after a brief visit to Oxford, he escaped to the Continent, never to return.

He went at once to Malines, where he was ordained priest in 1565. In May of that year, he published his well-known work, *A Defence and Declaration of the Catholic Church's Doctrine Touching Purgatory and Prayers for the Souls Departed.* He made Malines his home for the next two years, lecturing on theology at the College of the Benedictines. His book on purgatory soon came to the notice of Elizabeth, and a warrant was at once issued for his arrest. While the Queen's writ was being published, Father Allen wrote another book on confession and indulgences—some four hundred and twelve pages—which put him in the very first rank of the controversialists of the day. Scholarly, clear, lucid, accurate, he always writes with the tenderest love for those who had made shipwreck of the old faith. In the fall of 1567 he made a pilgrimage to Rome with his old master at Oriel, Morgan Philipps, and Dr. Vendeville, then Regius Professor of Canon Law at the University of Douay, and later on Bishop of Tournay. Dr. Vendeville had wished to lay before the Pope, St. Pius V., a plan for the conversion of infidels, but the Pope was too busy at the time to give him an audience. On his way home, he expressed his disappointment to his friend, Father Allen, who at once took the opportunity of pleading the cause of his persecuted brethren in England. The result of this conversation was the founding of the College of Douay, which was to accomplish so much for the preservation of the faith in England during the days of persecution.

The college was opened on Michaelmas Day, 1568. The Papal confirmation and approval being granted a few months later, Father Allen was made president, and Bristow, "his right hand," a fellow of Exeter College, became his prefect of studies. The first members of the college were two Belgians, Raverton and Colier, who with John Marshall, Dean of Christ Church, left shortly, because the poverty of the college was more than they could stand. Some of the other pioneers were Risdon, who later on joined the English

Carthusians at Bruges; Wright who labored long on the English Mission; Storey who became a Jesuit; Darell of New College and Morgan Philipps of Oriel; Stapleton the controversialist, and Campion the martyr. Father Allen's seminary was really the first seminary established under the new rules promulgated by the Council of Trent. The course of study was as generous as the diet was meagre. Special attention was paid the study of the Bible, the history of the Church, and the controversies of the day, every student looking forward with gladness to the day when he would be sent to face death on the English mission.

During the first ten years of its existence—1568-1578—the college sent forth from its walls seventy-four priests, fifteen of whom died for the faith. Cuthbert Mayne enjoys the distinction of being the proto-martyr, and the story of his life may be found in Dr. Allen's *Brief History of the Glorious Martyrdom of Twelve Reverend Priests*, published in 1582. The college had to struggle along in the direst poverty for some years, for Elizabeth had prohibited the sending of money from England, and many of the English exiles had suffered on account of the failure of the Northern Insurrection, and the revolutionary movement in the Netherlands. The Pope came to its rescue with a pension of one hundred gold crowns a month, equivalent to one thousand crowns at the present day. This was in 1576. Everything was in a most flourishing condition at this time, for there were eighty English students in the seminary and sixty at the university. But within two years the revolutionary party came into power in Douay, and a new governor appointed by the Prince of Orange and the States, commanded all the English to depart. In the Holy Week of 1578, the College was transferred to Rheims. Within eight months the Calvinistic faction was expelled, the city and the magistrates, representing the old order of things, asked Dr. Allen to return. He refused, for another removal would have been troublesome and expensive, and the state of the Low Countries was far from being settled.

Knox, in his historical preface to the *Letters and Memorials of Cardinal Allen*, says that Allen's political activities only began about the year 1582, but later investigations make it plain that they dated at least six years earlier. Still he never allowed the peace and quiet of his college to be disturbed by any mention of politics. Nothing perhaps is more remarkable in his career than the rigid separation he maintained between his life as president of the seminary, and his life as a prominent factor in affairs of State. He forbade

absolutely all political discussions among the students, and all allusion in school questions and controversies to the vexed question of depriving and excommunicating princes.

Dr. Allen was certainly most active in political schemes for the furtherance of the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the overthrow of Elizabeth. When Gregory XIII. consented to have an expedition sent to England in his name, with one of the Colonnas as Captain General, he summoned Dr. Allen to Rome for consultation. Gregory XIII. was only paying back Elizabeth in her own coin when he sent aid to her revolted subjects, but aggressions so feeble and poorly planned as those of Stuckley, Fitzgerald and San Giuseppe, might, as our author says, "well excite the risibility as well as the anger of the terrible queen." Had Philip II. given his aid at the time, these attempts might have been successful, but to act without him was pure folly. If, as seems probable, Dr. Allen advised the sending of these expeditions, it did not speak well for his political sagacity.

Again we find Dr. Allen in Paris in the year 1582, busying himself with the schemes of Esme Stuart, Lord of Aubigny, and cousin to the King of Scotland, James VI. Two years were spent in trying to interest the King of Spain and the Duke of Guise in Aubigny's plan for the overthrow of Elizabeth, but the affair came to the knowledge of the English government, and the Duke of Lennox died without accomplishing anything. We know that Dr. Allen wrote most enthusiastically of this enterprise to the Pope, Gregory XIII., describing two interviews that he had had with the Duke of Guise in Paris. He seemed to share with Father Persons the opinion that the majority of the people of England were prepared to rise against their queen on the mere appearance of French or Spanish troops. Father Persons' influence on Dr. Allen was supreme, and the latter's long absence from his native land had caused him to get out of touch with the deepest instincts of the nation, despite the constant intercourse that went on between Rheims and England.

Another instance which shows how foreign were his ways of thinking from the majority of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, was his written defence of the treason of Sir William Stanley, who had delivered Deventer over to the King of Spain. Dr. Allen characterized this treason as "a lawful and a laudable act," which so astounded many Catholics in England that they deemed his work "a forgery of some malicious man to make our cause odious to the world."

Memorandum after memorandum was laid before the Pope by the Spanish Ambassador, Olivares, urging the elevation of Dr. Allen to the purple, because of his staunch advocacy of the claims of Philip II. to the English crown, and as a first step towards the long talked-of English expedition. The Pope finally yielded in the Consistory of August 7, 1587, in the hope that Philip's attack upon England would be made without delay. But the dilatory King allowed a year to go by, thus giving Elizabeth ample time to prepare. Dr. Allen himself expressly states that his cardinalate was due to Jesuit influence at the Court of Spain, and chiefly to Philip's great friend, Father Persons. It is rather amusing now to read of Cardinal Allen's drawing up a paper for the guidance of the King, containing "suggestions as to the way of filling up the churches and offices of the King and kingdom of England, if God gives the success which is hoped for from His mercy." The Armada went to its defeat a year later, and the English Catholics, despite their cruel treatment by Elizabeth, were loyal to a man in repelling the Spanish invaders.

To his dying day, Cardinal Allen remained convinced that the only hope for England lay in Spanish interference. We can imagine his chagrin, therefore, at the utter defeat of the Armada, and Philip's abandonment of the enterprise. Our author regrets—and rightly—that Cardinal Allen should ever have combined with the spiritual warfare, which he so well understood and in which he was so entirely successful, a political campaign of which he understood so little, and the consequences of which were so disastrous.

Cardinal Allen's tact and large-mindedness are never so apparent as in his dealings with the dissensions in the English college at Rome. From the outset the English students were ever setting forth their grievances, whether the college was under the Welshman, Dr. Clenock, who was singularly lacking in the talent of governing, or under the Italian Jesuits, who were disliked because of "the open penances in hall, and the surveillance and espionage, which," as Ely says in his *Certain Brief Notes*, "had they been attempted at Oxford and Cambridge, the offenders would have risked being torn to pieces." A third reason was the favor supposedly shown to those students who showed any inclination to join the Society.

As a matter of fact, sixty-nine Englishmen had become Jesuits between the years 1556 and 1580, and yet the number sent into England had been surprisingly small. Mr. Haile writes:

There were seldom more than four or five Jesuits at a time in England, and even so late as 1598, eighteen years after Campion and Persons arrived in the country, they numbered only sixteen, of whom one was in prison. The same proportion held good among those who fell in defence of the faith. During the forty-four years of Elizabeth's reign, although the persecution raged even more hotly against the Jesuits than the seculars, one hundred and sixty seminary priests were martyred to seven Jesuits, one Benedictine and one Franciscan. Of the Jesuits, four—Father Briant, John Cornelius, Roger Filcock, and Francis Page—were all secular priests, who joined the Society shortly before their death.

Cardinal Allen was always called upon to play the rôle of peacemaker. We find him called to Rome to restore harmony and good will between the students and the authorities in 1579, and again six years later he pours oil upon the waters by having the Pope, Sixtus V., appoint William Holt, an English Jesuit, to take the place of the Italian Father Agazzari.

Besides the four works above already mentioned, Cardinal 'Allen wrote a Latin treatise on the Sacraments, which was highly esteemed and used by Cardinal Bellarmine; an *Apology* for the two English colleges of Rheims and Rome; a *Life* of Father Campion; a *Defence* of English Catholics, against the lying and slanderous pamphlet of Lord Burleigh;⁶ *Instructions Concerning the Government of Seminaries*, and probably the famous *Admonition*, which the appellant priests ascribed to Father Persons. His controversial writings so angered the English government, that it not only issued a writ for his arrest, but did its utmost to have Henry III. deliver him into its hands. Secretary Walsingham had deputed, moreover, the notorious Egremont Radcliffe to assassinate Dr. Allen as well as Don Juan of Austria, as Radcliffe himself confessed on the scaffold. Removal by assassination seems to have been part of the politics of the sixteenth century, for we recall Catherine de Medici's attempt upon Coligny, which prepared the way for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and Philip II.'s approval of the plan to assassinate Elizabeth. Many politicians of that day looked upon the murder of an enemy not as a crime but as an act of war, as part and parcel of the general attack upon an enemy against whom hostilities were opening. It is hard for us at the present time to realize this viewpoint, and it is good to remember that the Popes never gave

⁶Published lately by the Catholic Library of England.

the slightest countenance to such a false and brutal doctrine. Pope Pius V. has indeed been accused by non-Catholic controversialists of advocating assassination with regard to the Huguenot leaders in France, and with regard to Elizabeth of England, but not the slightest evidence has ever been brought forward for this false accusation.

Ever since the Council of Trent had declared the Latin Vulgate the authentic version of the Sacred Scriptures, the Popes had been anxious to publish a corrected recension. Pius IV. had appointed a commission of Cardinals for that purpose. In 1579 Cardinal Montalto urged upon Gregory XIII. the importance of preparing a more correct edition of the Septuagint as a preliminary to the recension of the Vulgate. Cardinal Caraffa was appointed to take up the matter, and among the scholars whom he chose to assist him is found the name of Cardinal Allen. How much work he did on this commission is not known, but he must have spent some time upon it during his five months stay in Rome in the winter of 1579-1580, and again on his return in 1585. This corrected edition of the Septuagint was finally published by Sixtus V. in 1587. He was unable to complete the Vulgate, for we find Pope Gregory XIV. appointing a new commission in 1591. Fitzherbert speaks of Cardinal Allen's labors on this commission, as well as his work in the two Congregations of the Index and the Affairs of Germany. On the death of Cardinal Caraffa, Cardinal Allen was appointed by the Pope apostolic librarian, and one of his labors in this office was the correcting of the text of St. Augustine, which he undertook in coöperation with other scholars. Death alone prevented him from completing it.

We must not forget that we owe our English Bible to Cardinal Allen. Soon after the transference of the English College to Rheims, he commissioned Gregory Martin to work on a translation of the Bible. Personally he preferred to keep the Scriptures in the original, but as many corrupt versions were in circulation, he deemed it necessary to have a faithful and correct text that Catholics might trust. Martin began his translation on October 16, 1578, and it was revised and corrected page by page, as it proceeded, by Bristow and Cardinal Allen. The New Testament was completed in March, 1582, and the Old Testament in 1611, Dr. Allen collecting all the necessary funds—about \$25,000.00—for the publication.

Martin did his work well. Henceforth the English-speaking Catholics were to have a correct translation of the Bible, which they could confidently quote in answer to the faulty Protest-

ant versions, gotten up to promote the theological errors and heresies of their translators. It put an end to the many Protestant versions then in use, and caused the publishing of the King James Version of 1611. The translators of the Authorized Version made great use of the labors of Gregory Martin, as is clear from their adoption of many of his renderings.

Some superficial writers have spoken of the Douay Bible as overloaded with Latinism, and have ascribed this fault to the fact that the translators and revisers were exiles, who had grown unfamiliar with their native tongue. Martin forestalled this objection by declaring that he followed the Vulgate to the best of his ability, because it had been declared authentic by the Council of Trent. He preferred to follow a bit closely the Latin text, rather than endanger the true sense by the use of more familiar words. All concerned with the translation were Oxford men, and all but Allen himself had but lately left the university. Scholars of late have come to acknowledge the excellent English of the Douay Bible. As a writer in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, November, 1870, well says: "Martin's translation is terse, close, vigorous, grand old English of the very best era of English literature, coeval with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Spencer."

Cardinal Allen will always be held in reverence for his scholarship, his skill and earnestness in controversy, his indefatigable labors in maintaining the faith in England by his continual supply of learned and holy missionaries, his translation of the Bible, and his general character of sweetness and charm of manner which did so much to quiet the dissensions of the English Catholics of his time. His one fault was his entering into politics, for which he was absolutely unfitted, and his submitting to being made a tool of by the King of Spain. His political prejudices were with him even to the last, for one year before his death we find him drawing up a strong indictment against Henry of Navarre for his "pretended" conversion. Luckily for France and for the peace of Europe, Clement VIII. believed in Henry's sincerity. The Pope's solemn absolution of the King ended the thirty years of religious wars in France, and made France a powerful ally of the Holy See.

New Books.

ESSAYS. By Alice Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Never less than an event in letters, on either English-speaking side of the Atlantic, is the publication of a new volume by Alice Meynell. Last year gave us the collected *Poems*; this year we welcome the promised edition of the collected prose essays: in both cases a new grouping, with slight additions, yet with all the charm of well-known, well-treasured friends. For the "novelty" of Mrs. Meynell's work is always a thing quite apart from the accident of a first or twenty-first reading. It is a matter of the inherently fresh and unique viewpoint—the "eye of a fresh mind," as George Meredith once so perfectly christened it.

No lover of the best in modern prose, no lover of that now rare entity, the essay, and surely no lover of the most fastidious fruits of Catholic culture, can afford to be without this weighty little book. In it, under such alluring sub-titles as *Winds and Waters*, *Wayfaring*, *In a Book Room*, *Arts*, *The Darling Young*, or *Women and Books*, we find gleanings from Mrs. Meynell's choicest work, both early and recent. Blithe, familiar passages from *The Spirit of Place* greet us; tender, gay and understanding pages from *The Children*; reveries delicate and profound from *The Rhythm of Life*, *The Colour of Life*, and *Ceres' Runaway*. Nature, studied with the poet's truth; books, known with the poet's love and the poet's humor; the fine arts, interpreted by a sister art; life, translated by a poet who has lived largely—these are the subjects of Alice Meynell's essays. It is not too much to say that the chief beauties of her prose come from her being a poet. But there is one patent virtue of her criticism which comes, we suspect, from her being a woman: and that is her understanding of womanhood! Slight enough is her patience with the weakness, the sentimentality, the inefficiency once considered feminine: just as slight as her patience with the cheap emotion, the "refuse rhetoric," the lachrymose pitifulness of certain non-virile veins of literature—the modern "pathos" which she describes as "bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun. 'Tis a strange serpent; and the tears of it are wet." But she can, and does, rise gallantly enough to the defence of all underrated womanhood (if any such be left) to Steele's

Prue, for example, or to *Mrs. Johnson*. And she points out as the chief immorality of Victorian caricature, both of pen and brush, that it vulgarizes woman—and particularly woman in her love and her motherhood.

Alien enough to our syncopated daily haste are the fine-spun thought, the subtle sensitiveness, the under-emphasis, the large and quiet harmonies of Mrs. Meynell's work. There is, indeed, nothing of *dailiness* in it: how could there be, after her shocking discovery that noon was the hour of complete mediocrity? But the mystery and exultation of the dusk are there—and the sweet-eyed discovery of the dawntime—and the passion, the meditation, of long nights lighted only by the "spacious vigil of the stars."

Not the least memorable of Mrs. Meynell's gifts to the modern world she so well understands, and so deftly criticizes, is the gift of high *composure*. "Without anxiety, without haste, and without misgiving are all great things to be done," she writes upon one of her pages. And upon another comes a passage which might well serve as the *Credo* of her own work in literature: "To letters do we look now for the guidance and direction which the very closeness of the emotion taking us by the heart makes necessary. Shall not the Thing more and more, as we compose ourselves to literature, assume the honor, the hesitation, the leisure, the reconciliation of the Word?"

PARISH LIFE UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH. By W. P. M. Kennedy, M.A. The Catholic Library No. 9. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net.

This scholarly study shows us in detail how the Elizabethan reformation affected the everyday life of the people. The author has comprised a great mass of detail within a very small compass, and has written in a most objective manner of the parish clergy and churches of those sixteenth century days of corruption and hypocrisy. He concludes as follows: "Parish life under Queen Elizabeth was in no healthy state. Lack of respect for authority was evident in clerical life, and in the parish services. Religious differences were accentuated by penal laws. Moral standards did not exist. The entire local government was honeycombed with abuses. There was no such thing as privacy. Spying was not only common but was encouraged. Education was in the widest sense neglected. Genuine religion was so uncommon as to be almost negligible. A general irresponsibility characterized the various grades

of society. It is almost impossible to find anything to praise, and much which space has excluded remains for blame. Whatever may be said of Elizabethan England in its relation to nationality, foreign affairs, and literature, it must be confessed that the state of parish life was deplorable. To the Catholic missionaries, fired with enthusiasm, England presented a pitiable picture of moral anarchy. To the honest Puritan at home the parishes of England were little better than heathen. The Elizabethan ideal of national religious unity failed in its own day, because it neglected the true foundations of character. Subsequent history has also proved it a failure."

RELIGIOUS POEMS OF RICHARD CRASHAW. With an Introductory Study by R. A. Eric Shepherd. Catholic Library No. 10. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net.

In an excellent introductory, Mr. Shepherd defends Crashaw—"poet and saint"—against what he styles the grumbling essay of Francis Thompson. Thompson maintained that Crashaw's is essentially a secular genius, "allured to religious themes" not by the religious lesson, but the poetical grandeur and beauty of the subject; "he sings the stable at Bethlehem, but he does not sing its lessons of humility, poverty, self-abnegation." In answer Mr. Shepherd writes: "What Thompson complains of in Crashaw is the ecstasy of the convert. Crashaw wearies Thompson by his breathless dwelling on the facts of redemption, the means whereby it was accomplished. Thompson comes to hear Crashaw preach on the Nativity, but Crashaw leads him to the crèche and kneels before it. Thompson desires to hear a sermon on the Atonement, but Crashaw turns and contemplates the crucifix. Thompson seeks to be instructed, but Crashaw cannot teach; he can only sing hymns." Mr. Shepherd and Francis Thompson both agree in classing the *Hymn to St. Teresa* and *The Flaming Heart* among the best of all Crashaw's work. In the latest edition of Francis Thompson's *Essays*, we notice that the above strictures on Crashaw have been omitted.

ST. BERNARDINO: THE PEOPLE'S PREACHER. By Maisie Ward. The Catholic Library No. 11. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net.

Maisie Ward has done a good piece of work in this brief life of St. Bernardino for the Catholic Library. Although not so well known to-day as his father, St. Francis, or his fellow-patron of

Siena, St. Catherine, he was called in the fifteenth century the second founder of the Franciscan Order and the Apostle of Italy. Although himself a learned man, and promoting learning in his order, his strongest appeal was preaching in Franciscan style to the people. He understood the poor so intimately that he was able to speak to them as one of them. He was a reforming Saint, reforming his order and his country by the power of his genius and his holiness. He was accused at Rome of heresy, because it was said he taught in a novel and dangerous manner devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus. He was acquitted by both Martin V. and Eugenius IV., one of his most steadfast friends, St. John Capistran, eloquently vindicating his orthodoxy. He founded convents of the Observance in many towns of Italy, and was most successful in reconciling the Conventuals and the Observants. The present volume contains a number of his sermons, which give us some idea of his power as a preacher.

THE LIVES OF THE POPES IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Rev.

Horace K. Mann, D.D. Volume X. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3.00 net.

The tenth volume of Dr. Mann's monumental work begins with the pontificate of Alexander III. (1159-1181). Even Voltaire said of him that mankind owed more to Alexander than to any other man in the Middle Ages, and that, if men had not lost their rights, it was principally owing to the exertions of Alexander III. For eighteen years of his reign he had to combat the Emperor Frederick, who supported four anti-popes against him. England, Ireland, France, Spain, Norway, Denmark, Hungary, the Greek Emperor, the whole Cistercian Order, and the two Sicilies stood by Alexander III. during the schism. The support of the Greek Emperor was due more to the desire of humbling Frederick than to any love for the Holy See. The Lombard League did excellent service for the Pope against Frederick, utterly defeating his army near Milan, and thus helping in a measure to put an end to the schism. It built a new strongly fortified city for purposes of defence, and named it Alessandria in honor of the Pope.

During this pontificate we notice the beginning of those financial troubles, which at no distant date were to cause the Popes to use most unsatisfactory methods of raising money, and which were thus to result in great evils later on.

Dr. Mann relates in detail the contest of St. Thomas à Becket

with Henry II., the proceedings of the Council of the Lateran, the relation with the Holy See and the Eastern Church, etc.

The chief interest in the life of Lucius III. (1181-1185) centres about the Cathari and Waldenses, and the Inquisition's action in their regard.

Most of Urban III.'s (1185-1187) pontificate deals with the quarrel between Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the monks of Christ Church, a lawsuit which took fifteen years to settle. The next two Popes, Gregory VIII. (1187) and Clement III. (1187-1191), were both friendly to the Emperor Frederick. The principal work of Clement was in connection with the Third Crusade. He succeeded in making Richard of England, Philip II. of France, and Tancred of Sicily take the Cross, but the Crusaders fought among themselves before going to the East. The Crusade was not an utter failure as some have said, because the settlement made by Richard and Saladin was in effect the settlement of the whole Eastern question for a century after. A new Latin kingdom was founded in Cyprus, and every important seaport was regained in Syria, with almost all the land owned by the military orders.

The position of Pope Celestine III. (1191-1198) at the time of his accession was desperate. Outside the city of Rome was Henry VI., angry with the Papacy for favoring Tancred in Sicily; inside were the Romans, equally angry with it for refusing to help them to obtain possession of Tusculum. The Pope had turned a deaf ear to the demands of the Romans, but the Emperor Henry, once crowned by the Pope, ordered his garrison to hand over the unsuspecting city of Tusculum to the Romans. They completely destroyed it, killing and horribly mutilating most of its inhabitants. Henry was excommunicated by the Pope a number of times, and most deservedly, for he was one of the most barbaric despots who ever sat upon a throne. His destruction of Tusculum; his murder of the Archbishop of Liège, and his treacherous imprisonment of King Richard of England, were only a few instances of his cruelty. Luckily he died of fever at the early age of thirty-two.

The volume closes with a brief account of the life and teachings of the Abbot Joachim of Fiore.

YOURSELF AND THE NEIGHBORS. By Seumas MacManus.
New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.25.

Throughout this narrative of Irish life, with its simple, significant events, its touching characters with their fund of humor,

charity, and poetry, sounds the true note of genuineness that brings with it the tear and the smile. There is, therefore, something distinctly familiar about all of these characters, the tyrannical post-mistress, the "Masther" with pedantic speech, the gentle Father Dan, and Barney, the Priest's boy, who "realizing his position as part of that great structure against which not even the gates of hell shall prevail," shouldered "what he considered his due share of the parish cares." Even the "Come-Home Yankee" and the red-haired beggarman are not strange figures to such as understand the warm, open-hearted character of the dear Irish people, who love their own with a strong affection, and to whom the poor are "equally entitled with yourself to the roof that God raised over you, and to a share of the bite that you struggled for."

We know that the author has lived among the Irish moors, has drawn his knowledge at first hand; nor has he missed his "atmosphere"—a word perhaps too trivial to apply to the faith and poetry of an ancient and much persecuted race. Like Raftery, the fiddler, who shaped the hardest heart like clay, he too has caught the "sighin' o' the sae and the whisperin' of the *Sidhe* among the sallies, and the heather-bleat's complainin' on the moor. The loveliness of the skies and the loneliness o' the bogs and the whistlin' o' the blackbird and the singin' o' the lark and the marchin' o' the fairies on the moor, and the beat of their ten thousand ten times little feet at the moonlit dance upon the rath."

For the lover of Irish lore who has smiled over the pages of *My New Curate*, has felt his heart go over the footlights to *Peg*, and thrilled to Teresa Brayton's *Songs o' the Dawn*, we can but repeat our first recommendation, and add that if he has a drop of Celtic blood in his veins, and a long evening at his disposal, he will find a rare treat laid up for him.

POEMS FOR LOYAL HEARTS. By Rev. William Livingstone.
New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.25 net.

We are pleased to welcome this little volume from the hand of one so much esteemed and beloved as Father Livingstone. As the title suggests, these poems deal with the truest objects of the heart's loyalty, God, friends, and country.

The opening lyrics, some twenty in number, sing of nature in its relation to the world of spirit. The analogies are original, and some of the descriptions very graceful, as, for instance, the following:

Spring should come but Winter lingers ;
 All the world is cold,
 Waiting till the fairy fingers
 Shall her robes unfold,
 Waiting for her minnesingers
 And their songs of gold.

Or again :

In Cherry Lane the blossoms blow
 In wreaths of white around the trees,
 And spread their petals wide as though
 They longed for nectar-seeking bees.

* * * *

In Cherry Lane the sunbeams steal
 Through many a leaf and branch above,
 And tender shoots come forth to feel
 The touches of a wondrous love.

The author is at his best in these nature lyrics. In other of his verses written for specific occasions, there is perhaps a little straining after rhymes—but this is a demand which even poet laureates do not always meet successfully. Small defeats of this kind, however, may be overlooked in view of the purity of the underlying sentiment, and the sudden spiritual truth that presents itself to the reader. The lines *Before a Crucifix* are beautifully simple and effective :

Ah! wounded Love! my worthless lips I press
 To these, Thy carven feet,
 Cold as the stones that felt their warm caress
 On Sion's dusty street.

How blest those stones and they who walked on them
 All stained and cracked and worn!
 How doubly blest who kissed Thy garment's hem,
 Though dust-begrimed and torn!

Then blessed am I, though far removed yet free
 Thine image here to kiss—
 Were not Thy garments, till they vested Thee,
 Just earth-born things like this?

THE MIRROR OF OXFORD. By Rev. C. B. Dawson, S.J. London: Sands & Co. 75 cents.

All of the guides to Oxford written of late years have been made to harmonize with the Protestant tradition. Wherever ques-

tions arise regarding the religious storm which burst over the university in the sixteenth century, statements are made, and inferences drawn, which in the light of present knowledge can no longer be sustained. As Father Dawson adds in his preface: "Much is said in these otherwise admirable guides to Oxford, which to the adherents of the old religion is needlessly offensive; and on the other hand much that is deeply interesting to them left untold."

The present Oxford guide contains a most interesting historical review of Oxford, its religious orders, its churches, its colleges and halls. The best part of the volume is the attitude of the various colleges during the turmoil of the Reformation; and the fidelity often unto death of many of Oxford's sons to the Old Faith.

THE IDEAL OF THE MONASTIC LIFE FOUND IN THE APOSTOLIC AGE. By Dom Germain Morin, O.S.B. Translated from the French by C. Gunning. With a preface by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25 net.

Many who know Dom Morin only as a patristic and liturgical scholar, will welcome these devout and original conferences which he delivered some twenty years ago to members of his own order. His aim throughout is to demonstrate that the life of the primitive Christians is the origin and model of the monastic life. Dom Bede Camm tells us truly that the whole work "breathes the simple piety of the ages of faith, and is impregnated with that peace of heart and liberty of spirit which are characteristic of the true son of St. Benedict."

The ideal of the monastic life consists "in raising gently, very gently, the level of all the powers of the soul, enlarging peacefully and regularly all the avenues through which God comes to it, so that it may be filled with all the fullness of Him, Who, to use St. Augustine's words, is the Food of the strong: *Cibus sum grandium; cresce et manducabis me.*"

The Benedictine ideal of poverty "sets no limits to the increase of the material goods of the monastery," and far from being rigorous and singular, is consistent with a certain general air of comfort. This comfort, however, supposes the absolute renunciation of the least appearance of superfluous enjoyment. Dom Morin denies that relaxation came into the Benedictine abbeys as the result of riches. He admits this in exceptional cases, but adds that "history has proved that monastic communities have never been more fer-

vent within, or more beneficent without, than when at the zenith of their power and riches."

Our author is rather severe at times upon what he styles "more or less artificial systems of modern asceticism."

THE RENAISSANCE, THE PROTESTANT REVOLUTION, AND THE CATHOLIC REFORMATION IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE. By Edward Maslin Hulme, Professor of History in the University of Idaho. New York: The Century Co. \$2.50.

Time was when a book in English on this subject was almost certain to give offence to Catholics, either by its partisan animus or by its failure to appreciate correctly the genius of that mediæval civilization which Protestantism displaced. But in recent years things have changed a good deal in this regard, so that we now have non-Catholic studies of the Renaissance and Reformation periods, which, while reflecting their authors' temper of mind, do not grate on their readers' sensibilities. Such works, even when not on the highest plane of scholarship, are exceedingly useful, if only for the reason that they help us to see ourselves as others see us, and so keep us from being narrow. A reverence for objective fact, so that no statement will be consciously untrue or misleading, is all that we can look for. Indeed, it may be questioned whether we have the right to demand any more than this, for a man's historical writing, if it is to be vital, must be informed by his philosophy, and as long as that philosophy is the progeny of honest observation and reflection (as we are bound in lack of positive evidence to the contrary to assume), he not only may, but must, study the past in its light. Within these limits only is impartiality practically attainable, and, consequently, when we take exception to a work like the above, we do so as a rule not on the score of its history so much as on that of its theory. It is not the statements in detail that we consider, but rather the presuppositions, the inferences, and the deductions.

These remarks are apposite in a review of the present work. Its author is evidently not a Catholic, and his book is not of the kind that a Catholic would write—yet it is not one that a Catholic can entirely object to. Not that we would cry amen to everything he says. For instance, the Luther he pictures in chapter twelve is, to our way of thinking, not the Luther of history. But to point out "errors" here and there would be neither thorough nor fair:

not thorough, because it would not reveal the basis of our general disapproval; not fair, because it might beget in the minds of our readers the notion that the author is either unscholarly or prejudiced or both, whereas we are convinced that he is neither. In a book covering in five hundred and fifty-six pages so wide a field, the general impression left by a perusal is of more consequence than the separate elements that go to produce it. This impression we hold to be not entirely warranted, because the author interprets his facts in the light of a false presupposition that recurs as a sort of *leit-motiv* throughout the work. The following passage suggests it:

Individuality sank from sight still further in the Middle Ages. The Church taught that individuality was rebellion and sin. Conscience, which is the individual judgment of what is right and wrong, might exist between man and man, but not between man and God. Man must not be content to live his own life. Instead, it should be his aim to live over again, as far as possible, the life of the saints, the life of Christ. He must divest himself of selfhood. Instead of seeking to create he should endeavor only to imitate. All utterance of the carnal self was fraught with danger or with sin. Self-abnegation, self-annihilation was the goal of the mediæval Christian life. It was a sort of Buddhism, save that the Nirvana of the Christian was God and not mere oblivion. The spirit of implicit faith, of unquestioning obedience, inculcated by the age of faith, was destructive of individuality; for mere right-doing in obedience to external commands leaves the power of individual thought and judgment in abeyance. It empties action of all rational significance. The ideal of life of the Middle Ages was one closed about with the circumscribing walls of a cloister. Yet its vision, though narrow, was lofty. It ignored as much as possible the world of nature and the world of men, but it opened upon the infinite like "the chink which serves for the astronomer's outlook upon the abysses of heaven" (p. 60).

Now we do not propose to analyze this travesty of mediæval asceticism; it is due not to any lack of acquaintance with the salient facts, but to a vision distorted by a false conception of the factors most conducive to personal liberty. "Individuality" is an elastic term. It may mean anything from rational self-development, which is the aim of Catholic morality, to pure selfishness. But, taking it in a reasonable sense, the surest way to kill it is to make a fetish of it. If each of us is an individual, he is also part of a society, and his own development can never really conflict with that of

humanity as a whole. The one who forgets this is the first to suffer. This was an essential part of the Church's message to the non-Roman races, for when she first encountered them they were barbarians. Now a barbarian society differs from a civilized society precisely in this: that its members possess an over-developed "individuality," there is not enough corporate activity, wars between tribes and even between families are of frequent occurrence, and such central authority as exists is not any too seriously regarded. The civilizing of such peoples is therefore bound to proceed along the lines of a (relative) suppression of that "individuality" by bringing prominently forward the place and function of each unit in the social organism, and the duty of subordinating one's private interests and activities to the common good. If in a given case such suppression goes too far, that is not the fault of the method, but merely an instance of the tendency to depreciate one aspect of the truth when we have to insist on another. To accuse the mediæval Church of suppressing individuality, is to over-state the case; she was obliged to lay stress on the opposite phase of human development, and could not attend to everything at once. The school-master who demands that a boy give less time to baseball and more to study, cannot for that reason be set down as opposed to sport.

Moreover, the monastic ideal, which the author regards as one of the means whereby personal development was hindered, was in reality the very opposite. A monastery is the last place on earth for a lazy-minded man; in that age it was to many the only avenue of escape from social conditions wherein their personality would have received either an exaggerated development or no development at all. And, furthermore, there was within the limits of the monastic profession itself a variety sufficiently vast to suit the different temperaments of those who wished indeed to imitate Christ and the saints, but to do so according to their own innate possibilities. The Catholic ideal, then as ever, was not to suppress the individual in favor of the Church, but to develop him through the Church. If she taught the Communion of Saints, she also taught individual responsibility and personal immortality. One need only recall the freedom—we had almost said fierceness—of discussion in the mediæval schools, and the regulations of the various craft-guilds, whereby the individual's personal rights were secured, and his self-development fostered far better than they are by the labor unions of to-day, to bring home to one's mind the conviction that the fact to be noted is not that the Church did so little in these directions,

but that in an age dominated by the feudal idea (itself an attempt to rectify a too vigorous individualism) she succeeded in doing so much. On the other hand, Protestantism, having exaggerated one phase of the truth, is now making the world pay the inevitable penalty. This is how Mr. Belloc puts it:

The first and most salient character discoverable in non-Catholic thought to-day is the undue extension of authority. . . .

You may perceive, as a note running through the modern world wherever the effects of the Reformation are most prominent in it, a simple unquestioning faith in mere statement. You will notice the almost childish repetition of *known names* in proof of doubtful or quite unprovable assertion.¹

Yes, the wheel is coming full circle. The very ardor of their search for freedom has made them miss it: they have lost their life because they were too bent on saving it. Liberty implies authority; and a society that insists on this is not suppressing individuality, but guiding it in the right path. The real foe is Protestantism, which is quenching freedom by its over-eagerness to be free.

These considerations will suggest why we do not welcome whole-heartedly the present work. A false concept of liberty, and of the conditions requisite for its preservation, leads its writer to picture the Reformation as a step in advance, whereas on a larger view it was really the principal foe of the Renaissance, and consequently of all sane and legitimate progress. At the same time the book deserves perusal on the part of matured Catholic students; for in religious history, setting aside those facts that bear directly on the immutable dogmas of the Church, it is only by the presentation of various views, in a spirit of wise and tempered "individualism," that the true view can be approximated. For facts cannot speak for themselves. They need an interpreter, and each one who honestly essays the rôle deserves, if not our entire agreement, at least our gratitude, and this we hereby express to Professor Hulme. He has written a work that reveals wide knowledge of a period peculiarly difficult to master. And if at times he reads into it ideas and motives which we do not perceive therein, we cannot but recognize the serious scholarship and breadth of sympathy which keep him from that sort of writing which at one time was associated almost with the very idea of a non-Catholic historian of the Reformation.

¹See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1912, *The Results of the Reformation*, pp. 801, 803.

PERILOUS SEAS. By E. G. Robin. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25 net.

The scene of this story is laid in the Channel Islands, chiefly in Guernsey; the period, the early years of the French Revolution. The author writes as if the intimacies of the household of the faith were a novel but delightful experience; a feeling which the characters, who become Catholics in the course of the story, frequently express.

To those unfamiliar with the history of Catholicism in these islands, it will be a surprise to see how utterly it had been stamped out in the years between the Reformation and the coming of the French *émigrés*. No trace seems to have remained save the ignorance, hatred, and prejudice of the sects. There is plenty of local color in the primitive customs, festivals, and superstitions of the natives. The sturdy Guernseyman, slow to modify his prejudices, is won by the gay fortitude, the living faith, and the charm of the French exiles, and this little corner of the world receives, for its kindness to the unfortunate, the gift of the truth faith.

CANDLE FLAME. A Play for reading only. By Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

"Cryptic and gnomic" are words applied by admirers to other books by the same author, and the terms are equally applicable to this one. In thirty-two pages of wide margin and few words, a story is told in which the old superstition of melting a waxen image, in order to compass the death of a rival or an enemy, plays an important part. But "I grieve about it some," is neither "gnomic nor cryptic," but incorrect English, indeed there seems to be little meaning in the whole play. The publishers, however, have done their full share towards making the book attractive.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN SPAIN. By G. E. Street. Edited by Georgiana Goddard King. Two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

No one can afford to travel in Spain without having Street's well-known book for a companion. Although fifty years old, it still remains the best work in English on Spanish architecture. Every lover of Spain will be grateful to the editor for bringing it up to date, and for widening its range. Most tourists rely on Baedeker, the best part of which is carved out of Street, and the rest inac-

curate and inadequate in the extreme. The author tells us that the interest of his work is threefold—first, artistic and archæological; second, historical; and third, personal. The notes gathered on several journeys have been put in the form of one continuous tour, and the concluding chapters give a résumé of the history of architecture in Spain, and a short history of the men who as architects and builders have given him the materials of his work.

HOLY MASS. The Eucharistic Sacrifice and the Roman Liturgy.

By Rev. Herbert Lucas, S.J. Two volumes. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents each.

These two volumes are by far the most important of the Catholic Library Series that have appeared. Father Lucas says in his preface: "The attempt to write yet another book about the Mass, while, for English-speaking Catholics, Dr. Fortescue's work on the Roman Liturgy holds the field, may be deemed, perchance, both presumptuous and inopportune." The author is too modest, for there was plenty of room for a shorter and more popular treatment of the same subject. Father Lucas' first volume is more popular than the second, which deals (chapters x.-xiii.) in a rather erudite fashion with the difficult question of the development of the Roman Canon. Father Lucas, while admitting that the scholar need not be deterred from investigating the structure of the Roman Canon out of a mistaken feeling of reverence, still thinks that he can vindicate for the Roman Canon a more or less perfect organic unity. He does not agree with those writers—Baumstark, Buchwald, and Drews—who imagine that they see in it a kind of patchwork, of which the chief portions are thought to have somehow got out of their right place. The question at any rate is still *sub judice*, and perhaps never will be completely solved.

TEN REASONS. Proposed to his Adversaries for Disputation in the Name of the Faith and Presented to the Illustrious Members of our Universities. By Edmund Campion, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net.

As Father Pollen tells us in his scholarly introduction, the *Decem Rationes* was a last and most deliberate free utterance of Campion's ever memorable mission. The book was finished and sent to Father Persons on March, 1581, and its Latin prose, although pronounced by critics of our day as somewhat silvery and Livian, suited the tastes of that day to perfection. We can under-

stand its popularity and effectiveness, for, "it is bright, pointed, strong, full of matter, bold, eloquent, and convincing." The translation is by Father Rickaby, who warns us not to be surprised "to find in this little work quite as much of rhetoric as of logic and not to be surprised at the vehemence of the language. Compared with his opponents, Luther, for example, Edmund Campion is mere milk and honey."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By George Galloway, D.D.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Dr. Galloway has written for the International Theological Library a lengthy and vague treatise on the philosophy of religion. To discuss its six hundred pages adequately from a Catholic viewpoint would require a volume. We will call attention merely to a few of his utterances. For example: he is wrong in rejecting the ontological, cosmological, moral, and historical proofs of the existence of God. He tells us that "as proofs they break down, and that they suggest probabilities of greater or less degree; but they carry no conviction to the minds of those who demand cogent logic. God in the sense that spiritual religion demands can never be reached by any deductive argument." He then proceeds to quote the pragmatist Professor James as warrant for the thesis he does not prove. "The attempt to demonstrate by purely intellectual processes the deliverances of direct religious experience is absolutely hopeless."¹ The theistic proofs, according to our author, are merely the symbol of the general movement of the religious mind, which carries the spiritual self beyond its environment, beyond the world, to gain a deeper ground of thought and life in the Being Whom it calls God." This is delightfully vague and decidedly untrue.

Speaking again of authority in religion the author tells us: "that the idea of a merely external authority in religion cannot be consistently defended. After all, the force of an appeal to such an authority lies in the recognition which it evokes, and authority to be spiritually valuable must be accepted by the spirit. Now it is vain to expect that all the doctrines based on the testimony of a Church or of sacred writings will be accepted in this way; for they do not form a perfectly coherent whole, and in the interests of harmony it is necessary to select and criticize. This means that the final court of appeals is within rather than without, in the witness of the spirit rather than in an external authority." In these words

¹*Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 435.

our author proves himself a Protestant of the Protestants, makes all religious truth utterly subjective, and reduces the principle of authority to the interior witness and assent of the individual soul. He tries to make out that this is not a fair inference, but "cogent logic" declares that it is.

RICHARD OF WYCHE, LABORER, SCHOLAR, BISHOP, AND SAINT, 1197-1253. By Sister Mary Reginald Capes, O.S.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.50 net.

The history of St. Richard differs greatly from those of the bishops of his time. Unlike St. Thomas of Canterbury or Stephen Langton, he was not a statesman. For the most part he kept aloof from the strife and turmoil that then agitated the life of the Church in its quarrels with the king, although we do meet him at Court as the friend of the persecuted St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, and again as a suppliant pleading for the rights of his own See of Winchester. As a scholar and a saint, life at Court was most distasteful to him, and, save for his early contest with Henry III., his life was on the whole very peaceful.

He studied at Oxford, Paris, and Bologna, and, on his return to England, became in turn Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and Chancellor of the Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Edmund. Chosen Bishop of Chichester, it took him two years to obtain possession of his See, and then only after Pope Innocent IV. had threatened King Henry with excommunication. The only fault that his biographers allude to in his life was a certain impetuosity and severity of character, which appears in some of the anecdotes connected with the administration of his See. These show us, as our author points out, that his sanctity was not, as might almost be thought of his master, infused from the beginning, but had to be acquired by dint of hard blows and much self-conquest.

He loved and was beloved by his clergy. Some writers have considered him somewhat severe in his dealings with them, but when we call to mind the license that prevailed everywhere at that period, we can readily understand his course of action. He had a great love of the poor, and when money failed him he was known to sell even his horse in order that the poor might not appeal to him in vain. He was always a genial host, though he differed from many of the worldly prelates of the time by refusing to allow vast sums to be spent on mere entertainment. He ate scarcely anything himself save a little bread and wine, but he never demanded the same

austerity of his guests. Much of the night he spent before the altar, either in the cathedral or in his own private chapel.

One great testimony to his virtue is the fact that the censorious Matthew Paris, who has a bitter word for all his friends, never mentions St. Richard's name save in terms of the highest respect and esteem. St. Richard was generally beloved, not because of his great intellect or his statesmanship, but on account of the spiritual attraction of real holiness, based on a genial and tactful nature. The news of his death plunged all England into mourning.

The present life is based on the earlier lives of the Saint by Ralph Bocking (1270), John Capgrave (1450), the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris, Richard Stevens (1692), and an anonymous Italian life of 1706. It is excellently written.

FAMILIAR SPANISH TRAVELS. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00 net.

Mr. Howells has written an entertaining, gossipy account of his trip through Spain in the fall of 1911. He tells us nothing new about Spain, but he says the old things in a most delightful way. As a non-Catholic he cannot enter into the spirit of Catholic Spain, although he asserts that he has been attracted by her history and literature from childhood. There are the usual Protestant references to the martyrs of the Inquisition, the folly of indulgences, the mediæval gloom of Catholicism, Bloody Mary, and the like, but they are made in ignorance and not in malice. Mr. Howells is at his best when he describes the scenery along the route, and the comfort or discomfort of hotels and trains. The personal note is a little too dominant at times, but perhaps no one will read this book who is not already a lover of Mr. Howells and his excellent literary work.

AS the memoir of Sister Mary of St. Francis, published some time ago by the late Miss A. M. Clarke, was out of print, one of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur has written a new life, *Sister Mary of St. Francis*, edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. (London: R. & T. Washbourne. \$1.35 net), which would set forth more fully the intimate details of the spiritual life of this noble woman. Dom Bede Camm well says "that many besides myself will be profoundly edified and delighted by this simple record of a beautiful life, for it gives glimpses of the secret motive power of the generous activity of one who worked night and day from her

quiet retreat at Namur for the Catholic cause in England." We are confident that it will be read in many a convent refectory, and the lessons of its life told to many a young novice aspiring to religious perfection.

IN *The Ups and Downs of Marjorie*, by Mary T. Waggaman (New York: Benziger Brothers. 45 cents), Marjorie Mayne, a little foundling full of mischief, is selected out of a number of orphans at St. Vincent's to share the country home of the good Miss Talbot. Her "downs" are many. She falls into a half frozen mill-dam; she innocently strips the Hill Crest Conservatory of all its rare flowers for Miss Talbot's altar; she is all but kidnapped by a villainous old gypsy, when she leaves the house at midnight to find the mythical pot of gold which will save her dear friend's home. The story leaves her very high "up" at the close, for she discovers a rich grandfather and lives happily ever after. The story is in Miss Waggaman's best vein.

MR. GRAVES is well known to all true lovers of Irish music and poetry. In *Irish Literary and Musical Studies* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75 net), he has collected a number of lectures given before the Irish Literary Society of London, the National Literary Society of Dublin, and the students of Alexandra College, Dublin. He gives us appreciative notices of James Clarence Mangan, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Joseph Sheridan, Le Fanu, William Allingham, Dr. Joyce, and Edward Bunting. He writes critically and enthusiastically of early Irish religious poetry, giving specimens of his own perfect translations.

IN *The Unworthy Pact*, by Dorothea Gerard (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.37), the story is told of Adrian Belmont, who, despite a good Catholic education, almost entirely lost his faith. He was leaving England for India when an uncle died, intestate, and Adrian fell heir to the estate. The discovery of a will, however, complicates matters, and brings Adrian to a dangerous crisis in his life. How he acted therein our readers must discover for themselves.

THE Jesuit martyr, Robert Southwell, is well known to all literary students as one of the best minor poets of sixteenth century England, but very few know of him as a writer of classic prose.

Catholics owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Trotman for his careful editing of *The Triumphs Over Death* (St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents), and the touching letters of the martyr to his father, brother, and cousin. The appendices contain a brief account of the four manuscripts used by the author, biographical sketches of Robert Southwell and his relatives, and a rather strange and unproved theory that a certain John Trussel was responsible for some of the writings attributed to Shakespeare.

W. H. DUTTON, in *Highways and Byways of Shakespeare's Country* (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00), tells us that he has known Shakespeare's country nearly forty years, and that he has wandered about it on many a holiday. Moreover, for many years he has been storing his bookcases with the literature of the subject, from the immortal Dugdale down to the Rev. Thomas Cox of 1700, to the latest voyager on the banks of Avon. The reader who has the leisure to visit Warwickshire and its neighbors can find no better companion for his journey.

MY LADY ROSIA, by Ferda Mary Groves (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25), is a stirring tale of thirteenth century London and Avignon. Our interest is kept alive throughout by night affrays, abductions, escapes from prison, combats with the French, pictures of the Papal Court at Avignon, and the love of the hero Bernard le Bèvere for the heroine. The portrait of St. Catherine of Siena is well drawn.

THE HOME OF THE SEVEN DEVILS, by Horace W. C. Newte (New York: John Lane Co. \$1.25 net), is a tiresome, immoral story. The author solemnly assures us that the monastic life is "a cowardly shunning of the rough and tumble of the world, and that all religious houses are parasitic."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS sends us a small volume entitled *The Holy Land of Asia Minor*, by Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D. (\$1.00 net), the contents of which are best described by the sub-title, "The Holy Land of Asia Minor is the Seven Cities of the Book of Revelation" (known to Catholics as the Apocalypse), "their present appearance, their history, their significance, and their message to the Church of to-day." The book aims to be a helpful guide—not a commentary on the letters of St. John. It is

quite within traditionary lines. A few sentences here and there are amusing, as claiming continuity for Protestantism with these ancient churches, but the whole is reverent in treatment.

RONALD'S MISSION, by Henriette Eugénie Delamere (Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner Co. 60 cents), presents a rather difficult task for a little boy of nine years—the conversion of a renegade uncle and his family, bequeathed to him by a dying father. The legacy was handed on through his mother, who left her boy to the care of this worldly uncle. The brave little fellow persevered with a courage beyond his years, until he had fulfilled his mission.

THE author of *Practical Questions on the Sodality*, Reverend James A. Dowling, S.J. (Chicago: Loyola University Press), has been well fitted for his work by long experience as the director of a Young Men's Sodality in a large congregation. His little booklet will be found useful as a guide, and will aid in unifying the aims and practices of a sodality.

WE think the title of this book, *A Garden of Girls or Famous Schoolgirls of Former Days*, by Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M.A. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00 net), is a very happy one for stories of girlhood, and these blossoms are culled from various gardens: England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, and our own United States. In these days when the types frequently set before the eyes of the young are not uplifting, it is well for our young girls to revert to these examples, excellently and attractively presented, of true womanhood in the making.

WITHIN THE SOUL, by the Rev. M. J. Watson, S.J. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.) In England and in Australia this little work has been a favorite for some time. It consists of charming and helpful little essays on many subjects affecting our everyday life. The very brevity of the essays is a help, for if we can spare only five minutes a day for spiritual reading, this is a suitable book; each essay leaves its impression on the mind, and a kindly helpful thought to bear us company through the trials of the day, uplifting or comforting as our need may require.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Le Démon de Midi, by Paul Bourget. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. Two volumes. 7 frs.) This latest novel of Paul Bourget's came before the public eye quite prominently when it was read at the Caillaux trial in Paris a few months ago. He says himself that the theme of *The Noon-day Devil* was suggested to him by a conversation he once had with Melchior de Vogüé upon the sincerity of Chateaubriand.

Paul Bourget had recalled Sainte-Beuve's characterization of Chateaubriand as "an epicurean with a Catholic imagination," and had maintained boldly Chateaubriand's insincerity. De Vogüé had protested vehemently against Bourget's estimate. According to him, Chateaubriand was a Catholic in thought and conviction, although at the same time "*une créature d'entraînement émotif et de désir désordonné.*"

Louis Savignan is the Chateaubriand of Paul Bourget's novel. The Catholic party of his district persuades him to run for deputy, promising him the backing of Calvières, a wealthy manufacturer married to an old sweetheart of Savignan. The necessities of the campaign force Savignan to be a constant visitor at Calvière's home, and his old love for Geneviève returns. She, an utter unbeliever, despises her husband for his lowly and vulgar manners. He discovers Savignan's letters of earlier years, which Geneviève had preserved. She is about to elope with Savignan, when he is recalled to a sense of his dishonor by the sudden and tragic death of his son.

This son Jacques is in love with Thérèse Andrault, but she unfortunately has fallen under the influence of the modernistic Abbé Fauchon, a combination of Tyrrell, Loisy, and Murri. He finally marries Thérèse, an unlooked-for conclusion, which brings back her modernist father and mother to their senses and to their faith.

Louis Savignan has, after a great deal of hesitation, been persuaded by his son to write a caustic review of the Abbé Fauchon's famous book, *Hakeldama*. Calvières, realizing Fauchon's anger at this strong refutation of his pet doctrines, goes to him with Savignan's love letters, and obtains his promise to publish them in his review. What a splendid way of proving the utter insincerity and hypocrisy of the follower of Rome! Thérèse informs Jacques of the Abbé Fauchon's intention, and the son at once hurries to the Abbé's home to obtain the letters. In the scuffle that ensues, the Abbé picks up a pistol, and accidentally kills Jacques. The boy dies bravely without a word of accusation on his lips, and his death is the means of bringing back the Abbé and Thérèse to the Church. His father has lost the faith because he has sinned against the light. His friend, the Benedictine Dom Bayle, manages to reconcile Geneviève to her husband. Paul Bourget has a wonderful power of laying bare the innermost workings of the human soul. He reveals to us in the present volume the subtle pride of the modernist Fauchon, the stupid simplicity of the weak Thérèse, the perfect loyalty of the devout Jacques, the continuous fighting against the light of Louis Savignan, the domineering conceit of the wealthy bourgeois Calvières, and the absolute disregard of duty in the well-born, unbelieving Geneviève.

Like most Frenchmen he cannot refrain from the theme of illicit love. There are in these two volumes a number of scenes, sensuous and immoral to the core, that might well be omitted. With all his power, we cannot but deplore them. Paul Bourget's art would have lost nothing, and decency would have gained much by their omission.

Foreign Periodicals.

NOTE: The digest of the contents of Foreign Periodicals is very limited this month, because the periodicals in question have not reached us. A like condition will probably prevail until the present European War ends.

Catholicism in Togoland. By Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B. The colony of Togoland on the west coast of Africa passed unconditionally on August 26, 1914, from the possession of Germany to that of England. Its size is variously given as thirty-three thousand and fifty-two thousand square miles, and its population as from one to three millions. Rich in natural products, valuable wood, and fertile lands, the colony would be a paradise for colonists and traders were it not for the unhealthy climate, so that government officials are allowed to leave there after eighteen months' service, and merchants, as a rule, do not stay more than two years. The native population, belonging to the Sudan negro stock, is divided into various, entirely distinct tribes; gay, peaceful, and hospitable, these are also, as far as they have been touched by Christian civilization, industrious and promising.

Opposition to missionary enterprise has come from many sources: fetishism, polygamy, secret societies, the drink evil, the climatic conditions, and the variety of languages and dialects. But the Catholics have not been idle since the erection of the Vicariate of Dahomey in 1860, and particularly since the mission of Togoland was separated from this vicariate in 1892, and entrusted to the Missionary Society of the Divine Word. To-day there are in Togoland (itself made a vicariate on March 16, 1914, with Bishop Wolf, S.V.D., at its head) 47 priests, 15 brothers, 25 sisters, 12 principal and 160 out-stations, 17 churches, 22 chapels, 228 catechists and native teachers, 197 schools with 8,463 pupils, 17,052 Catholics, and 6,425 catechumens. These results have been attained through the excellent schools and the varied scholastic and agricultural interests of the missionaries.—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, October.

Catholics Under the Irish Parliament. By Michael MacDonagh. That the people of Ireland were, during the eighteenth century, excluded from the Parliament of Ireland and denied the franchise,

solely on account of their faith, is a fact well-known but always, to minds accustomed to twentieth century tolerance, startling and inexplicable. Their exclusion came within three months of the Treaty of Limerick, October, 1691, and was brought about by enforcing an oath of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration to which no Catholic could subscribe. Protestants having Catholic wives were in 1697 put under all the political and civil disabilities of Catholics. Persons abjuring the Catholic faith were forbidden in 1753 the right to vote, unless their abjuration had taken place six months before the election. The mass of the people naturally stood wholly apart from the elections, and had their own parliaments for the redress of grievances in the local lodges of Whiteboyism. The rising of a Catholic commercial class in the towns, agitation through a Catholic committee, the French Revolution, and the establishment of the Republic of the United States, aided the work of enfranchisement.

In the year 1793 the followers of the national creed were for the first time styled "Catholics," and not "Papists," in the Speech from the Throne. In the same year by the passage of the Relief Act, Catholic forty shilling freeholders were made eligible to vote in the counties, and in such of the more open boroughs as had the freehold and potwalloper franchises. But its effect in many counties was but to increase the influence of small landlords whose tenants were Catholic, and to endanger, to that extent, the predominance of the great territorial families.—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, October.

The New Catacombs at Valkenburg. By Rev. Edward F. Ryan, S.J. In the southeast corner of Dutch Limburg, in a peaceful little summer resort called Valkenburg, there has been going on for the past four years an attempt to reproduce the most striking and the most famous portions of the catacombs of Rome.

Herr John Diepen of Tillburg conceived the idea of constructing genuine Roman catacombs there, and in 1909 secured the approbation of the Holy Father and of the Commission for Christian Archæology. Dr. Cuypers, the architect, Visschers, the painter, Signore Bevigiani, then superintendent of the catacombs, Monsignor Wilpert, Professor Marucchi and others assisted. No pains were spared to secure archæological fidelity. The first portion of the work was thrown open to the public in July, 1910, the concluding portion in July, 1912. Mr. Diepen has entrusted the whole enter-

prise to a Board of Special Commissioners, including the Bishop and the Governor of the Province, so that the preservation and further development of the new catacombs seems assured.—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, October.

Lord Strathcona. By Maurice Lewandowski. With the death of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal on the twenty-first of last January, Canada lost the man who, more than any other, had raised her from a provincial wilderness to the rank of a powerful and practically independent nation. Born in Scotland in 1820, Donald Smith, at the age of eighteen, entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and remained actively connected with it until 1874. Elected a member of the Federal Parliament in 1871, he began, in connection with Mr. James J. Hill and Mr. George Stephen, the various railway projects which led in 1885 to the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This national highway has not only developed Western Canada, but brought Canada and all other colonies into closer touch with England, thus meriting for the man, whose foresight, daring, energy and perseverance accomplished it, the well-deserved title of "Empire builder."

Raised to the peerage in 1897, he declined the post of viceroy of Canada; in 1899 he supported at his own expense during the Boer War the famous cavalry troop, called "Strathcona's Horse." President of the Bank of Montreal, member and officer of numerous societies, Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, and Canadian representative in London, he filled all these posts with exceptional credit to himself, and bore the honors which came from them with exceptional simplicity. Deeply religious, he spent much and wisely in charitable work, and, though not a Catholic, he assisted that other noble pioneer, his friend, Father Lacombe, and gave the use of his house to Cardinal Bourne during the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal, besides five thousand dollars towards the expenses of that celebration.—*Le Correspondant*, September 25.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (October): Rev. J. Kelleher concludes against the existence of any "true, objective standard of value beneath market prices," and holds that actually these are regulated by the non-moral principle, that "value measures human motives," which is the foundation of modern economic theory and practise. Many may be surprised "to be told that there is any-

thing at all objectionable about non-moral subjective prices. After all, they would say, is not each man himself the best judge of what any commodity is worth to him? This much, at least, may be said in favor of this position, that it does not attempt to disguise the true nature of market prices. Its merits, from the social and ethical standpoint, will be considered in a subsequent article.”—— In a technical discussion of St. Jerome’s Latin text of St. Paul’s Epistles to Titus, Philemon, the Galatians, and the Ephesians, the Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P., finds himself “compelled to call in question the truth of a generally received proposition, viz., that the present Clementine Vulgate text represents St. Jerome’s correction of the Latin text of St. Paul’s Epistles as it existed in his day.” “It should be clearly understood that St. Jerome did not *translate* the New Testament; he only *revised it*.” And even if the present pages “do not prove that St. Jerome never revised the Epistles as a whole—and we are far from saying that they do prove this—they at least show that the present Clementine text differs to an extraordinary degree from the text St. Jerome would have liked to substitute for it. And it must be noticed, too, that he never speaks of what he *would have liked* to have done, but—at least in *Ep.* xxvii.—of what he apparently had already done in the year 383 A. D.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (October): Rev. D. O’Keeffe considers Roger Bacon’s account of the main sources of error in contemporary speculation, his criticism of mediæval learning, and his conception of the experimental method.—Rev. J. Brosnan places *The Malice of Lying* in this: that it is a perversion of the intellect, a God-given faculty. “A lie being a direct unnatural use of reason is intrinsically wrong and always sinful.” Father Brosnan criticizes other views on this subject.

Recent Events.

One of the immediate results of the war **The European War.** which has now entered upon its twelfth week, was the marvelous way in which the various parties and factions in each State laid aside their differences. For some time before its breaking out, France was in a state of the utmost confusion and disunion. A relentless and active political movement existed for the purpose of driving out of office the President of the Republic. In support of this movement the Radical Socialists, who form the most numerous of the political parties of the country, were using their utmost efforts, and were supported by one of the most influential of French statesmen, or at least of politicians, M. Clemenceau. No day passed without attempts being made to discredit the head of the State, and to drive him from office.

The Caillaux trial was at once the effect and the cause of a more or less deep-seated corruption which had permeated French political life. M. Caillaux had been Premier of France during the negotiations which followed upon the dispatch by the German government of a war vessel to Agadir in 1911. He was one of the most prominent of the men to whom the guidance of French policy has of late fallen. But he was being subjected, and with much greater justification, to attacks upon his personal conduct and private character, similar to those that were being made upon the President. These attacks so exasperated his wife that she shot one of the most aggressive of her husband's opponents. When brought to trial, although her guilt was undoubted and indubitable, yet she was acquitted on account of the political influence of her husband. That politics were able to bring upon the administration of justice so great a humiliation, indicated that they were not merely corrupt themselves, but able to spread corruption to what should have been the source and mainstay of the well-being of the nation.

Such was France before the German declaration of war—a France internally and fundamentally divided. All, however, was changed from that moment. In an hour all divisions passed utterly away. Every rank and class, every creed and party, became as one in defence of their country. The reconstituted Ministry of M. Viviani includes representatives of every Republican Party, from M. Ribot, who voted against the Separation Law, to members of the Extreme Socialist and even of the Anti-Militarist Parties. No member of the Right indeed was included in the Cabinet, but this did not

indicate any lukewarmness on their part, for none have proved themselves more ardent in the defence of their country. All the cliques and groups and *blocs* have disappeared.

Much the same effect was produced in Germany. Even the Social Democrats, who for so many years have declared to the world their hatred of war and of the armaments which have been the cause of the present conflict, although they refused to shake hands with the Kaiser when he offered his hand to the members of every creed and party in the Reichstag, have not made any overt opposition. In fact they have entered the ranks without protest, and have even sent members of the party to Italy for the purpose of persuading the Italian Socialists to give to the German cause the support of their country. Germany presents to the world as undivided a front as that presented by France.

It is interesting to note that the militarism which now holds control of German policy, and which is chiefly responsible for the present war, so far as it is subject to any religious influence, is subject to that of the most Protestant type. The Court and military party is the party of uncompromising, intolerant, hyper-orthodox Lutheranism. The Evangelical ministers and professors in Germany, feeling keenly the isolation of their country, have issued an appeal to their fellow Protestants in Great Britain and this country, which, to put the matter in the mildest way possible, shows the most astounding ignorance of the real facts. For the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, which the Chancellor of the Empire openly confessed and acknowledged to be a wrong, these ministers deny Germany's responsibility. The Chancellor affirmed no more than that France was ready to invade Belgium, and even this assertion was without foundation. The ministers and professors assert that Belgium had agreed to allow France to pass through her territory, and that consequently Germany had the right to act as she has done towards the Belgians: a statement wholly baseless and untrue. The Tsar, it is asserted, has openly proclaimed that the war which he has entered upon is to be a decisive campaign against Teutonism and Protestantism. It would be rash to say that such a proclamation has never been issued: but the writer of these notes has followed with the closest attention the course of events, and no such proclamation has come to his knowledge. On the contrary, it is made clear by the evidence of the British Ambassador that Russia was forced into the war by the action of Germany, after Russia and Austria had arrived at an agreement to settle the question about Servia by referring the points at issue to The Hague tribunal.

To the defence of the war it is not only the orthodox that have rallied, but materialists like Hæckel, higher critics like Harnack, and men of a higher type like Eucken. The latter especially is desirous of securing the good will of this country. Any hope of success which he may have, depends upon his finding advocates who have a higher regard to truth than has hitherto been manifested, and a greater respect for the people whom they wish to convert. To tell us, as has been done by one of the foremost defenders of the German cause in this country, that our press is under the ban of London, and that it shares its every hypocrisy; that we have no right to pride ourselves on our dignity as free and enlightened men, being, as we are, the devoted slaves of every English ducal *roué*; that we ourselves are hypocrites whose own house is full of atrocities; and that every town and every police force is steeped in graft atrocities, is not the way to win our sympathies. Nor has Herr Dernburg taken the right way to gain our faith, when he asserts that the White Books issued by the various governments are concocted for a purpose, into the secret of the making of which he has himself been initiated. It is true that he has been a minister in the German government, and his experience in its service gives him some right to speak; but his right to speak for other governments may with safety be denied. For example, in support of his contention that the British White Book is inaccurate, Herr Dernburg cites the fact that the report of Sir Edward Goschen, dated August 8th, was published as an *addendum* to the White Book. But this fact is no proof whatever of incorrectness or omission. This document could not have been published in the original White Book, since that Book contained only the correspondence previous to and including August 4th. The telegram which Sir Edward Goschen sent to his government from Berlin on August 4th, though accepted by the telegraph office there, was never sent to its destination.

About Austria-Hungary, so far as external appearances go, the same thing must be said, but not with the same degree of certainty. Very little information has been given to the world at large about the situation among the various nationalities that make up the heterogeneous Dual-Monarchy. Rumors, however, have not been wanting that it is with the greatest reluctance that the Slav nationalities have taken part in the struggle, and that the most skillful of manœuvring has been necessary in order to bring about the appearance of unity. One thing, however, seems certain, and that is that the Poles in Austria-Hungary have not responded to the Tsar's appeal to give to him their support, by uniting themselves with their

brothers in Russian and German Poland for the formation of the new Poland under Russian auspices, which the Tsar has promised to form. Poles, in fact, have been fighting against Poles.

The prospect of war has had the same effect in Russia as in France and Germany. The Empire has become as one man in its support. No longer is there any quarrel between the reactionaries and the constitutionalists of various shades. No part of the vast Empire holds back. The Finns are as loyal as the Poles, and even the badly treated Jews have formed regiments for the defence of the country in which they have found, if not a home, at least a dwelling-place. The Revolutionaries who have been proscribed and in exile have returned to fight against the common enemy. The ardor and enthusiasm of all are beyond bounds, and are shown in a way worthy of note. The curse of Russia for a long time has been drunkenness, and of late the Tsar has been making many efforts to put an end to this evil, and has even sacrificed a large part of the revenue derived from the sale of liquor, of which the State has a monopoly. Upon the mobilization of the army he issued an order prohibiting altogether the sale of vodka—an order which has been obeyed with the most perfect willingness. Indeed, it is said that the surprising victories which have been obtained by the Russians are due to this enforced sobriety.

Like the rest of the States involved, Belgium has been an absolute unit, not only in the beginning of the war, but in maintaining its heroic resistance. In order to emphasize this union the Catholic ministry admitted into its number the leading Socialist of the country—M. Vandervelde—and in the face of the strongest army in the world the Belgians have maintained a staunch and united defence of the neutrality to which their government was pledged.

The most striking example of all of the unifying effect produced by the war, is to be found in Great Britain and Ireland. On the eve of its outbreak dissension and contention were rampant. A great conflict between capital and labor, to be fought to the bitter end, was upon the point of breaking out. The feeling between the two chief political parties was so strong as to amount almost to ferocity, and no terms were forcible enough to give expression to the animosity which animated each side. Above all in Ireland the contention between the Nationalists and the Ulsterites had reached such a pitch that civil war seemed unavoidable. Both parties were armed, and all the means which had been tried to avert a conflict had failed. The moment, however, that war was declared, almost every trace of disagreement vanished. Without a dissentient vote,

every demand made by the government was agreed to. A thing never heard of before, was the vote of an unlimited credit by the House of Commons. That which chiefly decided the Nationalist members was the violation of Belgian neutrality, and the subsequent treatment of the Belgian nation has been the means of confirming and strengthening their determination to support Great Britain to the end. There were, indeed, a few dissentients. Lord Morley, Mr. John Burns, and Mr. W. B. Trevelyan resigned their offices. No one of the three, however, has by any public utterance done anything to embarrass the government. Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Keir Hardie, and a few labor members have given expression to open criticism, and have received some little support, but the overwhelming majority even of the representatives of the Labor Party have been warmly on the side of the government. Mr. MacDonald was obliged to resign his office of President of the Labor Party. The unanimity in support of the war and of the means taken to carry it on, has been far greater than existed in favor of the Boer War.

The most striking exhibition of the unanimous feeling in support of the war was the spontaneous rally of the various component parts of the British Empire. The Dominions of Canada and New Zealand, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Union of South Africa, and the various colonies throughout the world of their own free will came to the mother country's support. Large numbers of native Princes of India made offerings of various kinds, some being even desirous of serving personally with the troops. Among these was the Aga Khan, the temporal head of the Moslems, who wished to serve as a private soldier. In South Africa, indeed, some hesitated to support the offensive measures which were being taken by the government against German West Africa, but these formed a small minority, although there has since developed an active opposition in the shape of the revolt of the leader of a single commando.

This remarkable demonstration of a worldwide willingness to enter upon a war of magnitude greater than that of any ever waged before, after so much has been talked about peace, and after so many treaties of arbitration had been made, after the Peace Conferences at The Hague, and the building of a Palace of Peace in order to consecrate and perpetuate the work of those conferences, is enough to dishearten the well-wishers of the human race. And, indeed, if the aggressor in this instance were to be victorious in the end, there would be good reason to be disheartened. The hopes of the world are centred upon the defeat of the offender against

civilization, and the barbarities which have been perpetrated will only serve the purpose of manifesting more clearly than ever before the iniquity of war, and to strengthen the hope that this may be the last. Even out of this overwhelming evil good may result. It is this hope that has animated our government in making the treaties with Great Britain, France, and Spain, of which mention was made last month. These treaties have now been ratified by the Senate. The Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, is still continuing his efforts to negotiate a like treaty with Germany. Their scope is not so wide as was that of others which were negotiated by Mr. Taft, which failed to receive the ratification of the Senate, but they are a step in the right direction. In all differences between the contracting parties a respite of time is to be given. Mr. Bryan calls it a "cooling-off period." This period is to be provided by the interposition of a joint International Commission. This commission is to be permanent, and is to be composed of five members, one nominated by each of the two signatory governments from its own citizens, one nominated by each from the citizens of a third power, and the fifth to be agreed upon by the two governments, and chosen from the citizens of another neutral State. The commissions are to have the right of initiative, but they may be moved to act by one or both of the parties to the dispute, and they are to act before The Hague tribunal is approached. They are to have a year in which to make their report, and in this way to bridge the gap between diplomatic negotiations and arbitration. The governments are not bound by the commission's report. They reserve the right to act independently after it has been submitted, but its moral authority will in all cases be very great.

Nothing very definite can be said about the objects which the States involved in the war have in view, or upon what conditions they will be willing to make peace. No formal statement has been made, except that of the Kaiser, who publicly declared before his assembled subjects that he would not sheathe the sword until he was able to dictate his own terms. Russia, France, and Great Britain have entered into a compact that no peace shall be made except by the mutual agreement of each and all, and Japan later on gave in its adhesion to this compact. Russia, it is said, aims at the delivery of the races held under German subjection, such as the Poles and the Danes, as well as the restoration to France of Alsace-Lorraine, together with the complete indemnification of Belgium, and an enlargement of its territory. Her main preoccupation of course is the position of the Slavs in the Balkans and in Austria-Hungary. What

Russia has in view in regard to them in the event of victory, is as yet merely a matter of speculation.

France's action so far has been so purely one of self-defence, that no ground exists for forming an opinion as to her aims except of course that the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine is included in them—a thing which will fill its inhabitants with joy. The British government has given no intimation as to the terms on which it will be willing to make peace. It may not have formed any plans, for it has no expectation of a near end to the war. From the first it laid out its plans for a period of three years, with the possibility of its lasting longer. Influential writers, however, declare the British determination to be to fight to a finish, whether to complete victory or to utter defeat. "She is firmly and irrevocably resolved not to stay her hands until German militarism, its causes and its effects, are destroyed once and for all. She is determined that the institutions and forces that have brought this unspeakable calamity on the world at the instance of the William of Hohenzollern, and with the acquiescence of his subjects, shall be crushed beyond repair." There are others who go even farther. Strange to say it is among the peace advocates, that even the destruction of militarism is not looked upon as a sufficient reason for bringing the war to an end. That would be but a superficial victory, for its cause would still be left in existence, capable of producing like evil results when the opportunity presented itself. This cause is the possession by Kaisers and Tsars of the power to make wars without the full and free consent of the people. The war is, therefore, to go on until the people of Germany and of Russia and of every other country shall rise to make Kaisers and Tsars impossible; until all military despotism shall be swept away, and all upholding of privilege against the common people. Whether so desirable an end is practicable or not in the Old World, the event will prove. That it has been realized in some degree in this New World of ours, makes the prospect brighter for those who are still the victims of a vicious system.

As efforts have been made to defend the action of the German government for its violation of the neutrality of Belgium, it is well to place on record the admissions of the Chancellor of the Empire in his speech before the Reichstag on the fourth of August, the day after an ultimatum had been delivered to Belgium by his government. "Gentlemen, we are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law! Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is

contrary to the dictates of international law. It is true that the French government has declared at Brussels that France is willing to respect the neutrality of Belgium as long as her opponent respects it. We know, however, that France stood ready for the invasion. France could wait, but we could not wait. A French movement upon our flank upon the lower Rhine might have been disastrous. So we were compelled to override the just protest of the Luxemburg and Belgian governments. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. Anybody who is threatened, as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can have but one thought—how he is to hack his way through.”

These unequivocal admissions of the Chancellor that his government, by entering Luxemburg and Belgium, had been guilty of a violation of international law, and that in so doing it had done wrong, while France, on the other hand, had given assurances of its willingness to respect Belgian neutrality, make it impossible to doubt the culpability of his action. But even this confession is an understatement of the case. The violation of neutrality by Germany was a breach not merely of the general principles of international law, but of a special treaty to which Germany was a party, the obligatory character of which had been recognized by Prince Bismarck in 1870. This treaty between the Five Powers, England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, was signed on June 26, 1831, and was imposed upon Belgium as a condition of its existence. “Belgium. . . . shall form a perpetually neutral State. The Five Powers. . . . guarantee her that perpetual neutrality as well as the integrity and inviolability of her territory. . . . By just reciprocity Belgium shall be held to observe this same neutrality toward all the other States, and to make no attack on their internal or external tranquillity, whilst preserving the right to defend herself against any foreign aggression.” No one accused Belgium of having violated in any way her obligations under this treaty until after the war had broken out. Assertions, however, thereupon appeared in the German press that French and British troops had marched into Belgium before its outbreak. Had this been the case it is very unlikely that the German Chancellor would have been ignorant of it, and still less that he would have kept silence about it. It has, however, been categorically denied by the Belgian government that before August 3d a single French soldier had set foot on Belgian territory, and that before August 4th there was a single English soldier.

The German Chancellor's excuse that France stood ready for

the invasion of Belgium is a pure assertion, unsupported by any proof, and contrary to all reasonable probabilities. France knew that if such an attempt was made, it would involve her in a conflict with Belgium as well as with Germany. Moreover, she was only too glad to have Belgium as a buffer state between herself and her enemy. To every student of the course of events immediately preceding the outbreak of the war, and immediately following it, the one thing that is evident is that it was Germany that was ready, and that France was on the defensive. France, indeed stood ready for invasion, but it was for being invaded and for the defence of her soil. Nothing need be said about the cynical avowal of the principle that necessity knows no law, except that it has always been the plea of tyrants, and that it is derived from the teachings of General von Bernhardt. "Might gives the right to occupy or to conquer. Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives biologically a just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things."

These notes cannot be brought to a better conclusion than by the insertion of the appeal of Cardinal Gibbons on behalf the people of Belgium, whose country has been ravaged in a manner which no words can adequately describe. Funds are being raised in this country to give some little relief to the vast numbers who are in want of everything. Catholics have taken a prominent part in this generous work, and they will, we trust, continue to do so for the relief of Catholic Belgium.

"The sufferings of the Belgians," said the Cardinal, "probably are beyond words. Only a short time before the outbreak of the war I traveled through their bountiful country. Then I saw naught but peace and prosperity. Fields of grain were awaiting the harvest. The people were happy. No one then saw the cloud of war approaching. But now Belgium has been drawn into war without quarrel. The kingdom has become the battlefield for other nations. The people have been driven out of their homes. Innocent of any wrongdoing, they have suffered. Into France, England, and Holland they have been driven, without funds and without means of getting enough to keep them alive. For years and years many of them have worked to build up the homes which fell before the ravages of war. All their efforts went to naught. The bread-winners of many of those happy families have fallen in that war—a war in which Belgium had no part in the making. And now those families must look elsewhere for support. They cannot look to France or England, for those countries, too, are in the throes of war. Therefore, when the appeal of Belgium comes to us, we should heed it. They are a people in distress without home and without country. All in this country who are able should aid them, regardless of their sympathies in this war, for Belgium deserves the sympathy of all."

With Our Readers.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S request that all God-fearing persons should offer prayers for peace met with a country-wide response. Only one voice was raised in protest. The Society for Ethical Culture through its president, Dr. Felix Adler, took exception to the President's proclamation. Dr. Adler applauds the definite object which President Wilson had in view; he is eager to support the President's efforts, but he regrets the method which the President invokes. The method is prayer, and that we should pray is a matter of regret to Dr. Adler and the Society for Ethical Culture.

It is reported that Dr. Adler believes in what might be called "acute" prayer—the delight that transports a beholder of some wonderful beauty in nature. But habitual prayer, or prayer as converse or union between man and God, he does not admit.

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IT is well for those who may be deceived by the title "ethical culture" to know what in reality this Society teaches. It drives out God from the affairs of men, and champions a practical humanitarianism. The perfection of man rests with man himself, and prayer can achieve nothing that human power itself cannot secure. There is no merciful God Who redeems us from our errors and our sins; no loving God Who guides us when we cannot guide ourselves, and Who saves us from our own follies. It will be seen then that the teachings of this Society are neither true ethics nor true culture.

WE wish that we might reprint in full the article on the late Pontiff, Pius X., which Hilaire Belloc published in *The British Review* for September. The warmth of the appreciation and the insight into the character and work of Pius X. are exceptional and brilliant. "It is a commonplace," writes Mr. Belloc, "that the institution of the Papacy has outlasted all others. But what is not a commonplace is the enduring marks of that Papal institution; its continued principles continuously vital and continuously restored."

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THREE vital characteristics differentiate the Papacy from every other organ of authority which it has seen rise, flourish, and decay. First, the Papacy is not like a government, fearful of its existence and perpetually readjusting itself to meet change. It is a succession of men, the method of whose choice has varied through two thousand years, yet each of whom succeeded his predecessor, and

all of whom stand for one thing. Secondly, continuity of the Papacy has not been established by any mechanical principle. It has never become fossil. Thirdly, the Papacy has preserved its vital initiative. The Pope of the day does actually govern. Around this institution there has never arisen that fatal divorce between reality and appearance which clothes every ancient institution whatever, and which at last ruins all. Out of the million examples that might be chosen Mr. Belloc selects two—Gregory the Great, by his personal decision sending missionaries to Britain, and thus reestablishing civilization there; and Pius X., by his personal decision ruling that the offers of the French State should not be accepted, and that the Church in France should lose its goods and refuse an accommodation with its despoilers.

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MR. BELLOC considers the note of Pius X.'s reign to be simplicity. "It stood composed of a few very clear principles like a carefully constructed classical thing of cut stone standing against a flood." The manner in which Pius X. met two opposing forces in the flow—Modernism and the Persecution in France serves as illustration. "Note how in each of these it was that unexpected mark of simplicity which stood out. There was an absence of what friends call breadth and enemies compromise, and an absence of what all men call subtlety: save, indeed, the subtlety that always accompanies clear thinking and whose sharpest manifestation is irony." "It was odd that so powerful a weapon should have seemed to so many at the time so weak. It was mortal. Modernism is dead—and how quickly it was killed! And what a long business it usually is to kill stupidity."

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IN the French struggle "the same admirable and almost startling simplicity was apparent." The Government held out what was the property of the Church as a bribe. If the Church would accept a form of administration that was not Catholic but Presbyterian, she might have the material means whereby to live. But "Pius X. met the situation with just that reassertion of principle which was the note of those few strange years wherein it almost seems as though a man inspired by sanctity had foreseen the immediate future of Europe. He resolutely refused anything whatsoever save the full and exact admission of the Church's rights, and since these were denied he sacrificed against much strong advice from devout and good men, and against the results of all immediate calculation, the bread and meat of the Church in Gaul. He sacrificed what a nation sacrifices when it loses a campaign, and he made no compromise in any detail whatsoever.

"When this war is over and when the vast liquidation of so

much in Europe is concluded, no long time hence, it will be seen that the action of the Saint was prophetic."

SHE is indeed a valiant woman who in this day speaks of "a melancholy and mean reform." Reform is considered to bear its own unquestionable credentials. In the present installment and, indeed, in her entire series of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Miss Repplier has the courage to tell the modern world some old but very wholesome truths that should help to guide many who have strayed, back, to the right path.

"Lady Poverty" was once considered to have an honorable and a high office; but now she bears a name disgraced; she is the source of all social evil, the great curse that must be lifted from the shoulders of men. And because she has thus been thrown down from her pedestal by much of the present reform literature, all effort is pictured as vain, resistance hopeless, and the world as monstrously cruel. "The demoralizing quality of such literature," says Miss Repplier in the October *Atlantic*, "is its denial of kindness, its evading of obligations. Temptation is not only the occasion, but the justifier of sin—a point of view which plays havoc with our common standard of morality."

"And this is what our Lady Poverty, bride of St. Francis, friend of all holiness, counsel of all perfection, has come to mean in these years of grace! She who was once the surest guide to heaven now leads her chosen ones to hell. She who was once beloved by the devout and honored by the just, is now a scandal and a shame, the friend of harlotry, the instigator of crime. Even a true poet like Francis Thompson laments that the poverty exalted by Christ should have been cast down from her high caste.

All men did admire
Her modest looks, her ragged, sweet attire
In which the ribboned shoe could not compete
With her clear simple feet.
But Satan, envying Thee thy one ewe-lamb,
With Wealth, World's Beauty and Felicity
Was not content, till last unthought-of she
Was his to damn.
Thine ingrate, ignorant lamb
He won from Thee; kissed, spurned, and made of her
This thing which qualms the air,
Vile, terrible, old,
Whereat the red blood of the Day runs cold.

"These are the words of one to whom the London gutters were for years a home, and whose strengthless manhood lay inert under a burden of pain he had no courage to lift. Yet never was sufferer more shone upon by kindness than was Francis Thompson; never was

man better fitted to testify to the goodness of a bad world. And he did bear such brave testimony again and yet again, so that the bulk of his verse is alien to pessimism—"every stanza an act of faith, and a declaration of good will."

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IN striking contrast to the brave, hopeful testimony of Francis Thompson, "the dismalness of serious writers [of to-day], especially if humanity be their theme, is steeping us in gloom. The obsession of sorrow seems the most reasonable of all obsessions, because facts can be crowded upon facts (to the general exclusion of truth) by way of argument and illustration." "But," Miss Repplier continues, "no artist yet was ever born of an unsufferable sense of unhappiness, no leader and helper of men was ever bedewed with tears. The world is old, and the world is wide. Of what use are we in its tumultuous life, if we do not know its joys, its griefs, its high emotions, its call to courage, and the echo of the laughter of the ages?"

And the weakness, therefore, of many sociological writers is that they denounce and do not discriminate. They "write of an American city in terms which Dante might have envied. Nobody, it would seem, is ever cured in its hospitals; they only lie on 'cots of pain.' Nobody is ever reformed in its reformatories. Nobody is reared to decency in its asylums. Nobody is—apparently—educated in its schools. Its industries are ravenous beasts, sucking the blood of workers; its poor are 'shackled slaves;' its humble dwellings are 'dens.'" Against the champions of the invective style, Miss Repplier concludes with this passage:

"The workman and his family have a courage of their own, the courage of the soldier who does not spend the night before battle calculating his chances of a gun-shot wound, or of a legless future. It is exasperating to hear a teamster's wife cheerfully announce the coming of her tenth baby; but the calmness with which she faces the situation has in it something human and elemental. It is exasperating to see the teamster risk illness and loss of work (he might at least pull off his wet clothes when he gets home); but he tells you he has not gone to his grave with a cold *yet*, and this careless confidence saves him as much as it costs. I read recently an economist's sorrowful complaint that families, in need of the necessities of life, go to moving picture shows; that women, with their husbands' scanty earnings in their hands, take their children to these blithesome entertainments instead of buying the Sunday dinner. It sounds like the citizens who buy motor cars instead of paying off the mortgage on their homes, and it is an error of judgment which the workingman is little likely to condone; but that the pleasure-seeking impulse—which social workers assign exclusively to the spirit of youth—should mutiny in

a matron's bones suggests survivals of cheerfulness, high lights amid the gloom.

"The deprecation of earthly anxiety taught by the Gospels, the precedence given to the poor by the New Testament, the value placed upon voluntary poverty by the Christian Church—these things have for nineteen hundred years helped in the moulding of men. There still remain some leaven of courage, some savor of philosophy, some echoes of ancient wisdom (heard oftenest from uneducated men), some laughter loud and careless as the laughter of the Middle Ages, some slow sense of justice, not easy to pervert. These qualities are perhaps as helpful as the 'divine discontent' fostered by enthusiasts for sorrow, the cowardice bred by insistence upon trouble and anxiety, the rancor engendered by invectives against earth and heaven. No lot is bettered by having its hardships emphasized. No man is helped by the drowning of his courage, the destruction of his good-will, the paralyzing grip of

Envy with squinting eyes,
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbor's health."

THE sad and sudden news of the death of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, means a great loss to the whole Catholic world. His literary work is well known to our readers, nor have we space to dwell upon it here. Monsignor Benson was a man who, through personal experience, was exceptionally well fitted to interpret the Church to non-Catholics, and to this experience were added gifts of extraordinary power in the use of the written and spoken word. He stood pre-eminently high among our Catholic authors, and in zeal and labor for the cause of Catholic truth he was unexcelled. To hear him speak on the worth and dignity of the life of Catholic faith, and particularly on the religious and contemplative life, to be warmed by his warmth, was a veritable inspiration, and thousands owe to him a quickening of their own personal spiritual life, and a better understanding of those who consecrate themselves in prayer to God. His own lofty and impassioned exposition was but an echo of that which gave life and power to his own soul; for in himself he showed forth the virtues that make the true Catholic. Though the object of much flattery he was ever graciously humble; though gifted with genius he was always willing to learn and be informed; though successful and popular he welcomed criticism and correction.

A zealous priest, he had the priest's true instinct: a consuming love of souls; and he spent himself in their behalf. God, we trust, will give him a great reward, and the thousands who have received of his help will add their prayers to ours for the peace and glory of his soul.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

What Think You of Christ? By F. H. E. Cahusac, M.A. 35 cents. *The Conversion of Casare Putti.* By W. Hall-Patch. 35 cents. *The Prophet's Wife.* By A. C. Browne. \$1.25. *Vocation.* From the French by Rev. P. R. Coniff, S.J. 10 cents. *Meditations on the Rosary.* By a Brother of the Little Oratory. 35 cents net. *The Story of St. Dominic for Little People.* By M. S. Ellerker, O.S.D. 35 cents net. *The Meaning of Life and Other Essays.* By Rev. A. Goodier, S.J. 35 cents net. *The Crucifix, or Pious Meditations.* From the French by F. M. Grafton. 35 cents net. *Fine Clay.* By I. C. Clarke. \$1.35 net. *The Holy Bible.* \$1.00 and upwards. *Lord Clandonnell.* 60 cents net. By S. M. Christina. *The Worst Boy in the School.* By C. M. Home. 45 cents net. *A Broken Rosary, and Other Stories.* \$1.15 net. By M. A. Finn.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Mysticism in English Literature. By C. F. E. Spurgeon. *The Troubadours.* By Rev. H. J. Chaytor, M.A. *English Monasteries.* By A. H. Thompson, M.A. *King Arthur in History and Legend.* By W. L. Jones, M.A. *Goethe and the Twentieth Century.* By J. G. Robertson, M.A. *The Beautiful.* By V. Lee. 40 cents each. *Romanism in the Light of History.* By R. H. McKim, LL.D. \$1.25 net. *Outlines of American History.* By H. Mattingly.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Simplicity According to the Gospel. By Monsignor de Gibergues. 60 cents. *The Red Ascent.* By E. W. Neill. \$1.00 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The United States and Peace. By Wm. H. Taft. \$1.00 net. *Collected Essays of Edmund Gosse: Gossip in a Library; Portraits and Sketches; Critical Kit-Kat; Seventeenth Century Studies; French Profiles.* \$7.50.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Germany and England. By J. A. Cramb. \$1.00 net.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:

Those of His Own Household. By René Bazin.

McBRIDE, NAST & Co., New York:

The Open Door. By R. Wright. \$1.35 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

The Lost Tribes. By G. A. Birmingham. \$1.20 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

What Can I Know? By G. T. Ladd, LL.D. \$1.50 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

Freemasonry and Catholicism in America. By Rev. M. Kenny, S.J. 5 cents.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:

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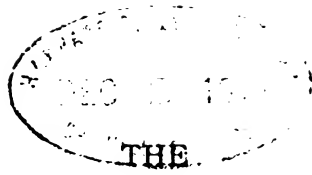
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LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.



F RANCIS THOMPSON began his essay on Shelley with these words: "The Church, which was once the Mother of poets no less than of saints, during the last two centuries, has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry, if the chief glories of holiness she has preserved for her own. The palm and the laurel, Dominic and Dante, sanctity and song, grew together in her soil: she has retained the palm, but foregone the laurel. Poetry in its widest sense, and when not professedly irreligious, has been too much and too long among many Catholics either misprized or distrusted; too much and too generally the feeling has been that it is at best superfluous, at worst pernicious, most often dangerous. Once poetry was, as she should be, the lesser sister and helpmate of the Church; the minister to the mind, as the Church to the soul. But poetry sinned, poetry fell; and in place of lovingly reclaiming her, Catholicism cast her from the door to follow the feet of her pagan seducer. The separation has been ill for poetry; it has not been well for religion." In a footnote the writer tells us that when he refers to "poetry in the widest sense," he means poetry "as the general animating spirit of the fine arts." So that practically his complaint is that the Church has, or had at the time he wrote, for two centuries practically severed itself from the arts in their highest forms, both to their loss and her own. The fact is undeniable that

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in the new vital developments of art in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, whether in literature or in painting, the main stream has run outside the Church, and has been but little influenced by Catholic life. The same must also be said of philosophy and to some extent of theology. To progressive thought—the thought which creates new epochs in the world's history—the Catholic body has been in the position either of a stranger or of a professed enemy.

The admission of the fact implies, however, no disparagement of the Church. The main purpose of the Church is not to create new secular periods in the world's life: she is not set by her divine Founder to create poets, or philosophers, or scientists, but to make saints, to teach the redeeming Gospel of Jesus Christ, to warn men against the evils of the world, and to bear witness to the truths which come not from the natural intelligence and life of man, but from the supernatural revelation of God in Christ. Once we recognize this truth, it becomes intelligible how in certain circumstances the Church may find herself compelled by practical necessity to stand apart for a time from new developments in the world's life in defence of her own dogmas or institutions; or, as we may say, to concentrate her energies upon preserving some vital truth to the neglect of those things which are less vital to her existence. And the Church was preëminently in this position during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. She was battling for the principle of authority in religion; she was defending herself against heresies and schisms. Moreover, the new spirit of the time which gave rise to the new poetry and literature and philosophy, was also the same spirit which was in rebellion against her authority, and questioned her historic teaching and institutions. Her attitude, therefore, was naturally one of suspicion or repulsion. And this attitude, necessarily taken up by the authorities in the Church, communicated itself to her loyal subjects, and Catholics as a body held themselves at war with the secular spirit, nor did they feel themselves free to discriminate between the good and the bad in its creations. So the good Catholic looked upon the new poetry and philosophy and all the new thought with much the same feeling as Englishmen during the same period regarded Frenchmen, and as the French to-day regard the Germans, that is to say with suspicion and prejudice; or *vice versa*.

That the Church has lost something by this long attitude of hostility and suspicion to the world's thought and art, everyone must admit who considers the subject; on the other hand but for

this attitude she might have lost more. A state at war cannot develop the arts of peace; but the arts of peace must at times be sacrificed for the sake of preserving national existence. And that was the situation in which the Church found herself in regard to the secular movement of thought in the sixteenth and succeeding centuries. Her authority and existence as an institution were challenged on all sides; and she was forced into an attitude essentially and almost exclusively defensive.

But such an attitude cannot continue indefinitely. The Church not only has to defend her dogmas and maintain her authority: she has to gain the world. Secular life and thought can never be to the Church as a mere outcast. She may be compelled to do battle with the world, but her ultimate aim is to win over the world and to incorporate it with all that is vital in its life into her society. That purpose is of the essence of the Church's existence; were it otherwise, the Church would not be Catholic: she would be no more than a mere sect. By the very claim and charter of her being, she must take into her religious life and consecrate to the glory of God whatever properly belongs to the life of man. Not only can there be no antagonism between the truth of her dogmatic teaching and the truth of secular life, but it is her purpose to bring the truth of secular life into conscious relationship with her dogmatic truth.

Not only are the natural progressive developments of the world's institutions not in essential antagonism with the Church's dogmatic position, but the Church must incorporate these developments into the social organism of Catholic society. If we look back over the history of the Church, we shall find that this is what she always has done. She took over the Hellenist mode of thought, and with it fashioned her theology in the early centuries of the Church; she adopted Roman institutions as the basis of her hierarchical institutions. Later on in the Middle Ages she incorporated the new dialectic into her theology, and engrafted feudal ideas upon her hierarchical organism. In each of these cases, it must be remembered, the Church thereby allied herself with the secular thought and feeling of the age, and so far wedded the world to herself and brought it into the service of Jesus Christ, and made its institutions a subsidiary means of grace. These are patent instances, which easily suggest themselves to every student of Church history, of the interaction of the Gospel and the world's wisdom in the building up of the body of the Church. But the influence of secular literature upon Catholic life—taking the word

literature in its proper meaning as a fine art—has perhaps been less well considered. And yet of all human institutions, literature exercises the deepest and most lasting influence upon human life. There is much truth in the saying that the writers of a nation's ballads determine its history. There can be no doubt of the enormous power whether for good or evil, which a literary work exercises over the minds and lives of men. Literature is not merely the expression of men's thoughts; it is the expression of their souls: it gives voice to the desire and emotion of the heart as well as to the ideas of the brain: and it voices both mind and heart in the same word. That is where its power lies: it evokes thought, but evokes it as an object of the heart's love or hate, admiration or disdain. It transforms ideas into ideals, arousing desire as well as thought. For good or for evil, literature is, therefore, a power to be reckoned with. This is certain: in all the great moments or periods of a people's life, when a people's spirit is awakening from somnolence to action, you will find literature at the back of action, urging the people forward, and enthusing their effort with a sort of religious sanction. It is so in secular history, and it is so also in the history of religion.

One has but to look back upon the history of the Church to see how much Catholic life owes to literary writers for its own development and its conquest of the world. It may, we believe, be maintained that the imperial policy of the Papacy in the early Middle Ages, owes much of its success, humanly speaking, to the poet who sang:

*O Roma felix, quæ tantorum principum
Es purpurata pretioso sanguine:
Excellis omnem mundi pulchritudinem.*¹

In that hymn, one of the finest imperial anthems ever written, the imagination and heart of the Catholic world glowed again with the new ideal of imperial Rome as the centre of the Catholic world, consecrated for all time by the blood of the two chief Apostles—the princes of the earth. Even to-day one can hardly utter those majestic lines without a warming of the heart and a more conscious loyalty: to us they clothe with beauty an acknowledged truth; and it is the beauty of truth which begets complete loyalty.

¹Written by Paulinus of Aquila (+802). Cf. Blume and Dreves: *Analecta Hymnica*, Medii Ævi: Tome I. (Leipzig, 1907), p. 141. A popular adaptation of this hymn was *O Roma nobilis*, sung by pilgrims to the tombs of the Apostles. (Cf. *Anal. Hymn*, ut supra, Tome II., p. 219.)

Again, how masterfully the dogmas of the creed are wedded to the course of nature—making the earth itself utter the Christian revelation—in the ancient hymns of the Fathers: for example, the *Æterne Rerum Conditor*, or *Nox et Tenebræ et Nubila*. Those hymns undoubtedly popularized the dogmatic teaching of the Church, and popularized them in the best sense of the word. They invested the creed with imaginative beauty, and made the dogmas of the Church a crowning revelation to those religious musings of the heart as it ponders upon the mysteries of the natural world; and in so doing they captured the people's imagination, and won their heart in a way that no dry dogmatic treatise ever could win it. And it was not only in hymnology that literature assisted the Church to win the world. The true literary mark is upon the most effective prose writings of the early Church. Whatever may be said of the merits of the imperial Latin of the Fathers as compared with classic Latin, they nevertheless frequently give us true and enduring literature. The *Confessions of St. Augustine* is perhaps the best known piece of literature of its period. But there is a true literary flavor in the sermons of St. Leo and of most of the well-known Fathers; and no doubt those who possess a full knowledge of Patristic writings could give us even better, if less well-known, examples. Still the sermons of the Fathers are perhaps a good witness to the fact that literature entered powerfully into the life of the Church at that time.

Coming to the Middle Ages, one is at once struck by the part literature played in the reconstruction of Catholic piety; from the awakening of dramatic art in the convent school of Hroswitha to the later mystery plays; from the pathetic hymns of the twelfth century to the passionate outpourings of Jacopone da Todi, from the vivid prose of the Cistercian monasteries to the highly pictorial *Meditationes* of the fourteenth century: all the avenues of literature were occupied by the Catholic spirit, and became the delectable training grounds of Catholic thought and action. Literature in those days was favored by the Church, and was her busy handmaid; and those were the ages of faith.

We need not, however, dwell upon the fact that at various periods in her history the Church has produced true literature: the fact is evident to anyone who has given the least thought to the matter. But what is not so clearly recognized is the influence upon Catholic life of what is commonly known as secular literature. Everyone, indeed, acknowledges the debt which the classic writers of

the early Church owe to the Greek and Latin writings of the pagans in the matter of grammar and literary style; but the influence of the pagan writings upon the mind of the early Church went much further than literary style. The Christian writers took over not only the literary form of the pagan authors in so far as this commended itself to their judgment, but they took over the inspiring thought of the pagans, and having first purified it of its grossness of error, incorporated it for all time into the Christian consciousness. Thus they rescued from the midst of disaster the emotion of imperial Rome in the vision of its ambition and splendor, and carried it over into their own vision of Rome as the centre of the Christian world; they took the animating thought of the pagan mythology, and with it searched out the splendid symbolism of the Christian revelation in nature, as in the hymns already referred to. The pagan mind, as uttered in its literature, was taken over, even more than pagan diction, and became a directive influence in the formation of Christian literature and thought. The result was twofold: the mind of the Roman world, formed by the pagan traditions, was eventually led to find in the Church a true and higher response to its own inherent aspirations; and the Church gained a world-development, that is to say, it became the acknowledged interpreter of the Roman world's deeper and most vital truth: that particular aspiration towards truth, which—as is the case with all great human developments whether in thought or action—lay at the back of the old Roman life.

We will take another and more vivid instance—more vivid because its inception and fulfillment are both within a short period of Christian history. It comes from the Middle Ages. The latter half of the twelfth century is remarkable for, amongst other things, a new outburst of Catholic piety. Previous to that the Church had fallen upon evil days. Discipline had become lax; piety was formal and soulless. The Catholic world lay under a deep spiritual depression: good people were in despair of better days; the mass of men were indifferent. Then into the midst of this depression entered a new feeling of returning spiritual life; and religion began again to have a living interest for the Christian world. It really began with the Crusades, but in its more spiritual aspect the new religious interest grew up in the monasteries, and especially in the monasteries of the new order of Cistercians.

Now the central motive of this new religious awakening was the idea of the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ. The new piety

was evoked by a new realization of the Catholic teaching concerning the Personality of our Lord. In the earlier times Catholics had indeed believed that Jesus Christ was Man as well as God; but their worship centred more upon the belief in His eternal Godhead than upon the Godhead manifested in our human flesh and blood. The idea of our Lord's relationship with His eternal Father had so caught their imagination, that their devotion, one might say, was almost wholly engrossed with the super-human in our Lord: they loved the mysterious rather than the visible. But the people of the later Middle Ages were of a different character. They were intensely human in their sympathies and interests. They thought with the heart more than with the mind; and their loyalty was given to persons rather than to systems or mental qualities. One reason why religion had lost hold of the people was that in the speculative and legal aspects in which it was presented by the religious teachers of the ancient empire, the faith had become too much a matter of abstruse metaphysical ideas or of legal formulas. These things might appeal to an Alexandrian or Roman mind of the fifth century: they were practically Chinese puzzles to the mind of the new peoples who had grown up since the dissolution of the empire. The early mediæval folk might assent to them as mysteries taught by the Church who knew what they meant, but Catholic piety offered no sufficiently evident motive or ideal upon which the heart of these peoples might wax warm and intimately worshipful. Again, the moral goal upon which the older Catholics had centred their spiritual energies—the creation of the Catholic state or society—evoked less enthusiasm in these later Catholics. What they really thirsted for was not a living state, but a living man. They were instinct with that devotion to personal individuality which separates in character the old Germanic type of people from the Hellenic.

So in the new devotion which sprang up in the twelfth century towards the Sacred Humanity of our Lord, the later mediæval people found just what they needed to renovate their faith and inspire their religion. The worship of the Divinity in the humanity, brought the Divinity home to their own conscious life as human beings. The worship of the God-man gave them a concrete ideal of that perfect manhood which was of more immediate interest to them than the perfect statehood. But the point is this: that new devotion which did so much to renovate the life of the Church, has an undoubted relationship with the new secular literature of the time, and as undoubtedly drew part of its inspiration

from literature. The secular literature we refer to are the chivalric romances and the minstrel songs of France and Germany. All the inspiring religious literature of the period—and it is one of the most vital periods in Church history—throbs with the same fundamental emotions and ideals which gave the romance and minstrel song their tremendous power over the imagination and heart: only in the one case the immediate motive was found in purely secular satisfactions, and in the other in religious. Whilst the minstrel's song throbs with an earthly love, St. Bernard's writings throb with the love of Jesus Christ; but it is the same fundamental sentiment and ambition—the conception of life's satisfaction found through personal love—only directed to different goals. If St. Bernard had not found a higher satisfaction in the religious life of Clairvaux, he might well have developed into a courtly Trouvère as did Marie de France his contemporary. But happily for Christendom he brought the new poetic emotion with him into the service of religion, and so became the morning singer of the awakening piety which was to people Christendom with saints, and send a glow of spiritual energy through a Christendom grown devout.

One might say with some truth that had there been no minstrel songs of troubadour or minnesinger, there would have been no religious singers of Clairvaux nor any of his kind: had there been no *chansons d'aventure*, we should lack those religious writings, such as the *Meditationes*, which did so much to foster mediæval piety; and who can tell the loss that would have been to Christendom? Nor had there been no chivalric romances would there have been a Franciscan Order in the Church, such at least as it actually appears in history.

The influence of the new chivalric literature in the formation of the Franciscan Order deserves special attention; for the temperament and character of the Order, and its unique power over the heart of the thirteenth century, were derived at once from the Catholic faith and from the spirit and idea of the new romantic literature. It is well known how St. Francis' mind and ambition were formed in his youth by the song of the troubadour and the tales of romance, and how when he was converted to the service of Jesus Christ he carried over into that service the spirit of knightly adventure and song which he had learned from that literature. But he was not only spurred on to adventure in the service of God by the examples of the legendary heroes of romance; he actually

moulded his daily conduct and that of his disciples upon the principles of conduct which were set forth in the chivalric tales as the traits of the perfect knight, and the rules of chivalric honor. Thus Jesus Christ became to him his liege-lord, to Whom he and his friars were bound by personal fealty, and Whose word was the absolute law; poverty was no mere legal ordinance, but an ideal embodiment of virtue, whom he worshipped as the knight of chivalry worshipped the lady of his love; obedience was conceived as a voluntary acceptance of service in the cause of Christ; chastity as the reverence due to the consecrated womanhood of the Gospel. The service of the lepers was a service of chivalrous pity; the dependence upon alms was a knight-errant's dependence upon the hospitality of the road. When St. Francis styled the true Friars Minor "Knights of my Round Table," the designation conjured up to his imagination and that of his brethren the romance of chivalry pressed into the following of Christ.

People sometimes ask—they asked it of Francis himself—why on renouncing the world he did not enter one of the existing Orders, the Cistercian for example. Francis' answer was simply that God had called him in a new way. But he might truly have said—only he was not given to philosophizing—that he was called to bring into the service of religion the spirit of the world as expressed in the minstrel's song and the chivalric romance. Here then in the history of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries we have an instance of the action of secular literature upon the religious life of Christendom. On the one hand it leads to a new literary expression of Catholic piety; on the other it becomes a formative influence in a great religious Order; and through both channels it contributes to the upbuilding of the visible life of the Church.

But one might go even further and show how the secular literature of that time, even apart from these responsive religious developments, popularized Catholic thought and sentiment. Much of the romance literature can hardly be called Christian at all: it voiced a gross and scarcely decent naturalism; on the other hand there was a vast field of romance which was permeated with the purest Catholic emotion. Christian sentiment found its way both into the song of the minstrel and the tale of chivalry; and with the Christian sentiment the new literature far from losing any of its imaginative charm or passionate conviction, developed an even deeper human feeling and compelling sincerity of heart. And in this way secular literature was itself redeemed, and became a factor in the redemption

of the mediæval mind. Indeed such a romance as the *Parsival* of the poet Wolfram would do more to bring home to the imagination and heart of the people the ennobling sanctity of pure conjugal love, than would most of the preachers' sermons; and thus become the most effective antidote to the moral poison instilled by the profane singers and story-tellers. Thus in various ways did the chivalric literature of the Middle Ages play a constructive part in the formation of mediæval Catholic life.

Now let us try to imagine what would have been the result if the Catholic heart had proved irresponsive to the new literature of that day. Suppose St. Bernard—I speak now of St. Bernard as a type, not an individual—had not appeared, and that the only song the Church could have sung against the songs of the minstrel singers, had been the song of Notker: *Media vita in morte sumus*, or the song of St. Peter Damian: *Urbs beata Jerusalem*, what would have happened? The Catholic faith and the new secular spirit of the age would never have come together: a yawning gulf would have separated them in the imagination and emotion of the time. The *Urbs beata Jerusalem*, beautiful as it is and embodying an undying truth, would have left the spirit of the new singers altogether estranged from the Church. "We cry for bread and you give us stones," they might have said with justice: not that the truth and emotion of St. Peter Damian's song is itself "a stone," but it was as a stone to them in their present desire, it threw no light upon the mystery of their felt delight in human life, but belonged to quite another order of experience. The new world-spirit uttered in the new literature would have been left to wander apart from the faith; and the Church would have lacked that mediæval development of piety which is now so exquisite a heritage of the faith.

These reflections upon the action of the Church in regard to secular literature in the past, go to justify Francis Thompson's plea for a more sympathetic attitude on the part of the Catholic mind towards the world-literature of the present day. And already, even when Francis Thompson was penning his plaint in 1889, he perceived a change coming over the Catholic body in this respect. "There is a change of late years," he wrote, "the wanderer is being called back to her Father's house; but we would have the call yet louder, we would have the proffered welcome more unstinted." Those words were written nearly a quarter of a century ago; and in the intervening period the welcome has

surely become more unstinted; and the world's literature can hardly be said to be banned from Catholic company. There is no need to supply a list of Catholic writers whose work finds its place in our national literature to-day: though such a list would probably come as a surprise to very many readers, both Catholic and non-Catholic. The true literary leaven is permeating even our religious and devotional writings; adding enormously, we need not say, to their strength and persuasiveness.

Now what does this point to? It indicates that Catholicism is getting once more into touch with secular life, national and international, social and intellectual; it indicates that Catholic piety is becoming more virile and of the open air type; it indicates further the dawn of a new constructive era in Catholic thought and life, responding to the felt needs of the new spirit which has transformed or is transforming the world into a new thing. The Catholic faith is no longer standing merely on the defensive; it has begun to enter a claim to a rightful possession of that spiritual movement, moral and intellectual, which for long past has been exploited to the injury of the Church and the denial of the Catholic faith. Now we can say that Catholicism is beginning to speak to the present world in a language it can understand, and with a sympathetic understanding of the underlying aspiration and need of the world's spirit. And that is a first requisite for the world's conversion. Hitherto one of the chief obstacles to the Catholic religion was that Catholics were out of touch with the world's literature: at most they read it with simple suspicion. Undoubtedly this new constructive period of Catholic life upon which we are entering has its dangers—dangers which have been brought painfully home to us in what is known as Modernism. The danger lies in the reaction of the sympathies of Catholics against the mere attitude of suspicion of the past, and in a weakening of the loyalties which made the strength of the Catholic position in its opposition to the world. That is a danger we have need to beware of at this present time. Yet the danger should not discourage us. The same danger dogged the progress of Catholic reconstruction in the Middle Ages. Its presence should only warn us to keep fast by our Catholic loyalties with one hand, whilst we stretch out the other to the world around us. It were the basest of disloyalties to our faith and the Church, were we in restiveness at the assertion of the Church's authority, to sit down idly and let the world pass by. Such disloyalty in the long run were more fatal both to oneself

and the Church at large than even open rebellion. The disloyalty of sheer inaction is not less immoral than is the disloyalty of active opposition. Even when inaction is due not to a disloyal sulkiness at the assertion of the Church's authority, but to timidity because of recognized dangers, the result may be injurious both to one's own religious life and to the life of the Church at large. One appreciates the loyalty which lies behind the timidity, but the timidity itself is not wholly good. It is apt to paralyze the intelligent action of faith at a time when intelligent action is urgently needed. For unless the Church can show herself the true interpreter of the world movement in thought and aspiration which is now such a mighty force in the world's life, and unless, too, she can meet the world's demand in a language which will be at once intelligible and powerful to convince, not only will the world pass by, but in passing it will desolate the Church.

But the very genius of Catholicism is against any such eventuality; and already, as we have said, her reconstructive genius is at work. Yet is it in some sort a duty on the part of the Catholic body at large to fall in with this reconstructive purpose. And especially is it the duty of those who in one way or another have the direction of the Catholic mind. Whilst on the one hand it is their duty to protect the minds of Catholics against the dangers with which present-day literature abounds, it is also their duty to cultivate a right appreciation of that literature: upon their achievement in this matter depends, humanly speaking, the future of the Church as the saving Mother of the people.

THE POEMS OF JOYCE KILMER.

BY THOMAS WALSH.



IN the simple directness of much of the recent poetry of America and England, we come upon a new beauty as well as upon a new danger; a word or phrase rich from its contact with some classical coinage or memorial of the music of the greater masters has carried into some vogue not a few poets of limited visions and mediocre song. On the other hand, too many of our younger poets seem to follow in the wake of the younger painters, and have given over the proper concern, with the music and message, to indulge in a fad that amounts merely to speculation and experiment in dubious degrees of frankness and in uncertainties of technique. In the utter freedom of some recent poetry there is, no doubt, a great deal of nature; but the critic's real concern is with art, and we have not forgotten that one of the first requirements in art, as well as in life, is restraint. *Ars est celare artem*; but how much of art is concealed in many of our younger poetical radicals, is an inquest that must be left for the clairvoyant. Some of these youngsters are cleverly hit-off in the course of Mr. Joyce Kilmer's quatrains on *Old Poets*. He declares that:

The pleasantest sort of poet
Is the poet who's old and wise,
With an old white beard and wrinkles
About his kind old eyes.

For these young flibbertigibbets
A-rhyming their hours away,
They won't be still like honest men
And listen to what you say.

The young poet screams forever
About his sex and his soul,
But the old man listens and smokes his pipe
And polishes its bowl.

There is no peace to be taken
With poets who are young,
For they worry about the wars to be fought
And the songs that must be sung.

But the old man knows that he's in his chair
And that God's on His throne in the sky,
So he sits by the fire in comfort
And he lets the world spin by.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer, in spite of his youth, has already done yeoman service in the cause of arts and letters, and it is to be regretted that he cannot be claimed for one of the higher seats of Catholic learning. An unusual alumnus of Rutgers College and Columbia University, he seems to have been deeply affected, even before entering the Church, by the old Catholic English poets of the Tudors and the Restoration, and by their direct descendants, Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson.

It is one of the cheap and easy critical fashions of the day to pick out the traces of older and famous works in the writings of every newcomer. Mr. Kilmer is to be congratulated that he has kept his ears and eyes open, and has had the courage to follow and live with the best thought and vision of his time and of the ages. What has become of the American poetical school that all remember, which proclaimed its self-insulation in renouncing literary, and even civilized, traditions? The croak of a frog, they said, was to them the most adequate sermon. Some of them, indeed, have stolen back within the ragged edge of tradition; but the majority, the most consistent with their creed, having nothing to say, are silent.

Mr. Kilmer's new volume, *Trees and Other Poems*,¹ bears an unconscious protest against such poets; for this new singer "trees" are a symbol in the manner of the great literatures, of all times and tongues; but his "trees" are realized also in the distinctively modern manner—combining with the older dignity the new poetical intimacy of our young American lyrical school. He sings to us of:

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks to God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

¹George H. Doran Company, New York.

If, on the one hand, Mr. Kilmer shows a proper sense of the beauty as well as the limitations of the "merely nature" school, he displays, on the other hand, his deep and manly scorn for the

Little poets mincing there
With women's hearts and women's hair—

who profane and make ridiculous the poet's profession, and draw suspicion and discredit upon literature in the minds of the unlettered. In his poem *To Certain Poets*, Mr. Kilmer complains:

The merchant's sneer, the clerk's disdain,
These are the burden of our pain—

and we have his positive creed in the beautiful little song entitled:

POETS.²

Vain is the chiming of forgotten bells
That the wind sways above a ruined shrine.
Vainer his voice in whom no longer dwells
Hunger that craves immortal Bread and Wine.

Light songs we breathe that perish with our breath
Out of our lips that have not kissed the rod.
They shall not live who have not tasted death.
They only sing who are struck dumb by God.

This message is developed in the final stanza of his ballade to *Folly*:

Our minds are troubled and defiled
By study in a weary school.
O for the folly of the child!
The ready courage of the fool!
Lord, crush our "knowledge" utterly
And make us humble, simple men;
And cleansed of wisdom, let us see
Our Lady Folly's face again!

The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be quick to detect in these extracts the peculiar note of the Catholic tradition in letters; it is the wise joyousness and childishness of a Brother Leo of the Franciscans; it is the blithe lyrism of the early carol singers

²THE CATHOLIC WORLD, July, 1913, p. 506.

with something of the recurring note of Francis Thompson who sang:

Look for me in the nurseries of heaven.

It is that sort of intimacy with sacred things which, no matter what its delicacy, always sets the Puritan mind aghast, that familiarity with the divine which misleads so many non-Catholic readers of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, and frightens even some of our prim and precious Catholics in the later poems of Patmore. For Mr. Kilmer, however, the poet of *The Angel in the House*, is more significant as yet than the seer of *The Unknown Eros*, although the little ode, *Pennies*,³ which appeared originally in these pages, bears something of Patmore's later development in the metrical art. In *The Citizen of the World*,⁴ also originally published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, we find a beautiful hymn in the manner of Francis Thompson, whose work comes again to mind when we read the splendid stanza of Mr. Kilmer's *Stars*.⁵

Christ's troop, Mary's Guard, God's own men,
Draw your swords and strike at hell and strike again,
Every steel-born spark that flies where God's battles are,
Flashes past the face of God, and is a star.

There are other phases of Mr. Kilmer's *Trees and Other Poems* that will doubtless receive more attention from the critics than will be given to his religious verse. There is his charming poem of the dreamer *Martin* who—

exhaled romance,
And wore an overcoat of glory.

In another poem, *Delicatessen*, we learn of the magic and grandeur possible to him that

Leans across a slab of board
And draws his knife and slices cheese.

Another poem that will undoubtedly win press laurels for its author is the pathetic, half-humorous story of *Dave Lilly*, some of the stanzas of which must find room in many albums and scrap-books:

³THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February, 1913, p. 601.

⁴Ibid., August, 1914, p. 585.

⁵Ibid., May, 1913, p. 196.

Well, Dave is dead and buried and nobody cares very much;
They have no use on Greylock for drunkards and loafers and such.
But I always liked Dave Lilly, he was pleasant as you could wish;
He was shiftless and good-for-nothing, but he certainly could fish.

The other night I was walking up the hill from Williamstown
And I came to the brook I mentioned, and I stopped on the bridge and
sat down.

I looked at the blackened water with its little flecks of white,
And I heard it ripple and whisper in the still of the Summer night.

And after I'd been there a minute it seemed to me I could feel
The presence of someone near me, and I heard the hum of a reel.
And the water was churned and broken, and something was brought
to land

By a twist and flirt of a shadowy rod in a deft and shadowy hand.

I scrambled down to the brookside and hunted all about:
There wasn't a sign of a fisherman; there wasn't a sign of a trout.
But I heard somebody chuckle behind the hollow oak,
And I got a whiff of tobacco like Lilly used to smoke.

It's fifteen years, they tell me, since anyone fished that brook;
And there's nothing in it but minnows that nibble the bait off your
hook.

But before the sun has risen and after the moon has set,
I know that it's full of ghostly trout for Lilly's ghost to get.

The Waverly celebration in England commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the appearance of Walter Scott's great novel, was signalized by Mr. Kilmer's splendid poem in *The London Spectator*. It is seldom that an American *littérateur* has received such honor from the English critics, and in his *Waverly* Mr. Kilmer shows that he was well worthy to be the chosen laureate of their great centennial.

Trees and Other Poems is the second volume that has appeared over Mr. Kilmer's name; in the first, *The Summer of Love*, the reviewers remarked unusual artistry and fine feeling. It seems to be certain that they will immediately recognize the great strides the poet has made in poetical comprehension and construction, and that Mr. Kilmer will be awarded, without murmur, a sure place among the finest singers of our time.

COMPLETING THE REFORMATION.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

VI.



MODERN philosophers are pickers and choosers: their theories of the world do not take the whole evidence impartially into account. Only on such selected portions of it as their prejudgments approve are they willing to build. And the result naturally is that philosophy fails to secure a broad and proper start. Limitations of method pass over into limitations of mind: negations stalk where light once led us kindly through the encircling gloom.

Not a single constructive synthesis has appeared since the Middle Ages, of which one might truly say that it incorporated the thought and conviction of humanity at large. Breadth of base is lacking, however high the thought soar or wide it sweep. We are strangely conscious of being in the presence of one man's private thinking, and this impression dampens ardor, it does not invite that assent which we feel wrung from our very withers by truth objective and impersonal. The touch is lacking that makes the whole world kin—we have to pinch ourselves to realize that we are the object of address. Inverted pyramids the systems all seem, resting at times upon so small a fraction of the *total* evidence, we wonder how the superstructure keeps from crumbling upon its base. We are dimly aware that something is at fault, even though we may not be able to put our finger on the spot.

Each thinker, we notice, has a habit of singling out some one element or other in experience to the exclusion of all the rest—he calls it his “centre of perspective;” and from this, as from a source that is all-containing, he either proceeds to *deduce* the whole world of truth and reality, after the fashion of the idealist, or *refuses* to deduce anything at all, contenting himself instead with the admission of the brute and bare fact of *change*—Charles Darwin's world of perpetual mutation, to which there is no rational key or clue. The latter attitude has recently come into favor with the pragmatists who, it would seem, are more given to knocking loudly at the door of philosophy, and then running away, than to crossing its threshold and facing its inner problems. The raw materials of

knowledge receive full consideration at their hands, the finished products none. "The wild horse is from their point of view better than the tame one, the uncut diamond than the cut, the volcano than the cannon."

What strikes us as passing strange in both these views, especially in the latter, is the breaking of the continuity that really exists, and the introduction of separations that do not exist at all. Four such separations are conspicuous. Sense is separated from intellect, actuality from potentiality, the work of analysis from the work of synthesis, the reflex reason of the individual from the common reason of the race. And to this fallacy of separating the inseparable and dividing the undivided must be added another equally pernicious and unwarranted—that of building on a portion of the evidence instead of taking the whole of it, preliminarily, at least, into due consideration.

These two fallacies—let us call them separatism and selectivism—are the anti-intellectualist's stock in trade, his working principles, his props of reliance; and they suggest the criticism we would offer of him in all his historic varieties of manner and of mood. Simply by closing up these false gaps of severance which he has opened, and by rebuilding the bridges which he has destroyed, will philosophy be enabled to recover ground never really won from it by victorious argument.

But first cast a hurried glance over the work of the system-builders, and see for yourself the habit of picking and choosing that underlies it. The evidence as a whole never succeeds in getting itself considered, before the world-builders are up and away with that part of it most to their suiting. Descartes selects the rational consciousness, Berkeley the spiritual, Locke and Hume the empirical, Kant the moral. Spinoza and Leibnitz choose substance for their point of starting; Fichte the *ego*; Schelling the indeterminate; Hegel the immanently active; Schopenhauer the striving will; Hartmann the unconscious; de Lammenais the social reason; Mill the permanently possible; Spencer the unconditioned; James and Bergson the new and changing. Who can read the tale and not see that the habit of selecting has laid hold of the human mind?

Not that much fine analytical work has not been accomplished in these continual attempts to distill all truth and reality, drop by drop, out of a single principle. It is only natural that man's analytical powers should undergo considerable brightening when so steadily set to the task of filtering the "many" out of the "one."

Here as elsewhere necessity has been the mother of invention, and in more senses than one, we fear, though we do not pause to press the point. For, whatever be the advantages it may have brought in the way of sharpened wits, this habit of selecting has made modern philosophy a series of "one-man-views," with nothing particularly cogent about any of them to win that "decent respect of mankind" which only *impersonal* truth—the common fund of solidary notions existing in all minds—is capable, it would seem, and deservedly so, of winning.

Now it is curious, to say the least, in the history of the anti-intellectualist movement which we have been engaged in reviewing, to find the choice always leaning towards the particular in human thought as against the general; towards the deliverances of sense rather than the pronouncements of reason; towards the private as distinct from the public side of the soul of man. Why should thought incline so heavily to one side of a very old, much mooted problem? Science, you will say, and Charles Darwin especially—these account for the tilting of the scales. Partly, but by no means wholly.

One cannot help seeing the influence of Reformation principles in this persistent effort to make the "many" of sense displace and supersede the "one" of reason. The religious notion of unity could hardly fall into disfavor without dragging the philosophical notion down with it to a common ruin. Things have a way of happening by pairs in history, and philosophy is more frequently of late an echo of social and religious thought than an original, unimpassioned voice. Making all due allowances, therefore, for the influence of the idea of "natural selection" since 1858, and the biological manner of approaching and handling problems which it suggested, it would be hard—even with this generous pinch of concession—to explain the return of modern philosophers in such numbers to Heraclitus and his doctrine of a world in flux, unless we also took into consideration the impetus which the Reformation way of thinking gave and still gives to the category of variety in opposition to that of unity. It has been the anti-intellectualist's favorite choice, from the day Kant cut the universal off from the particular, and the rational from the real, to the day James professed pluralism and fortuitousness in general against the idea of a rationally planned and ordered world. The scientific influence is merely an eddy in the religious stream. The attempt now being made to deprive human knowledge of all rational foundation and

character, is but the continuation and completion of the movement set on foot by the Reformers to derationalize Christian faith. The thesis that *knowing is experiencing* covered only the truths of religion at first, now it is made to cover all the truths of life from the toothache suffered by a fellow being to the fact that two and two make four.

But—and this is the crying question!—can knowing and experiencing be thus ruthlessly divided for the purpose of contrasting the former unfairly and unfavorably with the latter, or do the two form continuous, uninterrupted parts of one and the same knowledge-process? In other words, can the two powers of sense and intellect be separated and made discontinuous and independent? The answer will lose none of its force, and may gain a mite in piquancy if cast in the form of a dialogue. Imagine *sense* engaging *reason* in familiar converse somewhat after the following fashion: “Look here, old fogey, I’m going to ask you a favor. I want you to admit that my way of looking at things is better than yours, and that I am far more to be trusted than you. You’re a good analyst—in fact, you never were anything else—and you missed your vocation sadly when you thought yourself an architect, and went into the truth-building business somewhere about Aristotle’s time. The world is not a unity, as you seem to think: it’s just a hodge-podge of infinite varieties. Abdicate in my favor, follow my report of things, and do not expose yourself to still further criticism from these angry philosophers.”

Reason, we imagine, would be quick to reply to this insolence on the part of sense: “Why, you and I are partners, not rivals. My work is a recognition and continuation of yours, not a separate undertaking. You gather information not so much *for* me as *with* me, and I would have you understand *that* first of all. I see more in your report of reality than you do, but I put nothing there that I do not actually find. I’m empirical as well as speculative—I always was—and these two functions of mine are continuous—they are not disconnected, unrelated actions. Who put that idea into your head—Kant?”

“I thought so. Kant had a queer idea of my doings. He regarded you as my competing rival, and did not realize that you were just one of my companion powers. He dissolved our partnership, or thought he did, which amounts to the same thing. He was a pietist, if you remember, and pietists were never known to like anything but their own private brand of religion and philosophy.

They'd like to universalize that, but nothing else, and as I refuse to perform that private labor for them, they do not take kindly to me, and say I'm a de-vitalized creature. Have you never noticed how these pietists speak of you as living and of me as dead? But it takes more than words to stop the circulation between your life and mine. It is a trick of these moderns to confine vitality to one-half of the mind—your half, their half, the pietistic half—and to cry out 'static and stagnant' when they speak of me. They say I pay no attention to experience. Whose experience? *Theirs?* Well, I might plead guilty to that charge, and not suffer loss of worth or character. But, tell me, do I not pay attention to *your* experience—to the things you bring before me for inspection—and is not your experience indivisibly mine also? Let us continue our coöperative partnership, and wait till these critics understand us rightly. *Prove you trustworthy and myself not?* That would be a pretty how-do-you-do, would it not, and add a splendid jewel of consistency to my crown."

It will be seen from the dialogue just concluded—a literary expedient to avoid the lingo of the schools—that sense and reason furnish one continuous report of reality, not two independent and contradictory versions. There exists, in other words, between man's rational ideas and his sensible experiences, a bond of union and link of parentage which no amount of sophistry can sever. The "one" is, therefore, in just as good standing among our notions as the "many," and equally entitled to consideration. It is not a question of choosing either, but of recognizing both. Where there is solidarity, it is wrong to imagine disunion.

The method of the modern philosopher, however, is to institute a choice between these two notions, and so we find all his efforts directed towards proving one of them worthless. If he be an idealist, the fact of change is belittled; if a pragmatist, the fact of permanence is argued into insignificance. Thus James and Bergson would have us believe that the notion of unity, substance, being, stability—call it what you will—is an *invention* of reason pure and simple, impossible in a real world that changes every moment and is never exactly the *same* at any two successive instants of its duration. *Permanence* is not a feature of reality, they say, but a projection of the mind—a logical distinction made to look as if it were real. What place, they ask, can any such static notion claim or clear for itself in a world all dynamic that knows no law but that of ceaseless change? As well might a man, upon an

escalator standing, claim absolute repose and immobility for his relative position of rest upon the moving stairs! In a universe that science has shown to be a process, not a fixity, why continue to entertain a notion that contradicts the very essence and onrush of reality? Why speak of things *being*, when reality never *is*, but always is *becoming*?

The philosophers who argue in this drastic fashion, argue truly but not completely, and the second adverb takes away the compliment paid by the first. They are perfectly right in saying that we can never get an adequate conception of any finite reality merely by considering it from the static point of view. Abstract thought always takes things from this standpoint, it is true, but abstract thought is never exhaustive of the total concrete reality, nor does it set itself up as such. In the fullness of concrete being, "power" and "action" are met with, the point of view changes from static to dynamic, and we find ourselves in the presence of change, growth, evolution, or decay. To be full and fruitful, therefore, our philosophical analysis of experience must try to grasp reality and understand it not only as *being*, but also as *becoming*. The kinetic standpoint should add itself to the static, so as to round the latter out and keep the picture moving.

But should the former supplant the latter altogether and displace it? That would be to court extremes and to avoid telling the truth completely. If the static point of view does not exhaust the total concrete reality, neither does the dynamic. We have to be two-minded, or else let the world go mad, and ourselves along with it. You cannot expect an orchestral effect from the twanging of a single string in philosophy any more than in music, and when Professor James said that he could not hear the music of the spheres, he meant that he could not hear it with his one-idea philosophy—a statement that might be true and yet mean no more than an individual hardness of hearing or poor means chosen.

Consider the idea of *substance*, for instance, round which the tide of battle rages. Does this idea imply an innermost core of being that goes on nonchalantly existing, without ever in the least undergoing the rub of change? Were that the case, the dynamic philosophers would have won before the debate opened. But *substance* is not insulated in this static way from the effects of *power* and *action*, and those who so regard it have chosen one of Don Quixote's windmills to ride at in full tilt. True, substance may appear to abstract thought as unchanging, but to expect to find it

thus in concrete reality is to look for the inert in the midst of the active, as if the former existed anywhere in absolute aloofness from the latter. And this is the wild hunt in which the "new philosophers" would have us join them—the pastime of running down an imaginary quarry.

There is no such quarry to be run down and spitted. *Existing* substance is ever undergoing real, though only accidental, change. However we view substance—whether as having powers through which it acts, or as acting of itself immediately—in either case the total concrete existing reality is ever being affected, determined, made better or worse, through the actions taking place within or upon it. It is not possible to insulate substance from the effects of action. That would be to reify an abstraction, to confound a thing's way of being with the mind's manner of conceiving—worse still, to cross two distinct points of view—the incomplete standpoint of abstract, and the complete standpoint of concrete, thought.

When we do not cross these two viewpoints, quite another problem emerges than that of choosing either horn of a dilemma. The question that really confronts us then is the *value of the distinctions* which the mind makes in the concrete reality, especially the distinction of substance and accident, permanence and change. Is the concrete reality composed of distinct co-principles which we discover and recognize, or is it a thing so simple as to offer no grounds for distinction? In other words, does the mind project unity and permanence into reality, or are these distinctions really there for us to acknowledge and draw? That is the real question. And becloud the issue as you may by this theory of knowledge or that, you can never prove, you can only allow yourself to become sophisticated to the extent of claiming, that these distinctions are mental inventions, not aspects or features of reality.

Things *are*, things *change*; they *exist*, they *become*. The continuous actualization which we see going on is not a process merely of becoming; it is the undergoing of change by things already constituted in existence, and becoming more and more what they are, not something entirely other. It does not follow that if a thing changes, it never is, but always is becoming; it simply follows that it is and also becomes. We should not divide or subtract, but add. The actual and the potential are concretely united, even though they are not in the same logical category. Not all growth is transmutation, nor all change a passing into something else.

The grown man is but the child developed; and the fact that the psychologist recognizes a continuity of consciousness between the two, shows that there is something permanent beneath the play of change—a real, no less than an empirical, personality. “Subliminal self,” “nuclei,” “centres,” “disappearing and reappearing constants”—what are these phrases of the schools but attempts to avoid in language what cannot be suppressed in thought—the fact, namely, of permanence, of self-identical continuity. Apart, therefore, from the learned disbelief into which anyone that wills may argue himself by an overdose of theory, the fact of the matter is that we cannot make a complete philosophical analysis of experience without recognizing the presence of the actual alongside and beneath the potential.

We may of course—it is the sad privilege of the learned—bring the notion of actuality into undeserved ridicule and contempt, by imagining it as an inner coil or core of being impervious to change. But such ridicule lacks point, and reveals the confusion of mind under which those labor who employ it. To refute a false *image* of actuality is not to refute the *concept* or to impugn its worth. Otherwise it would follow that the notion of *action* would likewise have to be given up, for we imagine *action* as a flux, though we know such not to be its nature. It does not follow that, if we exercise the imagination wrongly, the intuitions of the intellect are thereby discredited. Thought is distinct from the imagination, depending on the latter for its sustenance, not for its worth. When, therefore, we clear away the misconceits with which the issue has been clouded, we find ourselves brought face to face with the actual and the potential everywhere in creation. It is a dualistic world we live in—one that stubbornly resists the blandishments of the monist, to make it appear simpler than it really and truly is.

Such is the evidence when we consult it fully and do not mutilate the report. The dynamic and the static, while distinct and irreducible, nowhere appear as isolated or disjoined. Nature strikes and keeps a balance between them, and so must we. No such thing as mere permanence, no such thing as mere change, greets the searcher's sight, but a complex reality that *is* and *changes*, partly both, wholly neither, wherever he may look. It is not the actual *or* the potential, the rational *or* the empirical, but the actual *and* the potential, the empirical *and* the rational, the entire way through. Conjunctions instead of severances, links instead of bars,

hyphens in lieu of minus signs! Experience itself in its courings rubs out the lines of division which Kant drew: our notions cannot be cut like cameos nor shuffled after the manner of cubes. They *live*, and a common mental life floods all their connecting links and attaching fringes. Defective circulation among the mind's ideas is a thing unknown.

And as with our ideas or mental states, so with our ideals also: these know no isolation, either, though one would never think so, to hear the single-barrelled theorists speak. Professor James wrote disparagingly of the ancient philosophers who did not share his belief in the floating, fleeting character of the world. He would have all men think as he did or be anathema, forgetting, when he turned philosopher, the very principles which no one more than he had so clearly discovered and emphasized in psychology. The following quotation will show what we mean:

The history of human thought, broadly considered, reveals an unbroken conflict between two contrary visions of reality; the temporal with the eternal, the historical and dramatic with the statuesque and pictorial, the dynamic and functional with the structural and inert. Considered culturally, the dramatic view may be called Hebraic; the structural Hellenic. The Hebrews saw the world as a history. For them the inwardness of reality lay in the movement of events. The Greeks saw the world as an immutable hierarchy of forms; for them the true reality was the inert order of being. Not that either people was unaware of the opposed view; the Hebrews could see in the march of events the unfoldment of an eternal divine plan; the Greeks more than once envisaged reality as flowing. But neither people placed both views on a par. In the long run change and movement were for the Greeks identical with evil and illusion; were just imperfect reflections of the eternal order of reality; while for the Hebrews these were in the long run the very soul of reality, and the static, the inert, were conceived as mere moments in the march of time—mere expressions in the service of an omnipotent, unceasing activity.

The opposed views met in Christianity. Christianity is a compromise between Hebraism and Hellenism—a compromise in which the Hellenic vision was apparently subordinated to the Hebraic. Augustine's maxim—"Credo ut intellegam" ("I believe in order to understand")—gives this view color. It appears to subordinate reason to practise, understanding to the urgency of life. But the fact is the reverse. That accommoda-

tion of the prophets and Plato, of Revelation and Aristotle, of which Christian philosophy consists, robbed history of its contingency and time of its reality. This contingency, revealed in the certainty of the Hebrews, that the attitude of God toward man changed with the conduct of man, was incompatible with the Hellenic notion of the omniscience of God. In fact, Hebraism supplied only a fresh language and new symbols for the Hellenic conception of reality: it failed to modify its power or to alter its character. It did inevitably add to the problems of philosophy—the puzzle of “free-will”—but it added hardly anything else. In the end, when the issue between the two views was sharply drawn, authority decided in favor of Hellenism. The decision, rendered at the end of the thirteenth century, and reasserted at the Council of Trent, made Thomas of Aquin the official philosopher of the Church and turned into a heretic Duns Scotus, the only one of the scholastic thinkers who had a genuine insight into the metaphysical background of Hebraism.¹

A plague on both your houses!—these two visions of reality are not contrary, but complementary. The history of philosophy is not another war of the roses—the white rose of reason and the red rose of experience. It was not Hellenism that Christianity adopted, but the full and complete evidence of reason both spontaneous and reflex—namely, the real *and* the ideal, the permanent *and* the changing, the empirical *and* the rational; not either, but both. It was not an affair of choice or subordination, but a recognition of the duality of nature and of truth. Emphasis on this side or that there assuredly was, but to the point of exclusion, elimination, or severance—never! whether with St. Augustine, St. Thomas, or Duns Scotus. We do not meet with the spirit of exclusiveness until modern times. From Socrates to the Middle Ages the common base of reason is accepted, and instead of *choosing* between the notions of unity and variety, philosophers undertook rather to *reconcile* the respective claims of each, which is quite a different attitude altogether from that of trying to suppress the former in the interest of the latter. Let the purely deductive systems perish—nobody is particularly interested in the fate of theories forced upon experience without inductive warrant. But please do not class the mediæval systems with such as these. The scholastics are not to be held up to ridicule for having built upon the whole evidence, and modern thinkers crowned with a bay

¹ *Boston Transcript*, Wednesday, June 16, 1909, p. 26, col. 1.

of glory for having built upon a part. Because pragmatists and modernists shut their eyes to the *permanent*, is no reason why others should be condemned for having kept them open. You cannot crush an adversary merely by reciting and urging your own mental limitations against him.

The statement that "the decision rendered at the end of the thirteenth century and reasserted at the Council of Trent, turned Duns Scotus into a heretic" will be news to the Franciscan Fathers, who have recently petitioned that the subtle one be canonized. And we have a distinct recollection, too, that Scotus was not without friends in the committee rooms at Trent. Aquinas was an intellectualist, Scotus a voluntarist, you will say. Yes, but in their day and time these designations meant *distinctions*, not *exclusive attitudes* as they do now. The Fathers of the Council might as well have condemned the Saints for preferring to love God rather than to know Him, as to condemn Scotus for emphasizing the importance of the will. St. Thomas did not become the official philosopher of the Church until 1879, and then it was his "synthetic wisdom," as opposed to the modern habit of dismembering, that received timely commendation in the famous Leonine encyclical. No such uncontrolled statements as those found in the above quotation, could ever have been written by one acquainted at first hand with the history of Catholic philosophy and theology from the sixteenth to the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

As to the Hebrews who figure so prominently in the quotation, it must be confessed that they had no philosophy *as such*. To represent them, therefore, as believing exclusively in a world of flux, is to attribute special philosophical significance to phrases essentially of religious import. Not thus did they sing of the Permanent One Who changes all things like a garment, yet Whose own years fail not and never shall. That the Hebrews regarded the attitude of God toward man as changing with the conduct of man, and that this position was incompatible with the Hellenic notion of the omniscience of God, is a statement hardly less questionable. It takes anthropomorphic expressions of the Scriptures literally, and ignores the fact that the doctrine of God's omniscience was a belief of the Hebrews long before it became a thesis of the Greeks. There may be incompatibility between the *immobile* and the active, there is and can be none between the latter and the *immutable*. No cause, *as cause*, changes by its action; it is because it is a mixture of potentiality and actuality that it changes. Is it not high time we

were done with this overworked antithesis between Hebraism and Hellenism? Ever since Matthew Arnold chose this suggestive pair of words for one of his chapter headings, it has ceaselessly gone the rounds, though no one who has tried to think the antithesis out has ever succeeded either in letters or in philosophy. The phrase has shown in neither of these fields a fitness entitling it to survive, and for a good reason: the ideas or the ideals of different peoples are incapable of being walled off in any such stone-mason fashion.

In fact, wherever you look, except, perhaps, in the little corner of Greece, where Parmenides and Heraclitus are wrangling over the respective merits of the "one" and the "many," you never find exclusiveness of choice, but emphasis and stressing. It is hardly fair, because one philosopher dwells upon the permanent in life, another on the passing, to call the former a static thinker, the latter a dynamic one. To be a thinker of the last-named class, it is not necessary to believe in the *theory* that the essence of reality is change. All we need really do is to investigate the *fact* of change, and make due allowance for its inroads, so as to keep our judgments concerning the permanent fresh and balanced. It is by no means essential that we recognize the following portrait of the "modernist" as that of all dynamic thinkers past, present, and to come.

He views time as a pyramid inverted,
Poised deftly on the apex of the Now;
Or ship whereon, by order preconcerted,
His post is always neighboring to the prow,
The spot where, as in mockery inserted,
The figurehead—his emblem—shades the bow;
Each barge, each headland, swims into his ken
Ten seconds ere it greets his fellowmen.
He deems that God Himself is journalistic,
Each daytime's issue, smoking from the press,
Remanding by succession fatalistic
All earlier dates to chaff and nothingness;
Each form, howe'er ingenious or artistic,
Born with the day, exhales with day's recess;
Time like a broom or snow-plough is designed;
Ahead lies substance—vacancy behind.
His glance is still round far horizons playing,
Where gas-jets loom like planets to the eye;
He loves in lettered fields to walk a-maying,
Where through the drifts peep buddings faint and shy;

For him the only ore that tempts assaying
Is that new-minded, bared freshly to the sky.
The past is but time's ash-heap dim and gray:
Hades is synonym for yesterday.²

"For him the only ore that tempts assaying is that new-mined, bared freshly to the sky." From this one would imagine that the mind never caught glimpses of unity in the midst of variety, but saw only the next variant coming, and galloped off in its direction. Is this true to experience? Do we never find the notion of unity crossing our vision until we have run down every one of its parts to the farthestmost detail? Must we drain the cup of experience to the dregs before we can tell what it is we are drinking?—a statement which none but a toper might be expected to approve. Are we obliged to fathom all that is contained in the idea of *variety* before we are really entitled to frame or entertain the idea of *unity*? Were that the case, did we have to keep the notion of the "one" waiting until we were through analyzing that of the "many," philosophy would have to be put off to the Greek Calends.

But notice. The whole argument to discredit the notion of unity rests on the assumption that analysis and synthesis never go on together, but always separately; that we must finish analyzing before a synthetic conception is feasible. Nothing could be further from the actual course of our mental life than this supposition. It is the third of the fallacious separations which we are engaged in pointing out, and as glaring in its defects as any of the others. The notion of unity and diversity are solidary and complementary—all our notions are. You cannot grasp a single element or feature of reality without seeing it in its context, background, relationships, and setting. Analysis is constantly leaping over into synthesis, suggesting it, calling for its mate. The two processes intermingle and clear each other up. Unity flashes out before me in the midst of variety when I least expect it. Larger wholes than the one I happen to be studying come swimming into my ken.

I am reading a book. Long before the last chapter is reached, or the intervening detail unfolded, I have caught the plot and sequel. In the midst of war's alarms, I observe from the press reports that the left of the Allies' line is being pushed further and further back, until it looks as if it would be cut off from, or crumpled in confusion upon, the centre. Suddenly the plan of the general staff streams like a meteor into my sight—it is strategic

² *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1914, p. 279.

the whole thing, a movement to gain time which the opposition forces cannot afford to lose. An incident has revealed it all, and yet I did not know the variety of movements in detail before the unity of plan came luminous before my vision. *Wholes* come to me, though but *parts* are before me for inspection. I am looking down into the well of analysis, and behold, I see the stars!

Analysis is never finished, and never can be. *Omne individuum ineffabile*, the old scholastics said—there is something more to be learned of everything, and the faculty of perfect comprehension is not ours. Synthesis is never finished, either. Like an “inner military line,” it is constantly receiving fresh accessions from analysis for its replenishment. At first a faint pencilling, it grows thicker with each new incident, and more bright. I do not have to know the simple, therefore, in order to know the complex, neither do I have to be at the end of analysis before I may, nay must begin to build. Nothing compels the deferring of the notion of unity until all the depths of the notion of diversity have been sounded. Both come to me, if not hand in hand, at least neighborly halloing.

And if it be true, as we have just endeavored to show, that analysis and synthesis, so far from excluding, constantly involve, stimulate and refresh each other—how can and why should the notion of unity or of permanence be deprived of all footing and support in experience? Where does the “modernist” get his “centre of perspective” in the sole and solitary fact of “change?” There is no “centre of perspective” in a living chain, such as these two notions form with all our others. You cannot detach one of the links, and then either evolve the others out of it by a dialectical process, or cast them aside as beneath notice. In the round-robin report of reality which the mind draws up, the head of the table is not where MacGregor sits. You must *accept* the whole report provisionally, at least, you must let all the evidence in for united consideration and review. Whether you *adopt* the report in full afterwards or not, upon critical reflection, is another matter. Criticism rightly comes, not before we consider the report of experience, but before we decide upon its adoption. Like everything else, criticism has its place, and its place is *after* experience, not *before* it, unless, like Kant, we should deem our *prejudgments* as of more scholarly worth and scientific value than *actual investigation and study*.

This habit of prejudging the results of experience instead of investigating them, is at the bottom of all modern criticism, philosophical and religious. Take the writings of Professor Harnack,

Royce, and Eucken, for instance, and consider the *methods* employed. These men have much to say on the contamination of Christian thought in the course of ages. But how do they discover these alleged contaminations? Simply by singling out this element or that from the complex solidary whole in which it lies livingly embedded, and declaring the rest corruption. Professor Harnack³ singles out "fellowship" for invidious distinction; Professor Royce⁴ "loyalty;" Professor Eucken⁵ "activism or an independent spiritual life." Everyone of the three writers has his "essence" of religion, and exhibits it to the public as the well of evangelism undefiled. But what assurance have they or do they give that the essence of Christianity is simple, in the first place, let alone its being as simple as claimed?

None whatever. It is not Christ and His teachings, but *their* Christ and *their* select cullings from what He preached and taught. They merely give us the little bit of historical Christianity that happens to have survived in their own souls—remnants of its seamless robe of truth. They arrogantly claim that this portion surviving with them is the very essence of Christianity, whereas it is nothing more than a piece from its wreckage—a broken spar. They have no such ability, as they claim, to determine the essence of the Christian religion for themselves or others. No one has, no one can make the complex simple, by an act of choice and will. Their whole process of thought and argument is really a personal confession of their own limitations of belief, not an objective study either of Christ or of the religion which He founded. They take themselves for standards, prove nothing, claim everything, and whoso believes more than they, investigates where they dogmatize, studies where they prejudice, let him be anathema and corruption. What patronizing pedantry, what pretense, what arrogance to build, model and reconstruct religion, not on the full base it has in reason and in history, but on the individual and relative type of one's own temperament and preferences. Talk of dogmatism! There never were dogmatists like unto these. There's such a thing as modesty even in dogmatics.

The habit of prejudging, some examples of which we have just considered, reveals another fallacious separation—the last but not the least in this widespread modern process of disjoining: the separation of the reflex reason of the individual from the common reason of the race. This is the parent fallacy, out of which the

³*Das Wesen des Christenthums.*

⁴*The Problem of Christianity.*

⁵*Collected Essays of Rudolph Eucken, English translation.*

others spring. It first came into being in philosophy when Descartes introduced his methodical doubt, wiping the slate of history clean of all the convictions of his kind, to reassert those only which were clear, as he saw clearness. But it was Luther and Kant who gave this fallacious separation its real start when the former deprived faith of its *intellectual* character, and the latter extended the same deprivation to human knowledge itself. Religion and philosophy thus lost their cosmopolitan character, shrivelling up into private concerns. The common convictions were despised, philosophy reëchoing the contempt of the Reformation for reason. The reality of the external world, its knowableness, the existence of God, the rational principles of morality—which are all common convictions and evidential data—went by the board. If the individual thinker chose to throw out a line of thought which would rescue these truths from the engulfing waters of skepticism, well and good: that was his affair.

But to allow common reason either the right or the chance to validate its claims before the tribunal of reflection; to build one's system of thought on these evidential data as a whole; to let the entire evidence in, in other words, and then, by critical analysis, to discover and reaffirm its truth—that would never do for the new aristocracy of intellect—*odi profanum vulgus et arceo*. Independence was the thing—the independence of one's own reflex thought—and philosophers began to cultivate this to the exclusion of the spontaneous rational convictions which they share in common with their fellowmen. They took their pick of the elements furnished by common sense, and raised their theories on a part of the evidence instead of slipping the whole of it underneath for foundation. The result was naturally a number of logical structures that remind one of "sky-scrapers," without the excuse which the latter may plead for their rearing, to wit, scarcity of land and need of room for business.

This reduction of the evidence from its full sweep to one decidedly more narrow, is without all warrant but that of will. Necessity compels every thinker to seek the basis of his thought in some element or other of common sense and common reason; and if one element is good, and worthy of choice, why not all—what magic vests the one chosen with more reliability than the ones that are left untaken? No man can build on his reflex reason *alone*—it is a borrower, not a lender, creating not the building-material it uses, but finding it already gathered in and garnered by

the reason we call spontaneous. It is wrong, therefore, to prejudge the results of experience, or to single out one element beforehand, as a test of all the rest. The mental law of solidarity—our notions are all intercommuning—forbids our taking such liberties of method with the objective evidence.

Reflex reason has its rights, but so has spontaneous reason also, and to acknowledge the one, while supremely disdaining the other, in everything it does not suit our whims to borrow from it, is not indicative, to say the least, either of fairmindedness or consistency. Socrates had the right idea. He was no Heraclitus trumpeting forth in the market place the dubious glory of a world in flux. He looked into all the evidence, impartially, thoroughly: he extenuated nought, and nought set down in malice. But alas! the poor, barefooted old man who was forced to drink the hemlock for his belief in the notion of unity, has had no followers of his breadth of method since the Middle Ages!

A return to the complete evidence will alone rescue philosophy from its present anarchy. Philosophical truth is individualized nowadays to such an extent that it has no appeal to the great commons; it sounds like a voice in the wilderness with no humanity in its cry. So much has philosophy become a hermit's reverie, that it has no message for democracy which king demos can understand without being educated out of his common sense and indoctrinated with the sense that is not common, to receive it. Why should the spontaneously rational convictions of the millions, to which each day's experience brings a fresh confirming, be regarded as more suspect than the analytical powers of some doubting Thomas perched on his lonely peak of negation in Darien?

That impersonal synthesis which common reason imposes on all men; that fund of common notions existing in the minds of the millions; those suggestive lines of unity which spontaneous reason traces for us to deepen, not to blot out by reflection—has it been a gain or a loss for philosophy to have turned its face away from all this in an individual direction? Let the destroyers answer from the ruins. The completing of the Reformation has been the depleting of religion and philosophy—profiles of both, full-sized portraits of neither. And not until the great synthesis broken in religion by Luther and in philosophy by Kant is again restored; not until we relearn the lesson of seeing things steadily and seeing them whole, will philosophy and religion regain the democratic character which they both had in the Western world before the Reformation.

THE ANSWER.

BY HELEN HAINES.

MARY Immaculate!
Thy Maker is calling,
Alpha and Omega has need of thee.
Choice of the ages
Prepared and perfected—
What is thine answer to Me?

Mary Immaculate!
All Heaven is pleading
And just are the souls who languish for Me.
Assembling are powers
Dread and ensnaring—
What is thine answer to Me?

Mary Immaculate!
Earth's sinners are waiting
A Saviour pledged to the wood of a tree.
But My Word must be
Made Flesh, torn and bleeding—
What is thine answer to Me?

Mary Immaculate!
A herald is speeding
In ravishing glory—kneeling to thee.
His salutation
Majestic and awful—
What is thine answer to Me?

* * *

Mary Immaculate!
Thy God heeds thine answer.
Veiled My Omnipotence—shrouded by thee;
Thy fiat submissive
Puissant and lowly—
One with My Own Mystery.

NUNS AS DEPICTED IN MODERN FICTION.

BY MARY V. HILLMANN.



DISTINGUISHED writer, who for obvious reasons must be unnamed, in taking leave of some of the Sisters of a certain religious community which she had visited, remarked, as if she had made a surprising discovery, "I did not notice here any of that unnatural peace and calm usually associated with convents."

"We don't look troubled, I trust," returned one of the Sisters, laughing at the unintentional implication.

"Oh, no! I did not mean that," the lady replied. "But you all seem to be busy women with something on your minds."

"To admit that we really possess minds would in itself be a departure," remarked the Sister in recounting the conversation to me, "but boldly to announce that we have something on them is distinctly radical. It is fortifying to be assured of such a person's convictions, however, for all the afternoon I had the uncomfortable feeling that she was gathering material."

"You, no doubt, will make your appearance in a short-story as a pale, anæmic-looking nun with sad eyes," I suggested.

"Yes," she laughed. "Are not my looks deplorable? I suppose it is women like me who are responsible for the conventional nun of modern fiction, with her weary heart and tragic ways. Most 'pensive nuns' of my acquaintance, however, have acquired the look from nothing more romantic than neuralgia or indigestion."

"I'm thinking of writing some stories about nuns, myself," I observed.

"You can't do it," she said emphatically.

"Why?"

"You can't write about the experiences of nuns any more than nuns can write about the experiences of, say, pugilists or cowboys, chiefly because you don't know enough about them. That's why stories about nuns are usually such a fizzle. The writers don't know what they are talking about, and, in their attempts to be realistic, they simply become maudlin."

We were in the stack-room of the college library, where I was pretending to help Sister Constance arrange the English books in

order. She and I had been at college together, and when I ran out to the old place for a week-end visit, I dogged her footsteps as far as I was permitted.

"Here's a man who was obsessed by the popular idea of the subject," she said, pushing a volume of Wordsworth toward me. "You remember, 'Unhappy nuns whose every breath's a sigh?' But he's excusable; he was a poet."

"Telephone call for you, Sister. You're wanted in the main building," said a messenger at the door.

"I'll be back in a minute," she smiled as she left me.

I knew she wouldn't; so I settled down to browse among the books with the purpose of learning just how the nun is depicted in modern fiction. "Wordsworth was a romanticist," thought I, "and, as Sister said, a poet—therefore not quite responsible for the flights of his imagination. Let me see what a genuine, up-to-date, American realist offers his readers. William Dean Howells! Ah, he won't be maudlin!" No nuns, I knew, figured in his more recent works—in *The Son of Royal Langbrith*, in *Silas Lapham*, or in *Julia Bride*.

"I'll begin with his earliest," I told myself, and so proceeded to scan the pages of *Their Wedding Journey*.

Regrettable results of my research! Our pioneer in realism, in a novel ostensibly photographic in method, becomes sentimental—yes even maudlin—when he writes of the lives of the Canadian nuns. His travelers, a complacent, ordinary couple on their honeymoon, "pitied the Gray Nuns." (One wonders whether the sentiment was not reciprocated.) The Sisters are described as entering the chapel in line:

The two young girls at the head were very pretty, and all the pale faces had a corpse-like peace. As Basil looked at their pensive sameness, it seemed to him that those prettiest girls might very well be the twain that he had seen there so many years ago, stricken forever young in their joyless beauty. The ungraceful gowns of coarse gray, the blue-checked aprons, the black crape caps were the same; they came and went with the same quick tread, touching their brows with holy water, and kneeling and rising now as then with the same constrained and ordered movements. Would it be too cruel if they were really the same persons? or would it be yet more cruel if every year two girls so young and fair were self-doomed to renew the likeness of the youthful death?

The sentiment and the language of the passage suggest the Gothic romances of the Radcliffean school. It is difficult to be realistic on all occasions.

"Deep sorrow" or "lofty rapture" are the forces, according to Mr. Howells, which impel young girls to become nuns. I found myself chuckling over the idea. I wondered how many of my nun-acquaintances—and they are many—had experienced either. In our college, as in most Catholic colleges throughout the country, the graduating class usually contributes at least one or two members to the community of Sisters in control, and these candidates, however well they may have succeeded in concealing from us the depth of their sorrows, are ordinarily not young women distinguished for the altitude of their raptures.

We who are left outside never think of the convent walls as built, to borrow Mr. Howell's words, "to immure the innocence of such young girls as these, and shut them from a life we find so fair." Indeed, we deem them rather lucky to be settled so soon after graduation, whereas we are forced to hunt about for a "career," or, on a venture, accept the married state which offers no novitiate. "In this book, at any rate, Mr. Howells does not suggest the hackneyed idea that they have been disappointed in love," I said to myself, as I replaced *Their Wedding Journey* on the shelf.

I looked round for *A Chance Acquaintance*. I remembered that Canada is the setting also of that quasi-novel. The book was out. I recalled, however, one scene into which nuns enter. Two Ursulines are seated on a bench under a tree in the convent garden. One is elderly and stout; the other is young and ethereal—perhaps between twenty and thirty. The older nun is holding the younger one's hand, and, in Mr. Howell's imagination, offering consolation and advice to the younger, whose downcast eyes and drooping countenance are irrefutable proofs of her love-lorn condition. Ah, yes! She has been disappointed in love, Mr. Howells thinks, and the older nun is telling her to be brave and strong, and with years the pain will wear away. As a matter of fact, what the old nun was probably saying to the young one was something like this: "My dear Sister, you are very foolish to give so much time to the correction of those themes. The girls simply throw them into the scrap-basket. It would be better for you and for your pupils if you would get a little more fresh air and exercise. At your time of life you need both, and everyone is talking about how pale and thin you are. Did you ever try olive oil?"

Somewhere else Mr. Howells speaks of the "mute blank life of the nun," and asks, with a resignation admirable in a realist, "But, indeed, since there must be Gray Nuns, is it not well that there are sentimentalists to take a mournful pleasure in their sad, pallid existence?"

From Mr. Howells I turned with hope to a genuine sentimentalist, arguing that since a realist had proved to be sentimental, a sentimentalist might possibly be realistic. But James Lane Allen is a sentimentalist to the end. His nuns are of the conventional type, wearing out their sad lives in apathetic service and futile regrets. The following passage is characteristic: "Here when the sun is hot, some white-veiled novice may be seen pacing soft-footed and slow, while she fixes her sad eyes upon pictures drawn from the literature of the Dark Ages, or fights the first battle with her young heart, which would beguile her to heaven by more jocund pathways."

Mr. Allen's nun-heroine, a true story-book type, with eyes "large, dark, poetic, and spiritual," and shorn hair, "of the palest gold," most unrealistically lying "about her neck and ears in large lustrous waves," saw human life "a vast, sad pilgrimage to the shrine eternal." "She had rushed with out-stretched arms towards poetic mysteries and clasped prosaic reality."

"Too bad Mr. Allen didn't clasp it," I said impatiently to myself, flinging the book aside. "If he had been well-informed, he could have had her give up the life of a religious after the novitiate. Two years and a half are long enough for any person of sense to know whether or not she likes a thing. Sister Dolorosa was a ninny." But Mr. Howells and Mr. Allen are men. They do not understand. And, besides, as Mr. Hilaire Belloc might say, they are not of "the faith."

"There's Agnes Repplier. Her nuns ought to be real," I murmured, scanning the titles of her little volumes. "A woman—a Catholic—a convent-bred girl. Ah, here's her charming book on boarding school life—surely to be classed with pleasant fiction—*In Our Convent Days*." I had read it before and had enjoyed it, as most people do enjoy what Miss Repplier writes. Now I eagerly glanced through it to test her characterization of nuns. They are kept, for the most part, in the background, and it was a happy idea of Miss Repplier's to keep them there, for, as she has depicted them, they are noticeably lacking in the quality pronounced by St. Teresa as more desirable in Sisters than piety, namely, common sense.

The one Sister whose character is clearly drawn, the "Reverend Mother," is a colorless creature, "not without literary tastes of an insipid and obsolete order," who "discoursed sleepily" to the graduates "about the books she had read in her youth." At this stage of my discouraging research, my friend returned to the stack-room.

"I am ordered into the city to-morrow to hear Paderewski play," she remarked.

"Isn't that fine!" I exclaimed. "Don't you miss things like that since you've become a Sister?"

She laughed.

"Are you, too, without understanding?" Don't be absurd! People frequently ask us that. They forget the spiritual compensations in our lives."

"That's just it!" I agreed. "And that's what's the matter with all these story-book nuns."

"Yes, that and something else," Sister observed. "Story-book nuns are generally devoid of the saving sense of humor."

"Are there any real nuns in the fiction you have read?" I asked.

"Yes—in Father's Sheehan's *Luke Delmege* there are some."

We got down the book, and I glanced over several passages pointed out by Sister. They were refreshing:

It was early morning, and Father Tracey went straight to the altar and celebrated Mass. Margery was privileged to bring him his humble breakfast, for Margery was a great favorite. It was very amusing to see the young Sister putting little dainties into the old priest's plate, and the old man carefully putting them aside. Sometimes Margery succeeded by clever little stratagems.

"Most people don't eat that, Father. They say it isn't nice. I wouldn't eat it."

"Indeed?" the good old man would reply, as he gobbled up the dainty. And then he would gravely shake his head.

"Why don't you brush your hat, Father? There, I've done it now. Can't you send up that old coat, and we'll have it dyed here? There now, you're horrid this morning. You came out unshaved."

And Father Tracey would blush like a girl, and apologize for his negligence.

"You want me to be like that grand brother of yours, who'll be our bishop some day, I suppose. Ah, me! These clever young men! These clever young men!"

And Margery, with her hands folded under her scapulary, would silently pray that her grand brother might some day be even as this poor despised old priest.

The other nuns in the novel are quite as normal as Margery, whose religious name is Sister Eulalie. They are just cheerfully busy women "with something on their minds," forgetful of their own selfish interests in the service of the Master.

"But outside of Father Sheehan's books, Sister Constance," I asked, "don't you know of any real nuns in fiction?"

"Yes—one," she said, "the aged nun with a wart on her nose whom Thackeray describes as rescued by Henry Esmond from some rude soldiers on the Continent."

"Well?" I inquired expectantly. "What about her?"

"That's all there is about her—she was an aged nun with a wart on her nose. That's all Thackeray knew about her, and that's all he ventured to say. He *was* a realist, and an artist, besides."

"I've decided *not* to write stories about nuns," I remarked. "I'll write stories about college girls, instead."

"A wise decision," Sister Constance observed. "Stick to it—at least, until you've joined the community."

O'LOGHLIN OF CLARE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

X.



ON a brilliant summer morning Hugh Ingoldesby awakened in his house at Ardcurragh in Clare, in the room in which he was born, and where his father had died. Of the second event he had no more memory than of the first, and all his recollections of his mother were associated with far other places. He had arrived so late the night before, that driving up the avenue he had seen nothing but the heavy darkness of trees in the sky, with the stars glittering above them, and a great block of a house with lights in the windows, and high chimneys barely discernible. Entering the gloomy hall, floored with black and white flags, and the large lonesome-looking dining-room lined with portraits, his impressions had been anything but cheerful.

By morning light things looked less sombre. Miss Jacquetta had done her work thoroughly, and the fresh paint and well polished furniture showed the neatness and proper care of present prosperity. Richly colored hangings softened the upright lines of the tall windows. Old mirrors reflected the waving green of the trees and the high golden clouds sailing above them. In the morning-room where Hugh at once decided to live chiefly, these features were noticeable, but a visit to the portraits in the dining-room was far from exhilarating. Here frowned the lowering countenance of the man established in Ardcurragh by Oliver Cromwell, followed by other masters of the house, who turned the same unwelcoming gaze on their absentee descendant. His Dutch great-grandmother was of a type particularly unattractive to Hugh, but his own fair-haired mother, who had evidently given her complexion and perhaps some other traits to her son, pleased him so much that he resolved at once to separate her from her uncongenial company, and transfer her to his own apartments.

He was satisfied to find English servants around him. His aunt had been thoughtful for his comfort in that as well as in every other respect. After breakfast his favorite man, long in his service, was at the door with horses, engaging to take the master for a ride, while giving him the benefit of the six weeks sojourn in the country, which had put Jonathan Judkin in possession of a great deal of information which he was anxious to impart. Leaving the long darksome avenue,

with its clamorous rooks behind, the riders came out on an open road, with a distance of violet hills and low woods on one side, and on the other a vast extent of green and brown, of field and bog, with water of pool and stream gleaming like the flash of swords and shields when parting clouds left them shelterless under the bare eye of the noonday sun.

"What air! What light! What a splendor and loveliness of nature!" said Ingoldesby to himself. Then turning to Judkin, "Can you tell me where are the people, the inhabitants of this beautiful region?"

"The people, sir?" said Judkin. "Do you see that row of low hovels between you and the wood over yonder? More like dirt heaps? That's what they call a village. And do you see the wisps of smoke rising out of the hill nearer to us? More of them live in holes down there."

"Human beings?"

"Like rats and weasels—what they are!" said Judkin. "Unhappy, unsightly creatures. Sunk in superstition. I wonder the law doesn't put gunpowder under them and blow them all up."

"The law is hard on them as it is," said Ingoldesby. "What is their particular criminal superstition?"

"Why there's the Mass, as they call it, carried on in the bogs and woods where nobody can catch them, and I hear that it ends up with the ceremony of drowning a young child in the water holes of the bog."

"Softly, Judkin! The Mass is a fact, I am afraid, but the drowning business is an exaggeration. These people profess to be Christians."

"Not they, sir. They worship stocks and stones, and know nothing about God. Their priests hide in holes, and come up out of the earth and down out of ruined walls, nobody knows how or when."

"I see you have got all the news, Judkin. You and the law have no mercy on them."

"And their gentry defy the law like the lowest," persisted Judkin. "There's young Turlough O'Loughlin come over from France with a splendid Arab horse, and goes riding about on him, though he's not allowed to have any such property."

"Turlough O'Loughlin!"

"Yes, sir. Son of Morogh O'Loughlin over yonder. One of the worst of the lot."

"A worthy gentleman, Judkin, as I have been assured by friends of his who are also friends of mine."

"Don't have anything to do with him, sir. The Protestant gentry could hunt him if they liked, and pity it is they spare him, say I. He's

one of the 'massers,' and has a priest hiding in his house, a French rascal and outlaw, and you or me could put a rope around his neck any minute and swing him from a tree. That's your worthy gentleman for you, sir, a lawbreaker and a blasphemer. Then there's a fine French lady, a Marquise or something, lives there and keeps house for O'Loghlin, and has a thing they call a rosary, of gold beads a yard long, and a gold idol hanging to it, and says her prayers to it. Lydia, Miss Ingoldesby's maid, when she was here, got a sight of it some way or other. There's a young lady, too, has come home from Dublin—they say she's handsome, and the poor devils in the village there adore her as if she was one of their saints or idols."

"Perhaps she is good to them, Judkin."

"Oh, maybe so. I believe she's as bad a heathen as any of the lot. But the pick of them all is this Turlough with his Arab horse, swaggering about the country with his clothes cut French fashion, showin' off his impudent defiance of the King and the law of the land."

They were approaching a turn of the winding road. As Judkin ceased speaking shouts and the sound of a scuffle arose, and the riders pressed on to see what cause of disturbance might lie beyond the huge drapery of ivied trees that formed a curtain in front of them.

"D—— me, if it's not Turlough!" said Judkin savagely; and added with a laugh, "he's catching it!"

The sunshine was blazing on the bare handsome head of a young man on horseback, well set up and foppishly dressed and appointed, who was laying his whip about the shoulders of a man who had seized his horse by the bridle. Another young man about the same age as Turlough was leaning from his own horse close by, and laughing at the fury of O'Loghlin.

"It's Ralph Stodart," said Judkin. "His father ousted O'Kennedy last year, and the young fellow is as big a cock o' the walk as Turlough, and has the law on his side for it."

"I'll give you five pounds for your horse," shouted Stodart with a roar of laughter, flinging as many gold coins on the road. At the same moment the man smarting from the whip-lash, struck Turlough a blow on the head with a cudgel that felled him from the saddle to the road, where he lay unconscious, head and shoulders in the dust.

"This is shocking conduct," said Ingoldesby riding up and frowning at Stodart.

"Who are you?" asked Stodart insolently. "It is the law. I paid the price for the horse and it is mine."

The man who struck the blow was disentangling Turlough's feet from the stirrups, and letting his legs drop on the road, where he now lay stretched at full length.

"Is he dead? If so this is murder," said Ingoldesby.

"You mind your own business," shouted Stodart. "It's no murder to kill a d—d Papist."

"There's a kick in him yet," said Stodart's man who had struck the blow.

Stodart dismounted and got on Turlough's horse, and his servant took the bridle of his master's horse and mounted his own; and the two men rode off laughing and shouting back to Ingoldesby to "look to the carrion."

"We can't leave him here," cried Hugh. "We must put him across my horse and walk back with him to Ardcurragh."

"Can't we take him to his own people?" said Judkin. "What do we want with the heathen at Ardcurragh?"

"The distance is too great to his father's house, and it would be a terrible shock to his family." Hugh was thinking of Brona.

"It would be no loss to the world to let him lie where he is," grumbled Judkin.

"I've heard you talk of your Bible, Judkin," said his master. "What about the Samaritan?"

"Oh, the Bible's one thing and this is another," said Judkin. "If we did all they did in those old times it would keep us busy. Besides, there were no Papists then. Howsoever your orders must be obeyed, sir."

Turlough was carried to Ardcurragh as suggested, and put to bed in the best spare bedroom, an apartment that had seen many generations coming and going through the heavy mahogany door, and sleeping and waking in its funereal four-post bed, wrapped round by curtains of dark tapestry, with obscure sinister befigurements folded in their depths. A carriage was sent post haste for the nearest doctor, and Ingoldesby, having seen the patient regain consciousness, left him in the care of Judkin, and rode off to Castle O'Loghlin to break the news of the accident to his family. As he rode he had a vivid realization of the strange, unlikely ways of fate, that will seize a man's horse by the bridle and turn him out of his course on the highroad into byways he never dreamed of.

He had been wishing to meet Brona, and wondering how he could best make an approach to acquaintance with her people. He had imagined her, with all her lights out, sitting in the darkness of the proscribed, here in her home, far from the gay scenes of prosperous life in which she had so delightfully shown her natural capacity for happiness. He had said to himself that she would be inaccessible to him in her present position and circumstances. And now, here he was hastening to her as one the urgency of whose mission could not be denied. Half way down the bowery road that led to Castle O'Loghlin he saw her coming slowly towards him, and slacked his rein the bet-

ter to see her before she perceived or recognized him. She wore one of the wide lemon-colored sun-hats of the women of Tuscany, tilted back from her brows as she walked in the shade. She was looking at the far-off hills with their blue distance in her eyes, when, suddenly seeing him, a gleam of undeniable gladness lit up her face. Hugh riding up to her, could scarcely remember the words he had intended to say to her.

"I thought it was my brother," said Brona with a little bright laugh, and held out her hand.

Ingoldesby sprang from his horse, and held the hand a moment longer than was necessary. Then he walked beside her, feeling that this man was not Hugh Ingoldesby, but some other unknown to him. The truth had struck him a blow in the face. Be she heathen, Hindoo, or whatever the world would call her, he, the hater of all mummeries and idolatries, loved this Papist woman.

"Your brother—yes," he said, and his voice sounded to himself as if from far off. "I have seen your brother, Miss O'Loghlin. He rode out this morning, did he not? He has not returned."

"What of him?" cried Brona, alarmed.

"An accident. Don't be frightened. I left him tolerably comfortable in my house at Ardcurragh. He provoked an outrage. He has lost his beautiful horse and got a shaking—though nothing worse than that, I hope."

"Oh, poor father!" said Brona. "He has enough without this. Why—?"

"Your brother ought to live in France. This is no place for one of his temper."

"Ah, if he would. But is he in danger? You have been very good to him. Tell me the truth."

"I do not think he is in danger. The doctor will let us know. I am sorry for such an occasion of making your father's acquaintance, but I greatly wish to be introduced to him."

Morogh had gone with Aideen for a walk towards the sea, and Brona hastened to follow and bring them back, leaving the visitor alone in the library.

Ingoldesby looked around the room with a sense of interest that was part sympathy and part curiosity. The interior, though full of brooding peace, had a suggestion about it of mental life and vigor. The books that lined the walls were evidently books in use, not kept in the formal unbroken range that declares the owner who is proud to possess, but scarcely cares to read them.

"A man need not be lonely here," thought Hugh, taking down an early edition of Don Quixote, "at all events not a man of many languages."

Then he came before the portrait of Brona's Spanish mother, her identity declared by the delicate dark brows which enhanced the brilliance of the darker woman's eyes, and gave such a rare and lovely setting to those of her Irish daughter, with their coloring of the sea and hills.

Morogh came in, anxious but calm, Aideen followed weeping.

"Why will he not stay in Paris where he has friends?" she said. "We have no friends here."

"Nay, is not this a friend?" said Morogh. "My son has given you much trouble, sir. We cannot put an old head on young shoulders. Perhaps when he has lived as long as his father, he will have learned resignation to the will of Providence."

Ingoldesby invited Aideen to come to Ardcurragh, if it pleased her to take personal care of her nephew. And the Marquise gladly accepted the invitation, promising to be ready when the carriage should come to take her.

XI.

Turlough had suffered from concussion of the brain and a dislocated shoulder. He was now convalescent, with Judkin still in attendance, and with his aunt ensconced in rooms near to his. Ingoldesby had set no limits to his hospitality, despite his prejudice, which in this case was more for the young man's character than for the religion he professed. He paid Turlough occasional visits, but felt his guest's effusiveness more like flattery of a powerful friend than like manly gratitude. Judkin had ideas of his own, which he shared freely with his master.

"That youngster's no chip of the old block," he said. "Not a drop of Papist blood in him. He cares for neither Pope nor King—is furious because his old family is put down in the dirt—doesn't know why he isn't as good as you or Stodart, or any of the Protestant gentry."

"Well, sir," said I, "why do you worship idols, and support witches and priests that have to hide their bad deeds in holes and corners?"

"I don't," he shouted.

"I was afraid for his head, and didn't contradict him. And after a while he began envying you and admiring everything round him, and complaining of his own ill fortune. So I didn't know what to say to him after that, and I sent for the Marquise to come to him, and I left them there."

But the patient soon tired of the foster mother who had petted and spoiled him as a boy, and who still wanted to look on him as her baby.

"Can't I have my sister to see me?" he asked querulously. "She's pleasanter to look at than my aunt."

"You ingrate!" said Hugh, but he could not feel as angry as he wished to feel because of the opening given him to invite Brona to Ardcurragh. Brona was appealed to, and was directed by her father to gratify her brother, and when the Ardcurragh carriage was sent for her she got into it willingly.

Many hours of the following summer days she spent with Turlough in the pleasant rooms assigned to him in his convalescence, or walking with Ingoldesby in the big wandering gardens that straggled away into the woods. During these walks Ingoldesby took pains to keep all subjects of painful interest aloof, to allow nothing but matters of mutual interest to suggest themselves for discussion. Thus a number of golden days went past. Ingoldesby had ceased to remember that there was such a thing as religion in the world, and Brona forgot that there was cruelty, only felt that a holiday of sweets had been granted to her, and that she might enjoy it as she had learned to enjoy happiness while at Delville.

When Turlough was well enough for a long drive, pleasant excursions were made. Hugh claimed a visit to the cliffs of Moher as a boon promised him. Brona reminded him that it had been promised to him only by himself, but the drive was taken on a day glorious enough for any pageant or holiday. Nature seemed laughing at poverty and desolation, sunshine making such a glamour in heaven and on earth, the air so quickening and refreshing that humanity would seem, for the moment, to have nothing to complain of and everything to exult in.

When the road approached the ascent to the cliffs Aideen remained with Turlough in the carriage, and Ingoldesby and Brona climbed the green slopes that led to the heights. At the top they followed the beaten path skirting the cliffs, and stood to see the wide Atlantic Ocean filling all the view and sweeping the horizon, studded with its Irish islands, its line broken at one side by mysterious distances of mountain ranges ghostly and uncertain as if belonging to the spiritual world, which is never seen by us and yet never quite unseen. Nearer to them were the freakish masses of separated cliff, torn from the coast by some primeval earthquake, weird shapes with names as uncanny, defying the green rollers that beat them from inward and outward, and lash them with spume as from a caldron.

"That is the Hag's Head," said Brona. "Legend tells that she was hurled with the rock to where she stands, and bid to remain there like other petrifications of humanity."

"Was that a punishment for crime in prehistoric ages?"

"Something like that. There is a suggestion of savage wickedness about the shape, isn't there?"

"Are we expected to believe these legends?"

"I think not. Poetry is one thing. Faith is another. But who condemns the old, old, fairy tales? Is not good to be gathered from them by analogy?"

"True," said Ingoldesby. He could not bring himself to say, —not then—that faith like hers and fairy tales were one and the same thing to men like himself, who were in possession of their reason and common sense.

As they moved on the air became burdened with a confusion of strange sounds, like echoes of some distant angry tumult.

"The birds!" said Brona.

Already wide wings rose and fell above the summit of the highest cliff, and turning a corner they beheld a spectacle that might startle the most experienced in this world's wonders.

A long line of cliffs, seven hundred feet high, stood forth majestically in the green flood, and marched away to the distance where the water-world rises to meet the cloud-world and the cloud-world stoops to meet the water-world. The cliffs folded and unfolded their gigantic masses in black landward curves, their walls upright as the walls of a fortress built with hands, their faces carved in terraces whitened by the birds, so that one seemed to look on some weird white city created in this fastness of nature by an unheard-of civilization as intelligent as any evolved by the races of men.

The titanic walls, with their solid darkness and chalk white terraces aloft above the green ocean, were the least amazing part of the scene. Birds filled the air, making it thick and white as steam with their winged bodies. Huge and white-winged when near, in the distance below they looked like the white butterflies that wheel round a lavender bush in June. Diving into the waves, soaring against the clouds, hurling themselves on the black cliff-walls, perching on the whitened ridges, they never ceased their piercing cries, whether of joy or of pain, of strife or of fear. Who, listening, could attempt to disentangle the myriads of voices or to imagine their meaning? Ingoldesby stood silent.

"How do you feel it?" asked Brona.

"A magnificent bit of creation. And you?"

"I know it so well!" said Brona. "Fear, effort, warfare, triumph, cruelty are all to me in these cries. Do you hear that dominant note, about twice in every minute, that comes cleaving downward and scattering the other voices?"

"I hear it," said Ingoldesby. "Who is he, this bird despot? What message, what threat, what sentence does he deliver?"

"They say he is an alien who has gained mastery over the multitude, and that scientists do not know him, have not named him.

So the people say. I am not learned enough to try to verify this. But he sounds like a tyrant, does he not?"

"His harsh orders, condemnations, denunciations—whatever his cries may mean, are not well taken. There is a clamor of weak remonstrance or angry rebellion raised after each of his fierce utterances," said Hugh listening.

"We may speculate forever," said Brona. "It is one of the mysteries of nature."

"Oh, your mysteries!" cried Hugh with sudden pain in his voice. "Nature is always accessible. You lose your life groping in mysteries, loving them, satisfied with them."

"God wraps Himself in mystery as the sun is veiled by cloud, but His face shines through like the sun, and gives us all the light and warmth He intends us to need."

Hugh gazed at her as she turned her eyes away from him to the white mist of wings and ocean foam between her and the far horizon of light, and something in him gave way, caution, prudence, patience—or what?

"Brona," he said with passion, "come out of the mysteries and live with me in the sunshine. Give up dreams and be a real woman. I love you. Be my wife and you shall never regret trusting yourself to a strong human man, rather than to visionary priests and their idols and bugbears."

"Hush!" said Brona softly but with white lips. "You do not know what you are saying."

"Do I not? Am I not a sane man? Do I not know that you have learned to love me? Have you not allowed me to see it? Or am I contemptibly vain to imagine it? You are too honest to deny it, if it is true."

Brona's lips moved, but no sound came. She only shook her head.

Hugh trembled with passion. Brona was still silent while that imperious note of the dominant bird rang down the air in her ear like the voice of conscience, louder and more masterful than all the clamor of weaker voices of heart and imagination that shrieked within her against the penalizing of happiness.

"Speak, Brona! Tell me that you will at least try to love me, that you will come out of the shadows and live with me in sunshine."

"It is impossible," said Brona. "You know, if you reflect a moment, that it would be your ruin in this world and mine in eternity. If I did not conform to the law within a year you would become one of the proscribed."

"You would conform. I would not quarrel with your secret dreams."

"Peril my soul? Deal treacherously with my Creator?"

Hugh made an impatient gesture.

"Do you look on me as a condemned wretch—lost for all eternity?"

"No. For you are in ignorance of the truth, and we are all to be judged according to our lights. What would be heinous sin in me is no sin in you. Let us talk of this no more. Oh, why have you spoken, and spoiled our friendship? I was so happy in having a friend. Why—why?"

Brona stood off a little and bent her face on her hands.

"Because love is so much more than friendship."

"I am sorry, for friendship was so great and so sweet to me."

She turned away and began to walk down the slope towards the highroad.

Hugh followed her, deploring his rashness and vehemence.

"I am sorry for being so hasty. Listen to me. Our friendship can remain. For your father's sake, tolerate me. I may be of service to him. Don't be afraid of me. Give me your hand as a friend."

Brona put a little cold hand into his large warm grasp. And then they saw Aideen below on the road, signalling to them to return to the carriage.

On the next day Turlough returned to his father's house. It was true that the home of the O'Loghlins was none the happier for his presence. He fretted at the dullness of life, envied Ingoldesby, sat in his room staring at the ocean, on which he longed to see a ship that would take him back to France. He would not walk on the public roads, lest he should meet Stodart riding his Arab horse, and he disdained to mount any of the "garrons" kept by his father merely as a sorry means of locomotion when necessary. Grumbling incessantly at the hard fate that had driven him back from Paris, and created difficulties about his return to that refuge of his discontent, he made Aideen miserable by his appeals to her for the removal of impossibilities. The usually cheerful spirit of the Marquise was crushed. She tried to bear the brunt of the young man's ill-humor, and to save his father and Brona something of his sullen hints and querulous complaints. When overcome to tears she would repair for counsel to the retreat of Father Aengus.

"I cannot send him to Paris at present," she said. "I paid his debts but a short time ago. I must save up more money before I can do it again, and he has not patience to wait. His father cannot and will not increase his allowance, and even if he did there can be no return to Paris till the debts are paid."

"We can only pray for him," said the priest.

"Have we not prayed?"

"Evidently not enough. God requires more. Could you persuade him to come and talk to me?"

"Alas, no!" said Aideen. "The counsels of religion irritate him. If God does not give him on the moment what he wants, he will have nothing to do with God."

The Franciscan's face fell into lines of a more fixed sadness.

"Yet, for our prayers God may give him what he will not ask for himself—a changed heart," he said.

Morogh, among his books, relieved the trouble of his mind more and more by reading, and Turlough kept as much as possible aloof from his father, the only person whose presence seemed to put a check on his complaints. Despite Aideen's efforts Brona was not spared. If she offered to walk with him or took her needlework to his room, he seized the occasion to reproach her for failing to make use of her opportunities of improving the family fortunes.

"What was the use of your visit to Dublin?" he said. "Why did Aideen spend money on you? Why do you not encourage Ingoldesby? Anyone can see—"

Brona gathered up her needlework and left the room. But at the next opening for conversation, her brother took up his reproach where he had broken it off.

"If you want to live like a nun, why do you not go back to your convent?"

Both of these thrusts made deeper wounds than he could have imagined or understood. Ingoldesby's appealing words were always in her ears, while before her eyes were the letters of the saintly Mother Superior, whose faithful love had followed her from the Convent of the *Annunciades* in Paris, suggesting that at some future day she might find it her vocation to take up the sweet yoke and light burden of the religious life, escaping from the perils and temptations of an afflicting world.

She had already suffered the indelicate attacks of her brother for the unprofitableness of her short season in Paris, where she refused to consider the matrimonial overtures of more than one noble and wealthy Frenchman. One, particularly favored by Turlough, had followed her to Clare, and departed in such ill-humor as Turlough feared might somehow prove injurious to himself. But these matters had not weighed on her, seeing that her father was the happier for her fidelity to him and his fortunes. The pain she now carried with her to her tower was more poignant than could be caused by any of the stings of her brother's ill-temper and unkindness.

What had become of the peace of that high chamber towards which the Burren Mountains gazed perpetually with their mysterious

smile? Her little lamp still burned, its red flame typical of God's love. Her chosen saints still looked on her from the wall, welcoming her to tranquil hours when she escaped from melancholy or terrifying experiences. There was the spiritual mother's last letter from the convent open on her desk, beside her own half-written response, which she found so difficult to finish without confessing the personal anguish that had fallen so unexpectedly on her heart. It was not through want of confidence that she had withheld the confession, but with dread of making real what she resolved to treat as unreality. Now it was too terribly real. She looked round at her household gods which had imaged her ideals, met the calm eyes of her saints, with their lofty gaze speaking to her as the statues spoke to Mignon:

"Was hat Man dir du armes Kind gethan?"

There was no one able to help her but God.

She went on her knees before the ancient crucifix with its tragic figure.

"There is still God," said Brona.

XII.

The bog that lay over beyond the O'Loughlin woods was a wilderness stretching far towards the mountains in deeply colored lines of dun brown, blurred and blotted with green and purple. Flecked with gleaming pools of water, studded with gray masses of limestone in fantastic shapes, here and there a witch-like bush of thorn, it is lovely to the eye as a vision of dreamland. There was a never failing animation in its stillness and solitude, caused by ever moving cloud-shadows, sun-flashes and floating mists. Beckoning spirits seem to invite the unwary traveler, but to explore it is perilous beyond all imagining. Only those who know the safe track that skips from stone to stone and from one solid green boss to another, can venture to travel towards its distances. About the centre of the bog and in the direction of the rising sun was the secret altar, a gray pile chosen for its flat top and rude reredos which looked as if prepared by nature in some of her earliest upheavals for the purpose to which a persecuted people had devoted it. Close by in a cave, with opening hidden by a dense thorn bush, the sacred vessels and vestments were concealed, and not far off was a higher rock, on which a scout watched while Mass was proceeding and until the congregation had dispersed, creeping through cuttings and behind boulders, taking many a circuitous route to reach their homes.

Confessions were made behind the screen of a rock. Candles were lighted by means of a flint and steel while Father Aengus vested himself. These preparations were made by starlight, and Mass was

said in the first gleam of dawn. Morogh, Aideen and Brona and some of their servants were among the communicants. The first rays of sunrise struck their uplifted faces, and when all was finished the resplendent risen sun gave a solemn benediction from the top of the highest mountain. The people dispersed as they had come. Father Aengus had departed at the risk of his life to give comfort to the dying. Brona lingered to succor an old woman, who devoured the food she had brought her while relating the too usual tale of her needs and sorrows. Coming homeward Brona was overtaken by Ingoldesby.

"You look tired," he said. "Where have you been and what have you been doing to yourself?"

"It is better that I should not tell you," she said smiling.

"You distrust me."

"No."

"At all events I am coming to warn your father that a search party is likely to visit his house this evening. Fortunately I met Father Aengus an hour ago, and advised him to stay away from the castle for a few days. He was not disturbed—told me cheerfully that he had many hiding places. It is well; as I believe Colonel Slaughterhouse will be about the country for some time to come."

"We are accustomed to such attentions," said Brona, "though not, I think, from that particular gentleman."

"He is an old acquaintance of mine, and thorough in doing his duty as he understands it. With your permission, and on your father's invitation, if he will give it, I mean to sup at your table this evening. The Colonel will have called at my place, and in my absence come on here at once. His finding me in your family circle will be an advantage to you."

"Will it not injure you?"

"No. My name, for good or for evil, will bar that."

Here Turlough joined them. Having espied Ingoldesby from a high window, he descended to seize one more opportunity for improving his acquaintance with the man he admired and envied.

Brona hastened to prepare her father and aunt for the threatened visit. The news spread through the house. The servants went to work to efface all signs of the Faith, hiding every emblem of religion. Brona gathered together the company of her saints and locked them up in a cupboard concealed in the wood-sheathed wall, last of all kissing her crucifix and hiding it in a niche behind the panelling.

In the middle of supper the search party arrived, a small number of men on horseback headed by Colonel Slaughterhouse. Thady Quin, well instructed, invited the Colonel to enter, as if he had been an invited guest, pleasantly expected, and the dreaded visitor found himself in the dining-room, shaking hands with his friend, Hugh In-

Ingoldesby, who introduced him to Mr. O'Loughlin and his family. The Colonel had ridden a long way, and had been disappointed of the hospitality he had looked forward to as sure to be awaiting him at Ardcurragh, and the sight of a bountifully spread board and comfortable welcoming faces, including Ingoldesby's, disarmed his soldierly wrath, and cooled his enthusiasm for a triumph of discovery. He felt a little awkwardness at announcing the cause of his visit.

"Pleasure first and business afterwards," said Hugh smiling. "I can recommend Mr. O'Loughlin's game, and as for his wine—"

The hungry Colonel did justice to all the good things before him. Aideen had provided unusual dainties, and there was no doubt about the wine, which was of the best, direct from France and Spain.

Besides being a lover of good wine the Colonel was an admirer of wrought silver, and Hugh skillfully drew his attention to some beautiful specimens of foreign workmanship in use on the table, as well as to the Waterford cut glass that so generously contained the wine. Added to these attractions was the *spirituelle* charm of Brona's beauty, which was only enhanced by the pallor of the moment, and which was not unnoticed by the stern soldier, who seemed to forget that he had come among these hospitable friends as an enemy, until reminded that he had business to do, and had better do it before the shades of night set in.

"It is a mere matter of form," he muttered apologetically. "Mr. O'Loughlin will excuse me."

The house was explored in a perfunctory manner, the men who had been liberally entertained by the housekeeper feeling as little anxious as was their Colonel to give annoyance.

"You have pledged me your word that there is no Popish priest in this house at this moment," said Slaughterhouse to Ingoldesby.

"I have given you my word," said Ingoldesby, "and when you are satisfied I will ride back with you to Ardcurragh, where I hope you will be my guest for as long as you can manage to stay. I can promise you some good sport."

So the search party departed under Ingoldesby's escort, and Castle O'Loughlin again breathed freely.

Only in the housekeeper's room was the good faith of Ingoldesby questioned.

"He's as sound as a bell," said Mrs. MacCurtin. "Don't talk to me about bad stock, Thady Quin. A man is what he is. I tell you Ingoldesby's a rare good friend of this family."

"God send he is!" said Thady, "but I know their tricks. See how quick he wormed himself into favor with the master, and even the Marquise that has always her wits about her, And to see his eyes when he looks at Miss Brona! As for Turlough—that's a trouble to us

all—you don't know what he'll end by makin' of *him*. Then this Slaughterhouse comin' as his friend—"

"An' goin' away peaceable for that reason," said Mrs. MacCurtin. "Suppose he had dropped down on us unbeknownst! Father Aengus in the middle of us! And the crucifix where it ought to be! Much good your wise talk would ha' been to us then, Thady Quin!"

"I'm not new to it," said Thady. "If Father Aengus had been here he would have circumvented them easy. Many's a time I told you how my father before me, when things were worse than they are now, lived in a sufferin' family."

"Oh, indeed you did," said Mrs. MacCurtin tartly.

"And when the enemy came down sudden, what did the priest do? 'Where's your livery, Mack?' says he, and in half a wink of an eye his reverence was dressed in it. The mistress snipped off a bit of her own hair, and plastered it down with soap—the handiest thing—on the holy Father's tonsure, an' wasn't it the priest himself they were huntin' that opened the door to the villains, and then attended table when they were eatin' all before them!"

"Had they no hiding place?" asked Norah, who had never heard the story before.

"The ruffians had got wind of it, and searched it. But they found nothin', for in them days a priest had no belongings, wore an old sack, and slept in holes in trees, or in under an old ruin."

"Isn't it mostly the same now?" said Mrs. MacCurtin.

XIII.

As they were at breakfast at Ardcurragh, Colonel Slaughterhouse gave Ingoldesby his impressions of the people at Castle O'Loghlin.

"O'Loghlin himself seems a good sort of fellow, a bit of a philosopher, a little too fond of books for a soldier like me. The Marquise is a French woman to her finger tips—has been a handsome woman. Is a little too anxious to conciliate. Turlough I do not like. A mean fellow. Would lick my boots if I let him. The girl—"

Ingoldesby drew a hard breath. He did not like to hear Brona alluded to as "the girl" by Slaughterhouse.

"A rare kind of beauty—lost in this wilderness," continued the Colonel, "hardly opened her lips. Looked on me as a wild beast come to gobble them up, I suppose."

"Must have been agreeably disappointed," said Ingoldesby. "Have some game pie, Colonel?"

"Thanks. I have breakfasted. She is too good for this hunted life. Why not take her to Paris?"

"I understand that she prefers the County Clare," said Ingoldesby. "Have a smoke, Slaughterhouse, and then we will go for some sport."

"Now, what have they done with the priest fellow? I am not going to spare *him*. Not if I find him outside of their house. A sneaking friar, I am informed, a foreigner, one of the worst."

"Try to remember you are on holiday," said Ingoldesby.

"Oh—h! I wish I could. I hate the service. But why are the Papists such obstinate pigs? Can't they make the best of life as the law allows it to them?"

"A problem to you and me," said Ingoldesby.

"Your duty does not oblige you to discover and punish offenders."

"No."

"So it does not trouble you to see people running their necks into the noose. By the way, I nearly got up at three o'clock this morning when I heard their bell ringing from somewhere—Mass bell I take it."

"That was a little trick of your imagination," said Ingoldesby. "They have no bells. Centuries have passed since they dared to ring a bell. They keep their trysts without summons of that kind."

"But I heard it," said Slaughterhouse. "I am utterly devoid of imagination—a much misleading quantity."

"Then it was some peculiar accidental chime—the clash of the wind with the sea," said Ingoldesby. "Come along, if you are ready. My people are waiting for us."

The day passed pleasantly, and next morning Colonel Slaughterhouse and his men went their way. Ingoldesby rode with them many miles, and saw them out of the country.

"It hasn't been very satisfactory, but I shall come again," said Slaughterhouse at parting. "I mean to keep wideawake, with my eyes on the County Clare."

As Ingoldesby rode home, he pondered the fact that he did not know Slaughterhouse intimately enough to decide whether his admiration for Brona would prove chivalrous and helpful, or would be an added difficulty and danger to her family. Were he to press a suit on her she would take an attitude that would quickly betray herself and her father. How would rejection act upon the Colonel? Would mortification embitter him, and provoke him to a revenge easily accomplished? Would he continue content with hunting the priest out of doors, and leave the O'Loghlins at peace in their home?

There was no sleep for Hugh that night. Life seemed to have become horribly complicated. Thinking showed him no way out of difficulties. Jealousy was unreasonable. Brona was as far removed from him as if she had been a nun in her convent. But if

Slaughterhouse were to become an enemy, how could he protect her? While he lay trying to pick hard knots of future trouble, a storm arose and blew against his windows from the direction of the wood. Was it an echo in his brain of the Colonel's fancy about a bell ringing in the night, or did he really hear such sounds, clear and sonorous, coming at intervals on the wind?

"The gale clashing with the voices of the distant sea," he said to himself as he had said to the Colonel, and listened for another weird note, the unmistakable note of a bell. Sometimes faint and musical, sometimes loud and deep, as the sighing of the trees seemed to carry it this way and that way. Unrested and disturbed in mind he fell asleep at last, and was awakened by Judkin, who knew all about the bell that haunted the wood, and was surprised that his master had not heard it before.

"The Papists say it's rung by angels," he said, "and our people say devils. Some that have sense tell that long ago when the 'massers' were hiding their things a bell got into a tree, and the tree grew round it, and it never could be found. They say your grandfather, sir, cut down many trees, full sure he had tracked the sound, but gave it up. It takes a big wind to ring it, and still there's many a storm when it doesn't ring at all."

The idea seized Ingoldesby with fascination. Sometimes he haunted the woods with thoughts very curious to himself, and lay awake at night listening, but the bell did not ring again, though the weather continued windy. The knowledge that these eerie sounds would be sacred in Brona's ears, impressed him with a sort of reverence for the legend told by Judkin. Brona hiding her crucifix, as he knew she must do, came vividly before him as he saw in imagination the "massers" dropping their bell into a hollow tree.

What a strange faith it was that seized on all earthly material as its own, and even associated common things with God by invoking His blessing upon their use, things made by the hands of men, for His service. He had given up the idea of idolatry in connection with Brona's religion. He knew that her crucifix was nothing to her except in as much as it imaged the martyred Arch-Hero of her spiritual warfare. Her fidelity, so maddening to her lover's impatience, had become beautiful to him as a feature of her character.

XIV.

The visit of Colonel Slaughterhouse had not improved Turlough's spirits or temper. He had felt bitterly the evident contempt of the English soldier, not realizing that he was despised for his cowardly

subservience to the enemy, rather than as the son of a proscribed father who might at any moment be dispossessed of his property. He had also seen the stranger's admiration of his sister, and her avoidance of such notice. He returned to his reproaches of Brona for her want of generosity in withdrawing from the attentions of those who were powerful to spare and to protect. He, Turlough, had done his best to propitiate Slaughterhouse, and he cultivated the good will of Ingoldesby at every opportunity. But the attitude of his father and sister rendered all his efforts useless. These two were deaf to his complaints and appeals, and Aideen, who was the only one to listen to his ill-humored speeches, was a weak creature, who wept silently at his threats and revilings.

As he sat sulking in his own room, or wandered about the bit of beach between the sombre cliffs, throwing pebbles in the sea, and longing for a boat to take him to France, he chafed at Aideen's emptied purse, and growled in thought at MacDonogh, who, though he had carried him home in his vessel when Paris had not left him a *sou*, would not, if he arrived again to-morrow, take him back there penniless. Neither would MacDonogh, who was growing rich on his smuggling, lend him money, though he pretended to be a friend of the family. Altogether life had become intolerable. When Ingoldesby invited him to Ardcurragh such pleasure as he tasted there was tintured with the bitterness of envy; and yet here he had a ready listener to his repinings in Judkin, who thought it a monstrous thing that a fine handsome, young gentleman of ancient family should be obliged to lead a slave's life, because of the fad of his people for praying in holes and corners rather than in a decent church.

Judkin's conversation was much more to Turlough's taste than Ingoldesby's, and through an Englishman's eyes he saw the folly of the Irish Catholic in losing this world, which was an undoubtable reality, for the sake of holding on to his own fantastic notions of a world to come, the very existence of which, from any point of view, was problematical.

"Why can't your good father be content to be a Christian, sir?" said Judkin, encouraged to speak his mind. "Look at my master! Look at me! Look at England! All of us Christians!"

"Are you?" said Turlough dubiously. He was only twenty-one, and his catechism was fresh in his mind.

"Of course we are, according to law. We obey the law and don't bother about particulars. Look at Paris! Are we better or worse than Paris?"

"Better and worse are everywhere," said Turlough sullenly. "I'm not better and not worse myself than many a one."

"That's what it is to be a Christian," argued Judkin. "Then

why not walk into a Christian church and show yourself? You're losing the sheep for the ha'porth of tar, as the saying is. The sheep's the family property and the tar's nothing but the bad name of Papist."

"You're putting the cart before the horse as another saying is," said Turlough with a grim smile that looked strange on his young face. "My people would tell you that the sheep is the faith and the property is the tar. But at all events the property and the determination are my father's."

"All might be yours, sir, if you had courage."

"I haven't," said Turlough, and turned on his heel and left him.

Ingoldesby felt no pleasure in the visits of the discontented youth, yet persisted in giving him the hospitality he so eagerly accepted, with some idea of keeping him out of mischief, and with the intention of relieving his family of his disquieting presence. He easily perceived Turlough's preference for Judkin's society to his own, and often allowed the visitor to choose for himself in the matter. Sometimes he had the impulse to offer him money to take him back to Paris, and keep him there for a time, but prudence withheld him from the step, assuring him that nothing could come of it but greater embarrassment for everybody concerned.

Hugh also felt that his kindness to the restless young man was amply repaid by Morogh O'Loughlin's increasing friendship and trust in himself, by Aideen's gratitude expressed at every opportunity, and above all by the look of restful confidence in Brona's eyes which now met his gladly whenever he appeared. And the fact that Turlough had become a link between him and the family at Castle O'Loughlin, moderated his dislike of the graceless member of the family, and enabled him to tolerate one who under other circumstances he would have carefully shunned.

Occasionally he took solitary walks across the bog and moorland, learning the track through the wilderness, and finding an unaccountable pleasure in pursuing that devious track, with its strange and lawless purpose, and its double danger to feet that persistently traveled it with a heroism pitiable to the uninitiated. He knew now how to avoid the treacherous bog-hole and the stretch of soft slushy earth that looked solid and trustworthy, but lured to death by suffocation in wells of liquid mud. He desired to be familiar with the way to the spot where the secret Mass was said, and to locate it in his memory, with a feeling that some day occasion might arise for leading a spy or a search party astray, to hinder a surprise of daring law breakers, of whom Brona would probably be one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

BY DANIEL QUINN.



NOT from the very beginning were Christ's followers conscious of needing a differentiating name for themselves. Not from the first did they realize that they were a society totally unlike any other, and that they had completely severed all religious communion with others, even with the Jews, and were an absolutely new and distinct unit in the world, a new creation. Naturally then, in the first years of their existence, they designated themselves by no name exclusively theirs and exclusively indicative of their life and belief. But nevertheless a name soon came, and this was the undying name of "Christian."

But before the appearance and adoption of "Christian," other appellations were in use, though not of general acceptance in any official way, and not used by outsiders. The designation of "disciple" was frequent for the early followers of Christ. Christ was regarded as the great Teacher; so were His followers "disciples," especially those who had accompanied Him on earth. From those companions and first pupils and personal followers of the Master, the name of disciple continued for some years to be extended to new believers, who had learned and accepted the doctrine from the original disciples. Those against whom the unconverted Paul was raging¹ were "disciples of the Lord." On his return to Jerusalem, after his conversion, it was "disciples" whom Paul sought out and was reconciled to.² When Paul and Barnabas arrived in Iconium, it was "disciples" who were filled with joy at their coming.³ And in speaking to the presbyters of Ephesus, Paul warns them against false teachers who will mislead "the disciples."⁴

In view of their mutual love and their belief in one divine Father, it is no wonder that they called one another "brother." And if they did not use this name reciprocally amongst themselves, at least their teachers applied the name of "brothers" to congregations and communities. When St. Paul was in danger of being maltreated and even slain by the Hellenists in Jerusalem, those who came to his assistance and brought him to safety in Cæsarea were "brothers."⁵ In Jerusalem when the report came there, regarding

¹Acts ix. 1.

²Acts ix. 26.

³Acts xiii. 52.

⁴Acts xx. 30.

⁵Acts ix. 30.

how Gentiles were accepting the word of God, and how Peter was associating with them, it was "the apostles and the brothers" who heard this surprising news.⁶ St. Paul, in his letter to the Romans, salutes certain Christians in Rome as "brothers."⁷ If "brothers" was not an actual and official name for the members of the new society, its wide prevalence in those early days is a charming proof of their consideration and estimation of one another; as it is also somewhat in harmony with the communistic tendency⁸ which prevailed especially in Jerusalem for a short time. In pragmatization of this spiritual brotherhood, the first believers were organized into local groups or congregations, and these into larger groups, and these again into a single grand unity, which embraced all members in one religious fraternity.

One potent characteristic of the early Christians was, that they were conscious of their moral goodness and holiness. They made no sham secret of their opinion regarding themselves. Demonstrative self-depreciation and self-abasement may be always present as a mischievous disease amongst the sincerely holy and religious; but these diseases were perhaps less in evidence in those earnest ages of nascent Christianity. The primitive Christians not infrequently were called saints. They continued to use this designation on into the second century.⁹ St. Paul, in his letter to the Philippians, which was written about the year 63, addresses them as "saints:" "Paul and Timothy, servants of Jesus Christ, to all the saints in Christ Jesus who are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons."¹⁰

Passing over other appellations, such as the "elect,"¹¹ and the "faithful"¹² or the "believers," a name may be mentioned which was not intended to be one of honor, although in itself it was not contemptuous. This was the name of "Nazarene." The Jews could not consistently call the new believers "Christians," or any of the other names enumerated. They could not concede what was so openly implied in these names. Accordingly when the followers of Jesus, especially those of Jewish race, began to be inimical¹³ to their former coreligionists, the Jews frequently called them "Nazarenes"¹⁴ or in Hebrew "Nezerim." Down to the present day a Jewish name for Christians is "Nozri" or "Nazarenes."¹⁵ And in the language of the Koran, likewise, Christians are called "Al-Nasara."

Christ may at times have been opprobriously referred to as a

⁶ Acts xi. 1. ⁷ Rom. xvi. 14. ⁸ Acts ii. 44, 45; iv. 32-37; v. 1 ff.; vi. 1 ff.

⁹ Harnack, *Mission*, i., p. 340.

¹⁰ Phil. i. 1.

¹¹ Matt. xxiv. 22, 24; Mark xiii. 20-22; 1 Peter i. 1-2.

¹² Acts x. 45; 1 Tim. iv. 3.

¹³ Acts ix. 2; xviii. 25; xix. 9; xix. 23.

¹⁴ Acts xxiv. 5; xxviii. 22.

¹⁵ *Jewish Encyclopedia*, s. v., *Nazarenes*.

"Nazarene." Opprobrium was, for example, implied in the utterance, "Can anything good come from Nazareth?"¹⁶ With similar contempt the Jews would apply the name of "Nazarenes" to His followers. This usage was mostly a local one. Perhaps the Christians most often called "Nazarenes" were those of Syria. They may have accepted the name, and made use of it themselves. Ariston, a Syrian Christian of Pella, who wrote in the middle of the second century, calls them "Nazarenes." These peculiar Judaizing Christians of the Hauran continued to exist in Pella and in Kokaba, and other places round about the Dead Sea down into the fifth century. St. Epiphanius mentions them, and calls them "Nazarenes."¹⁷ Theodoret was the last writer who ever referred to them as existing.

But of all our titles, the most characteristic and most beloved and most persistent is the one derived from the Master's Name. It is quite probable that this was the first general designation for all the faithful, the first name which became acceptable both to the believers and, in the course of time, their enemies. Even when this new name of "Christian" did come into use, it did not absolutely demand a recognition of the fact that the Jewish Christians were seceders forever from the synagogue and initiators of a new life. For as there were Pharisees and Essenes and Sadducees amongst the followers of Moses, why could there not also be Christians?

The circumstances under which this name first appeared are interesting. In the city of Antioch many, both of the Jews and of the Gentiles, were being attracted by the new religion. Barnabas was sent from Jerusalem to aid and direct in these numerous conversions. Such a tendency to conversion did Barnabas find in Antioch that he hastened to Tarsus in search of Paul, and prevailed on him to come and assist in reaping the harvest. For an entire year did both teach in Antioch, and so notable were the numerous converts that people gave them a more definite name, and called them Christians.¹⁸ The name must have been coined at Antioch about five or ten years before the middle of the first century. Its appropriateness and the effective way in which it distinguished these new believers from the Jews and Jewish proselytes, as well as from the Gentiles, caused it to be quickly adopted by friends and eventually by foes.¹⁹

Its authorship is a matter of obscurity. It probably was not made by the Christians themselves, and especially not by converts from Judaism. These had not yet sufficiently reflected on their

¹⁶ John i. 46.¹⁷ Panarion xxix. 7.¹⁸ Acts xi. 26.¹⁹ Acts xxvi. 28; 1 Peter iv. 16; cf. James ii. 7.

religious isolation to feel the need of a separate name, and to devise it. Others might more easily observe the wide gulf by which Christ's followers were cut off from Judaism. But from the first coining of "Christian," all must have seen the aptness of the title. Whenever a general designation was needed, "Christian" was freely used. It, therefore, appears quite frequently in the Apologists. In other Christian literature, however, its use is rare enough in the first two centuries. Of the Apostolic Fathers, Ignatius is the only one to employ it.²⁰ And he was a native of Antioch. In the *Teaching of the Apostles* it occurs but once.

It is not likely that the Jews should have coined this name for the hated separatists. They would not be so ready to admit that Jesus had any right to the title of "Christ" or "Messiah." But to rate the followers of Jesus as "Christians," would seem to be making such an admission. It likewise is improbable that the unconverted Greeks or Romans should have made this name. They at that time regarded the Christians simply as devotees of the Jewish religion, or at least as a Jewish sect. The conjecture of Renan²¹ is, therefore, gratuitous. He thought that "Christian" was a designation first devised by the Roman police for police purposes.

A most likely supposition is that while the name was not a creation of the believers in Judaism, nor yet of the Christians themselves, it was however made by a class of people who knew of the peculiar differences which distinguished the Christians, and who were interested in the distinction. It is easy to imagine that the name was used first amongst the proselytes; and that those proselytes who accepted Christ and His teaching, used it to distinguish themselves from the proselytes to Mosaic Judaism. Or, conversely, it may have been the Jewish proselytes who used it of the others who were accepting Christ. Proselytes of both kinds were quite numerous at Antioch at that time.

A curious variation of the name became prevalent amongst the populace of Rome. To them "Christos," as a man's name, would seem anomalous. But there was in common vogue a proper name, "Chrestos," similar in spelling and almost identical in pronunciation. The populace at times in their ignorant confusion called the leader of the Christians not "Christos" but "Chrestos;" and to this same populace the Christians likewise were known as "Chrestians." As "Christians" they were regarded simply as the followers of some Jewish agitator, who bore the very ordinary name of "Chrestos." As "Chrestos" means "good," it may have been

²⁰ Harnack, *Mission*, p. 295.

²¹ *Apostres*, p. 234.

with incredulity and sarcasm that the vulgar undercurrent of Rome, and elsewhere, called the Christians the "followers of the good man." In his life of Claudius, the biographer Suetonius mentions an edict of prescription which was issued in the year 51 or 52, by which Jews were expelled from Rome. Amongst these were also Christians. Suetonius, in connection with this prescription, mentions "Chrest" as a leader of turbulent Jews. It may be difficult to know what confusion was in the mind of Suetonius. Perhaps he meant, truly or in mistake, an individual Jew of Rome in that day; and perhaps he meant, by accident or intentionally, the "Chrest" of the populace who may really have been the "Christ" and Jesus of the Christians, and whom Suetonius in his careless knowledge may have supposed to be still living and in Rome. The turbulence which occasioned the edict of expulsion, may in part have been contentions and conflicts between orthodox Jews and others who had become followers of Christ; *Judæos impulsore Chresto adsidue tumultuantes Roma expulit*.²² Of course this corrupt form of the name could not be acceptable to the Christians themselves. Tertullian objected to it; *perperam Chrestianus pronuntiatur a vobis nam nec nominis certa est notitia penes vos*.²³

The next great name in the history of the Church is that of "Catholic." This was gradually made an official title by the Christians themselves, after they had become desirous of emphasizing universality or catholicity as an essential note of their faith. Thus they well distinguished themselves, who held a world-wide and everlasting belief, from other Christians who were professing opinions destined to remain local and ephemeral. Clement of Rome does not use this name, as controversialists of to-day so frequently remind us; and in his time it may not yet have been created. But the fact of catholicity was apparent in the Church from the beginning. It was Ignatius of Antioch who first used the word, so far as we know, about the year 110; *hopou an e Christos Iesous, ekei he katholike ekklesia*.²⁴ The term "Catholic" soon became frequent in its theological sense. In the *Letter on the Martyrdom of Saint Polycarp*, written about the year 155, occurs the phrase "the bishop of the catholic church in Smyrna." The genuineness of those words may possibly be disputed. No doubt, however, attaches to another venerable document, the Muratorian fragment from about the year 180, which also contains the expression "catholic church." By the fourth century "catholic" had become a theological term, and the

²² Suetonius, *Claudius*, 25; cf. Dion, lx., 6. ²³ *Apologia*, 3. ²⁴ *Smryn.*, viii., 2.

original lexical meaning of the word had ceased to be active. Finally "catholic" appeared even in the Creed.²⁵

From the very first "catholic" was a name which emphasized one of the notes of the new religion, the universality of it in every way. Possibly its chief use, almost from the first, was to distinguish the real Christians from the sects, the orthodox from the heretical. And as heretics were in evidence almost from the beginning, so also was this name. This distinctive meaning, of separating the orthodox from the other Christians, is contained in the word "Catholic" used in the celebrated edict of Theodosius issued in 380, wherein he defines who of the Christians are to be called "Catholic Christians," namely, those who practise the religion which "the Apostle Peter delivered to the Romans, and which the Pontiff Damasus, and Peter, the Bishop of Alexandria, now follow; according to the discipline of the Apostles and the teaching of the Evangelists, they believe in the Godhead of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in equal majesty, and in the Holy Trinity." And it was in this sense that Pacian used it²⁶ in writing: "Were I to enter a city, I should find Marcionites, Apollinarians and others such who called themselves Christians; by what surname should I recognize the congregation of my own people, were it not catholic Christian is my name, Catholic is my surname."²⁷

With the various heresies, another word came into use to designate those who adhered to the true doctrine. These were the "Orthodox." In this sense "Orthodox" implied what "Catholic" does. Whoever is Catholic is Orthodox, and whoever is Orthodox is Catholic. But there did come a time of geographical and historical distinction between these two names. After the schism between the East and the West, the Latins held firmly to the ancient title of "Catholic," while the Greeks jealously retained the designation of "Orthodox." It is interesting to note that this division of titles is somewhat characteristic of the peoples that preferred them. The Eastern Church used to prize belief and learning, "*didache*." While by "Catholic" the Western Church well expressed its characteristic emphasizing of rule and authority and universalism. The Latin looked to domination; the Greek to dogma.

For long ages, from the fourth century, all orthodox believers were and were called "Romans." The three names of "Christians" and "Catholic" and "Roman" were then practically identical.

²⁵ Caspari, iii., pp. 149 f.; Zezschwitz, *System der Catechetik*, 116 f.; 127.

²⁶ Pacian, *Ep.*, i.

²⁷ Cf. Newman, *Athanasius*, ii., p. 69. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1900.

WAS THE WAR OF 1912 A CRUSADE?

BY ELIZABETH CHRISTITCH.



PROPAGANDISTS of a beneficent work or a philanthropic idea are often called "crusaders," even when their exertions entail no great physical hardship, and encounter no direct opposition. The name of "crusade" has lost its original signification, and is not connected in the casual mind either with warfare, the Cross, or any religious movement. We have crusades for pure food, sound literature, fresh air, and dress reform, but taking the word in its older and higher sense, we ask if the war waged by the Balkan States against Turkey in 1912 merits the title of "crusade?"

At the very beginning we will say that the acts of the Balkan Allies compare favorably with those of their mediæval predecessors, and future historians will, we believe, have few scruples in classifying the First Balkan War as a belated crusade. Religious zeal alone has seldom inspired warfare. When it has done so, the mode of procedure and the result did not always redound to the credit of humanity. Justification or excuse for wars of religion is a thankless task; but the Christian combatants of 1912 did not pretend that they were actuated solely by the wish to glorify Christendom. Their aim was twofold; emancipation of their coreligionists (with compensation for the sacrifices incurred in the struggle), and the substitution of Christian for Mohammedan government in territories inhabited mainly by Christians.

As a long-time dweller in the Peninsula, conversant with people and conditions, and as one brought into close contact with the participants in the struggle, I venture to give my experiences as a useful quota for those who seek an answer to the questions:

Was there solidarity among Christians, as such, when marching to dislodge a common enemy?

Did Christian services precede, accompany, and follow the military operation?

Was public reverence of the Cross a feature of the campaign?—i. e., was there restoration and rehabilitation of the Cross in places whence it had been banished or where it had been humiliated?

Has Christianity benefited through the action of the troops by the establishment of Christian institutions in the southeast of Europe?

It is possible to reply in the affirmative to all these questions.

When mobilization was decreed, the rallying point in all the villages was the church, and here the men kissed the Crucifix, and were blessed by the priests before they started to join their units. Telegrams were exchanged between the clergy of the four States, and national antagonism disappeared as by magic. I spoke with Bulgarians, Greeks, and Servians, and from each and all I got the same impression; faith had been revived, and with it came a new sense of brotherhood. From men in responsible posts loud protestations of Christian fraternity with their allies was of course obligatory, but among the masses I found cogent proof of its reality. It was even supposed that a single generalissimo would be appointed to command over all the armies, and no objection was raised against any of the presumed candidates—Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the late King George of Greece, Nikola of Montenegro, or Peter of Servia. Not only did national rivalry, but sectarianism, often more bitter, fade before the larger issue. In Albania, Catholics and Orthodox, in spite of extraneous influence, worked at the outset in harmony. The Catholic tribes, it is true, took no active part in the fighting, but they helped the Servian troops by spying for them, providing food and shelter, and they were allowed a share of the spoils when the battle was over. A service of thanksgiving was held in the Catholic church some miles distant from Alessio, when the town fell into the hands of the Servians. The Catholic churches throughout Albania were considered the natural meeting-ground by the Christian troops, irrespective of creed. It was the same elsewhere. The Bulgarian Exarchists and Greek Patriarchists forgot their differences, and thought of themselves only as Christians risen together against the old enemy. Whenever the invading troops came upon a cross, they rushed towards it joyfully, feeling that here was sanctuary. A Servian officer told me that when his scouts had crossed the Drim and found the first church, they ran back with delight to tell him that they were now among friends. "The people speak only Catholic," they said, "but they are Christians like ourselves, for they have the cross all right." (It was at a much later date that dissension crept between liberators and liberated.) Catholic nuns decorated their convents in honor of the troops that had freed Albania from Turkish rule. Very pathetic was the belief that this

unanimity of Balkan Christians would find a counterpart in the rest of Europe; and many even prophesied that the Christian Powers would help in the work of driving out the Turk. The average Balkanite failed to realize how little their monitors practise what they preach, and how far they are from Christian concord among themselves.

If the bond of union was drawn closer among Balkan Christians by the proclamation of war, as we have just seen, the mustering of the troops amply evidenced the Christian character of the undertaking. By Christian I mean open championship of the cause of Christ, and not practice of the virtues inculcated by His Gospel, although these too were present in a remarkable degree. The allied kings vied with each other in accentuating the religious aspect of the campaign. There was less parade, but more sincerity in the rank and file. The Montenegrins did not doubt that they were called upon to avenge the catastrophe of 1389 when the Christian banner was trampled on Kossovo by Sultan Murad. "*Za Krst tchastan i Slobodu Zlatnu*" ("For the Cross of Glory and Golden Freedom") was not merely an official war cry. It was on the lips of every man from the start; it was shouted in crucial moments of the fray; and remained a formula of consolation for the bereaved. There was an extraordinary impulse to profess publicly a belief that had long lain dormant. Churches usually empty were thronged with worshippers. There were fiery discourses from the pulpits, in which nationality played indeed a prominent rôle, but in which precedence was always given to the duty of Christians towards one another. Sermons in Balkan countries are, as a rule, more concerned with racial problems than with the exposition of Christian doctrine, or, at best, creed and nationality receive equal attention. In October of 1912 there was a recrudescence of religious fervor. At the door of Belgrade cathedral I met a notable agnostic crossing himself devoutly. He was one of thousands who had abandoned outward observances of a faith which had ceased to appeal to their minds, and who now thronged to light a candle at the shrine of the "*Bogoroditsa*" ("Madonna") for the success of the Christian arms.

The fervor of the clergy was genuine. The priests on the battlefield acquitted themselves of their duties in a manner that showed they were permeated with the true spirit of their mission. The dying were solaced with the last blessing, and no grave was wittingly left unhallowed. Many fell with their flock,

the Greeks being especially conspicuous for bravery under fire. Several Bulgarian and Servian priests also charged with their troops, and great numbers were wounded without having actually participated in the battles. Breakfast was more often omitted than morning or evening prayer. Whenever feasible the "*Otche Nash*" ("Our Father") was recited together before beginning an attack, and after victory the *Te Deum* was intoned; or if this was impossible the Crucifix was solemnly venerated. Throughout the campaign the soldiers sang hymns, and even parts of the regular Church liturgy, with which they were more familiar, as a rule, than were their officers. The salutation "God be with thee," and its response, "With thee likewise," became universal, although it had previously been discarded by the townspeople in favor of the more modern "How are you?" or "Good health!" The peasants who bore the brunt of the fighting were convinced Christians. Their simple faith was the overwhelming force that shattered the Turkish battalions.

On November 18th, the Danube Division was facing the Turkish army at Monastir. The Third Battalion of the Seventh Regiment was ordered to cross the Black River, and occupy the village Chakriks. It was a manœuvre to divert the attention of the Turks by feigning an attempt to hinder their retreat on Lerin, while the right wing of the Servian army moved forward. The Commander of the Third Battalion at once saw that his men were called upon to die without even the joy and inspiration of battle. The Tsrna Reka (or Black River) is here broken up into nine divisions, some of which were from six to ten feet deep, while others had overflowed so that the flooded expanse was altogether eighteen hundred yards wide. The road led over nine bridges, each of which was a perfect target for the Turkish artillery advantageously posted on a height commanding the river. No more terrible operation was ever demanded in war than the passage of the Black River; and the Commander of the Third Battalion realized it as he marshalled his companies in the order of fourth, third, second, and first. The first to stand out as volunteer was Milivoy Stoyanovitch, a sergeant, who with four picked men took the lead. The column was composed of rows of five—the width of the road—at distances of from thirty to forty steps. Each man, as he put his foot on the first bridge, took off his cap, made the sign of the Cross, and went forward calmly to his death. As each row fell silently into line, their comrades behind audibly commended their souls to God. The Turkish batteries

waited to mow the men down until they had reached the third bridge, and then all the guns opened fire.

"Poor boys!" said my informant, "we saw them fall one by one and slip into the flood like logs, but still the column went on, five after five, marching like machines. The Servian artillerists around me cried like babies as they watched the tragedy. Our cannon roared incessantly, my men making superhuman efforts to protect our infantry on the Reka. We succeeded in partially silencing the Turkish guns, and when the clouds of smoke lifted we saw the remnants of the Third Battalion marching forward steadily as before. When they came to the other side, the Turks threw down their weapons, and fled in terror as from a phantom army. The preternatural force that inspired these men to sacrifice their lives was certainly drawn from religion."

In the terrible combat of Bakarna Gumna a soldier kept calling at intervals: "Lord Jesus Christ, remember I have a wife and three children!"

On several occasions the leaders in an assault shouted to their men: "Forward, Christians!" although this was avoided when there were Jews in the ranks. The Jews, however, fraternized fully with their comrades, and joined in the "Our Father" when recited aloud in moments of extremity. The bond of humanity was in evidence among all the armies of the Balkan League during this First War. I was highly edified by the attitude of the Servian wounded towards the Mohammedan Albanians occupying the same hospital ward, even when these admitted that they would give no quarter if the Christians were in their power.

"Do not blame them," said a corporal, with his arms and one leg in splinters. "They act as they are taught. We are told to forgive our enemies after we have conquered them, and so we do. But these fellows must follow their creed and kill without mercy."

Not only was their public invocation of Christ on the battlefield a common practice, but the Christian combatants prayed of their own accord in groups; and individual soldiers often had recourse to God.

After the regrettable Second War, the war between the Allies, a Servian officer wrote me: "We are sick at the notion of the Turks' return to Thrace, and it takes away all the satisfaction of our defeating the Bulgarians. Now the Crosses will be given pulled down, and Europe will applaud the restoration of the Crescent. Nice specimens of Christianity they are, while they enjoy

the benefits of Christian civilization we made possible for them by our resistance all these centuries! If the Balkan peoples were like Western Christians, the world would have been Mohammedan long ago."

At Bakarna Gumna the Commander of a detachment was ordered to undertake a desperate move, and the following dialogue took place:

"This is a feigned attack, my Colonel?"

"Yes, while we demolish the Turkish battery on the left."

"Thank you, Colonel. Understood! All my men, Colonel?"

"All! And God keep your souls. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, and do not forget our *Parastos* (Requiem Service) when you get to Prilep."

The detachment then swung forward and went straight to its doom.

In some parts of the re-conquered territories the "priest" who was deputed to welcome the victors, had forgotten the liturgy, so that he could not officiate even at a graveside. The soldiers, on several occasions, relinquished their hard-earned rest to fetch the army chaplain, so that their dead comrades should be buried with Church rites. Macedonian priests who had abandoned their calling as thankless and dangerous under Moslem rule, still preserved some of their traditional authority over their co-nationalists. These *divli popovi* (wild priests) were often pointed out to the invading hosts as representative men with whom to treat. The spiritual halo still surrounded them in the eyes of liberators and liberated. One of them in a village near Kotchana held up an ikon before which the troops filed, venerating it as they passed. When asked by an officer what the ikon was, he said it was a "picture of the Servian eagle." A sergeant examined the faded painting and declared the "bird" represented the Holy Ghost, and the ikon was one of the Holy Trinity. A collection was taken up then and there for the purchase of a new ikon.

In Tetovo a frightened priest was turned out of his bed at two A. M. to sing a *Te Deum* for the capture of the town. The church being overcrowded, a great number of the troops stood outside under pouring rain. I had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the crude conception of their obligations by these Christian warriors.

"My father told me before I left home," said a patient in the Sava Mala Hospital, "that the plunderer would be the first to die,

and sure enough a comrade of mine who took a copper pan from a house in Prilep was killed in the next engagement."

When Turkish soldiers fled from besieged Adrianople to the Allies' outposts, the Servians and Bulgarians vied with each other in tendering relief. Coats were pulled off and flung over the shivering figures of the fugitives. Hundreds of hands were extended to offer bread. One regiment consented to share food for three days with one hundred and sixty Turks; but this, let us say, was mere humanity, and we are chiefly concerned here with the peculiarly Christian manifestations of the campaign. After the fall of Adrianople a memorial Mass was celebrated at Chernomania, where in 1370 the Servian King Vukashin fell in a last effort to withstand the in-coming Turk. The spot is known in Turkish by the name of "The Servian Disaster." Here on the rising between Mustapha-Pasha and Adrianople on the right bank of the Maritsa, the Danube and Timor Divisions were drawn up, Generals Rashitch and Stepanovitch at their heads. An imposing array of army chaplains assisted the celebrant, and the troops spontaneously joined in the requiem chant. At the words, "Lord give rest to those who fell in ages past, as well as now, for faith and fatherland," every man knelt on the damp soil.

The Rev. M. Putnikovitch tells me that the last request of many of the dying on the battlefield was for burial with Christian rites, and a *Parastos* memorial Mass as soon as possible. The favorite word of encouragement on the eve of combat was: "Who loses his soul for Christ, will find it, and he will be saved."

An Englishman, eyewitness of the charge on Tarabosh led by Plamenats, thus describes it. "I saw the glitter of a sword lifted high in the air, swiftly trace the sign of the Cross, and then sink. Immediately another sword was seen in the same spot, repeating the sign, and likewise disappearing. This went on till I had counted seventeen, and then I closed my eyes, sick at watching the futile loss of life. When I looked again the holocaust was still going on, the banner quivering as it was snatched from dying hands by the next victim. Despite the horror of that fruitless butchery, it holds an inspiration for humanity. It was the triumph of spirit over matter. These men were sublime."

One of a Servian company ordered to capture the town of Kavadarats related the adventure to me as follows: "We crossed the Reka in a leaky boat, four men at a time, and transported the horses in the same frail vessel. The enemy was not in sight, and

we formed in perfect order on the opposite bank. Ten riders were sent to parley with the citizens, seeking out in the first place, and as usual, the Christians. So we marched gaily towards the town, smiling at the groups, of which some seemed to be entire families, who walked back with us. The Bulgarian schoolmaster stopped us at the gates while he delivered a short address, and a Servian lady gave our Commander a bouquet of flowers tied with a ribbon, on which was embroidered, 'To the deliverers of Kavadarats.' Then came presents of fruit and flowers, and invitations to enter any house we liked and share the evening meal. But first of all we went to the church for a *Te Deum*, after which our Commander addressed the crowd, which was headed by fifteen leading citizens. He thanked them for their welcome, and congratulated them on their freedom. 'Henceforth,' he said, 'there would be equal laws for Mussulmans and Christians. All shops were to be open to-morrow and business to proceed as usual.' "

This is how fifty soldiers captured a town of several thousand inhabitants, one of many equally peaceful conquests. The triumphal march of the army, especially in Novi Bazaar, meant nothing more than a reunion of Christians. At Preshava a soldier told me that the priest came in his vestments to bless the troops as they passed through the town.

The director of Christian schools round Tirana in Northern Albania read the following address to the envoy of the Servian Metropolitan:

"*Reverend Sir:* Now that we see among us a figure wearing the Cross on his breast, proving to us that after five centuries of persecution Christianity has come again into its own, we have but one feeling: that of gratitude to God, and to those who risked their lives in order to give us freedom. The Labarum of Jesus Christ is among us, and we know that it means freedom of conscience and the progress of civilization. No righteous-living Mohammedan has aught to fear. This is what you teach, and what we mean to follow. Long live our brave deliverers!"

The relatives of the men forming the Twentieth Regiment of Servian Infantry, in a testimonial to the Commander, General Gavrilovitch, said: "We thank you for your fatherly care of the regiment which stormed the fort that held Shukri Pasha, and we admire in particular your good example during six months of hardship, for you communicated your firm trust in God to the heart of each man, and thus led them to victory."

At Mitrovitsa the Commander of the Ibar troops gave a banquet in honor of the jubilee of the army chaplain, Theodor Prokitch. At its close the old priest rose and presented two antique silver Crosses to the parish priest of Mitrovitsa. These Crosses had been bequeathed to the giver by his grandfather, likewise a priest, with the behest that he should pray on them daily for the Servian Church in Macedonia. The Crosses were then passed from hand to hand by the officers, who kissed them reverently.

Entire villages in the vilayet of Salonika thronged to meet the Greeks, cheering and pressing forward to kiss the guns. As the Bulgars advanced through Thrace, the people welcomed them by throwing off their turbans and making the sign of the Cross. No Turk, however coward, would have done this; they were crypto-Christians, professing for the first time their belief.

At the conclusion of peace there was no relaxation of the religious spirit, although the fraternal sentiment which the war had engendered no longer held good. It has not been sought to prove here that the Balkan armies were blameless or even worthy Christians, but that they were in a true sense crusaders. Reverence for the Cross was ever present among them. The supremacy of the Cross was still the first care of each ally, for the restoration or erection of the sacred symbol followed wherever a footing was gained in the Peninsula. Indeed they vied with each other as to who should be the first to plant it. Religious services were held in old and new capitals, and at Uskub on Easter Sunday the Servian Crown Prince received the Blessed Sacrament at four A. M., together with a great number of officers and soldiers. When the Skupshtina met, the deputy, Rev. Milan Juritch, affirmed the religious character of the war upon which the allies had been engaged.

What took place in the little village church of Kolara on the first Sunday after the return of its decimated contingent, serves as an illustration of the prevailing disposition among the peasant warriors. The parish priest, Rev. Milan Popovitch, embraced at the porch the maimed and crippled who came on crutches, or were borne on stretchers by their comrades. When Mass had been celebrated, he pronounced the following allocution: "In the Name of Christ I welcome you back, my dear flock, congratulating and thanking you for having extended Christendom. I rejoice to see that so many lives have been spared, but you and I are united in mourning for the dear ones we have lost. Their names will ever remain

holy to us, for they have suffered in a holy cause, and their widows and orphans will be to us a sacred trust. My heart goes out to those among you who, I see, have lost their limbs. Let each know that according to the extent of his misfortune will be the measure of honor paid to him in this village. Dear brothers, so severely tried, we will all be your servants, whether to work in your fields, or to look after your personal wants. We venerate you as the chosen among the soldiers of Christ."

The following is a characteristic obituary notice translated from the *Voice of Montenegro*: "My best thanks to General Veshkovitch and to Commander Mikish who attended the funeral of my father Dika, and of my brothers, Jevta, Misha Bogdan, and Ratko, all killed at the assault of Bardaniol; and thanks likewise to all who were present at the Month's Mind of my husband Nikola, killed in the battle of Mokra, and of my sons Mileta and Zaria who died of wounds received on the same field. All my household have now died for '*Krst Tchastan i Slobodu Zlatnu*,' leaving me proud but bereaved.

MARIA RADOVITCH."

The impetus given by the war to the erection of Christian churches, is already evident to the traveler in the Balkans. At Mykonos, a Greek named Plumiscus has partially completed a chapel erected in commemoration of the safe return from the war of his nine sons. Some of the new churches in Macedonia have already been dedicated, and others that had fallen into disuse been restored. In the Balkan States themselves there has likewise been a revival in church-building. The villagers of Stashina Reka, Suvo Dania, Bogove, and Sitaritsa have combined to build a church at Stavama as a tribute to God in thanksgiving for the victory of the Christians.

Wherever the Allies were forced to withdraw, Islamism again resumed its sway. The Turkish Mosque of Alessio was converted by General Jankovitch's orders into a military hospital, because from the half-defaced Cyrillic inscriptions on the walls, it was evident that it had been first a Catholic and then an Orthodox Church before it became a Moslem temple. The intention of restoring it to Catholic worship could not be effected, owing to the Servians' forced retreat from the land they had conquered. With their departure it again fell into the hands of the Mohammedans.

With nations, as with individuals, faith is proved in the great crises of their existence. The faith of the Christian combatants was earnest, ardent, and courageous. It has been sealed with

blood. Their conduct was not always marked by fidelity to Christian teaching; but the Balkan campaign of 1912 may assuredly be numbered among the military expeditions universally known as crusades. Foremost among the mixed motives that drove the modern crusaders to attack Turkey and establish themselves in her place, was fundamental loyalty to their professed creed. Conviction of the truth of Christianity gave them the strength that consciousness of fighting for a just cause alone can give.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

BY EDITH M. COYLE.

AFIRE with God you preached His Word to us,
His Jewels of Truth whose glory you had caught
And held, and into which you steeped your mind
And heart and soul—these Jewels in glittering heaps
You laid before our spirit's eye. We knew
Before you came the worth of these, God's Pearls;
But some seemed dulled and others black appeared,
Because the mists of worldliness had crept
Between our souls and them and hid their light.
You came. Close to your heart the Jewels were clasped,
But one by one you brought them forth flinging
Aside the mists that dimmed their light for us.
With master touch you fingered them. You told
In language strong and sweet their worth, their price
Which we had for the time forgot. And soon,
The mists all gone, the fire of the Pearls
Shot shafts of light and fed the tiny spark
Of love of God that never quite dies out
Within our hearts. The spark to steady fire
Leaped, spread, and wrapt itself about our being.
You went your way. Your work for us was done,
Dear man of God; and now with God you are.
Forget us not; and pray that to the end,
The flame you helped to light may ever burn
And show the way that leads from earth to God.

"TO PREPARE THE WAY."

BY JULIA C. DOX.



SAW there was something wrong when I entered the breakfast room. Mother and Aunt Martha are usually happy and placid as two pussy-cats, though Aunt Martha is prickly enough with most people, being afflicted with an aggravated case of New England conscience and an illogical mind. She is constantly interpreting her prejudices as principles, and insisting on everyone living up to them, which of course nobody does. George Walters says he loves to study Aunt Martha because she is so versatile: one moment she is claiming all men as brothers, and the next she is for annihilating the ashman because he leaves tracks on the cellar floor and is a Roman Catholic, for she saw him cross himself when the furnace room ceiling fell on his head. If you could hear Aunt Martha say "Roman Catholic," you would appreciate my feelings when I found out what had upset breakfast's accustomed calm.

As I said, I saw at once something was the matter. Mother had the little pucker between her eyes that means worry. I tried to kiss it away, but it came right back. Aunt Martha looked stiff and uncompromising enough to frighten an army of Patagonians, who are perfect whales—George Walters told me so, he knows all about them. There was an open letter beside mother's plate.

"Whatever's the matter?" I asked.

Aunt Martha shook her head slow and solemn, "Susan, do you think you ought to tell her?"

Aunt Martha is always doing lovely things for me, so I overlooked this. I am almost twenty, and mother and I have talked over everything together for years. Mother handed me the letter and Aunt Martha swallowed hard. This is what I read:

MY DEAR SUSAN:

I have been on the missions steadily the last three months, and am pretty well tired out. A vacation of two weeks has been given to me, and I have decided to spend at least part of that time in my old home town, since I am so near. It will be my first visit in more than twenty years, and I am looking forward to seeing you with keenest pleasure—and the baby, it's high

time I made her acquaintance. If you can put me up without inconvenience I shall be glad, but please do not put yourself out, dear Susan, for I can be very comfortable at the hotel.

Faithfully and affectionately your cousin,

JOHN.

"I'm the baby!" was my first thought. "But who is Cousin John? I didn't know we had one."

"Cousin John was Uncle Israel's only son," mother looked as if she might cry; she always does so when she speaks of Uncle Israel. She was his favorite niece, and lived with him after her father died, and he left her this house, where I was born and where we have always lived.

"But I thought his son was dead," I protested.

"Dead to us." Aunt Martha's voice wore heaviest mourning.

"Goodness me! What did he do—kill someone?"

"He broke his father's heart."

"Now, Martha," mother began.

"Susan, you know it is true. He deliberately made himself an outcast from his family, despite all his poor father could say or do."

"He did what he thought was right."

"Susan! Right! Do you dare defend him?"

When I told George Walters about it afterwards he said he knew she was breathing fire.

"I trust he needs no defence in this house, Martha." Mother's dignity is the gentlest possible, but even Aunt Martha succumbs to it.

"Why, Susan!" she gasped almost pitifully, "do you mean—are you—are you going to ask him here?"

"Of course he must come here. Where else should he go? It is his father's house, and should have been his, and he is our own flesh and blood, and was like a brother to me all through my girlhood, and never said a reproachful word when the house came to me instead of to him. Of course he must come here."

I never heard mother so vehement. Aunt Martha was more so, "But Sarah, Susan, Sarah—would you expose the child to such a—a—danger? If she should be led astray!"

"Sarah" meant me.

I had stood enough. "Mother," I cried, "is Cousin John a murderer or a leper, or what? Tell me at once."

"Your Cousin John, dear, is one of the most charming and cultivated of men."

"Then why—" I began.

Aunt Martha interrupted me, "Your Cousin John," she said in despairing and desperate tones, "your Cousin John is a Roman Catholic priest."

To say that I was surprised is putting it mildly; but what I said was, "Isn't it good the blue room curtains have just been done up?"

Mother beamed at me, "Why so they are. Why, Martha, Sarah hasn't had a thing to eat all this time; do pass the child the toast. Here's your coffee, dear."

Naturally I talked it over with George Walters at my earliest opportunity. George has been my friend ever since I can remember, the Walters' place and ours are back to back, and from the time I started to kindergarten George big-brothered me. He is older than I, and so sweet to mother. She thinks everything of him.

George just laughed when I told him about Cousin John and Aunt Martha.

"It's the queerest kind of a go, Tippy," he said—he will call me by my baby name in spite of all I can say or do—"to think of Aunt Martha, genial soul, having to break bread with a real Roman collar." It is a fixed habit of George's to speak of Aunt Martha as a "genial soul"—she is about as genial with him as a glacier. She thinks George flippant because he jokes about Dr. Phipps, the rector of the Episcopal church, whom Aunt Martha admires. "We'll have to consult Jack Flemming."

Jack Flemming is a bosom friend of George; he is quite handsome and a general favorite, but I do not care much for him, for he is always laughing at me.

"Why Jack Flemming?" I inquired haughtily. Though I had taken it so coolly before mother and Aunt Martha, deep down inside I had a silly feeling that there was something queer about having a Catholic priest in the family; nobody I knew had anything of the sort. It would be strange to have one round. What would the girls think! The silly feeling came to the surface; I didn't want Jack Flemming to know.

"He's an R. C. you know, and can put us on to all the ropes."

"Jack Flemming a Catholic! Why, the idea!"

"Huh," said George—"huh" is another of his fixed expressions—"if I thought I could get as much out of religion as Jack Flemming does, I'm not sure I wouldn't try it myself."

I took a leaf out of Aunt Martha's book. "Be careful, you may be led astray."

"Astray from what?" George Walters asked.

I had forgotten to question Aunt Martha, so I did not know how to answer.

Jack Flemming seemed to think we should be immensely set up at having a priest come to visit us. He and George went to the station together Sunday night in George's auto to meet Cousin John. Cousin John was evidently very tired, but also very courteous. The silly feeling that I had had, went away the minute I saw him, and I was glad he belonged to us. He didn't look at all like our minister, Mr. Pengally, though the latter is smooth-shaven too, but Mr. Pengally if he is the minister is just Mrs. Pengally's husband and the father of the eight little Pengallys; nor like Dr. Phipps, who is fat and—well—worldly—it's the only way to describe him. Cousin John is so beautifully clear-eyed you can almost see into his soul; I know he can see into mine. When he said, "So this is little Sarah," I shrivelled on the inside, remembering I had been afraid of what the girls would think!

He and George Walters seemed to understand each other at once. When George told him he was an Episcopalian, and Cousin John asked "high or low?" and George said that owing to his father being broad and his mother high and his grandmother low, that he guessed he was a "scrambled" one, Cousin John laughed quite heartily.

"I've met others," he said, "but they do not often admit it, Mr. Walters."

The first cloud on the horizon rose when Cousin John announced he had arranged to celebrate Mass at St. Patrick's during his stay, and that we were not to be disturbed by his early rising.

"Then you will want a six o'clock breakfast," said Aunt Martha at once.

"Not at all," Cousin John answered, "I shall be back to breakfast with you at eight."

"You must have your coffee before you go," continued Aunt Martha, who is not used to having her decisions questioned.

"Surely, John," added mother, "it is no trouble."

He laughed gently. "No, my dears."

"Absurd," fumed Aunt Martha. "Of course you can't go out in the early morning without a bite to eat."

"Martha," said Cousin John, "I hope to-morrow morning to receive the Body and Blood of our Lord. Do you know of any article of food worthy to take precedence of such a feast?"

Aunt Martha was silenced. George Walters said he would come for him in the auto, and we could go too if we liked. Aunt Martha said no, but not so frigidly as one might have expected, and mother said she and I would come.

Aunt Martha came into our room after we went upstairs, and said of course it was right that we should go with Cousin John, as he was our guest, but we should go as outsiders who could have no part in the superstitious practices we would witness. I asked her if she thought Cousin John was superstitious, and all she said was, "There, Susan, what did I tell you?" but she knew perfectly well he was not.

It seemed odd to be going out so early to church, but it was lovely with the sun just coming up and everything so quiet and fresh.

Jack Flemming was waiting for us at the door. He told us to go in while he took Cousin John round to the sacristy. I did not know then what a sacristy is, but I have found out since. Aunt Martha had often deplored the bad taste of Catholic churches, but nothing in St. Patrick's, at least, supported her charges. And beyond the fine altars and the beautiful windows there was something else, not natural, a feeling, an impression that made me realize I was in church. I never had just that same feeling in any other church, and I had attended a good many. George said afterwards it was the same with him.

"I suppose, Tippy," was his reflection, "it's because with us God's in His Holy Temple on Sundays only, and we have to wait till Dr. Phipps says so before we know it. But Jack says in the Catholic church God is really and truly there all the time. I cannot quite see it, of course; but it would be great to think that way; it makes everything seem so much more worth while."

We were sitting at the back of the church, but Jack made us go way up in front where we could see, and then presented us with little paper "Mass books," Cousin John had sent us, that contained the prayers and an explanation of the ceremonies. It was hard to follow, because I wanted to watch Cousin John and the book at the same time. I don't know what Cousin Martha would have said, but mother and George knelt and stood up when Jack did, so of course I did so too.

There were just a few people there. Some Sisters from the school and Jack and two or three others received Communion. I could not help thinking I had never really seen Jack Flemming

before. I didn't wonder that George thought so much of him. There is a place in the Mass where the book says the priest prays for those he wishes specially to remember, and somehow I knew Cousin John was praying for us, mother, and dear old prickly Aunt Martha, and Jack, and George Walters, and me.

And wasn't it strange that to us who make so much of music and want everything so beautiful and artistic, that this little plain place, half-dark, and with not so much as an organ note, but just the occasional bell and the broken murmur of the voices of the little boys who waited on Cousin John, that even to us—outsiders and strangers—it meant something that our own churches never had meant.

George came into breakfast with us. He wanted to see how Aunt Martha was bearing up, he explained.

She was divided between melancholy and grimness. "Was the ashman there?" she inquired with frigid politeness.

"The ashman, dear?" mother answered her, "Tony? Why should he be?"

"As he is the only Roman Catholic I know, Susan, I thought he might be in the congregation."

Tony is ever a bone of contention between Aunt Martha and me. He has "ashed" for us as long as I can remember, and he's just the best, most patient, willing old man that ever was, but Aunt Martha cannot forgive his occasional spills on the cellar steps.

"I wish he had been there, and I would have sat with him," I cried hotly. It hurts me to have Tony sneered at, he is so old and poor, and we do not even know his name. He says "Tony" is enough.

"That is the sort of companionship you must expect in the Catholic Church." I knew Aunt Martha was sorry the minute she said it; she had snapped it out before she thought of Cousin John. He was not at all disturbed. "Martha," he said, "it is a curious fault for a Christian to bring against the Church, that it harbors the poor and the ignorant. Our Lord chose to live among the poor and the ignorant, and chose them for His friends; the rich and the great had to come to Him."

Aunt Martha is pure gold if she is snappy. "I beg your pardon, John, I am ashamed to have said such a thing—I—I never will think it again." The poor dear looked as if she might cry, but Cousin John wouldn't let her. He started to talk of old times, and I heard more about the family tree and all its ramifications that

morning than I had ever heard before in the whole course of my life.

Jack Flemming brought Father McDonald, the priest at St. Patrick's, to call that evening, and he was almost as charming as Cousin John. I heard Dr. Phipps say to Mr. Pengally that the Catholic priests had no education, but that is not true, because Father McDonald studied in Rome, and has traveled all over, and Cousin John knows everything, and it was splendid to hear them talk.

But George Walters wanted to know something, and when George wants anything he goes straight after it. Cousin John had been with us several days before he got his chance.

"Please tell me, Father Andrews," he began, "do you honestly believe Christ is really and truly present in—in what you call the Blessed Sacrament—that He is not there figuratively or symbolically, but literally, bodily present?"

When Cousin John is talking about family or everyday affairs, he is just Cousin John, but so soon as religion comes in he is something far more. It is not a change that comes to him, but an addition. You forget Cousin John and you see the priest, and yet as priest he was more my cousin than ever. I cannot understand it, but it is so.

Aunt Martha nearly jumped off her chair at George's question; she had avoided all religious discussion since the ashman episode.

Cousin John, the priest, looked straight into George's soul. George told me afterwards it went that far.

"I know He is," was all he said.

Aunt Martha groaned.

"May I ask how you know?" George was tremendously in earnest; he never even noticed Aunt Martha.

"I have His word."

"You mean the Church teaches that. But I want to know where the Church got it?"

"From Him."

George looked baffled. Aunt Martha could not stand it. "It is not in *my* Bible," she asserted fiercely.

Cousin John turned to her, "May I see your Bible, Martha?"

I ran to the sitting-room, and brought mother's Bible to him.

"You believe that this is the Word of God, Martha?" he asked.

Aunt Martha put an extra stiffness in her always stiff backbone. "I believe every word in that book is God's Word, but,

John, you needn't hope to convince me that your views are right and mine wrong by reading me any of the accounts of the institution of the Lord's Supper. Of course His words are figurative there."

He began to read out of St. John what Christ said about "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood ye have no life in you."

When he finished Aunt Martha said, "Of course that is figurative. Christ always taught in parables."

"In the original Gospel the words do not indicate a figure of speech as in the parables. And in the parables, you remember, Martha, when our Lord was questioned He interpreted them for His disciples, but here He simply repeats and amplifies His first statement, and those who heard it did not receive it as figurative. They said, 'This is a hard saying. Who can hear it?' and they walked with Him no more. Martha, can you honestly believe that He Who was ready to die to save them would have let them leave Him merely because they could not understand a figure of speech? Think of His ministry among them; His unfailing and exquisite courtesy; His tenderness for their weakness; remember His stories of the prodigal son, the kind Samaritan, the good shepherd, forgiveness and mercy and love reaching out beyond all limits, across all barriers; He urged them to come to Him as little children. Is it likely that He would have let them go simply because they were ignorant or stupid? They knew it was no figure of speech He uttered; they were accustomed to figurative language. He made a simple and direct statement, and repeated it. They accepted it as such. 'This is a hard saying,' they said, and they went back and walked with Him no more."

Aunt Martha's grimness had melted into a sort of pitiful bewilderment; my darling mother looked as she does when she says her prayers. I was quite frightened. George Walters spoke:

"By hek!" said George—he has lots of those expletives, and they shock Aunt Martha dreadfully—"taking it that way makes the whole thing clear as daylight."

"How else would you take it?" Cousin John asked.

"Well, I guess I've scrambled that too," said George, but not a bit irreverently, and Cousin John understood.

He laid his hand on George's arm. "'Will you also go away?'" he quoted; "do you remember St. Peter's answer to our Lord's question?"

"Yes," George's voice was very low, but there was something

in the way he said just that one word that made me very glad and proud of him.

Aunt Martha pulled herself together. "It is eleven o'clock and after. George Walters, your mother will be looking for you; it is high time, I am sure."

George never resents Aunt Martha's "throwing him out," as he calls it; she has done it since kindergarten days. "Yes'm," he agreed meekly.

After we had gone upstairs Aunt Martha rallied and tried to argue as usual, but mother would not talk. I read that chapter Cousin John had been reading. I have always read a chapter morning and night that way, but I never before thought how much it all meant. When we said our prayers, mother kissed me on the eyes and whispered, "God grant we may find and follow the true light wherever it may lead." Somehow I felt very close and safe.

The next morning after Mass, George had an errand to do for his mother, and as it meant quite a ride I went with him. He could talk of nothing but Cousin John and what he had said. That is George's way; when he gets an idea in his head he cannot rest till he has settled it.

"Tippy," he began at once, "I believe your cousin is right. I forgot to go to bed I got so deep in it. I read the whole business, the Gospels and St. Paul too, everything I could find they said about it. Surely Christ would never have let those who had been following Him, go off that way if He had used only a figure of speech. He was telling them something important, something that was the crux of all that He had told them before, and they knew it. They knew it was the big thing, the important thing, and they could not accept it, so they went away. If Christ did not mean exactly what St. John says He did, that whole chapter means nothing. If you don't take it literally it's childish."

"George," I asked, "are you going to be a Catholic?"

George drew a long breath. "I'm going to be an honest man, please God," he said, "and if that means being a Catholic, why—I guess I'll have to be one."

"I guess so too, George," I told him; I forgot all about the dangers of going astray.

The first thing we saw as we turned our corner was the ash cart with a front wheel gone, and ashes dumped all over the walk. Of course there was a crowd around it, and they all began to talk at once.

"He fell right on his head."

"The wheel come off that easy."

"His back is broken they say—the blood was awful."

"They took him right into your house, Miss, your ma said to, maybe he's killed."

I did not wait for any more but flew into the house, and there was poor old Tony with his head all bandaged, stretched on the sofa in the sitting-room. Dr. Langley was beside him. Blood was on the floor and on the covering thrown over Tony, who was fearfully pale, and who moaned feebly. Dr. Langley shook his head at George as if things were very bad. Mother was spreading a white cloth on her little work stand. "Cousin John has gone for Father McDonald," she said, "he told me to put these things here."

"These things" were the two candles and the crucifix Cousin John had put up in his room; there was some holy water too, and a glass and a spoon.

George said he would go for him, but as he reached the door Cousin John came up the path. Father McDonald was not with him, and the crowd at the gate fell back, and the men's hats came off, and one or two of them knelt. George ran back and picked up one of the candles mother had just lighted—afterwards he told me he did not know how he came to do it, perhaps Jack Flemming had told him, in any case it was the right thing to do. I started to say something, but mother caught my hand.

"Hush, dear," she said softly, "it is the Lord."

We all dropped to our knees, even Aunt Martha. We knew He was there.

I had never seen anyone die before; I had imagined I would be frightened, but fright was far from me. My mother washed poor old Tony's work-worn hands and feet for his anointing, and Aunt Martha and I helped. Tony clasped the crucifix and whispered again and again, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph," as if he were speaking to very dear friends. Cousin John was praying: "Go forth, O Christian soul," he read, and on and on, and at the last, "May Christ, Who vouchsafed to die for thee, deliver thee from everlasting death. . . . May He absolve thee from all thy sins, and set thee at His right Hand in the portion of His elect. Mayest thou behold thy Redeemer face to face, and, standing ever before Him, gaze with blessed eyes on the Truth made manifest."

And all this was for Tony, our ashman, whom I had been sorry for, because, poor faithful fellow, he had had to work so hard and

been so poor. Suddenly he seemed very rich, and I knew he could never be tired any more.

He had no family or friends save those he had so humbly served, so mother kept his body with us until he was taken to the church, and we all went with him, and for the first time I heard a *Requiem Mass*. The music was very solemn, and the Mass! the Mass was Christ offering again His life and death just for Tony, the ashman. I knew in my heart the Catholic Church must be His Church, for only God could have thought of anything so beautiful as that.

Cousin John had to leave Saturday night to open a mission Sunday. We all went with him to the station, and Father McDonald and Jack Flemming were there too. Cousin John told Father McDonald that he would be back soon, and that he expected Father McDonald to have us fully instructed and prepared for our reception into the Church. Father McDonald looked as if he could not believe his ears.

"Why, why, do you really mean it? All? Of course I am delighted, but—really, do you mean it?"

"Really," Cousin John repeated.

"Most astonishing—astonishing isn't the word, it's incredible; but how did it happen?"

George Walters answered him, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John?"

It was true, and there was another man whose name we did not know, but we called him Tony. I think God sent him too.

HIS COMING.

BY S. M. E.

THE wars of time had spent their might,
 The stars their silent watches kept;
An angel's voice broke thro' the night,
A glory spread its golden light;
 The world still slept.

An angel's song chimed peace, good will,
 While stars their silent watches kept;
They heard, the shepherds on the hill,
Heard that glad cry that echoes still,
 But earth still slept.

A Child had come on earth to save,
 While stars their silent watches kept;
In His sweet Blood sin's wounds to lave,
His Life upon the tree He gave!
 The world still slept.

His Mother clasped Him to her heart,
 The stars their silent watches kept;
Her little Son Who might not rest
Long on that heart the sword-point pressed;
 The world still slept.

Will it ne'er wake, this world of men?
 The stars still silent watches keep—
O must we ever say that when
His dear feet come, they pass again
 By us who sleep?

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUVAIN UNIVERSITY.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.



THE civilized world heard with a thrill of horror and indignation that the noble University of Louvain, the glory of Catholic Belgium, had been destroyed. How much more deep and lasting must the regrets of her alumni be, to whom every stone of the quaint old city was familiar, who owed their professional training to her, and who still numbered old comrades within her walls! It was my good fortune to spend three delightful years (1899-1902) there, studying at the *Seminaire Leon XIII.*, under Monsignor Mercier, then President of the *Ecole Supérieure de Philosophie*, and to-day Cardinal Archbishop of Malines. Perhaps a few personal recollections of the university, of its studies, and of its life, may not prove uninteresting at the present time.

Louvain combined the systems of both English and continental universities, inasmuch as a student might live in a college if he chose, or board with some of the townspeople while following the course of lectures. For ecclesiastical students there were the *Seminaire Leon XIII.*, the *Collège du Saint Esprit*, and the American College; while the *Collège du Pape*, the *Collège Juste Lipse*, and some smaller ones were available for lay students. The courses began in the third week of October with the Mass of the Holy Ghost celebrated at St. Peter's, the parish church of the university. The whole teaching staff assembled at the *halles* and donned their caps and gowns. First came two mace-bearers, then the *Rector Magnificus*, always a priest, resplendent in purple soutaine and biretta, and black gown, trimmed with a deep red velvet collar. With him walked the Vice-Rector, and immediately after them the Doctors of Divinity, distinguished by the red tassels in their caps, then the other clerical and lay professors, in number about one hundred and twenty. Down the narrow *Rue de Namur* they came, past the book stores and ginger bread stalls, a picturesque procession, followed by dense throngs of pushing, laughing, shouting students, across the tiny *Grande Place* and into the church, to beg God's blessing on the studies of the opening year. The next day was spent in entering the students' names on the roll books, and other routine work, and

then the classes commenced in good earnest. The lectures began at eight A. M., and generally lasted an hour. From one P. M. to three P. M. there was recess for dinner, at which the cafés and restaurants would be packed with lay students. For the modest sum of fifteen dollars a month a student could enjoy two excellent meals a day. In the afternoon classes were resumed until six. In addition to the ordinary lectures, there were special *cercles d'étude* like the German *Seminar*—where promising pupils, under the direction of their teachers, might follow original research or pursue private lines of investigation. The results of these studies, when found worthy, were published in one of the many reviews coming from the presses of the university.

At the *Ecole Supérieure de Philosophie* the higher course of Thomistic philosophy, occupying three years, was given. There Monsignor Mercier had grouped an *élite* corps of professors around him, and pupils came from all parts of the world to imbibe the purest draughts of neo-scholasticism. The various philosophical treatises published by him and his confrères have been translated into four languages; while their quarterly review, *La Neo-Scholastique*, made Catholic scholarship esteemed even in the most prejudiced and exclusive of circles. No less than sixty exchange reviews came to the *Ecole*, and the students were allowed to read them twice a week. Monsignor Mercier's lectures were by far the most popular and well-attended; to this result both the scientific eminence of the man and the extreme loveliness of his character contributed. He counted no trouble too great if it meant help to an earnest student; and he answered every objection, even the most futile, with unflinching courtesy and good humor. A peerless psychologist, with a dozen subsidiary sciences at his finger's ends, Monsignor Mercier's humility was as striking as his learning, and he had not the slightest hesitation in admitting his ignorance if he was really uninformed on a particular matter. I remember on one occasion his deducing a proof of the existence of God from human language. He presented an immense array of facts to support his contentions, and then added quite simply: "Of course, gentlemen, in linguistics I have no personal competence, I have merely summarized for you the studies of others." The admission only gains piquancy from the fact that he spoke six languages fluently, and had some acquaintance with several others. On another occasion, emphasizing the need for clearness and precision and quoting Boileau's famous line, "*ce qui se conçoit bien s'énonce clairement*,"

he said, "So at least I find it, gentlemen; I express badly only what I myself do not thoroughly understand."

In addition to his university lectures Monsignor Mercier was head of the *Seminaire Leon XIII.*, and assisted by Abbés Nys and Simons, he looked after the spiritual needs of the forty seminarians committed to his care. He treated all his pupils as his friends, he sat at the same table with them, and partook of the same food. When honors came to him, he took them into his confidence, for he considered that the distinctions won by him shed lustre on the seminary and its inmates. One evening he came to supper looking somewhat preoccupied. As soon as the meal was fairly started he tapped on his glass with a knife—the signal always used to announce a little speech. "My dear friends," he said, "there's a piece of good news that concerns me, and I want to have the pleasure of telling you myself. Your president has been elected a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium." And while we clapped and huzzaed him, he stole quietly away. If he happened to go away during the session he always wrote to Abbé Simons, and the letter was pinned up in a corridor so that all might read it. Thus the spirit of his seminary was eminently paternal; he looked on all his pupils as his children and treated them as such.

One of the events in our scholastic year was the December pilgrimage to our Lady of Montaigu, a famous shrine of the Blessed Virgin about twenty miles from Louvain. Those who were strong and zealous enough walked, and monsignor always headed the cortège. It required six hours good walking to cover the distance, and we used to leave Louvain between eleven and twelve at night so as to reach the shrine early in the morning. Hymns and prayers along the way, monsignor celebrated Mass on arriving, and we received Holy Communion from him, while a gala breakfast taken in one of the nearby restaurants brought our religious picnic to a most pleasant close. This shrine of the Blessed Virgin is particularly dear to the Flemish peasantry; they have the curious custom of walking round and round the church reciting the Rosary, and every time they pass the principal altar of flinging an offering into the sanctuary. The incessant noise and movement and the ringing of the coins on the stone pavements, seem strange and distracting to a foreigner, and by no means conducive to devotion.

In vivid contrast to the President of the *Seminaire Leon XIII.* was the Professor of Psycho-Physiology, Abbé Thierry. Son of

a wealthy baroness, all the good things of the world were his, when at thirty he turned his back on them all to enter the Church and teach science at the *Ecole S. Thomas*. He had studied psycho-physiology several years under Wundt at Leipsic, and taken his degree with the highest honors. At Louvain he built and equipped a magnificent laboratory at his own expense. But though his knowledge and zeal were unquestionable, his teaching talents were poor. His delivery was entirely too rapid; he delighted in using metaphorical and far-fetched expressions, and his efforts at explanation generally rendered the darkness denser than before. Furthermore, whether for ascetic or other reasons he absolutely refused ever to look any of his pupils in the face, and he addressed his class with head tilted in the air, and eyes fixed on a distant imaginary landscape. I think he was the only man I ever met who had reduced to perfectly *evident* practice St. Francis de Sales' maxim, "*il faut voir sans regarder.*" On the other hand Maurice DeWulf, lay Professor of the History of Scholastic Philosophy, was an excellent teacher. to whose flowing periods it was a pleasure to listen. His lectures, published under the title of *Histoire de la Philosophie Medievale*, have gone through five editions, and have been translated into several languages; while his collection of ancient Belgian Philosophers has been highly praised by specialists. He was peculiar in that he never laughed, rarely even smiled; and so permeated was his life and home with philosophy that he called his little son Plato, and his daughter Scholastica. Abbé Deploige, who became President of the *Ecole Supérieure* on Monsignor Mercier's promotion to the cardinalate, specialized in social sciences, and published numerous studies on social and economic questions.

Although it is concerning the professors of the *Ecole S. Thomas* that I am most qualified to speak, yet one could not live long in Louvain without coming into contact with many a celebrity. Undoubtedly the most popular of all the figures of the university was Monsignor Cartuyvels, Vice-Rector for twenty-five years. Without distinction as a scholar, he was the best orator in Belgium, and for that reason frequently selected to preach Advent and Lenten sermons to the students. His flow of words was unending, and so great was his facility in speaking that he was said never to have written a sermon. His appearance was imposing, his voice full, sweet, and resonant, while a glorious crown of silvery-white hair gave him a most venerable look. Monsignor Lamy, famed as a Scriptural scholar, was a plump, rosy-faced old gentleman, for all

the world like a simple country parish priest. Other notabilities were Abbés Cauchie and Ladeuze, editors of the *Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique*; Abbé Carnoy, founder of cellular biology and editor of *La Cellule*; Professor Denys, famous for his discoveries in bacteriology; and Dr. Van Gehuchten, specialist in nervous diseases and editor of *La Nevrose*. Distinguished visitors were constantly passing through the city, and, whenever possible, arrangements were made for them to address the students, so that we might know at first-hand what was being done elsewhere, as well as the aims of other scholastic centres. Thus Monsignor Battifol, at that time Rector of Toulouse University, came and exposed his methods of patristic studies; Baron Kanzler, a pupil of De Rossi, gave some conferences on Christian archæology; Père Ollivier, accompanied by Père Lagrange, exposed the hopes and ambitions of the Biblical school of Jerusalem.

At the great Jesuit scholasticate, which was not connected with the university, were also to be found many men whose names are well-known in Catholic scholarship. The Jesuits gave a three years' course of theology for their own novices, and any others who chose to attend. This course was followed chiefly by the novices of religious orders, for instance, the *Pères Missionnaires de Scheut*, the *Pères des Sacrés Coeurs*, the *Premontrés* Canons. There taught the lamented Père Genicot, as fine a professor as ever entered a rostrum, with a marvelous gift of rendering clear the most abstruse and perplexing questions. His well-known *Moral Theology* has put all priests under an obligation to him, and will long preserve his name from oblivion, but it gives only a poor idea of the charm of the great teacher's living voice. He had a habit of enlivening the seriousness of his classes with an occasional humorous anecdote, and the ease, grace, and simplicity with which he expressed such things in church Latin was a constant wonder to me. There, too, Père Vermeesch, well known since in apologetics, directed a short course of Canon Law; and Père Charles Huyghe gave brief but pregnant commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles. Père Lahousse, who published several lengthy treatises on philosophy, had by that time, I think, given up teaching, but we used to meet him constantly on our bi-weekly walks—a dapper, courtly, and courteous old gentleman, who always walked by himself, and read philosophical periodicals as he strolled along.

An interesting feature in university life were the sales of books which took place every month during the session. There were

only three book shops of any size in Louvain: Desbarax, who dealt in religious and theological works, and Peeters and Fonteyn, whose specialties were science and literature. The former published a quarterly catalogue, but never sold his books by auction; the two latter did a large business by the monthly sales of the libraries and smaller collections, which they were constantly accumulating. In fact the entire book trade of Belgium flowed sooner or later to Louvain, since libraries were continually being sent from Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, and other cities to be disposed of among the students and bibliophiles of the city on the Dyle. A catalogue of the books on sale for two cents was published a fortnight previous to the sale, and crowds of students and *amateurs* thronged the auction rooms on sale day. Academic books on any subject could usually be had for one-fourth their cost, but rare volumes, *ex-libris*, autograph or presentation copies, always fetched their full value; the bidding for these was extremely keen, and sometimes ran to three and four figures.

The feasts and seasons of the ecclesiastical year were always carefully observed at Louvain, and even the wildest and most harum-scarum students showed that the faith was strong within them. The Lenten and Advent Conferences were always followed eagerly; the lay students went frequently to confession; on one occasion it took the late Cardinal Goossens more than an hour to give Holy Communion to the students who presented themselves; but it was above all on the feast of Corpus Christi that the faith of the university and of the city found the fullest expression. The Blessed Sacrament was carried by the Dean of Louvain, assisted by the *curés* of the different parishes; all the professors, all the students, all the religious orders walked in procession; the garrison formed a guard of honor, and at each Benediction military honors were rendered to the Sacred Host; the streets through which the cortège passed were strewn with flowers and in places carpeted, the houses were decorated, and every window filled with lighted candles; it was, in fine, a glorious manifestation in the most public and solemn manner of the people's belief in the Real Presence of our Lord—a manifestation such as we frequently read of in the Ages of Faith, but becoming ever rarer in our material and irreligious times.

The conferring of the doctorate in theology at Louvain—a rare and coveted distinction demanding six years of post-graduate work—was always a gala day at the university. The whole professorial

staff in cap and gown would assemble at the *College du Saint-Esprit*, which adjoined the *Halles*. The Cardinal of Malines, with all his suffragan bishops, headed the procession; then came the Rector and his mace-bearers, the Doctors of Divinity and their colleagues clerical and lay. Everyone displayed all the badges of honor, both academic and civil, that they could muster, and took care, if I may so speak, to appear in full warpaint. Arrived at the *Aula Maxima* of the university, the candidate for the doctorate was placed in a high pulpit facing all the notabilities of Belgium, and hundreds of curious eyes as well; and for three hours he had to defend a hundred theses against the keenest reasoners and most erudite theologians of the Netherlands. Rival professors of contending schools of thought would assemble fairly spoiling for a fight, and determined, if the wit of man could accomplish it, to put that budding doctor in a quandary. There the Jesuit Father De San, reputed the keenest metaphysician of his day, would come to let the *universitaires* see that there were more secrets in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in their philosophy; or the Dominican Father DeMunnyck would object on the crucial theses of Thomism; or Abbés Cauchie or Van Hoonaacker would propose difficulties from Church history or Scripture respectively. It was really an intellectual treat to hear two accomplished word-fencers thus contending, to witness the swift parry and thrust of answering syllogism and subsumption. But so well trained are the candidates for this crown of academic honors, and so many years have they spent in arduous study, that failure is practically unknown amongst them. After the mental joust is over, the new doctor is invested with cap and ring, solemnly welcomed by the accolade amongst his elder brethren, and a grand banquet, at which his health is enthusiastically drunk, terminates most agreeably the day's celebration.

The lectures came to an end June 25th, and nearly a week was allowed for review. During this period of "grinding" for the examinations—in university slang *le temps du blocus*—the town assumed an unwonted appearance. In the daytime students might be seen trudging countrywards, carrying their notebooks, to study in the shady alleys or in the woods surrounding the city. At night the town was as silent as the grave; and in almost every house lights proclaimed that their occupants were burning the midnight oil. The examinations commenced the first week in July, and lasted nearly the entire month. For every degree a written thesis had to be presented, and in the case of the doctorate this thesis was to

attain the dimensions of a volume. But it was the oral examinations that the students chiefly dreaded. For there they had to display their learning not only to their professors, but to their fellow-students as well. At the head of the hall allotted to each faculty the professors were seated side by side at a long table; while the students to be called during the day awaited their turn at the opposite end of the hall. The various professors examined pupils simultaneously, while the comrades of these latter, and any strangers who cared to drop in, looked on from a respectful distance. When each day's quota had been examined the hall was cleared, the faculty began their deliberations, the professors compared their marks, decided what students had failed and passed, what distinction to accord to the fortunate ones; then the doors were opened and the momentous result announced to the waiting crowd. The names of the successful candidates and the honors they acquired were forthwith posted in the university corridors. The pupils who failed in the July examinations could present themselves anew for examination at the opening of the courses in October. After obtaining a degree, university etiquette required of lay students that they give a celebration in honor of the event. For many this celebration simply meant drinking not wisely, but too well; and one might see these hilarious roysterers parading the town in carriages, adorned with wreaths of flowers and other fantastic decorations, and proclaiming to all the world their academic success—literal exemplifications of the German drinking song,

*Gaudeamus Igitur
Juvenes dum sumus.*

To-day all this is a thing of the past; no academic procession will pass this year through the streets of Louvain, no thronging crowds of students fill its lecture-halls. The buildings are in ruins, the libraries in ashes, the professors dispersed—many, no doubt, broken down with bitterness, disappointment and hardship, dead. And the eager, careless students have become frantic, maddened men, athirst for vengeance, seeking blood, being sought themselves for slaughter. Ah God! that such horrors should be after two thousand years of Christianity, after fifteen centuries of Christian education! But Louvain will rise from her ashes, more glorious, more potent than before, to continue throughout coming centuries and in future generations her dissemination of Catholic ideals and Catholic scholarship.

New Books.

WILLIAM PARDOW OF THE COMPANY OF JESUS. By Justine Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

It is well that this biography was written at such an early date. Father Pardow left but little in finished writing, and hence the worth of gathering together at once all the notes and records that remain and of putting in book form the living memories of those who knew him. The author has given us an interesting and instructive tribute to Father Pardow, beloved of thousands. All who knew him will welcome the book, and we trust that many who did not know him will take advantage of such a happy introduction to this noble priest.

As a young lad William Pardow cried because he was not allowed to enlist in the army during the Civil War. As a priest and a Jesuit he once said, speaking of those who fought and suffered for Christ, "I too can bleed." In the work of training his character to the high ideals he had set before him, he was always the soldier who knew that life was a struggle. He must fight for the crown, and he fought valiantly. If he was severe with others, he was more severe with himself. If he was emphatic and aggressive in declaring the truth, it was because he saw the truth so clearly. It is amazing how he welcomed criticism and correction from every source. This habitual view of his spiritual life as a struggle, and a warfare, that must be carried on till the end, is brought out very clearly by the author. At the end, he insisted that he be clothed in his habit, for a soldier should die in his uniform. His incessant labors for souls; the hearing of confessions; missions; retreats to clergy and laity—instruction of converts—show clearly how zealously and unselfishly this priest, simple and sincere, eloquent and apostolic, lived and died in the service of his Lord.

Of course the volume will be subjected to all sorts of criticism because it treats of one who died so recently, and who was widely known. The author may take Father Pardow as an example when criticism comes, and learn from it. She has done a good piece of work.

LIFE IN AMERICA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By Gaillard Hunt, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50 net.

A learned book is often uninviting to the general reader, but the present volume by Gaillard Hunt is both learned and delightful.

It is a fascinating picture of life in our country one hundred years ago. Its detail and intimacy are such as only a master could have handled.

The reader is not bored by any academic discourse; he is brought directly into touch with the actuality of life one hundred years ago. He walks with the people in public and private; knows what principles guided them, what hopes inspired them. He sees their home life and their growing children; he knows their virtues; their weaknesses, and their sins. He travels with them; hears their songs; learns what they ate and wore; how and what they cooked; how they amused themselves; how they were cared for in sickness; how they helped or neglected the poor; how they complained of social injustice; how they observed Sunday and made religion a matter of everyday life. And through all the reading he will be entertained, and instructed also, we hope, by reflections on how changed a nation we are from one hundred years ago. He will see a wonderful, almost a miraculous, growth, and he will ask himself is our national strength proportionate now to what it was then? In answering the question he will do well to remember two things: first, that the people then were as a people religious, and even orthodox; and, secondly, to use the author's own words, "that the world has grown since 1815, but the individual has withered."

In the chapter on religion, Mr. Hunt states that "there was really no connection between the national government and religion, complete separation having been required by the fundamental law." It is very important to remember, however, that this did not mean that the people and their leaders were irreligious. Some of those leaders intended the separation to be an exaltation of religion as something above and beyond the reach of government. The Virginia Bill of Rights purposely refused to use the word "toleration." Furthermore, the fathers of the Republic held that religion and morality were inseparable, and that national virtue could not exist without religious faith. The States were of the same mind, and so strong was the conviction of many that they thought the State ought to support the one in order to obtain the other.

"In 1815, the great Catholic denomination, now the largest of all, was hardly as large as the Presbyterian. It had begun actively as an American institution in 1790 under the bishopric of John Carroll, and when he died in 1815 there were Catholic schools, convents, and colleges, a Catholic press, and at least one hundred priests."

The book has an extensive bibliography and a complete index. It is an easy introduction to American history, and a pleasant, profitable volume for readers of all ages.

THE MINISTRY OF ART. By Ralph Adams Cram, Ltd.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Cram in the title of the present book has struck the keynote of his philosophy of art—the conception of the universe as founded on a sacramental basis, where, from highest to lowest, the spiritual shines through the symbolism of the material; and the belief that art shares only less than religion in the intimate revelation of this “inward grace.” The spiritual significance of beauty he believes to be the accumulated “experience and achievements” of the human soul.

Art, he continues, is not only the expression of the age, the true historical record of the race, it is more: it is the language of the soul, “the only adequate expression *in time and space* of spiritual things.” We must bear in mind with this definition, the modifying clause, or we are liable to draw, from other of his observations, the inference that the raiment is more than the body, the seal more than the living hand that stamped it.

We might enter into detailed criticism—Mr. Cram’s book tempts it, but we will refrain and say that Mr. Cram has undoubtedly given us a convincing and suggestive argument with regard to the mission of art, its significance, and its power. He has imbibed the spiritual message that animated such men as Dante, Perugino, Raphael, the architects and masons of the great cathedrals who have left no record but their work, and all the “soul-children of the Catholic Middle Ages.”

But Mr. Cram has practical suggestions to offer as well as theories. He advocates a repudiation of the degenerating forms of art, “of the intellectual superstition of the period of modern enlightenment,” which has succeeded the triple outbreak of the Renaissance-Reformation-Revolution, and a return to the sincerity and poetry of early forms. Particularly does he long to see the restoration of the Gothic. But if he deplores the revolt of contemporary art, he also condemns a sterility that from reanimation cannot push on to re-creation.

He desires to see art-training become an integral and not a disjointed feature of education. Until this idea of art as an essential and not a mere trimming and accessory of life has penetrated

our modern civilization, he cherishes little hope for the development of a great creative impulse among us.

Also, our author laments "the disappearance of the individual, independent, and self-respecting craftsman," and urges the responsibility "of the architect to search out the individual craftsmen and to bring them into alliance with himself."

This free field for the exercise of personality was always accorded the artist and the craftsman during that greatest and most successful of building epochs, the Middle Ages, and that it is now denied is due quite as much to the grasping nature of the architect as it is to the progressive degeneracy of the craftsman.

In the end, and that we may finally get back to the old and ideal state of things, we shall have to restore the ancient guild idea, and as well the workshops assembled around some great architectural undertaking. If a cathedral is to be built, or a university, or a public library, with the turning of the first sod should go the raising of temporary workshops, and the assembling of the varied workers that will be brought into play for the embellishing of the fabric.

On American architecture in particular Mr. Cram has some pertinent observations to make. He dislikes the sham of much of our present-day effort, and reminds us that "the things that count are structural integrity, vision, and significance." He sees indications, however, of a great revival of art, initiated, he believes, in the last century through the Oxford Movement, and which has "kept pace, step by step, with the growing consciousness of her Catholic heritage which, for now three-quarters of a century, has penetrated the Church of the English-speaking race." Would that the "Church of the English-speaking race" would take to heart the following words spoken by Mr. Cram with regard to contemporary art, but no less fitted to her "whose feet are on the shifting sands." "Back to mediævalism we must go, and begin again. And as to continuity, that indispensable succession that alone insures the vitality of art while it parallels that apostolic succession which alone insures the divine vitality of the Catholic Church, it means that we are not at liberty to pick and choose among the tentative styles of a crescent Christianity, but that we must return to the one style."

At least, we trust that one so thoroughly in sympathy with all things Catholic, as is Mr. Cram, will come to see the analogy, and appreciate his own advice.

SONGS OF SIXPENCE. By Annie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Seldom do we find one who can truly appreciate the child's point of view, and, laying aside the dignities of a grown-up, enter into its spirit of freshness, and naïveté, and wonder. Stevenson and Carroll, Thompson in his *Ex Ore Infantium*, have discovered the secret, and if the name of our present writer is not to rank among such as these, she has, nevertheless, drawn very close to the "still, small voice" of childhood, and has lost few of its lisplings.

Without seeming to stoop to the childish world, Miss Brown has, in the external order, at least, found the art of becoming a child. There are songs written for various occasions and in many moods—some serious, most of them playful—dealing with the everyday things of nature, of child-life and child-imagination.

Among observations in the realm of animal life, there is none more frankly realistic than the following:

I've noticed how the woolly lamb
Dislikes the rain and dew.
I wonder if he fears to damp
His little garments through?

How very horrid it would be
If they should shrink when wet!
He cannot take his woollies off
And wear another set.

More serious, but no less original, are the lines on the crescent moon, "Finger-Nail Moon," as it is christened:

Little Moon, little Moon,
Delicate and white,
You are like the finger-nail
Of an Angel bright.

You alone are plain and clear,
Him I cannot see,
Stretching out his tender hand
Over land and sea.

Little Moon, little Moon,
When you are not there,
Then I know the Angel's hands
Must be clasped in prayer.

The foregoing examples are drawn from a wealth of such verses. Charming quotations might be multiplied indefinitely, did space permit. That *Taller Poems*, and nearly all those in which the writer slips out of child-land, should be of less interest, one can readily understand. So thoroughly has she become acquainted with this realm, that we would wish to chain her there forever. However, Miss Brown does remain there throughout most of the book, and in the closing pages gives us that pretty legend of the Christ-Child and those "First Friends," the animals, who stood about His crib—a legend of the times before the world grew up.

TO THE LAND OF THE CARIBOU. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.

Every true lover of the woods and the open sea, will read with pleasure the story of the trip of the *Spray*. Some years ago a number of Princeton men purchased a yawl for Dr. Grenfell, the well-known medical missionary of Labrador, and a crew of undergraduates under the care of an expert Newfoundland skipper was selected to sail the boat along the coast from New York to Labrador. Many of the adventures of the boys in the story are founded upon the actual experiences of the cruise, although the author has touched up the details a bit, so as to make his young readers long the more ardently for the joys of salmon fishing, caribou hunting, and cruising among the fogs and icebergs of the North Atlantic coast.

THE RED ASCENT. By Esther W. Neill. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.00 net.

"In ancient days the cliffs outside of Jerusalem were the battleground for many warring chieftains. They have witnessed so much bloodshed that they have been rightly called the 'Red Ascent.' But cannot the path of every man, who struggles to attain the heights of idealism, be likened to that bloody road?"

This valiant effort, as typified in Dick Matterson, convert and seminarian, form the main theme of the present tale which, as our readers know, was published as a serial in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. Duty calls Matterson from the seminary to the aid of his family. He takes charge of the farm, and labors long, under the most trying difficulties, to rebuild the family fortunes. An unsympathetic father and a charming but frivolous sister make the task none the easier; and little by little he begins to loose his grip on the loftier purposes of life. The glamour of prospective wealth, which looms

suddenly near, serves but as an added temptation. A sudden and unforeseen catastrophe, from which the hero escapes unscathed, restores, however, all things to their proper balance, though the fate of Jessica, the very delightful heroine, is a trifle unconvincing.

The story is entertaining at all points, the characters animated and interesting, and we feel sure that the book will be deservedly popular as a gift for the holiday season.

THOSE OF HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD. (Madame Corentine.)

By René Bazin. Translated by L. M. Leggatt. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.25 net.

The spiritual significance of Bazin's works, though uttered through the medium of French thought and local custom, applies not alone to his own country, but wherever Christian idealism still prevails, or is heroically maintaining a struggle for existence. In *The Nun*, *The Barrier*, *Davidée Birot*, Bazin has treated with remarkable power and insight the great religious problems of the day—and treated them conclusively, for, without seeming to moralize, he has pointed unmistakably to their solution. Catholicism, vitalizing every thought and action of the individual, extending from the individual to the nation till the whole be leavened; this is the answer he would propose to the distracted modern mind.

In the present work, Bazin has selected a theme more personal, but not lacking in the significance of his more avowedly religious books. It takes us to Brittany, the land of the fisherfolk, and of the sea, and relates for us the story of two of its inhabitants; Guillaume L'Héréec and Corentine, husband and wife, separated through early misunderstandings, and at last reunited by the loving tact of their little daughter, and the rugged old grandfather. The story is simply told, as befits its Breton setting.

The book from beginning to end will hold the reader. The work of translation is, in places, not altogether smooth, but these slight deficiencies do not obtrude themselves unpleasantly for, on the whole, the translation is good, and the interest of the reader will not lead him to be hypercritical. René Bazin, past-master of description and analysis, has in this book created an atmosphere and developed characters that will impress themselves indelibly on the mind. He has moved us to listen to an effective sermon on domestic peace, on the love of husband and wife, united more strongly in the child, and on its power to subdue pride and obliterate the past.

THE QUESTION OF MIRACLES. By Rev. G. H. Joyce, S.J.
The Catholic Library No. 13. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net.

Father Joyce has written this treatise against those modern liberal Protestants who profess a non-miraculous Christianity. Speaking of the modern denial of miracles he says: "These tendencies towards the denial of all supernatural interference have found no foothold within the Catholic Church. In her teaching there is no hesitation or ambiguity. She points, as she has ever pointed, to the miracles of Christ as one of the firmest grounds of our belief in His claim. And she asserts with confidence that the age of miracles is not past, but that God still manifests His power by such events."

The present volume sets forth clearly the true idea of a miracle, its possibility, its proof, its evidential value. Special chapters are devoted to the miracles of the Gospel and to ecclesiastical miracles. Father Joyce shows how untenable are the objections urged against miracles, and how overwhelming is the evidence for their actual occurrence.

A LAYMAN'S RETREATS. By Henry Owen-Lewis. Edited by Edmund Lester, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25 net.

This little volume contains the notes left by Mr. Owen-Lewis, an English convert, of nine retreats that he made under the Jesuit Fathers at Manresa. As Bishop Hedley remarks in his preface, this book is valuable, not only because it brings out clearly the great features of the admirable Ignatian spiritual groundwork, but also because "it lets us see a soul in the process of purifying and elevating itself by the spiritual exercises.....and makes us follow him in his genuine acceptance of practical Christianity—regular prayer, strictness and self-denial in food and recreation, carefulness in speech, considerateness to others, loyalty to the Church, and the courageous profession of Catholic life."

OUTSIDE THE WALLS. Tributes to the Principle and Practice of Roman Catholicism. From our Friends *Fuori le Muri*. By Benjamin Francis Musser. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.25 net.

This is an excellent book to put in the hands of a prejudiced Protestant who sees red whenever the doctrines and practices of

the Catholic Church are mentioned. He will certainly read with surprise the many beautiful tributes which his brethren, clerical and lay, have given to the celibacy of the priesthood, the Church's strong stand on the marriage question, the zeal of her missionaries, the labors of her religious orders, and the efficacy of the confessional.

GOD, MAN AND RELIGION. By Ernest R. Hull, S.J., Editor of the Bombay *Examiner*. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 25 cents.

This is the first of a series of apologetical pamphlets which Father Hull is preparing on the importance of religion, the truth of revelation, and the divinity of the Catholic Church. This volume deals with the existence of God, His chief attributes, the nature of the human soul and its final destiny, the relations between the soul and God, and the necessity of religious worship and moral service.

The book is intended primarily for unbelievers and doubters, although it will enable Catholics also to realize more fully the meaning of what they believe, and increase their intellectual knowledge of God and man.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A MISSIONARY. By Rev. W. B. Hannon. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net.

Father Hannon has given us about one hundred good stories from his missionary note-book. They set forth in an impressive manner the evils of drunkenness, irreligion, human respect, covetousness, mixed marriages, Masonry, and spiritism.

ATLAS HIERARCHICUS. By P. C. Streit, S.V.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$10.00 net.

In view of the great development of Catholic missions and the increase in bishoprics during the pontificate of Pius X., Father Streit intended to publish an enlarged edition of his Catholic mission atlas of 1906; but at the special request of the Roman Curia he published the present volume instead, which he had called an heirarchical atlas. This unique volume gives a general sketch of the various dioceses of the Catholic world, together with their divisions, statistics, history, ethnography, etc. There are thirty-six maps which are the last word in modern cartography, and an index of nearly twenty thousand cities and mission stations.

The work is published in five languages, German, Italian,

French, English, and Spanish. It is a volume that should be in the hands of every Catholic, and on the shelves of every library of the world. We regret to state that the English translation is full of misprints and grammatical mistakes.

RESTATEMENT AND REUNION. By Burnett Hillman Streeter.
New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

After reading Mr. Streeter's book, we realize fully the dismay felt by zealous High Churchmen at the inroads of Modernism and unbelief in the Church of England. Most of his restatement is a symbolic reinterpretation of the creeds in the light of modern German rationalism, and his notion of reunion is an illogical, "comprehensive" alliance or federation of think-as-you-please Churches. Our author believes that "the future of Christianity depends on its being proved to be possible to dissociate belief in the Divinity of Christ from any necessary dependence on the Virgin Birth;" that "as the interpretation of Scripture has been revolutionized in our time, the creeds must also be reinterpreted;" that it is absurd to select sixty-five books of the Old Testament and the New and call them alone inspired; that "the language of St. Paul was in no sense philosophic, but picture thinking (*sic*) derived from contemporary Apocalyptic," as, for instance, his conception of the Person of Christ: "that the traditional statements of the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Atonement are out of touch with modern thought;" "that the original type of organization in the primitive Church was not intended to last."

Mr. Streeter says a great deal about the need of authority in his book, but of course it is not the infallibility of the Catholic Church, which "is the tyrant's claim," but an authority which "does not coerce minorities or believe in the right of compulsion, but consists solely in moral prestige." An authority, in a word, that will allow a man to be free to hold any doctrine that he pleases, and to obey a command when it suits his fancy. Will you say that this is illogical? Our author will reply "that the man or the Church with a gift for logical system is the most likely of all to reach wrong conclusions." Are we reading *Alice in Wonderland*?

ROMANISM IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY. By Randolph H. McKim, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

The very title of Mr. McKim's book is a good indication of what the reader may expect to find in the author's unfair and

insulting pages. Such a travesty of Catholic teaching, such a multitude of false statements, such unqualified approval of unbelievers like Zola, Blanco White, and McCabe, we might expect to meet in the pages of the *Menace* or the *Liberator*, but not in a work written by a minister of Christ. We feel confident that many of his confrères must be ashamed of such an incompetent and unscholarly defence of the claims of Protestantism. A man that tells the American people that Cardinal Gibbons is a liar and a modernist in one breath, is simply beneath contempt. What enemy of Mr. McKim could have advised the publishing of this poorly-arranged and poorly-written hodge-podge of dishonest anti-Catholic polemics?

GITANJALI. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

Rabindranath Tagore, the Bengali poet, has presented us in *Gitanjali* with a number of "Song Offerings," chiefly religious in character.

"Presented" is perhaps an infelicitous word, for in reading his lines we have rather the impression of stumbling by accident into some shaded retreat, where a player, unaware of our presence, blows on his reeds, than of flinging wide our window to some street-singer who warbles for our pleasure, or still more sordidly for our pennies. There is undoubtedly the childlike and unconscious note in his thought, the quality of "overheardness." His delicacy of diction, his imagery of nature, though a bit too decorative and unvigorous for our Western taste, cannot fail to cast at least a superficial spell. But let us not go farther, nor attribute to that spell an esoteric quality or significance which it does not possess. The East has glamour, but it is the glamour of the mirage mocking our pursuit.

It may be that the reader will think he has found a likeness to Christian thought in many of Tagore's utterances. But we must not be deceived by mere words; the body does not always express the soul. A graceful superstructure on insecure foundations is a shame, a "house built on the sands." Penetrating, then, beneath words that might seem to carry at times almost the message of Christian mysticism, this is the skeleton that reveals itself:

Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest thy severed self in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me.

Let me for once feel that lost sweet touch in the allness of the universe.....When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable..... In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play, and here have I caught sight of him that is formless.

Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life. I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds leaving my track on many a star and planet.

And again when it shall be thy wish to end this play at night, I shall melt and vanish away in the dark, or it may be in the smile of the white morning. Nothing shall be left for me, nothing whatever, and utter death shall I receive at thy feet.

Such fragments will sufficiently manifest his philosophy: Pantheism; the all-sufficiency and comprehensiveness of this "playhouse of infinite forms;" the almost endless wanderings of the soul through its many rooms, and its final re-absorption into the "Oneness" of the universe. No wonder that he laments "The time of my journey takes long, and the way of it long," and cheerless, we fear, that "innermost shrine" of his, where waits, not personal union with the Deity, but the surrender of identity—shall we not rather say, annihilation? To use the poet's own words with regard to a symbolic landscape, "What emptiness do you gaze upon!"

Only when he forgets his inheritance, is it possible for a Christian to be tricked by the false color and drowsy spices of the Garden of the East. There are gardens where all fair shapes are carrion, and the gaudy flowers are death to touch. Shall we have to say with Tagore, "I forgot for what I had traveled, and I surrendered my mind without struggle to the maze of shadows and songs?"

THE CASE OF BELGIUM IN THE PRESENT WAR. Published for the Belgian Delegates to the United States. New York: The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.

On September 16, 1914, President Wilson received M. Henri Carton de Wiart, as a special envoy from King Albert of Belgium, to protest against Germany's violation of Belgium's neutrality, and the laws of international warfare. This little brochure of one hundred and twenty pages contains the findings and proceedings of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry, the address of the Belgian Minister of Justice, and our President's polite but non-committal answer.

OUR FAILINGS. By Rev. Sebastian Von Oer, O.S.B. Translated from the Tenth Edition by the Countess A. Von Bothmer. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.10 net.

These simple spiritual talks are intended as "an incentive to self-criticism," as the author himself tells us. He writes with the one idea of helping us to correct our many faults, and to judge the failings of others more leniently. Many a complacent penitent, who comes to confession conscious of no sin, might read with profit Father Von Oer's kindly sermonettes on touchiness, loquacity, pettiness, false shame, want of tact, curiosity, vanity, self-indulgence, and worldiness. We recommend his book highly to those who desire help in their daily examination of conscience.

THE WIFE OF SIR ISAAC HARMAN. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Wells' new novel tells the story of a loveless marriage. As usual, every character pictured is pagan to the core—hard-hearted, irreligious, sensual, worldly, and selfish. "A woman," according to Sir Isaac, "had to be wooed to be won, but when she was won, she was won. He did not understand wooing after that was settled. There was the bargain and her surrender. He on his side had to keep her, dress her, be kind to her, give her the appearance of pride and authority.....but he was to have undefined powers of control." Lady Harman, the ignorant, innocent, and submissive wife, gradually develops into a worldly-wise, rebellious woman, insisting on her rights, even to the extent of serving a jail sentence as one of England's absurd militants. Sir Isaac tries for a time to play Petruchio, but he is finally forced to compromise by fostering his wife's pet scheme of hostels for the international waitresses, and by giving her a certain measure of freedom.

Like most men of his school, Mr. Wells lays his finger on the evils of our modern social life, but he fails to suggest an effective remedy. He pictures well the modern unintellectual and irreligious business men of the day: "They care no more for the growth, the stamina, the spirit of the people whose lives they dominate than a rat cares for the stability of the house it gnaws. They want a broken-spirited people. They were in such relations willfully and offensively stupid." Of course in the New State all this callousness will disappear, and all men will be brethren. "The hidden reality which makes all things plain" will solve all problems, though how or why does not appear.

HEROES AND HEROINES OF FICTION IN MODERN PROSE AND POETRY. By William S. Walsh. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.00 net.

This volume, containing brief sketches of the famous characters of fiction, romance, poetry, and the drama, will not only prove a useful book of reference, but will serve to recall many a delightful book or favorite, half-forgotten character. We regret to note, however, that some important omissions have been made. We fail to find Katherine of Aragon, who figured so prominently in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, and Mary Stuart, the subject of so many historical romances. Another royal lady, Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, whom many have become acquainted with in W. Ware's novel of that name, and Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola* are also excluded from this romantic gathering. René Bazin's and Robert Hugh Benson's characters have likewise been slighted, though surely they have sufficiently impressed themselves on the modern mind to gain recognition. But oversights of this nature must be pardoned in view of the wealth of information comprised in the present volume.

OUTLINES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE. By Harold Binns. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$2.25 net.

Mr. Binns has attempted for the first time in English to provide students with a single-volume epitome of all the principal literatures of the world. Most of his book has been allotted to Greek and Latin authors, and to the five chief literatures of modern Europe: English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Textbooks of this type are most unsatisfactory to the general reader, as they are obliged to omit many important names, and to treat rather superficially the life and works even of the greatest masters of literature. Still in the hands of a competent teacher, the present volume can be made very helpful.

THE SPIRIT OF CARDINAL NEWMAN. With a preface by C. C. Martindale, S.J.

THE SPIRIT OF FATHER FABER. With a preface by Wilfrid Meynell. New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents net.

These companion volumes of *The Spiritual Classics of English Devotional Literature* present, in substance, the writings and consequently the spirit of two men of different gifts and temperament,

both sons of the Church by adoption, and both great warriors in her cause.

Turning to the first of these volumes, we are struck by the marvelous versatility of a mind which could write with force and attractiveness on so many and such varied subjects. The style, searching, masterful, and pure, is at once an exercise and a relief to the mind surfeited with the literary extravagances of the day. But it is not merely to synthesize the thought of the great English Cardinal that these selections have been made, but to incite the reader to further investigation of his works, to arouse his interest in the character and life of their author.

As to the gentler Father Faber, his spirit, too, dignified, poetical, and quiet, reveals itself in the little volume we have in hand. There is much of Fenélon's saneness and sweetness in his spiritual counsels; of his penetration, too, in detecting human frailties under the mask of spirituality.

Though chosen from various portions of their writings, the selections are comprehensive and coherent. We can list but one objection; the omission to indicate the source from which they have been drawn. We regret to find none of Faber's poems included, for surely they are essential in grasping his spirit. The editor has been more generous in the case of Newman, giving us several of his most beautiful religious lyrics, and closing with *The Dream of Gerontius*.

INDEX TO THE WORKS OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

Father Rickaby writes in his preface: "I claim that this *Index* be tried by these three questions: 'Did Newman say this?' 'Did he ever unsay it, and if so where?' 'Are there any notable sayings of his not brought into due prominence?'" The volume is not a concordance or onomasticon, but a safe guide to Newman's thought, in its changes and its final development. In his last days the Cardinal republished some of his Anglican works, with notes not infrequently opposed to the text. The chief retractations have been indicated in the *Index* by a phrase familiar to readers of St. Thomas, *sed contra*. We noticed some omissions, but such a book could only be perfected by use. It has been for the compiler a labor of love.

THE WOLF OF GUBBIO. By Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel Marks). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.10 net.

In the mass of literature that has been inspired of late years by the "Little Poor Man of Assisi," there is little that has retained the true Franciscan spirit, or the flavor of mediævalism. This complaint cannot be urged against *The Wolf of Gubbio*. Its author has given us the real Francis, filled with the divine intoxication of charity, the simplicity and the lyric gladness of the child. The remaining characters of the play are quite as genuine—not modern men and women tricked up in the garments of yesterday, but the real quarrelsome, whole-hearted, faith-led people of the Middle Ages, set in the proper atmosphere of belief and wonder.

The greater part of the action takes place in the little Umbrian town of Gubbio. Here St. Francis comes to celebrate Christmas Eve with its inhabitants, and here like his blessed Master, Who would not quench the smoking flax nor bend the broken reed, he cures and binds, with the infinite tact of charity, the ugly wounds of human avarice and pride, and leads his brothers one and all to the vision of the manger.

Two stories, inter-related, and very simple in theme, form the plot—the conversion by St. Francis of "Brother Wolf," who in times past preyed on the inhabitants of Gubbio, and the finding of a lost babe who is to be Christ-Child of the blessed scene about to be enacted.

The Saint's welcome to the townsfolk, the baker, the potter, the furrier, the dyer, with their wives and daughters, to "Brother Thieves," and "Brother Louis, from sweet France," as they gather to the holy place seems to come straight across the years to us from the lips of "*Il Santo*."

Welcome, beloved! Welcome ye
All met in one glad company;
Each one a singing and a light
To praise the holy night!—
Like little sorry stars we are,
And dim and small and late and far,
That follow the one Star.

Mrs. Marks has given us a play that shows intimate knowledge of, and thorough sympathy with, her subject, a play that has caught the warmth of the Christmas spirit and the evangelical simplicity of God's Little Poor Man.

THE LOST BOY. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

Henry Van Dyke has written another of his Christmas stories, taking as his theme this time the losing of the Child Jesus in Jerusalem. It is beautifully written, but the fact of our Lord's Divinity seems to be utterly lost sight of.

THE Mount Carmel Guild, Buffalo, New York, has issued, as in former years, a Catholic Calendar for 1915. Quotations drawn chiefly from Catholic sources, and expressing as far as possible the spirit of the season or of the special feast, have been fitted to each day of the year. Each month is prefaced or brought to its conclusion by a poem. The attractive appearance of the Calendar will recommend it as a suitable gift for the Christmas season. The price of the Calendar is fifty cents, ten cents additional for mailing, the proceeds to be used for charity.

A **SPLENDID** reproduction of a painting by Kaufman of our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV. has been issued by Benziger Brothers. The price is fifty cents.

THE America Press has published a timely pamphlet entitled *Justice to Mexico*. It includes the review of the attitude of the United States towards Mexico, which appeared in the *Columbiad* for October, and two editorials from *America*, entitled *An Appeal for the Persecuted* and *Shameless Brutality*. The pamphlet sells for five cents a copy, and three dollars per hundred.

WE have read with great pleasure the *Centenary Number of the Downside Review*, edited by the Abbot of Downside. The volume contains a brief account of the history of Downside for the past one hundred years, a sketch of the controversy with Bishop Baines, a record of the Australian mission, and short notices of the buildings at Downside, its library, its martyrs, and its distinguished alumni. A number of excellent portraits complete the volume.

Foreign Periodicals.

Samuel Butler of "Erewhon." By Canon William Barry. Now that Natural Selection is admitted to be no sufficient explanation of the diversity of animal species, and the most widely-read of English journals announces the discourse by Professor William Bateson at the recent Australian meeting of the British Association under the ominous title *Darwin Dropped*, it may not be out of place to recall a man who opposed "Charles Darwinism" when it was held to be the last word of science, and who "dared to think himself," in his own presumptuous words, "a match for the most powerful literary and scientific coterie that England has ever known."

Samuel Butler was born in 1835 and died in 1902. Born and bred in a rectory, he described such life with pitiless realism in his novel, *The Way of all Flesh*. Refusing to become a clergyman, he made money for four years and a half as a sheep farmer in New Zealand, and here, in 1862, was published his first work, a dialogue on Darwin's book. A skit in 1863, *Darwin Among the Machines*, gives the germ of "Erewhon," published in 1872. The argument of this volume is, roughly, to the effect that "if mechanism without a directing principle to make or guide it, could produce the almost innumerable species which we now see spread over the face of the earth, as in sky and ocean, no reason could be suggested why machines should not, by and by, govern mankind." The people of Erewhon (read Nowhere), as a logical consequence, put their machines to death.

Butler took his stand with Paley on the argument from the design manifest in the structure and function of living beings, "and he maintained, as a matter of history, that the credit attaching to a theory of evolution should be given to Buffon, Erasmus, Darwin, and Lamarck." "He tracked, through the various editions of the *Origin of Species*, changes in text, concessions to his arguments in favor of Lamarck, and silent (that is to say, unnotified) admissions, from which he drew a heavy indictment against the author's candor." Butler's own explanation, that modifications are due to long, inherited habit, that is, to unconscious memory, if not the true explanation, was, at least, then, original, and transferred the problem "from the outside of life where Darwin had given it up, to the very core of substance and the springs of action."

Butler's other achievements (he himself enumerates seventeen) include notable appearances as a painter, musician, writer of ro-

mance, Homeric scholar, and essayist. In the field of religion, he was openly anti-Christian, "a Voltairian born out of due time;" he maintained that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman, probably the Princess Nausicaa; in music he endeavored to copy Handel. He "anticipated, ironically, the Elmira system of treating criminals for disease, and the Galton doctrine of eugenics," and as a satirist he bitterly rebuked our false conventions. In spite of patent perversities, he is "a great English writer, known to few while he lived, but now, like the melancholy Burton, 'to fewer still unknown.'"—*The Dublin Review*, October.

"*Religio Medici*" and Mr. G. K. Chesterton. By Lewis Watt. Mr. Chesterton "is as much a child of his times as Sir Thomas Browne." But "the party-system and the Reform Acts have made him a democrat, as the excesses of the Puritans made Sir Thomas an aristocrat." Unlike the Medicus, Mr. Chesterton "has all the passionate attachment to clear-cut dogma, all the dislike of misty margins in thought, all the insistence that "what is true is true," of a Grand Inquisitor. He would have made an excellent understudy for Torquemada. He might not have "looked the part," but he would have played it to perfection." Both Chesterton and Sir Thomas Browne look with cheerful optimism on the cosmos. Both are Anglicans, but both "conscious of the attractions of a greater church set on a hill." Both are mystics in that "they know there is something more in the cosmos than meets the eye." Mr. Chesterton wisely fears the abuse of reason, but Sir Thomas was ready to believe anything, even in defiance of reason. Both, though with different methods, have tried to give us their answer to the Riddle of the Universe. Both write in a crisp and sparkling style, but the earlier is the more dignified; "he is, in a word, Chestertonian but not Gilbertian."—*The Month*, November.

The Dublin Review (October): W. H. Mallock summarizes *Catholic Democracy, Individualism, and Socialism*, by Father Day, S.J., and praises the author's qualifications for his task and his fairness towards opposing views.—Hilaire Belloc describes *The Modern French Temper* as excessively "objective." It insists "upon the mathematical in abstract, upon the physical in concrete, learning. It accounts for the peculiar method, certain, logical, somewhat arid, running throughout the modern intense apologetic for religion in France; the somewhat older-fashioned, but equally intense defence of pure skepticism. It accounts for the excesses of realism in literature," for the deliberately calculated policy of colon-

ial expansion and European restraint, "for the absence of speculative commercial adventure, and for the presence of more regular investment—particularly in foreign loans." "Enthusiasm is held in check," and the marvelous so suspected that it is more than unwelcome even when proved to be true. This temper has, in military affairs, discountenanced and excluded fine uniforms, the artificial attitudes of parade, exact alignments, the regimental feeling; it accepts initial defeat with indifference, and thinks retirement as much a part of the general plan as the subsequent advance. In public life it leads to *printing* about public men those criticisms which in other countries men only dare to speak. All nations are badly ruled, but only the French know it.

The Church Quarterly Review (October): In *Nature Miracles and the Virgin Birth*, the Rev. Arthur C. Headlam replies to Dr. Sanday's letter in the Kikuyu affair.—Sir Frederic Kenyon expresses disappointment over *Von Soden's Edition of the New Testament*, and over Professor A. C. Clark's attempts to determine the number of letters in a unit line of the original Biblical manuscripts.—Rev. C. R. Norcock reviews the life and work of St. Gaudentius of Brescia, prominent in ecclesiastical affairs between A. D. 404 and 410, a respected scholar, a famous preacher, a revered prelate, and a loyal friend of St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine.—F. B. Jevons devotes a long article to Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough*, showing how the latter uses as facts mere hypotheses, and, what is worse, hypotheses which in other parts of this voluminous work he himself declares worthless.

The Tablet (October 31): Tributes to Cardinal Gasparri and to the late Monsignor Benson and Reverend Mother Janet Stuart form the longer articles.—Apropos of Dr. J. G. Vance's critical study of Roger Bacon's work in the October *Dublin Review*, W. H. K. is "disposed to regard the learned Dublin reviewer as an unconscious *advocatus diaboli*." One of the "damning counts" against Bacon is his *Speculum Astronomiæ*, but Bacon's authorship of this work is extremely doubtful, as even Pere Mandonnet, O.P., admits, and Mr. A. J. Rahilly, among others, is inclined to attribute it rather to Albertus Magnus. Further, to say that Bacon's *Compendium Studii Philosophiæ* contains "a violent and indiscriminate attack on everybody and everything," is to forget that its pages contain a handsome tribute to Grosseteste and other scholars; while the denunciations of the Roman Curia which it also contains, are

explained by the fact that Bacon attributes them, "not to any evil activity on the part of the Popes, but to the unhappily prolonged vacancies in the Holy See, and the undue interference of imperial politicians." Finally, Bacon severely blamed the insufficient Scriptural studies of his day, while Dr. Vance points in answer to a long list of commentaries from that period on nearly all the books of the Old and New Testaments. But, W. H. K. asks, what about the relative importance attached to the study of the Bible and that of scholastic divinity and philosophy? Of the twenty-one volumes of Albertus Magnus and the eighteen of St. Thomas, only four volumes by each author are Scriptural commentaries; and neither of these masters, nor any one of their contemporaries, was as competent in the latter field as in philosophy and theology. Much has been done since Trent, but would that Bacon's warning had been heard in his own day, that the reforms which he cried aloud for had been introduced, and thus unfortunate schisms and heresies been prevented.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (November): John Howley presents a first paper on *Mystical Experience and Quietism*. He does not discuss those authors who look askance on less discursive types of prayer, and who hold that mystical experience is something utterly extraordinary, a Divine favor to which it would be most rash and presumptuous to pretend, which it would be dangerous to desire. But he criticizes the Quietist view, wherein the enjoyment of mystical experience depends merely on a suitable ascetic régime, and is the automatic result of the removal of psychic obstacles. According to this view, there would be no essential difference between Plotinus and St. John of the Cross. It is true that all mystics agree upon the necessity of a moral preparation, the subduing of the passions, the solidifying of the will; upon an intellectual preparation, the ceasing of discursive thought, the subduing of images, sensations, emotions, the sense of self. But the Quietists wrongly assume that the Divine is a latent factor of consciousness, potentially visible, and really only the indeterminate concept of Being reached by abstraction; they rashly produce psychic inactivity, and thus leave the way open for accidents, often scandalous, sometimes abominable; they make contemplation too easy, they would teach what St. Teresa found difficult, to all; they fail in humility, thinking that they of themselves have reached the Divine. And thus Buddhist and Sufi, Illuminati and Quietist, are seen to be distinct in attitude and method from the orthodox Catholic mystic.—The Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S.J., presents some practical methods of

training the will; and he notes that for this end the more useless and trivial the external exercise practised, the better. "The exercise should be solely and wholly undertaken *as a will exercise*. The moment the utilitarian element enters in, the will element diminishes—at least, so it was found from experience."——Rev. Father Alfred, O.S.F.C., writes of *Richlieu and His Times*, reviewing the Cardinal's activities as a statesman, churchman, patron of arts and letters, and his relations with the Capuchin, Père Joseph, popularly known as "the grey Cardinal."

Le Correspondant (October 25): Monsignor Batiffol summarizes the laws which should govern war, as laid down by St. Augustine and St. Thomas, and their commentators, Victoria and Suarez. All agree that war may be both just and necessary; and for a just war they require that it shall be declared by a competent public authority, for a just cause, and with a right intention. Wars for the mere purpose of glory, or of vengeance, of economic advantages, or extension of territory, are utterly unjust. Only such acts are allowed as are necessary to achieve the end, therefore the murder of non-combatants, the destruction of objects of art, and the like are immoral. Clerics may not, ordinarily, fight, but they may preach a just war, and may accompany the troops to render spiritual aid. Many other principles are laid down by these writers, so that M. Pillet, of the University of Paris, is forced to admit that these theologians, and not Grotius, were the real founders of international law.—An anonymous writer presents evidence to show that public spirit in Switzerland is favoring France, for fear of losing national independence in the event of German victory. He also gives extensive information as to the business situation in England and in Germany.

Revue du Clergé Français (October): E. Vacandard relates some of the miracles wrought by St. Genevieve, her prayers for the protection of Paris on the advent of Attila, her intercession for mercy with Childeric, and the story of her death, January 3d, about the year 500.—L. Venard reviews two works on St. Luke's writings: the one treating of St. Paul's sermon on the Areopagus, the composition and historic value of the Acts of the Apostles, by E. Norden; and another by Theodore Zahn, treating of the tradition concerning St. Luke and his writings, the sources and date of the third Gospel.

Recent Events.

The War. Our readers will find on a subsequent page a communication from a champion of the German cause, in which he administers to

the writer of the Notes in the October number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* what he looks upon as a well-deserved castigation. Most of the statements to which he refers, he characterizes as either false or nonsensical, as misrepresentations or irrelevant. One of the paragraphs is declared to be a tissue of falsehood, nonsense, and misrepresentation.

From the tone of his communication, the writer of the Notes concludes that our correspondent does not expect a reply, and that he looks for absolute submission. So far as he himself is concerned, the writer of the Notes would be content to leave the case as it stands to the judgment of every well-informed reader, since he has neither the intention nor the desire to enter into controversy.

The communication, however, affords a welcome opportunity to go somewhat more into detail in defence of the position taken by the writer, and he will make some, at least, of the assertions of our correspondent his starting point. From the nature of the case, the Notes have never made any claim to give an exhaustive treatment of the subjects upon which they touch, the field which they cover being too wide for such an effort. Although there are many points worthy of note in the progress of the war, its origin is the all-important point, especially the question at whose door the guilt is to be laid. In comparison with this, even success is a minor point; for, unfortunately, in this world success is no criterion of right, otherwise so much evil would not exist. The events, therefore, of the fortnight immediately preceding the war are of all-important moment, and a correct knowledge of them is absolutely necessary for the formation of a sound judgment.

These events, indeed, cannot themselves be fully understood without a knowledge of all that intervened between the Franco-German War of 1870-71 and the present. It would be well, indeed, to go further back and trace the history of Prussia and of the Hohenzollern House from the time of Frederick the Great. From such a study it would be seen that the present situation is

but the logical outcome of principles and causes which have been at work during the whole period. But an extensive review of that kind is altogether beyond the scope of these Notes. The publication of the White Books of Germany and Great Britain, the Orange Book of Russia, and the Gray Book of Belgium gives a more than usually good opportunity to learn the diplomatic proceedings which have had such a fateful issue, and it is upon these that the writer is content to rest his case.

The first statement in the October Notes which our correspondent pronounces to be false is that "no reader of [the ultimatum sent by Austria-Hungary to Servia] can fail to see that the author of this note must have had in view the waging of war at least with Servia, for no state wishing to retain its independent existence could have yielded to its demands." That our readers may judge for themselves how fully justified was the writer's statement, nothing more is needed than the perusal of this document, and although it takes up a great deal of space, we print it in full, particularly since by the admission of all it is to the presentation of this note that the subsequent events are due. The note was addressed on the twenty-third of July by the Austro-Hungarian Government to the Servian Government, through the medium of the Austro-Hungarian Minister in Belgrade. The following are its terms:

On the 31st of March, 1909, the Servian Minister in Vienna, on the instructions of the Servian Government made the following declaration to the Imperial and Royal Government:

"Servia recognizes that the *fait accompli* regarding Bosnia has not affected her rights, and consequently she will conform to the decisions that the Powers may take in conformity with Article 25 of the Treaty of Berlin. In deference to the advice of the Great Powers, Servia undertakes to renounce from now onwards the attitude of protest and opposition which she has adopted with regard to the annexation last autumn. He undertakes, moreover, to modify the direction of her policy with regard to Austria-Hungary, and to live in future on good neighborly terms with the latter."

The history of recent years, and in particular the painful events of the 28th June last, have shown the existence of a subversive movement with the object of detaching a part of the territories of Austria-Hungary from the monarchy. The movement, which had its birth under the eye of the Servian Government, has gone so far as to make itself manifest on both sides of the Servian frontier in the shape of acts of terrorism and a series of outrages and murders.

Far from carrying out the formal undertakings contained in the declaration of the 31st March, 1909, the Royal Servian Government has done nothing to repress these movements. It has permitted the criminal machinations of various societies and associations directed against the monarchy, and has tolerated unrestrained language on the part of the press, the glorification of the perpetrators of outrages, and the participation of officers and functionaries in sub-

versive agitation. It has permitted an unwholesome propaganda in public instruction. In short, it has permitted all manifestations of a nature to incite the Servian population to hatred of the monarchy and contempt of its institutions.

This culpable tolerance of the Royal Servian Government had not ceased at the moment when the events of the 28th June last proved its fatal consequences to the whole world.

It results from the depositions and confessions of the criminal perpetrators of the outrage of the 28th June that the Sarajévo assassinations were planned in Belgrade, that the arms and explosives with which the murderers were provided had been given to them by Servian officers and functionaries belonging to the *Narodna Odbrana*, and finally, that the passage into Bosnia of the criminals and their arms was organized and effected by the chiefs of the Servian frontier service.

The above-mentioned results of the magisterial investigation do not permit the Austro-Hungarian Government to pursue any longer the attitude of expectant forbearance which it has maintained for years in face of the machinations hatched in Belgrade, and thence propagated in the territories of the monarchy. The results, on the contrary, impose on it the duty of putting an end to the intrigues which form a perpetual menace to the tranquillity of the monarchy.

To achieve this end the Imperial and Royal Government sees itself compelled to demand from the Royal Servian Government a formal assurance that it condemns this dangerous propaganda against the monarchy; in other words, the whole series of tendencies, the ultimate aim of which is to detach from the monarchy territories belonging to it, and that it undertakes to suppress by every means this criminal and terrorist propaganda.

In order to give a formal character to this undertaking the Royal Servian Government shall publish on the front page of its Official Journal of the 26th June (13th July) the following declaration:

"The Royal Government of Servia condemns the propaganda directed against Austria-Hungary—i. e., the general tendency of which the final aim is to detach from the Austro-Hungarian monarchy territories belonging to it, and it sincerely deplors the fatal consequences of these criminal proceedings.

"The Royal Government regrets that Servian officers and functionaries participated in the above-mentioned propaganda, and thus compromised the good neighborly relations to which the Royal Government was solemnly pledged by its declaration of the 31st March, 1909.

"The Royal Government, which disapproves and repudiates all idea of interfering or attempting to interfere with the destinies of the inhabitants of any part whatsoever of Austria-Hungary, considers it its duty formally to warn officers and functionaries, and the whole population of the kingdom, that henceforward it will proceed with the utmost vigor against persons who may be guilty of such machinations, which it will use all its efforts to anticipate and suppress."

This declaration shall simultaneously be communicated to the royal army as an order of the day by his Majesty the King, and shall be published in the Official Bulletin of the army.

The Royal Servian Government further undertakes:

1. To suppress any publication which incites to hatred and contempt of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the general tendency of which is directed against its territorial integrity;
2. To dissolve immediately the society styled *Narodna Odbrana*, to confiscate all its means of propaganda, and to proceed in the same manner against other

societies and their branches in Servia which engage in propaganda against the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. The Royal Government shall take the necessary measures to prevent the societies dissolved from continuing their activity under another name and form;

3. To eliminate without delay from public instruction in Servia, both as regards the teaching body and also as regards the methods of instruction, everything that serves, or might serve, to foment the propaganda against Austria-Hungary;

4. To remove from the military service, and from the administration in general, all officers and functionaries guilty of propaganda against the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, whose names and deeds the Austro-Hungarian Government reserves to itself the right of communicating to the Royal Government;

5. To accept the collaboration in Servia of representatives of the Austro-Hungarian Government in the suppression of the subversive movement directed against the territorial integrity of the monarchy;

6. To take judicial proceedings against accessories to the plot of the 28th June who are on Servian territory. Delegates of the Austro-Hungarian Government will take part in the investigation relating thereto;

7. To proceed without delay to the arrest of Major Voijsa Tankositch and of the individual named Milan Ciganovitch, a Servian State employe, who have been compromised by the results of the magisterial inquiry at Sarajévo;

8. To prevent by effective measures the coöperation of the Servian authorities in the illicit traffic in arms and explosives across the frontier, to dismiss and punish severely the officials of the frontier service at Schabatz and Loznica guilty of having assisted the perpetrators of the Sarajévo crime by facilitating their passage across the frontier;

9. To furnish the Imperial and Royal Government with explanations regarding the unjustifiable utterances of high Servian officials, both in Servia and abroad, who, notwithstanding their official position, did not hesitate after the crime of the 28th June to express themselves in interviews in terms of hostility to the Austro-Hungarian Government; and finally,

10. To notify the Imperial and Royal Government without delay of the execution of the measures comprised under the preceding heads.

The Austro-Hungarian Government expects the reply of the Royal Government at the latest by 6 o'clock on Saturday evening, the 25th July.

To this note there was appended the following:

ANNEX.

The criminal inquiry opened by the Court of Sarajévo against Gavrilo Princip and his accessories in and before the act of assassination committed by them on the 28th June last, has up to the present led to the following conclusions:

1. The plot, having as its object the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at the time of his visit to Sarajévo, was formed at Belgrade by Gavrilo Princip, Nedeljko Cabrinovic, one Milan Ciganovic, and Trifko Grabez, with the assistance of Commander Voijsa Tankosic.

2. The six bombs and the four Browning pistols and ammunition with which the guilty parties committed the act were delivered to Princip, Cabrinovic, and Grabez, by the man Milan Ciganovic and Commander Voijsa Tankosic at Belgrade.

3. The bombs are hand-grenades, coming from the arms depot of the Servian army at Kragujevac.

4. In order to insure the success of the act, Ciganovic taught Princip, Cabrinovic, and Grabez how to use the bombs, and gave lessons in firing Browning pistols to Princip and Grabez in a forest near the shooting ground at Topschider.

5. To enable Princip, Cabrinovic, and Grabez to cross the frontier of Bosnia-Herzegovina and smuggle in their contraband of arms secretly, a secret system of transport was organized by Ciganovic.

By this arrangement the introduction into Bosnia-Herzegovina of criminals and their arms was affected by the officials controlling the frontiers at Chabac (Rade Popovic) and Loznica, as well as by the customs officer Rudivoj Grbic of Loznica, with the assistance of various individuals.

The indictment of Serbia prefixed to the demands seems indeed formidable, and believers in the Austro-Hungarian Government will think they find a justification for its demands upon Serbia. But those who are more familiar with the methods of that government, especially those who have followed the proceedings in the Agram and Friedjung trials, will hesitate before they accept the Austro-Hungarian version of the facts. The Serbs, whether in the dominions of Austria-Hungary or of Serbia itself, had indeed no love for Austria-Hungary, nor is it hard to see why such was the case. Within the last few years, Austria-Hungary has left nothing undone to thwart and harass Serbia and the Serbs. By the annexation of Bosnia, the natural desire for union between the Serbs in Serbia and in the province of Bosnia was frustrated, and the desired outlet of Serbia to a seaport on the Adriatic was rendered impossible. When, during the first Balkan War, Serbia had won from the Turks the long desired outlet in Albania, Austria-Hungary intervened and forced her to relinquish the territory which she had conquered, and insisted on the formation of that state as a barrier between Serbia and her legitimate aspirations, for the loss of which the concession of a right of way to the sea through Albania was no adequate compensation. It has now been proved that it was Austria-Hungary that incited Bulgaria to make the attempt to strip Serbia of her gains in the first Balkan War. Hence, it is easy to recognize that Serbs and Servians smarted under the sense of manifold injuries, and may have shown their feelings in ways not very agreeable to the Austro-Hungarian Government.

But, even if the Austro-Hungarian version of the facts were accepted, no one who considers the nature of these demands, can look upon them as otherwise than impudent and insolent, and of such a character that no state with a proper regard for its independent existence could construe into anything less than a *casus belli*.

The particular demand referred to by our correspondent, that Austro-Hungarian representatives should take part in the investigations, involved a violation of the Servian Constitution and of the law of criminal procedure. In fact, even the German press, including the mouthpieces of the Chauvinists, upon the appearance of the note, expressed surprise at the lengths to which Austria-Hungary had gone, and (not being itself fully informed as to what was going on behind the scenes) was indignant that Berlin had not been asked advice, and had not received full details of the Austrian demands.

And although our correspondent seems to think it self-evident and unquestionable that the Austro-Hungarian note made reasonable demands, this view is not that of the German Foreign Secretary, who admitted to the Councillor of the English Embassy at Berlin, before the Servian reply was given, that "Servia could not swallow certain of the Austro-Hungarian demands;" and that "the note left very much to be desired as a diplomatic document" (see British White Book, No. 18). Italy, moreover, the third partner in the Triple Alliance, refused to take part with her Allies, because the war was so clearly a war of aggression; and neither Germany nor Austria-Hungary has ventured to deny the justice of Italy's contention. How any fair-minded man can think, after reading for himself the demands of Austria, that they were made with any other object than to provoke Servia to war, makes the writer wonder at the dullness of the human mind. And the wonder increases when the circumstances under which the note was presented are borne in mind. It was to be answered within forty-eight hours, and, although both Russia and England requested an extension of the time, the request was peremptorily refused. The abject and almost complete acceptance of the terms was declared by Austria to be unsatisfactory, and at once military action was taken by the bombardment of Belgrade. Enough has been said to vindicate the writer's first statement.

The second statement with which fault is found, is that it was after consultation with Russia that Servia yielded. This our correspondent pronounces to be nonsense. (The reason for the denial which our correspondent offers of this assertion has been read over several times by the writer, and he has to confess that he can make no sense out of it.) He stated in the October Notes "Servia yielded an almost complete compliance, and this is the important point to be noticed—it was after consultation with Russia that she thus

yielded." Now this is far from nonsense; it is a fact upon which the whole argument with regard to Russia being the aggressor must turn. If Russia had wished for war, the presentation of the Austro-Hungarian note would have given her the very best of justifications. The Austro-Hungarian Government knew that any attack upon Servian independence by Austria-Hungary would be an attack on Russia. This express declaration was made to her by the Russian Foreign Secretary during the Balkan War. If, then, Russia had been eager for war the ultimatum to Servia would have given her the desired opportunity. That Russia did actually advise Servia to give the reply she did, proves that Russia did not wish to accept Austria's challenge to a conflict, and that Austria was trying either to force war upon Russia, or to make her endure a humiliation which would have deprived her of all prestige with the Balkan States, and in fact with all the Slav races. In fact, as subsequent negotiations proved Russia did not wholly approve of the Servian agitation against Austria-Hungary, and was willing that the Dual Monarchy should inflict a suitable punishment upon Servia, provided only the independence of the latter should be guaranteed—a guarantee, however, which Austria-Hungary refused to give.

As to the statement about the dates of Russian mobilization, of which our correspondent complains, it may be well to specify the sequence of events up to the German declaration of war on Russia. The Austro-Hungarian note was presented at Belgrade on the twenty-third of July; the Servian answer was given on the twenty-fifth, and was declared at once unsatisfactory, and relations were broken off on that day. A partial mobilization of the Austro-Hungarian army was ordered on the twenty-sixth, and on the twenty-eighth Austria-Hungary declared war on Servia and began operations immediately. It was on the next day, the twenty-ninth, that the order was given for the partial mobilization of Russian troops after Austria-Hungary had taken military action against Servia, but this mobilization was confined to the borders of Austria-Hungary.

It was not until late in the evening of the thirty-first of July that the order for the general mobilization of the Russian army was given. This general mobilization Russia declared was forced upon her because of the German preparations, and these, as the event has proved, were very thorough. It must, however, be admitted that no mobilization of Germany's forces had yet taken place. It was on that day, however, that Germany declared the

existence of a state of war throughout the empire, while on the first of August she demanded of Russia that her troops should be demobilized; a demand to which Russia by her silence refused compliance. What foundation there is for the statement of the German White Book, to which our correspondent refers, that Russia had begun to mass troops on the border of East Prussia on the twenty-ninth of July, the writer is in ignorance.

Enough has been said upon our correspondent's criticisms to show that the paragraph in question is by no means a "tissue of falsehood, nonsense, and misrepresentation." Time and space are not sufficient to rebut his other accusations. Mention, however, must be made of his preposterous assertion that Germany was not bound by Prussia's treaty to guarantee the neutrality of Belgium. The writer will conclude by calling attention to the following statement: "In the next paragraph he describes how Sir E. Grey made a proposal for an impossible conference, and then blames Germany for his failure to achieve the impossible." The proposal thus airily declared to be impossible was one made by a statesman of world-wide reputation, and accepted not merely by France but by Italy, one of the members of the Triple Alliance. Russia also acquiesced in the proposal. The only reason why it proved impossible was the refusal of Germany.

The writer of these notes has sought from the very beginning to be entirely objective, and to base his survey and his conclusions on a very detailed and far-reaching study of the evidences. Upon the official documents of all the Governments concerned, and authoritative reports, he is willing to rest his case.

The communication, referred to by the writer of Recent Events, is as follows:

October 31, 1914.

EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD:

Being greatly disappointed and sorely grieved by the article on the European war, contained in the October issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, I submit the following criticism of that article:

The first paragraph is perhaps the only one that does not disclose an unwarranted prejudice. After reading the second paragraph, we already know what to expect from the writer of Recent Events. In speaking of the methods that have been adopted, he makes a list of some of the pet accusations which the unscrupulous portion of the English press has made against Germany, and which time and again have been shown to be either unfounded or else justifiable under the circumstances. Although this paragraph breathes the essence of the writer's prejudice, and, as regards those who have confidence in the conscientious scholarship of the contributors to *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, is well calculated to

arouse a hostile attitude towards Germany, and to incline the reader to accept as true the misstatements of the author and to follow him trustfully to his illogical conclusions, yet, as it is merely introductory to his main thesis, we pass on to the third paragraph.

This paragraph is made up substantially of the following statements:

1. Serbia could not yield to Austria's demands without sacrificing her independent existence.

2. The fact that consultation with Russia resulted in a partial compliance on the part of Serbia, "disposes of the contention" that Russia was the aggressor.

3. The German official account admits that the note to Serbia was aimed at Russia.

4. Russia did not mobilize until Austria had rejected the Servian note.

5. Russia mobilized her troops only on the borders of Austria-Hungary.

Upon these premises the author bases his conclusion that "there is no evidence that Russia took the aggressive." Now, it is submitted that the only way of coming logically to the conclusion that "there is no evidence," would be to consider everything that had been brought forward and claimed as evidence; for it is clear that if only a portion of the testimony is considered, there is always the possibility that there might be some evidence in the unconsidered portion. But even a partially informed person knows that these five statements do not contain the whole case against Russia. Evidence of the most vital importance is contained in the diplomatic interchanges between Russia and Germany during the last days of August. If the author had no time or space for the consideration of these events, he should have refrained from the drawing the conclusion that "there is no evidence."

The statements themselves are misleading. Statement No. 1 is false. Before committing himself to such a sweeping statement, the author should have indicated what basis he had for it. If he had in mind the demand that Austro-Hungarian representatives be permitted to take part in the investigations, I do not see how he can be fair-minded and at the same time construe this into a demand that Austria be allowed to interfere in the Servian legal proceedings.

Statement No. 2 is nonsense. The fact that Serbia consulted Russia, so far from disposing of the contention that Russia was the aggressor, does not in any way explain the facts or doings of Russia upon which that contention is based. It is certainly difficult to see how the fact that Russia gave Serbia some advice, should clear her from blame for her subsequent conduct.

Statement No. 3 is irrelevant; but it is misleading because it seems to imply that there was something wrong with the Austrian note, a proposition which should be proven, and not be misleadingly assumed.

Statement No. 4 is a misrepresentation, in so far as it implies that if Russia waited until Austria rejected the Servian reply, she was justified in mobilizing, whereas the complaint is not that Russia mobilized too soon, but that she mobilized without sufficient reason. If the author means that this sufficient reason may be found in the Austrian answer to Serbia's note, he is inconclusive, because it must still be proven that this answer was unjustifiable.

Statement No. 5 is false because, according to the White Paper, Russian troops were assembling on the East Prussian border on July 29th, and in the morning of July 31st the entire Russian fighting force was being mobilized against both Austria-Hungary and Germany.

In paragraph three, therefore, we see how the author has put together a

tissue of falsehood, nonsense, and misrepresentation, and drawn there from the conclusion that there is no evidence of Russian aggressiveness.

In the next paragraph he describes how Sir E. Grey made a proposal for an impossible conference, and then blames Germany for his failure to achieve the impossible.

The fifth paragraph opens with the statement that Sir E. Grey was not willing to be "baffled," thereby giving the false impression that Germany was trying to baffle him in his efforts for peace. The author then goes on to create the further false impression that the conversations looking toward peace which took place at Vienna and St. Petersburg after mobilization of the two Powers, were due entirely to the efforts of Sir E. Grey, whereas the White Paper shows that the Kaiser contributed to this result at least as much as, if not more than, Sir E. Grey.

In the sixth paragraph the author attempts to make out a case for Great Britain. It is said that Germany was a guarantor of the neutrality of Belgium. This is not true. Germany had no obligation under the treaty of 1839. She was not a party to the treaty. She never signed it. She was not in existence at that time. Twenty-four of the independent states, belonging to the German Confederation, whose soldiers marched through Belgium, had nothing whatever to do with that treaty. And yet the author apparently rests England's entire case on the violation of this treaty, which does not carry the signature of Germany.

In the seventh paragraph the author's unfairness appears in his statement that Sir Edward was willing to support any "reasonable proposal" at Paris and St. Petersburg, without mentioning the fact that he flatly refused to support such a proposal at London, the place where one would expect him to be more influential. I refer to Letter No. 123, which is Sir Edward's own handiwork. From that letter we learn that Germany proposed that Sir Edward himself formulate the conditions upon which England would remain neutral. It is difficult to conceive how a proposal could be more reasonable, but Sir Edward turned it down.

In the eighth paragraph, the author considers whether France was the aggressor. Germany asked France what her attitude would be in case of a Russo-German war. The author does not give the answer which was sent back to Berlin. That would have been fair towards Germany. Instead of that he gives the report that was made to London by Sir F. Bertie, as is quite evident from a comparison of the last part of paragraph eight with Letter 126. It is difficult to understand how anything but prejudice could incline the author to give the London report instead of the real answer received by the German Chancellor, as shown by Annex 27. There was more argument in the London report, but it did not contain the French answer, which was that France "would do that which would be required of her by her interests."

In paragraph nine, the author speaks of the heroic stand which Belgium made "in defence of her liberties." This, of course, is tantamount to an accusation that Germany threatened or endeavored to take away their liberties, an accusation which the author must have known to be false; because it is known that Germany offered to respect both the integrity and independence of Belgium and indemnify her for all damage. When German soldiers crossed Luxembourg, and when Canadian soldiers crossed the State of Maine, neither Luxembourg nor the United States considered it necessary to grasp the sword and rush to the front and do heroic deeds in defence of their liberties; and yet neither country lost a particle of its freedom.

In paragraph ten the author considers whether Serbia was the aggressor.

After saying several things which have no bearing on this question, but which are well fitted to bias the unquestioning reader against Austria-Hungary, the author makes the only remark which is even slightly relevant. He says that of the complicity of the Servian government in the crime of Sarajévo, there has been "no proof." If he had said there was "insufficient proof" it might perhaps be possible for him to claim that he was fair-minded; but when it is conclusively demonstrated that the assassination plot was formed at Belgrade with the special assistance of a Servian army officer named Voija Tankosic, that he procured the bombs for the assassins, and that the bombs came from the arms depot of the Servian army at Kragujevac, all of which is shown by the annex to Letter 4 of the British White Paper, it must be admitted that there is at least sufficient proof to excite a very strong suspicion. Moreover, it is not a question of proving the complicity of the Servian government in the murder of Ferdinand, but the question is: was Servia justified in refusing compliance with the Austrian demands to make investigations in the manner requested, to mete out commensurate punishment to the persons found guilty, and to adopt adequate measures for the protection of the Dual Monarchy against similar outbreaks in the future. This is the question at issue, yet the author excuses Servia without considering it.

In paragraph eleven, although the author in paragraph three had already decided in favor of Russia, he again considers the question. And this time he offers "evidence that seems conclusive." This evidence is the opinion of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Berlin, that "Russia neither wanted nor was in a position to make war." In paragraph ten the findings of fact made by the Court of Sarajévo furnished "no proof," and in paragraph eleven the opinion of an Ambassador is "evidence that seems conclusive." If this is not prejudice, then there is no such thing.

In paragraph twelve, the author describes the difference between the British White Paper and the German White Paper. In so far as he refers to their contents, it appears that the chief difference is that the former contains facts and the latter contains allegations. This requires no comment.

In paragraph thirteen the author says that Austria-Hungary refused to guarantee the complete independence of Servia. This is false, as shown by Annex 3, in which we read: "Count Berchtold has officially declared to Russia that there is no intention of acquiring Servian territory, nor of threatening the continued existence of the Servian Kingdom, but that all that is desired is to obtain permanent relief from Servian machinations that threaten Austria's existence."

In the next four paragraphs the author seeks the causes of the war in what has happened since 1871. He briefly sketches the nature, origin, and growth of Treitschkeism, and pretends that it is a brief historical sketch of Germany! That Treitschke represents Germany or the German people is not true. The Socialists, Poles, Catholics, and Jews certainly constitute more than half the population of Germany, and no one acquainted with Treitschke's career in the Reichstag would say that he had a right to speak for these classes. Germany's real historian, Ranke, said that Treitschke was no historian at all, but a polemical writer. And a polemical writer can not represent a people.

In paragraph nineteen it is said that "Deutschland über alles" is not only a song, but an ethical principle. In the light of the four immediately preceding paragraphs, one gets the impression that this "ethical principle" is the desire of the German people for world dominion, and hence that this song is the expression of that desire. Several reasons incline me to brand this statement

as false. First, it is of a libellous nature, and advanced without proof. Any person, not under the sway of a terrible prejudice, indicting a whole people so gravely, would not fail to accompany the indictment with some convincing evidence. Secondly, I have heard this song sung hundreds of times by Germans of all classes, and not once was it ever given the interpretation put upon it by the writer of *Recent Events*. Thirdly, the text of the song itself contradicts the idea of world dominion. It definitely prescribes the boundaries of that Germany which the poet calls upon his countrymen to love above everything else: "Von der Maas bis an die Memel, von der Etch bis an den Belt." Fourth, instead of being an ambitious plea for world dominion, the text of the song shows that it is a patriotic plea for unity with justice and freedom:

Einigkeit und Recht und Freiheit
Für das deutsche Vaterland,
Danach lasst uns alle streben,
Brüderlich mit Herz und Hand.

Fifth, we find nothing in the other writings of Hoffman von Fallersleben, the author of this song, or in his biography, that would warrant us in concluding that he cherished any dreams of world empire. Sixth, this song was composed in 1841, whereas the vagaries of those writers having Treitschke as their coryphæus did not come into prominence until 1870. Seventh, in order to present the vision of universal empire, it should be more in the manner in which the English poet, Thomas Tickell, early in the eighteenth century, addressed Queen Anne. He said:

Great Queen! whose name strikes haughty monarchs pale,
On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale;
Whose arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,
On whose decree the nations anxious wait;
From Albion's cliffs thy wide extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command,
So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,
Its circling skies shall see no setting sun.

Paragraph twenty is perhaps harmless, in so much as its inconsistent statements neutralize each other. For instance, the statement that the Kaiser "was on the list of candidates for the Nobel Peace Prize," is inconsistent with the assertion that "at all times and by every means he encouraged the war spirit." Again, the remark that "he never listened to any advice except such as was agreeable to him," is out of harmony with an allusion to "that opinion to which he has had to yield."

But if paragraph twenty is harmless, the author makes up for it in paragraph twenty-one. Here he does not hesitate to charge that for the brutal way in which the war has been waged, the responsibility is wholly the Kaiser's. This charge is, of course, based on the gratuitous assumption that there has been brutality other than that which is generally incident to war, and that this brutality is all on the German side. And the proof that he offers amounts to this: The Kaiser once made a speech encouraging cruel methods in war; therefore he is wholly responsible for the cruelties of a war waged fourteen years later. Or this: The Kaiser encouraged cruelty in Peking; therefore he is wholly responsible for the cruelties in Belgium. As regards German brutality,

we may refer to the report of five American newspaper men, Roger Lewis, Irvin S. Cobb, Harry Hansen, James O'Donnell Bennett, and John T. McCutcheon. In addition to this we have, in regard to Louvain in particular, the testimony of Dr. Coenrad, a Catholic priest, a Belgian citizen, and the Vice-Regent of the Louvain University. These witnesses are unimpeachable, and their evidence is by far the best that has thus far been produced. They exonerate the German soldiery from blame for any brutality or the loss of Louvain.

Paragraph twenty-two is but an implied repetition of the already mentioned falsehood about world-dominion.

The last paragraph is worthy of its predecessors, and one understands very well whom the author means when he closes with the words "reactionary governments or peoples." When applied to a people whose progress during the past forty years has admittedly been wonderful, the epithet "reactionary" is one of doubtful propriety.

In the foregoing criticism, I have not, of course, attempted to make a constructive argument either for or against any nation now at war. My purpose was merely to show that in his treatment of the situation, the writer of Recent Events was outrageously unfair from start to finish.

WILLIAM STERNBERG,

Omaha, Nebraska.

EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD:

My Dear Editor: I have the pleasure of reading your publication every month, and of course now am naturally interested in the opinion of a leading Catholic editor on the causes of the war. I find, as many do besides me, a completely one-sided narrow view permeating the English press (for we have no American press, as I find that ninety per cent of the foreign correspondents to American papers, and an overbalancing part of the financing devotedly British). So I am not surprised at what is being doled out both from Catholic and non-Catholic pens alike, nor am I provoked, for many know not what they do.

It never perhaps came to your mind that if the Kaiser and his staff were Masons, they would at least not be condemned as barbarians, as our own rulers were not treated by the press after the recent unspeakable Mexican barbarities. There is absolutely no comparison in criminality, so much does the Mexican atrocity exceed the reported and much lamented Belgian. Also remember how short since England and her "dependency" (for so she deems U. S.) ceased to howl and cry down Congo atrocities. And why are the Masonic powers of France, England, and Belgium trying all they can to deny the Sacraments to the dying in the field? Why is this continual howl against Austria the barbarous and Germany the Hun? Why again? Is it for a good cause? Oh, perish the thought! for the English press is the most lying adulterous form of diabolical perversion that ever issued from the sewer of satan. I confidently say that no other language has been the vehicle of so much corruption since the constitution of the world. Again, why is it that a few churches that the people did not own in some cases, and which were used as military stations in the war, are continually pictured again and again as being raided and demolished with such loss to civilization, whereas in 1900 when all the property of Christ was sold in France for a few paltry francs there was not a murmur? Did that ever occur to your mind as strange? That is not the finger of God, it is that of satan.

The neutrality of Belgium! You may not be aware of the fact—but it is so—that at the end of last year after the Morocco trouble, Lord Kitchener stealthily went down to France, and there met the Belgian and French staff, and therewith agreed that in case of war with Germany, France and England would march on Belgium, who was to not alone permit but assist. How carefully that is hidden. Belgium is the victim of the English greed for gold. Why does she not feed them now even though she is the richest country on earth? How many soldiers did England send to help Belgium? a miserable five thousand, who in time of trouble ran for their lives into Holland.

You say that "By those who have lived in Germany it is said that it is impossible for anyone who has not had the experience to realize how great is the arrogance of the military caste." Now it has been proved openly before the world that Germany loves her sons on the field with every fibre of her heart, and that of all the loved men in the world to-day the Kaiser is the most adored. I assure you there is no extent to the love of Germany, man, woman and child, for her brave sons. You may call that barbarity if you wish.

Then you state that Serbia did almost everything for Austria. She did everything but the very vital thing, that is, to allow Austrian officials to unearth the plot for the murder of the Crown Prince and his wife. And again why did not Serbia do this one thing which the Masonic and Catholic press alike say she should not be asked to do? Because the unearthing of that plot would discover the Russian paw which Serbia herself could not do, and which Austria knew well would not be done by anyone outside herself. You might not be also aware that the Masons have sworn by all means to extirpate the house of Hapsburg, and that Ferdinand and his wife were devoted lovers of the Sacred Heart—in fact they were exemplary in their lives. I know that you must be aware that Austria and Germany have Catholic subjects to the amount of seventy or more millions against England's miserable two out of forty. And as for France, well the less said the better.

In all truth Germany has outgeniused the world. No one can make guns as she, nor ammunition, nor trenches, nor aircraft, nor can they equal her magnificent cruisers and submarines, nor can they even stop the wounds of their soldiers without German stopping. And what about the German wounded? Do you hear anything of them? It is all British Red Cross. If you knew all the graft and robbery in that connection you would be a sadder and a wiser man for letting loose any misguided sympathy. Every army, if it is an army, ought to have a complete corps for the taking care of the wounded. England says she is the richest country in the world, yet she has to apply to her "cousin" to help her wounded. On the contrary, in the German army is enlisted the greatest surgical and medical talent and the best equipped ambulance corps in the known world. Hence she has made no imposition on neutral nations for the care of her wounded. It is strictly her own work, and she is doing it and doing it nobly.

As a Catholic I believe that if the Allies triumph, it will be the greatest victory that Masonry could achieve, but I believe while the whole world may be false, there is One Who is true, Who is also omnipotent, Whose mighty power will ultimately slay the slimy hand of satan, that that same Omnipotent one will lead the German army to victory, scoff who may at the idea that "God is with them;" and, therefore, I confidently, fervently, and constantly pray that the lying, the calumny, the deception, in fine the systematic campaign of abuse on the part of the Allies, will naught avail against a people the bravest, the truest to their country, the admittedly most civilized, the most highly disciplined, aye and the most magnanimous even to their enemies, the most de-

voted to their homes, and their God that ever took up arms for the protection of their national existence.

Yours in Dno,

P. J. KILLEEN,

Church of St. Thomas, International Falls, Minnesota.

November 9, 1914.

EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD:

Will you permit me to congratulate you upon your admirable paper upon the war in the last three-months of *THE WORLD*. I have hardly read anything so illuminating and so just as these papers under "Recent Events."

I only wish some others would state their case in such a broad-minded, temperate manner as you have shown in reviewing the causes of war, and in apportioning the blame.

Sincerely yours,

E. O. OTIS,

Boston, Massachusetts.

October 1, 1914.

EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD:

I have just read your article on the war; and I want to say that it is by all means the best I have seen on the subject. The method so much in vogue, both in the pulpit and press, of diving in anywhere and taking short cuts to conclusions, is an insult to the intelligence of the reading public, and does very much harm even among Catholics. Explanations that do not explain are worse than useless. Of course, there are many who can and do go to the bottom of such questions, but when they are through, most people do not know whether they are at the bottom or the top. You have not only gone to the root, but you have taken no short cut to the surface; and, best of all, the man in the street knows what you are talking about.

You will pardon me for writing, but I think it does not hurt us to learn once in a while that we have done well.

Sincerely yours,

HUGH J. CANNING,

Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, Canada.

November 19, 1914.

EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD:

While reading the two last issues of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, I have been quite surprised to note the biassed tone and argument of your editorial pages, where articles relating to the causes, etc., of the present European war were presented. With a Catholic public, as a rule, reading your publication, your attitude has been almost contradictory to the sentiment and belief of a great number, if not the major portion, of those of our faith who have not been deceived by the false and distorted accounts of the European war and its causes. I cannot for one, of a very great many who think likewise, agree with your version of the war's causes, and would much prefer that you either eliminated all such articles or printed only the sensible statements of both sides, letting the reader judge as to the guilt or innocence of the combatants, as may be deduced by them, your readers.

In your last editorial article, with the usual English style of reasoning, wrong or right always in our favor, you give or make it appear that the sole cause of the titanic conflict was German militarism. Let us reply. How about English navyism, "Britannia rules the waves, now and always?" French militarism fanned into heat with hopes for revenge? Russian militarism? etc. We are supposedly fair-minded people, who have enough to seek honestly the true reason of this war. Yet it would seem that satan himself could scarcely perpetuate more falsehoods through English and Russian newspaper methods, than are being spread broadcast to-day, with imitators a-plenty among even the religious folk. There is, however, the relieving comedy, that almost every day's issue gives the lie directly or indirectly to previous publications.

To take up the question as to the cause of the war, I would refer to an article in the *New York Times* of October 7th, written by Dr. L'Escaille, a Belgian official, or if you will look over Dr. Crane's humorous editorial of last evening's *Globe*. Or better still take this week's issue of *The Evening Post* (Saturday), wherein you may read a fair and honest treatment of the subject by Bernhard Dernburg, entitled *Germany and England—The Real Issue*. Also it may serve to remember that not all, only a very few, of the Irish or their American progeny are duped by England's plausible, yet nevertheless, lying attempts to put the blame where it does not belong—as she always did and probably ever will continue to do, until she has taken the way of God—instead of land and gold. All her assurances, adopted by her obsequious American brotherhood and her positive declarations, that we must believe that the writings of the warlike Bernhardi, the ravings of Trietsche, and the pseudo philosophy of Nietzsche, are veriest rot and nonsense. For you and I well know that not one person in ten thousand or even fifty thousand or more ever heard of or bothered about them until English writers found the real last and first cause why she was compelled to cowardly enter upon the scene—believing it a very good time to check or crush her peerless rival while four or five other powers were trying to beat her.

I think I realize how difficult must be the various situations to the editors who feel compelled from time to time to voice their opinions. And I believe that justice must some day prevail. And from us, at least, it demands a fair hearing for all sides. Any unfair prejudice works untold harm, especially with a Catholic paper or magazine, which I hope will not be the way with *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, because you will have corrected any offence, in time.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

JOHN H. DOOLEY,

Corpus Christi Church, New York City.

Space does not permit the publication of other letters received. We have, however, printed all the letters that took exception to the views expressed by the writer of Recent Events. Those omitted express agreement with him and extend the thanks of the writers.—
[Ed. C. W.]

With Our Readers.

A VALUABLE article on Catholic life in Ireland appeared in the *British Review* for November. It is written by A. R., a priest, who has labored for thirty-eight years among the Irish people. The article is of timely importance just now because of the appearance of a notoriously unfair book, entitled *Father Ralph*, which deals with the priests and people of Ireland. The title of A. R.'s article is *Through Practical Spectacles*. As one who has seen and who knows, he shows how the Irish parish priest has held and holds his place in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, and his power in the counsels of the nation.

"It is not difficult," says the writer, "to understand the close union of priests and people in Ireland." Springing almost exclusively from the respectable middle class—the farmers in the country and the merchants in the towns—the Irish parish priest is a child of the people."

* * * *

ALL things make smooth the young priest's path from the beginning. "He has not so much to win a position for himself in the esteem of the people as to maintain a position already won." How this goodly inheritance of affection and respect was won is shown in part in a recent work, *Irish Priests in Penal Times*, by the Reverend William Burke. It was founded in self-sacrifice, and the mortar that knits together its stones was, as in the old Irish castles, mingled with blood. In those terrible days, the atrocities and devastation, the memory of which have been brought back to Irish minds by recent events in Europe, the priest suffered with his people and for them. "I myself," says the writer, "have known and conversed with an Irish landlord whose father was invited to join with other landlords of my native country in a 'priest hunt,' the 'meet' being outside his own demesne walls, where Mass was to have been said, and where the quarry was sure to be found." If the covert was drawn blank, it was not the fault of the red-coated squires.

* * * *

NOT the past alone, but the present also, gives an explanation of the affection and union between priests and people. Daily does the priest administer to a people the most responsive and grateful in the world. The charm and courtesy of the Irish homes shine forth most clearly when a priest is to be welcomed. The mother of the household welcomes him with an ease that shows that although she

may be poor, she is the mistress of her house and the dispenser of its hospitalities. No duchess could outdo her in dignity and grace. And in truth in many cases these peasants are really the Irish aristocracy. A natural refinement of manner characterizes the people, and differentiates these plain folk from the boorish peasantry of other lands, and renders a parish priest's relations with them so happy, and his visitations such an education in good manners and stately self-respect.

The writer then gives a most interesting and touching account of the "Stations" in Ireland.

The custom of holding "Stations," or Mass with confession and Communion, in the private houses still exists in many country parts. When at the Westminster Eucharistic Congress I described such a station and the joy with which it filled my heart, I fear the eminent ecclesiastics who were listening were chiefly impressed by the breach of the rubrics which such "Stations" to their minds involved. Their wonder must have been great when they saw the Irish in my audience quietly weeping as I revived their memory of the station mornings in Holy Ireland. I venture to print here the passage from my Congress paper:

"St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans uses a phrase which seems specially applicable to the 'Station-house' in Ireland. '*Domestica Ecclesia*,' the Church in the home, was the Church round which the heart-strings of the Irish people were twined for many generations, and to which in some parts of the country they still fondly cling. It is true that for the most part the 'Stations' are now held not in the homes but in the churches. Still, in remoter parts of extended country parishes it has been found unwise for the sake of religion to break with the ancient custom, and speaking for myself, and, I am sure, for very many of my fellow-priests, I must say that there is no part of a parish priest's ministration more full of consolation, more reverent to the Sacred Mysteries, or more evidently fruitful for simple faithful souls. Twice a year, at Christmas-time and at Easter-time, the country home is prepared for the coming of the Divine Visitor. Within and without the *Domestica Ecclesia* is cleansed and reverently set in order for this greatest of honors and of blessings. The families in the immediate neighborhood have gathered with their households, and are waiting when the priest arrives. The best room has been prepared for the hearing of confessions, and there the old and young, master and mistress, and servant, enter in turn and receive the Sacrament of Penance. The priest is always the father of his flock, but it would be hard to imagine circumstances more calculated than these to bring home to him and to his spiritual children the sweet realities of his sacerdotal fatherhood. Confessions ended, or, at least, the Mass hour come—for in older days before the drain of emigration the confessions had to be resumed, and were often continued far into the day—the priest enters the roomy 'kitchen,' as the larger chamber is generally called, and there all has been prepared for Holy Mass. The walls and even the roof-beams are snowy white; gleaming metal, sparkling glass and china tell what loving hands have done to show their simple reverence. The homely table is the 'Mensa' of this domestic chapel, and altar-stone, and altar-clothes, crucifix, and lighted wax candles, and all other rubrical essentials for the Holy Sacrifice are duly arrayed. The priest has vested, and begins his *Introibo ad altare Dei*. Reverently grouped around, kneeling on the rude floor, as often as not a floor of clay, the worshippers join with him in the great Act. The time for the Communion comes and the Bread of Life is distributed. Little

children whose happy day has not yet come look on with longing eyes. The priest passes them by now, but it will not be always so. In the same places their fathers and grandfathers had knelt as children, knelt and waited. It is Hope looking on at Faith and Love. The Mass over, priest and people make thanksgiving together, and in another hour the simple house resumes its usual appearance. But the place has been sanctified, and the blessing seems to cling to these homes 'unspotted from the world.' When at night the household again gathers there for the rosary, the memory of the morning's blessing hangs like incense around the place, and that nightly rosary goes on until the Blessing comes again. What wonder that such homes were loved with a holy love, and that even their ruins, too sadly numerous in the land, should be regarded with veneration, and their demolition resented as a kind of sacrilege?"

* * * *

SPEAKING of the changed conditions effected by recent legislation, the writer states that doubts have been expressed of the continuation of the old religious fervor and the old respect for the priests. His answer is: "I see no reason for such doubts. We shall be loved and respected in Ireland so long as we love and respect our people, and work for their spiritual and temporal interests as those before us loved and worked. When we fail them, they will fail us; but not till then. They are still, as they have ever been, 'our Joy and our Crown,' and so long as that lasts the Soggarth Aroon will continue to wear his halo of affection in the eyes of his Irish flock."

THE figure with which we introduce this paragraph may be unreasonable, but time has nothing to do with the truth of the simile. Some months ago we walked in a rose garden, and our first impression was of admiring wonder at its varied and striking harmony. Not only were the roses beautiful, but all the roses together expressed a beauty greater and grander than any one rose alone could possibly have done. They were of every color that a rose can show; some were of vivid red; some of pure white.

And the thought came to us of how necessary it is for the soul to keep, and at times to express, the color of all its worthy emotions, if it is ever to reach its full flowering. Every power that can add to its beauty or its strength must be cultivated. We will differ in glory as we have achieved one virtue more than another; or achieved the same virtue with greater or less heroic fullness. But into our glory must be woven the color of every virtue, in order that the answer to God's creative act may be complete and harmonious.

* * * *

AT different stages of the world's history, different virtues have stood forth as necessary to be cultivated or expressed because of the world's particular needs. Whatever is good in the world's tendency

at the moment that will the Christian take, and through it strive to lead the world to God. He will influence the world, and the world's needs and desires will influence him. Yet the wise man will know that the excess of virtue is a defect; and that only the guidance of the Church has kept the balance of the scales for an insecure humanity.

* * * *

AT the present time there is much talk of peace, and no follower of the Prince of Peace but will promote with all his power such a holy cause. But when of peace there is born the spirit of unprincipled or principleless compromise, the true Catholic will draw a hard and severe line. Peace has its price no less than war. Through sanctity and justice alone are we to be led to the way of peace.

To the things of sanctity and justice the peaceful man is heroically faithful: and anything that violates them makes his soul blush with that color of red which we call indignation, and without which no follower of Christ is worthy of the name. We fear that in many quarters indignation has gone out of fashion. It has become bad form. No matter what is said or done, it is unbecoming to show indignation. One must stand by and hear the things of time and eternity that are most dear to him; that he knows to be as true as God Himself; with which his whole life is bound up—one must stand by and hear these denied, or brought into question, or termed immaterial, and never show indignation.

* * * *

DIGNITY is an essential quality of a gentleman, and a Christian is a gentleman. When his dignity is offended, a man may show resentment of the indignity: he may justly and properly show indignation. He will show it, not for any petty self-satisfaction, but in order to keep alive among men reverence and respect for the things that alone make life itself dignified.

* * * *

IT is a question as to how much of the spirit of so-called peace, toleration, and compromise is born of a real love of peace or of a loss of reverence for, and belief in, the things that once were held sacred and that really count. How far has modern literature and the modern theatre, through its cleverness, succeeded in winning us over and making us blind to the mission of doubt, of irreverence, of indifference that it has carried on. The book or the play taste pleasantly to our intellectual palate, and we have swallowed the dangerous capsule before we knew what was inside. When one has gone so far as to look with complacency upon a clever and humorous denial of the things most

sacred to a Catholic and a Christian, he has abdicated one of the strongest outworks of the soul's defence. When it is incapable of showing red, the soul is in a weak condition. And the worst evil of much modern writing in book and in play is not that it is immoral, in the sexual sense; not that it denies religious truth; no, the evil is more subtle than that: it is because such books rob us of the power of indignation.

THE following words of our Holy Father Benedict XV. should stimulate all of us to a more faithful and devout reading of the Holy Gospels. The Society of St. Jerome has for its special object the promotion of the reading of the Gospels. Recently the Holy Father wrote to His Eminence Cardinal Cassetta, President of the Society, as follows:

"The Pius Society of St. Jerome is dear to Us, principally for its end, which is doubtless useful at all times, but most evidently so in the present day above all others. Indeed, experience shows so clearly that it hardly needs pointing out that the errors of society to-day arise from the fact that the life, works, and teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ have fallen into the profoundest oblivion, and that men no longer think of gaining inspiration from them for their daily actions. There cannot be the slightest doubt, then, that a work in the highest degree advantageous for the leading of souls towards Christian perfection is being done by those who strive, as you are striving, for the spreading of the Divine Gospels, and We have every reason to congratulate all the members of the Society, and especially you, Venerable Brother, not only for the undertaking, excellent in itself and most pleasing to Us, but also for the zeal with which, as We Ourself have seen, you have striven to spread, during these years, the holy books in greater numbers and more accurate form. It is Our ardent desire—and Our earnest exhortation—that from your admirable effort you not only reap the fruit of the largely extended diffusion of the books of the Gospels, but that you also gain another advantage which would be one of Our ideals—that the sacred books may enter into the bosom of Christian families and be there as the Gospel drama which all seek with care and guard jealously, so that the faithful may accustom themselves to read the Holy Gospels and commentaries every day, learning thus to lead holy lives in every way in conformity with the Divine Will."

A book that will enable the faithful to follow the instruction of the Holy Father is *The Saviour's Life*, published by The Paulist Press at the price of fifty cents, which gives the Life of our Saviour in one continuous narrative in the exact words of the Four Gospels.

THE question of population is a most important one to-day with every serious thinker. The continued decrease of population through a lessening of the birth-rate, has caused more than one government to be alarmed and to take steps for remedying the evil. The Catholic Church has ever maintained that fidelity to the law of God is the only way to healthy national life. Sociologists and sectarians may, in forgetfulness of the greater truths, expound false principles of economics and unchristian views of marriage and the family, but the law of God which is above all such theories will surely vindicate itself.

Where the Catholic Church is strong, there is national life strong. Religious belief has a direct relation to the growth of population.

* * * *

AN important article by Meyrick Booth, himself a Protestant, in the *Hibbert Journal* for October, deals with the movement of population, with a special reference to the manner in which this movement is affecting the position and prospects of present-day Protestantism. He brings forward very valuable statistics.

With regard to England, he shows that there is a marked decrease of births among the whole of the non-Catholic middle, upper, and cultured classes, and among what he calls "the cream" of the non-Catholic working-class families.

This decline is not due to the fact that many dwell in towns, since the decrease in many country districts of England has been much greater than in some of the largest cities. It is not owing to the growth of luxury, for it is quite as marked in poor districts as in well-to-do centres. The English middle-class birth-rate has fallen to the extent of over fifty per cent during the last forty years, and the well-to-do artisan birth-rate has declined in the last thirty years by fifty-two per cent. These are the classes among which the Protestant Churches are strongest.

* * * *

WHILE the decline in England was rapid, the birth-rate in Ireland rose by three per cent, and the Dublin rate by no less than nine per cent, from 1881 to 1891. The towns in England that show the smallest decrease are those where Catholics are numerous. All the cotton towns of Lancashire show a decrease in the birth-rate; but the town of Preston where Catholics are more numerous than in any of the other towns, shows the smallest decrease. Of two towns in another section, where living and laboring conditions are identical, the birth-rate of the one where Catholics are more numerous is twenty per cent higher than that of the other. The difference between the fertility of Catholic families and Protestant in England and Wales is so great that

this Protestant writer says that if "the Roman Church is able to hold its own, the maintenance of its present birth-rate will ensure its ascent to a predominant position in Great Britain."

* * * *

THE rapid decrease of the birth-rate in France has long been a scandal to the civilized world. It is well, however, as the writer shows, to bear in mind that the figures for France vary to an extraordinary extent in different sections of that country. There are certain districts that show a higher birth-rate than that found in the usual country English district. The five departments of France where the decline is most marked, are just those departments that more than any others lost their allegiance to the Catholic Church. M. Leroy Beaulieu has shown that the most prolific parts of France are those where the people have remained faithful to the Church. The families of those, who under the revival of religion during the past decade in France have returned to the Church, show a marked increase of births. "Roman Catholicism—even in France—is very considerably more prolific than English Protestantism."

In Germany "there has been for some years a steady increase in the Catholic element, and we may safely assume that this increase is due to the difference of birth-rate which is in favor of the Roman Catholic population." The birth-rate of Catholic and Protestant sections of the country, or of cities, shows a marked difference and always to the credit of the former.

* * * *

WITH regard to the United States the article shows the very marked decrease in the birth-rate among Protestants. The writer first takes five States—Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, California, and Kentucky, In these States the proportion of Catholics is comparatively small. In all these States the birth-rate is excessively low—lower even than in France—and in three of them there is an actual excess of deaths over births.

The writer then takes four States in which the Catholic element is well represented, and all show a great increase in the birth-rate:

"Looking at the situation as a whole, there is good reason to think that the Protestant Anglo-Saxons are not only losing ground *relatively*, but must, at any rate in the East and middle East, be suffering an actual decrease on a large scale. For it has been shown by more than one sociologist that no stock can maintain itself with an average of less than about four children per marriage, and from all available data we must conclude that the average fertility of each marriage in this section of the American people falls far short of the requisite four children. Judging by all the figures at hand, the modern

Anglo-Saxon American, with his high standard of comfort, his intensely individualistic outlook on life, and his intellectual and emancipated but child-refusing wife, is being gradually thrust aside by the upgrowth of new masses of people of simpler tastes and hardier and more natural habits. And, what is of peculiar interest to us, this new population will carry into ascendancy those religious and moral beliefs which has moulded its type of life.

"The victory will be, not to those religious beliefs which most closely correspond to certain requirements of the abstract intellect, but to those which give rise, in practise, to a mode of life that is simple, natural, unselfish, and adequately prolific—in other words, to a mode of life that *works*, that is *Lebensfähig*."

* * * *

THE article shows also how utterly ruinous are those theories of morality born of economical views that forget God. But into a review of these, space does not permit us to enter.

NOTHING injures so grievously the cause of religion and the revealed truth of Christ, than deliberate hatred and misrepresentation. Bishop Burt of the Methodist Episcopal Church, deplored recently in a speech to fellow Methodists at Worcester, Mass., the lackadaisical attitude of the average Protestant churchman. He sought to stimulate the Protestant by a bitter and insulting attack upon Catholics, charging them with being enemies of the nation, etc., etc. The charges in themselves are not worth noticing, because Bishop Burt, and every intelligent American, know they are not true. But the very statement of them by Bishop Burt proves that he is not only not sincere in his attack upon the Church, but that he is not sincere as a professed minister of the Gospel. Long ago our Lord said: "He that is not with Me is against Me." Above all else Christ is the Lord of Truth. He who deliberately preaches untruth preaches against Christ. Bishop Burt is one of those men who are willing to enlist in the service of untruth, in order to destroy what they despise. Thousands upon thousands have been lost to the Protestant churches because they allow such men as Bishop Burt to speak in their name. He himself gives the reason, at least in part, for the lackadaisical attitude of the average Protestant.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Popular Sermons on the Catechism. From the German by Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part III. Third number (Qq. lx.—lxxxiii.). By the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$2.00 net. *Five Birds in a Nest.* By H. E. Delamare. 60 cents. *Shipmates.* By M. T. Waggaman. 60 cents. *Catholic Home Annual.* 25 cents. *Rambles in Catholic Lands.* By M. Barrett, O.S.B. \$2.00 net.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Sons of the Sea Kings. By Alice and W. H. Milligan. \$2.00 net.
- DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
The Charm of Ireland. By Burton E. Stevenson. \$2.50 net.
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One American's Opinion of the European War. By F. W. Whitridge. 50 cents net.
- DUFFIELD & Co., New York:
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- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
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- RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION, New York:
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- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
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- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
The Lost Boy. By H. Van Dyke. 50 cents net. *Life in America One Hundred Years Ago.* By G. Hunt, LL.D. \$1.50 net.
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- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
The Single Hound. By Emily Dickinson.
- GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
The Kindergarten in Benevolent Institutions. Agricultural Teaching. Bibliography of the Relation of Secondary Schools to Higher Education. Compiled by R. L. Walkley.
- COLUMBIAN PRINTING Co., Washington, D. C.:
The Facts About Belgium. Pamphlet.
- GEO. W. JACOBS & Co., Philadelphia:
Daniel Webster. By F. A. Ogg, Ph.D. \$1.25 net.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The Gospel of St. John. By Rev. J. MacRory, D.D. \$2.25 net. *Down West: Sketches of Irish Life.* By O. Dease. 30 cents net.
- THE AVE MARIA PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:
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- JOHN P. MORTON & Co., Louisville, Ken.:
Musings on the Lounge. By Bert Finck.
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The Rights and Duties of Owners. By Rev. G. C. H. Pollen, S.J. *The Nine Offices of the Sacred Heart; Our Lady of Dolours; Frequent and Daily Communion; Daily Mass.* By Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. *Rogers of Seaforth's; A True Boy and Other Stories.* By Martin Corbett, S.J. *The Church and Anti-Clericalism.* By Rev. P. Finlay, S.J. *Vocations.* By Rev. W. Doyle, S.J. *The Apostleship of Prayer in Schools.* By a Teacher. *Drink Handbook.* Pamphlets. One penny.
- AUGUST PICARD, Paris:
Luther et le Luthéranisme. Par H. Denifle. 5 frs.
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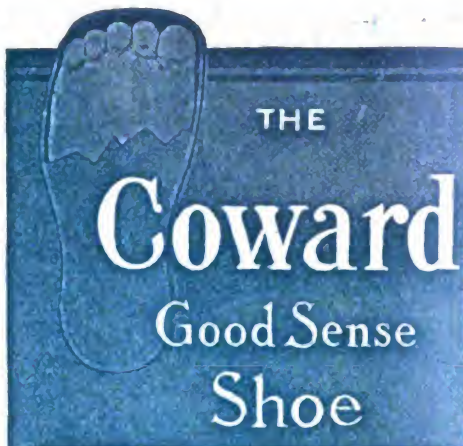
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MINIMUM WAGE LAWS TO DATE.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



FIVE years ago the printed matter dealing with the minimum wage could easily have been read in the course of a single afternoon. Three years later the New York Public Library got out a list of books, pamphlets, and articles on the subject to the number of about two hundred. Were the collection brought down to the present date, it would undoubtedly contain at least once and a half that number of references. The rapid increase in the literature of the minimum wage has not, however, exceeded the spread of popular interest in the subject, or the extension of the device through legislation. In the present article an attempt is made to review the history and significant features of minimum wage laws abroad and in the United States. No defence of the principle or theory of the minimum wage will be set forth in these pages, except that which is disclosed by specific and recorded experience.

AUSTRALASIA.

As applied to private employment, minimum wage legislation had its origin in Australasia. Since 1894 New Zealand has had a compulsory arbitration act, which includes provisions for fixing minimum rates of wages in those industrial disputes which involve the question of remuneration. The framers of this law did not, indeed, think of its minimum wage features as their main object, nor

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as a distinct and deliberate policy. They desired before all to establish an effective method of preventing and settling industrial disagreements and disturbances. When, however, an arbitration court adjusted a controversy involving wages, the scale of compensation that it fixed necessarily became the minimum that employers were permitted to pay. For it must be kept in mind that the decisions of a New Zealand tribunal of arbitration are compulsory, have the force of legal enactment instead of being dependent upon mere mutual good faith. Thus the arbitration act became virtually a minimum wage act.

Between 1901 and 1904, the Commonwealth of Australia and the States of New South Wales and Western Australia enacted compulsory arbitration laws, which, like that of New Zealand, become instruments for the establishment of legal minimum rates of wages.

None of the compulsory arbitration acts attempted to set up any precise standard of wages for the guidance of the tribunals. They either refrained from touching the question at all, or they required nothing more definite than that the compensation fixed should be "fair and reasonable." As a consequence, the judges of the arbitration courts were obliged to determine the minimum wage according to their own conceptions of reasonableness, and to create their own standards. In the earlier years of the laws these standards of remuneration necessarily varied according to the viewpoint of the court. For example, Justice Williams, the first president of the New Zealand arbitration court, held that the wage should be such as would permit "the particular trade to be carried on;" Justice Cohen, the first president of the arbitration court of New South Wales, seems to have acted upon the same rule; other judges made their awards on the basis of the wages prevailing in other places where conditions were the same. Gradually, however, all the arbitration courts have come to adopt the principle that the minimum wage fixed in industrial disputes should be at least sufficient for decent maintenance. This principle received its clearest and most authoritative expression in the famous definition given by Justice Higgins of the commonwealth arbitration court in the case of *H. V. McCay*. After pointing out that the statutory requirement of "fair and reasonable" remuneration obviously meant that the employees should get more than they could obtain "by the ordinary system of individual bargaining with employers," Judge Higgins declared that he could think of no more appropriate standard of

"fair and reasonable" than "the normal needs of the average employee, regarded as a human being living in a civilized community." The rule of a living wage as thus defined is now observed by all the arbitration courts of Australia. The courts of New Zealand uniformly enforced substantially the same standard. Moreover, it should be noted that a living wage for male adults is interpreted by the arbitration courts to mean remuneration sufficient to provide for the decent maintenance of a family. In other words, the courts recognize that family life is among "the normal needs of the average employee, regarded as a human being living in a civilized community."

The first formal and specific minimum wage law governing private enterprises, was passed in 1896 by the State of Victoria. It was directed against the evil of sweating, and authorized boards composed of representatives of employers, employees, and the government to fix minimum rates of wages. At first the law applied to only six trades, but its scope has subsequently been enlarged at various times, until now it affects more than one hundred and thirty trades, comprising the entire field of employment except agriculture and mining. South Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania enacted legislation between 1900 and 1910 following more or less closely the model of Victoria. Within recent years New South Wales and New Zealand have added to their compulsory arbitration acts provisions for the establishment and operation of minimum wage boards, thus enabling themselves to fix minimum wages by both methods. As in the case of the arbitration acts, the specific minimum wage laws apply to men as well as to women and minors, and refrain from setting up any precise standard or principle by which the remuneration should be determined. Like the arbitration courts, the minimum wage boards have established the practice of fixing a minimum sufficient for decent living.

It will have been observed, therefore, that some form of minimum wage legislation, either through compulsory arbitration, or wage boards, or both, exists throughout the whole region of Australasia. The newest of these laws has been in operation four years, the oldest twenty years. It seems pertinent at this point, then, to inquire whether these acts have attained the end for which they were passed.

Apparently the people of Australasia themselves have answered this question in the affirmative. Professor M. B. Hammond, of the Ohio State University, who studied the matter on the ground during

the winter of 1911-1912, writes as follows: "Throughout Australasia.....the principle of the minimum wage has now found general acceptance. Employers and employees there differ more or less in their views as to what is the best machinery for bringing the legal minimum wage into existence and securing its enforcement. Differences of opinion exist also as to the range of industries to which it should be applied. These differences of views have some of them found expression in party platforms, but few persons could be found to-day, in either Australia or New Zealand, who would challenge the statement that the principle of a legal minimum wage has been accepted as a permanent policy in the industrial legislation of the world." ¹

Professor Hammond's own view of the effects of the Victorian legislation may be thus summarized: sweating has been practically all abolished; no industries have been paralyzed, nor driven from the State; the minimum wage has not become the maximum; strikes have been all but eliminated; the number of persons unable to earn the minimum rates of wages has not been as great as was anticipated, and practically all the needy ones have obtained employment through special licenses; and the law has not caused an increase in the price of commodities except possibly in a few instances.

Not long after Professor Hammond's investigation, the New York Factory Investigating Commission sent the following questions to the Chief Factory Inspector of the city of Melbourne, and received the accompanying answers:²

1. "Does the minimum wage become the maximum?"

Answer: "The average wage in a trade is invariably higher than the minimum."

2. "How far are the unfit displaced by such legislation?"

Answer: "The dislocation is not serious, and as a rule things regulate themselves fairly satisfactorily."

3. "Do such laws tend to drive industry from the State?"

Answer: "There is no evidence to show that our labor legislation has driven any industry from the State."

4. "Do such laws result in decreasing efficiency?"

Answer: "I think it can be truthfully said that the efficiency of the workers all round is distinctly higher under the minimum wage than it was before."

¹*The American Economic Review*, June, 1913. This article, and another by the same writer in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, July, 1913, will be found a convenient source of reference for the facts set forth in the preceding pages.

²Page 62 of the Commission's special report on Minimum Wage Legislation.

The testimony of Professor Hammond and of the Melbourne Factory Inspector refer specifically to Victoria, where the minimum wage has been in operation for eighteen years, through good times and bad times. The favorable opinion of the people themselves takes in the whole of Australasia. In view of these facts it seems reasonable to declare that the experience of those countries which have given the minimum wage the longest and most thorough test, amounts to all but conclusive evidence of its soundness and effectiveness.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The British Trade Boards Act went into operation the first of January, 1910. Like the Victorian law, it provides for the establishment of representative boards to fix minimum rates and wages. At first it applied to only four trades, but, owing to its success in these, it was in 1913 made applicable to four others. The total number of workers in these eight trades is about 400,000. In the spring of 1912, Parliament enacted a law empowering representative district boards to establish minimum wages throughout the entire coal mining industry of the United Kingdom. As in the case of the Australasian enactments, none of the statutes just mentioned sets up or requires any definite standard of remuneration. Apparently it is assumed that the boards will establish a minimum that is fair and reasonable.

Concerning the effects of the minimum wage law in the coal mines, very little important information has come to the United States. There is, however, good reason to assume that it has worked satisfactorily, especially since the employees in that industry are well organized, and capable of defending their own interests. Indeed, this particular British minimum wage act follows the precedent of New Zealand, rather than that of Victoria. It was enacted to put an end to a strike, rather than to raise exceptionally low wages. On the other hand, the law that went into effect in 1910 aimed specifically at increasing the remuneration of some of the worst paid and most helpless laborers in Great Britain, the majority of them being home workers and women. The minimum wage was invoked in their behalf as a sort of last resort, or counsel of despair, after all other remedies had been found wanting. The experiment has been more than justified by its results. In the four trades to which it was originally applied, wages have been raised from fifty to one hundred and fifty per cent. Toward the end of the third year of the law's operation, Mr. J. J. Mallon, Secretary of the

National Anti-Sweating League, and the foremost authority in Great Britain on the subject, wrote: "The Trade Boards Act is on the verge of completing a success that should affect the position of working women all over the civilized world; for it has shown that wages can be raised, as pedants and faint hearts told us was impossible. The trade is not hurt, the community is rid of a sore, and the women previously sweated feel the better wages as the parched fields 'the gentle rain from heaven.'"⁸ Something more than a year later (February, 21, 1914) Mr. Mallon was able to record the success of the law in positive and unqualified language. "In a word, the Trade Board at Cradley Heath has more than justified its friends and confounded its enemies. Its success is definite, considerable, and complete. It has made a deep and abiding mark upon the history of the Black Country. No other industrial event of the present generation has so impressed and affected the workers of the district."⁴

The New York State Commission, already referred to, sent to the Board of Trade of London the same four questions that it had asked of the Factory Inspector in Melbourne. The reply of the London authority as to the operation of the minimum wage act in the four British trades may be thus summarized: there is no general tendency among employers to reduce the wages of the higher paid employees to the legal minimum; there has been no general dismissal of the workers; there is no general tendency among employers to transfer their business to foreign countries; the efficiency of many employees has been increased, and the machinery and equipment of many factories has been improved.⁵

The results of the minimum wage in Great Britain have been emphasized in these pages, because the success of the measure there is in some respects more significant and encouraging than that disclosed by the longer experience of Australasia. In the four trades affected the conditions, both from the side of employers and employees, were unusually unfavorable. The employers were carrying on enterprises that were less than ordinarily stable and prosperous, while the workers were peculiarly inefficient, timid, and helpless. And yet, all the stock arguments against the minimum wage have been refuted. In the words of Mr. Mallon, "its success is definite, considerable, complete."

⁸*The Catholic Social Year Book for 1913*, p. 81. London.

⁴Quoted in New York Factory Investigating Commission's publication, *Minimum Wage Legislation*, p. 77.

⁵*Op. cit.*, pp. 77, 78.

THE UNITED STATES.

The first American minimum wage bill applying to private employments was introduced in the Legislature of Nebraska in 1909. It aroused practically no interest. At the annual meetings of the National Consumers' League and the National Conference of Charities and Corrections in 1910, considerable attention was given to the subject of minimum wage legislation. As a more or less direct result of these discussions, the Massachusetts Legislature of 1911 appointed a commission to investigate the project, and make a report to the Legislature of 1912. The latter body enacted the first minimum wage law in the United States. In 1913 similar acts were passed in eight other States, namely, Oregon, Washington, California, Utah, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. Bills for the same legislation have been introduced in several other State legislatures, but none of them has passed more than one of the two legislative chambers.

The American laws differ considerably among themselves. Their most important variations refer to the method of fixing the wage, and the penalty for failing to pay it. In Utah the law itself specifies the rates of wages. In all the other States the law merely sets up a general standard to which the wage must conform, and then delegates to an administrative commission the power and the duty to determine and put into effect the appropriate rates of remuneration. Six of the eight laws employing this method require the administrative commission to establish and call to its assistance subordinate boards, composed of persons representing employers, employees, and the general public, and four of these six forbid the commission to establish any rates of wages that have not been previously recommended by these advisory boards. The Colorado minimum wage commission has neither obligation nor authority to set up such boards, while the Minnesota commission has the power to do so at its discretion, but is not obliged to adopt any wage recommendations. It remains free to set up its own rates of wages.

The general standard required in all the States except Utah is a living wage. This conception is variously defined in the laws, but the language of the first Wisconsin bill is substantially representative of all: "a wage sufficient to maintain the worker in health, and supply her with the necessary comforts of life." Practically all the definitions require at least implicitly that the minimum wage shall provide not only the purely material content of healthful

existence, but the conditions of elementary moral and mental well-being.

In all the States except Massachusetts and Nebraska, employers are obliged to pay the minimum wage under penalty of fine and imprisonment. The two States just mentioned merely require that the names of recalcitrant employers shall be published in certain newspapers.

Unlike the Australasian and British laws, those of our American States apply only to women and minors. They do not affect the remuneration of adult males. Among the chief reasons for this restriction are: the danger that a law applying to adult males would be declared unconstitutional; the probability that women need the legislation more urgently than men; the fact that protective labor legislation for women makes a peculiarly strong appeal to public sentiment, and consequently is more easy of enactment; and the likelihood that a restricted application of the minimum wage principle would cause only a slight disturbance of industrial relations and conditions.

While all these laws have been on the statute books for more than a year and a half, only three of them have been put into general operation. In Nebraska nothing has been done, and in Colorado very little. It is hoped that the approaching legislatures will amend and strengthen the laws in both these States. The California and Wisconsin minimum-wage commissions have been quite active in making the investigations which are a prerequisite to the determination and establishment of wage rates. In Massachusetts the commission has investigated several industries, and established minimum wages in one, namely brush making. The rate fixed for adult females is eight dollars and thirty-seven cents per week, with the understanding that it will be increased considerably at the end of a year. The wages specified in the Utah statute went into effect May 13, 1913, and are as follows: for experienced women, one dollar and twenty-five cents a day; for inexperienced women, ninety-cents per day; and for females under eighteen years of age, seventy-five cents a day. During the autumn of 1913 the Industrial Welfare Commission of Oregon put the law into effect throughout the whole State, establishing rates for experienced women which vary from nine dollars and twenty-five cents to eight dollars and twenty-five cents per week, and a flat rate of six dollars per week for minors and inexperienced workers. The Washington commission established a full schedule of wage rates during the summer of 1914,

which vary from ten to nine dollars per week for adult experienced female workers. In Minnesota the minimum wage commission exercised its discretionary power of constituting advisory boards, setting up two in the twin cities to represent respectively mercantile and manufacturing establishments, and one in Duluth to represent both these industries. The boards met bi-weekly for about six months, gathering statistics, and endeavoring to ascertain the minimum cost of decent living for working women. The estimates of a living wage made by a majority vote in the three boards varied from eight dollars and fifty cents to eight dollars and seventy-five cents per week for adult females. The rates of wages ordered into effect by the commission, October 23, 1914, and applying only to experienced women and minors, ranged from nine dollars to eight dollars a week, according to the nature of the industry and the density of population. Both these factors affect the cost of living.

None of the American minimum wage statutes has yet stood the final test of constitutionality. The Supreme Court of Oregon has sustained the law of that State, on the ground that it is a valid exercise of the police power, and is not a delegation of legislative power. Appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, where, it is expected, the case will soon be argued. In Minnesota the minimum wage commission has been restrained by one of the judges of Ramsey County from putting its wage orders into effect, on the alleged ground that the law is not a valid exercise of the police power, and is a delegation of legislative power. The case has been appealed to the State Supreme Court, and will be heard in the near future.

While the three American laws have been in operation too short a time to furnish anything like decisive evidence under the head of experience, their results thus far have been decidedly favorable and encouraging. According to Mr. Haines, the Labor Commissioner of Utah, no employer of that State has been forced out of business, and most of them find that the efficiency of their employees has been increased; the number of women and minors dismissed from employment has been very small, and most of these have found jobs for which they were better fitted; and not one higher paid woman is known to have had her wages reduced to the legal minimum. Writing under date of November 7, 1914, Miss Gleason, the Secretary of the Oregon Industrial Welfare Commission, declares that the minimum wage law of that State has not thrown any considerable num-

ber of girls out of work; that no business enterprise has ceased operations in consequence of the law; that the enforcement of it has not proved more difficult than the enforcement of other labor legislation; and that a majority of the employers seem to be satisfied with the statute, and willing to cooperate in its enforcement. Mr. E. W. Olsen, the Washington Commissioner of Labor, wrote on November 13, 1914, that in his State the minimum wage law had not increased unemployment to any notable extent; that most of the displaced employees have been replaced by more efficient women; that no case of business failure due to the operation of the law has yet come to the notice of the Industrial Welfare Commission; that there has been no peculiar difficulty in enforcing the wage orders; and that a majority of employers seem to be satisfied with the operation of the statute.

Although the foregoing evidence is far from conclusive as to the value of minimum wage legislation in America, it is more important than the relatively short time and small space covered by it would lead us to assume. For in all three States the law was put into operation in the midst of a marked industrial depression, which has not yet come to an end. Indeed, it is not unlikely that the minimum wage will rarely be subjected to as unfavorable conditions as those which have surrounded its operation in Utah, Oregon, and Washington. The degree of success that it has attained in this adverse environment creates a very strong presumption in favor of its essential efficacy. When we combine the presumptive evidence of these three States with the substantially conclusive experience of Australasia and Great Britain, we are justified in maintaining that the burden of proof in the minimum wage controversy has been wholly shifted to the shoulders of those who uphold the negative.

WAGE LEGISLATION FOR WOMEN.

BY EDWIN V. O'HARA,

Chairman Oregon Industrial Welfare Commission.



It is the purpose of the present article to discuss the protective standards for women workers set up in Oregon by the act of the Legislature in 1913 creating the Industrial Welfare Commission. The leading feature of that act is its provision for the fixing of a minimum wage for women workers. Heretofore this problem could be discussed in America only from a theoretical standpoint, but with the enforcement of the rulings of the Oregon Industrial Welfare Commission, the subject has passed into the realm of experience, and it is from that standpoint that we are chiefly concerned with it here.

The Oregon law is contained substantially in the first section of the act, which declares that it shall be unlawful to employ women or minors within the State of Oregon for unreasonably long hours or under conditions—sanitary or otherwise—detrimental to their health or morals, and it shall be unlawful to employ women in any occupation within the State of Oregon for wages which are inadequate to supply the necessary cost of living and to maintain them in health, and it shall be unlawful to employ minors for unreasonably low wages. The Commission known as the Industrial Welfare Commission is created for the purpose of determining in particular occupations and localities, what hours, conditions, and wages are actually prohibited by this law; and, it is further provided, that there shall be no appeal to the courts from the decisions of the Commission in matters of fact.

It may be well to outline the mode of procedure prescribed for the Commission in arriving at its determinations. In any occupation in which the Commission considers that the wages, hours or conditions of women or minor employees are at variance with the provisions of the law, the Commission is authorized to call a conference of employers and employees and representatives of the public to investigate and report on the matter. Thus the Commission called a mercantile conference in Portland, composed of three representative employers in the large stores, three saleswomen, and

three persons well known in the community, but neither employers of women nor employees. To this conference, composed of these nine persons, the Commission submitted the following questions:

First. What are the maximum number of hours of employment a day and a week consistent with the health and welfare of women employees in the stores of Portland?

Second. What is the minimum amount per week required to maintain a self-supporting woman employee in the mercantile business in Portland in decent but frugal comfort? and, finally,

Third. Is the employment of women in the stores of Portland after six P. M. reasonable and consistent with their health and welfare?

The conference to which these questions were submitted, organized and investigated, and after repeated meetings returned a unanimous report to the Commission, stating that fifty hours a week should be the maximum hours of work, and that nine dollars and twenty-five cents a week was the minimum amount required for decent subsistence, and that night work was unreasonable and prejudicial to the health and welfare of the women workers. On receipt of this unanimous report, the Commission reviewed the findings of the conference and accepted them, and called a public hearing, at which all persons interested were invited to appear before the Commission to present their views on the subject under consideration. At the public hearing, which was duly advertised, a large number of interested persons appeared, the tendency of whose testimony was to substantiate the recommendations already made by the conference. The Commission then issued an order making these recommendations mandatory. By the terms of the act this order became legally binding after sixty days.

Meanwhile, a similar conference had been called to discuss wages and hours in the manufacturing industries of Portland, and after a similar procedure an order based on the unanimous report of this factory conference was issued by the Commission, fixing fifty-four hours a week as the maximum hours, and eight dollars and sixty-four cents a week (that is sixteen cents an hour) as the minimum wage rate in manufacturing establishments in Portland.

A paper box manufacturer in Portland sought to restrain the Commission from enforcing this order, on the ground that it interfered with his constitutionally guaranteed rights of contract, and took his property without due process of law. The injunction requested was denied by Judge Cleeton of the Circuit Court, and the

case was carried on appeal to the Supreme Court of the State, where the case for and against the constitutionality of the act was well-briefed and ably presented. On March 17, 1914, the Supreme Court of Oregon unanimously concurred in a comprehensive decision written by Justice Eakin, sustaining the constitutionality of the act. Another suit was subsequently brought against the Commission in the name of an employee of the paper box manufacturer who figured in the first case, alleging an interference with the employees' right of free contract. The Oregon Supreme Court considered the case a second time, and on April 28th handed down a second decision, written this time by Chief Justice McBride, emphatically reaffirming the previous opinion of the court. The case has been appealed to the court of last resort. Armed with the double-barrelled decision of the Oregon Supreme Court, we are now hopefully engaged in marshalling the plea for judicial recognition of the human element in human labor before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Four important legal questions were raised: First, and most fundamental—Whether it lay within the competence of the State to interfere with the right of private contract, to the extent of fixing minimum wage rates for women workers?

Second. Whether the legislature in creating the Industrial Welfare Commission had attempted to delegate its own legislative powers?

Third. Whether the establishment of different minima for different occupations did not amount to class legislation? And, finally, whether in denying the right of appeal to the courts from the decisions of the Commission in matters of fact, the Legislature had not infringed upon the constitutional right of citizens to a due process of law in defence of their property?

The first question involved a discussion of the nature and extent of the police power of the State. The court adopted the following definition of police power: "Police power is the name given to the inherent sovereignty which it is the right and duty of the government or its agents to exercise whenever public policy in a broad sense demands, for the benefit of society at large, regulations to guard its morals, safety, health, order, or to insure in any respect such economic conditions as an advancing civilization of a highly complex character requires." The court further observed that it could not declare the act in question unconstitutional as an exercise of the police power, unless it were palpably obvious that

the act in question had no real or substantial relation to public health and welfare. The court took judicial cognizance of the "common belief" and "common knowledge" that inadequate wages have a detrimental effect on the public welfare. There was ample judicial precedent for holding the constitutionality of State regulation of the hours of women's employment, and the court concluded: "Every argument put forward to sustain the maximum hours law, or upon which it was established, applies equally in favor of the constitutionality of the minimum law as also within the police power of the State, and as a regulation tending to guard the public morals and the public health."

The second question raised was concerning the delegation of legislative authority. Of the nine States which have passed minimum wages acts one, Utah, has avoided this issue by writing into the law itself the flat minimum wage to be paid. Owing, however, to the fluctuation in the cost of living at different times in different occupations and in different localities, it has been seen that such legislative enactment can hardly be satisfactory. It is, moreover, in conflict with all foreign experience. The creation of a commission to determine the wages suitable under varying conditions has been judged the most practicable method, and, consequently, the question of the constitutionality of such a commission is of high importance for wage regulation. The courts have recognized that while a legislature cannot delegate its legislative power, it can appoint a commission to determine the conditions under which a law may become operative. Such are the railroad commissions in various States.

The Oregon minimum wage act was drawn with the direct view to meeting this question, and the bill was shaped parallel to the acts creating railroad commissions. The first section of the law declares that certain things shall be unlawful in the State of Oregon, and fixes the general standards which must be observed by all employers of female labor. There is then created an administrative board with authority to investigate the facts, and make rulings upon which the enforcement of this law will depend. It is extremely improbable that the courts would have upheld the constitutionality of the statute if the act had failed to declare the law, and had simply created a commission to fix a discretionary minimum wage. This is an extremely important matter, as negligence in regard to it will be fraught with disastrous consequences.

The Supreme Court disposed of the plea of class legislation, by pointing out that the law equally required all employers of women in the State to pay their workers a living wage. That a living wage might vary in different localities and occupations was no defect on the part of the law.

The constitutionality of the law was attacked finally on the ground that it makes the findings of the Commission on all questions of fact conclusive, and, therefore, takes the property of the employer without due process of law. This clause was inserted in the act to prevent needless litigation, which would keep the orders of the Commission tied up in the courts, and practically nullify the purpose of the law. The Supreme Court held that "due process of law merely requires such tribunals as are proper to deal with the subject in hand. Reasonable notice, and a fair opportunity to be heard before some tribunal before it decides the issues, are the essentials of due process of law." Attention is called to this important provision of the Oregon act, especially in view of a section in the minimum wage act of another State, which specifically provides that the district court of the State shall have power to consider the thousand and one details of evidence which formed the basis of the Commission's decision, notwithstanding the obvious, utter impossibility of courts of law with their rules of evidence entering into a consideration of such economic minutæ.

The rulings issued by the Commission may be briefly summarized. The minimum wage for experienced adult women in any occupation throughout the State has been fixed at eight dollars and twenty-five cents a week. In the city of Portland women employed in mercantile establishments and offices, may not receive less than nine dollars and twenty-five cents a week, and in manufacturing establishments in Portland the minimum is eight dollars and sixty-four cents a week. For inexperienced adult women, the minimum for all occupations throughout the State is six dollars a week. The maximum hours of woman's labor in Oregon has hitherto been sixty hours a week. The Commission has reduced it to fifty-four, and Portland stores are permitted to employ their female help only fifty hours a week. The minimum time for lunch period in manufacturing industries in Portland is forty-five minutes. Night work after eight-thirty P. M. is prohibited in all mercantile, manufacturing, and laundry establishments throughout the State, and in Portland it is prohibited in mercantile establishments after six P. M. Special investigations are now going forward concerning the laun-

dries of Portland and the fruit canning business of the State, and further rulings covering these industries may be made during the coming year.

While it is too early to draw final conclusions concerning the operation of these orders, there are certain obvious consequences which may be noted. The prohibition of night work for women in the stores of Portland has been an unmixed good. Three thousand girls, who had hitherto been employed Saturday nights to a late hour, are now dismissed at six o'clock, and the few stores which were strongly opposed before the change, now realize that their trade has not fallen off, but has simply been equalized throughout the week. These hundreds of girls, whose late Saturday night employment deprived them of the opportunity of preparing for Sunday holiday, now have one real day of rest in the week. The rise in wages of experienced workers has been very marked. Hundreds of office girls who had been receiving thirty-five dollars a month were advanced to forty dollars, which is the minimum requirement. Likewise in the stores a notable improvement is observed. In manufacturing establishments, where payment is by piece rate, we have not yet been able to find out definitely how far the readjustment has been effected.

One important consequence of the rulings is the elimination of unregulated wage scales, such as that of a certain fruit-packing plant, which was responsible for labor disturbances in Portland last fall, which cost the city a hundred times more in actual cash and in the growth of class antagonism than the entire plant could be worth to the community in a score of years. The establishment of wage standards is largely doing away with the secrecy of women's wage schedules, which has been so large an element in bringing about the existing demoralized conditions in women's wage rates. The rulings of the Commission in regard to maximum hours, has resulted in lowering the hours of work from sixty to fifty-four a week, and of bringing under the law certain occupations such as cashiers in moving picture shows, whose hours had not been regulated before. It has been the policy of the Commission to act conservatively and with great moderation in the issuing of orders, and it has accepted no recommendations from conferences that were not unanimously agreed to by all elements in the conference.

The result of the minimum wage legislation which is making itself felt, is a rising interest in the training and education of apprentices. The Commission has ruled that a year of experience in

any occupation entitled an adult woman to be considered experienced in the sense of the law, and therefore entitled to the minimum wage. In some occupations this maximum will doubtless be lessened as time goes on; but in others, such as retail stores, a year's training may certainly be required before enforcing the minimum for experienced workers. During this period it is evidently of great importance, both to employer and to employee, that the training of the apprentice should be directed towards a high degree of efficiency, and thus we have the movement for continuation schools in the department stores, which will doubtless spread to other industries.

A word may be said here concerning the policy and principles which are found most effective in urging minimum wage legislation. There have been many States in which the connection between inadequate wages and immorality of women has been strongly played up, but it is interesting to note that in no State where this agitation has been carried on, has the campaign for securing wage legislation been successful, and this for two reasons: First, because it is a question whether inadequate wages are to any large degree a cause of women going into a life of immorality; and, second, because such an agitation is a gratuitous insult to the thousands of underpaid women workers whose coöperation and support is absolutely necessary, if we are to succeed in arousing public opinion for this legislation. The more substantial argument for this legislation, is that underpaid women workers are denying themselves the necessities of life in order to lead lives of virtue. That they are living on one or two meals a day, are denying themselves clothing necessary to maintain their health, and are huddled together in rooms devoid of light, of ventilation and of heat. These are the facts which investigation reveals, and they are facts which arouse public opinion of a permanent sort in favor of minimum wage legislation.

The most startling illustration of this aroused public opinion, comes from Chicago within the past few months. Two years ago a girl working in Marshall Field's store for six or seven dollars a week, took fifty dollars from the firm to pay her necessary living expenses. She disappeared, and only a few months ago was discovered by the detectives and led before the bar of justice. She was brought before a jury, and admitted that she had taken the fifty dollars from her employer. Her lawyer addressed the jury to the following effect: The question for you to decide is whether this girl stole from Marshall Field, or whether Marshall Field stole from this girl. We want no compromise verdict. She has ad-

mitted the theft, and she should either be given the full penalty or be acquitted as innocent. The jury returned with a verdict of not guilty. Such a verdict registers the attitude of public opinion against parasitic industries in no uncertain terms.

Just as the whole body of workers must be supported by the entire body of industries, so it is right that in each industry the wages be sufficient to maintain the workers in health and frugal comfort. An industry which does not pay its employees enough to purchase the necessities of life is a parasite. It makes its profit not from legitimate commercial enterprise, but is subsidized by the workers. If any business is so necessary to the community that it must be maintained by a subsidy, then in the name of decency and humanity let the subsidy come from the public treasury, and not from the earnings of working women and the homes of the poor.

The consequence of such a judicial decision as that given by the Oregon Supreme Court, cannot be easily overestimated. It is writing into the fundamental law of the land a new view of labor, namely, that human labor is not a mere commodity like corn or cotton. I have listened to an eloquent lawyer pleading in one of our courts, that just as the price of hogs at the slaughter house is regulated by the law of supply and demand, so likewise the same law should control the wages of our women workers upon whose physical strength and moral character depend the perpetuity of the race and the future of humanity.

The right to a living wage vindicated by this judicial decision is the right of a human being to develop his personality, to work out his spiritual destiny, to be what the word human implies. If a business cannot pay its rent and interest on borrowed capital, the burden is passed on to those who can. No sympathy is extended to a firm which fails because it could not meet the demands of the landowner and the money loaner; but because it is proposed to make a living wage a first cost on industry, great consternation is expressed for the business failures which are threatened as the result. It may reasonably be suggested that such a calamity may be averted by lowering the rent. For it is not written in the decrees of Eternal Justice, nor can it be successfully maintained in human laws, that the owner of land or other capital is to be recompensed while the laborer, by whose efforts both the one and the other have been rendered fruitful, shall be denied food and clothing for his body and a roof-tree to shelter his domestic hearth.

THE CRUCIFIX.

BY PERCY JAMES BREBNER.



It was the time of the vintage in Tuscany, and the early morning was full of sunlight and sweet warm odors. Along the road which climbed over a shoulder of the hill, came a group of laughing men and women to work in the valley below, where in many a rich farm the purple clusters hung in luxuriant abundance. They had not come far, only from their homes tucked away on the hillside. This was the road to the village, known and loved ever since their little legs were strong enough to toddle along it. If you went the other way, many miles the other way, you could join a long and weary road which would lead you to Rome, if you walked far enough. But who would want to journey to Rome?

At the very shoulder of the hill, from which you could look down upon the village with its irregular red-tiled roofs, its little church with its square campanile always the first point to catch the light of morning, and the rough stone, one-arched bridge which spanned the stream that could roar like a torrent after rain, stood a cross. It was of rough hard wood, leaning a little out of the perpendicular with age, yet still strong to brave the summer heat and the winter storm. At its foot the wild flowers grew as if they loved the place. Who first planted a cross there no one knew, and the hands that set up the present one in place of its predecessor had long since been at rest in the village cemetery yonder. Only a dim legend told why it had been placed here. Some saintly pilgrim, weary of the way and burdened with the thought of the world's sin, had suddenly seen the beautiful valley at his feet, bathed in the glow of sunset, had heard the bell in the campanile ring out on the still air, had caught the music of the water under the bridge, and for a moment had thought he beheld a vision of paradise. The saint had bowed his head, knowing that God had reproved him. The sin of the world was grievous, but it was God's world, beautiful as only God could make it, and in it was not only sin. So the cross had been placed there, and from childhood men and women had been taught to reverence it as they passed.

The laughter ceased for a moment at the shoulder of the hill. They were all too used to the beauty of the village to give it a

passing thought, but women curtsied and men bared their bowed heads before the cross. One girl laughed joyously as she put her hand into that of the man beside her.

"*Corpo di Bacco*, but it's over-ready for love making," cried Nino.

"Is it ever too early for that?" a woman laughed at him over her shoulder.

"It's something more than that, Nino," said another woman nodding towards the two who went hand in hand down the road. "It's love, but something more. Giovanni is young and he was discontented for a while. He would show off, so once he said yon was naught but a wooden cross and ill-made too; and he used to pass it almost without bowing to it. It was a churlish reverence, and Nella yonder has made him repent of it. Even you, Nino, do not bow as Giovanni does now."

"His is the younger back, maybe that is the reason."

The woman looked at him. Nino was ever ready with a jest, a jest that was sometimes not too seemly. It was known that the good Padre had spoken to him about it on more than one occasion.

They were all laughing again as they came down from the hillside into the village. A blue sky, full of the morning sun, domed this little world from one mountain ridge to the other, this little world which lay in an oblong fold of the Apennines with Falterino for its centre; a peaceful village to which strangers seldom came, and from which the inhabitants rarely wandered into the larger world of men and cities, of harsh commerce and disillusion. Strangers yonder, over the last ridge of the hills, were told there was nothing to see in Falterino. No master builder had fashioned its little church, no picture from the brush of far-famed artist was to be found there, no frescoes forming a link in the chain of Italian art; history held nothing to hallow the spot, even the name of the saint whose vision had caused the setting up of the cross on the hill was forgotten; so the traveler pursued his way along the road that led to Siena or to glorious Florence, and thought no more about Falterino.

And why should anyone leave the village, this little world within a world, this fair spot which held in it all that men and women need, all they may reasonably expect of life—sufficient labor and friendship and love? The great world with all the roar of its commerce and seductive whispers of luxury can give no more,

though it may seem to, calling these primal things by many names. Mostly it gives much less, demanding a price for its deceptive favors, which men would never pay did not folly make them blind. Thus the good Padre talked, and he had been far afield, even to Milan years ago, and to Rome not twelve months since. True, Guido had laughed at him and talked of riches, Guido who had been born with discontent in his blood, and had set off up the winding road one morning. He had made a reverence before the cross on the shoulder of the hill, from habit rather than faith, for he was full of strange and unnatural ideas; he had stood there a moment waving a farewell to those who stood on the bridge watching him, then he had gone and had not returned. But for the rest, the Padre spoke to willing ears. Sheltered by the Apennines, as children in the arms of a fond mother, they were a happy and simple folk in Falterino, content with to-day, trustful concerning to-morrow, careful in times of scantiness, full of laughter and festival when plenty was with them. Faith was theirs as it is a little child's. As a child goes to its mother, so they went into the little church, never doubting that their simple requests would be answered. Was not the Madonna with the Child in her arms, whose picture hung over the altar in the tiny chapel of Our Lady, their Mother too? Why, there were many in the village who could tell of things the Madonna had done for them, and had priest or layman ventured to argue against these facts, the women would have laughed him to scorn, and as likely as not the men would have given him rough handling. They were strong men who quarrelled sometimes, bringing a reprimand from the Padre, but as a rule they laughed together and sang over their work, whether they steered the plow drawn by milk-white oxen or were busy with the grapes at vintage time; and pilgrims might have made pilgrimage to Falterino had they known how beautiful the women were.

There was Gaia. In all Tuscany you would not find her equal. The men said it confidently as if they had traveled all Tuscany to see, and even the women were not jealous of her. Gaia was one apart. It was praise enough if a lover told a girl that she had something of Gaia's beauty. She had been one apart even when they had all been children together playing in the village, and the Padre had had a special lesson for little Gaia.

"It is good to be beautiful, my child," he had said, "for it is a gift from God, and all God's gifts are good. But there is danger in it, too, little one, for there is nothing the devil under-

stands more about than the power of a beautiful woman, no weapon he uses more often or more effectually. Your heart and soul must be beautiful too, then all shall go well with you."

The child did not appreciate the warning, though the words remained with her, but she came to understand as she grew to womanhood, and it was her constant petition to the Madonna to make her as beautiful within as she was without.

To love Gaia was natural, but it became a kind of unwritten law that the men must not quarrel about her. For other girls the friendly relations between rivals might be strained at times, that was human nature, but Gaia, in one sense, belonged to them all. They were a brotherhood to protect her, to shield her from harm. Some day she would choose amongst them, and that day should be a festival. Gaia's husband would be a personage in Falterino for her sake. The Padre nodded his approval, and watched the girl with some apprehension. Well he might, for if ever a woman was tempted to vanity, Gaia was.

Strangely, all this homage and adulation seemed to have no effect upon her, none that even the Padre could see. She accepted it humbly, as a tribute to God's gift, not as though she had a right to it; and this attitude brought to her simple soul a subtle conception of duty. It was not a conviction, it was only a thought which dwelt with her. The Madonna would show her how to act when the time came. She was not troubled, she made no mention of it when she confessed to the Padre; it was just a question God had given her to think over, and presently she would know how to answer it.

She was gentle to all, but for two her sweetest smiles had been reserved, for Andrea who could plow better than any man in the village, and in the winter evenings carved beautifully in wood, and for Guido, who was always discontented, and had left the village in search of riches. For a little while the women of Falterino had wondered whether Guido had carried Gaia's heart with him, for so often she stood on the bridge and gazed up at the cross on the hillside. The Padre had wondered too, but he said nothing. Time was the best physician in such a matter. As a son whom he deemed had erred, Guido was dear to the Padre, but when he looked at Gaia he was glad that Guido had gone. He was not the man to make Gaia happy.

And time had done its work. Twelve months after Guido's departure, Gaia had become betrothed to Andrea, the carver as they

called him, and there had soon come a day of rejoicing in the village. Gaia's wedding would always be remembered in Falterino. It had happened more than a year ago, and this morning as the laughing men and women came down the road, Gaia was on the bridge with her baby.

"Ah, the bambino!" cried the women, and paused a moment to admire the child.

"Good morning, Gaia," said the men with eyes full of admiration for the mother, and little wonder, for had a Raphael come that way he would surely have paused and painted a new Madonna and child.

"You are late," Gaia laughed. "Andrea was amongst the vines a quarter of an hour ago."

"Is it possible!" Nino exclaimed, pretending great astonishment. "You should be angry at his being in so great a hurry. Were I Andrea, I should stay with you until the last moment. I shouldn't want to go at all."

"I should give you the bambino to look after."

"Is that why Andrea ran away so early to the farm?" laughed Nino, and they all laughed, even the baby in Gaia's arms.

As they went, the Padre came from the church and walked slowly towards the bridge. The thought of the Madonna was in his mind, as he saw the woman on the bridge, and behind it was another thought which troubled him, which was with him night and day. For a long time it had been the subject of his special prayers. Something of a blessing was in his greeting, and then his eyes rested on the woman for a few moments.

"It is a favorite place of yours, this bridge?"

"Yes, Father. I think there can be no more beautiful spot in all the world."

"It is good, Gaia, to be contented and—and quite happy."

"Very good, Father," and she looked up to the shoulder of the hill, where the cross stood against a background of blue sky.

For a few moments the Padre was silent, and then, because of the thought which troubled him, he said:

"I have noted how often you lean upon the parapet and look towards the hill yonder. Gaia, does the road that runs by the cross ever seem to beckon you?"

"Never. Why do you ask, Father?"

He was not quite prepared to answer that question, so was silent, while the baby clutched his finger in a chubby little hand.

"Father, you, too, often stand here looking up at the cross yonder," said Gaia.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"In thought. Mostly it is in the evening I stand here. It is a pleasant place in the cool of the evening."

"Perhaps our thoughts are much alike, Father."

"Perhaps."

"Is it of Guido you think?" she asked.

"Why, yes, but you—"

"I think of him, too, Father."

For a minute or so there was silence.

"My daughter, what kind of thoughts are they? You have never brought your trouble to me."

"No, Father."

"Why not?" And there was just a touch of severity in his tone.

She looked at the child in her arms and then into the priest's eyes.

"Father, I took it to the Madonna more than two years ago. She is a woman, and I thought she would understand even better than you. Was I wrong?"

"No, child."

"At first I only asked her a question. I just showed her my heart and asked her guidance. She answered me very plainly; and then, because I felt she was pleased with me and loved me, I made a petition to her. Whether she has answered it I do not know, perhaps I never shall know until—until afterwards."

The Padre leaned against the parapet of the bridge in silence.

"You saw Guido when you were in Rome, Father?" said the woman after another pause.

"Yes."

"And you said he was doing well."

"He told me that he had plenty of work, and was making money."

"I think the Madonna has answered my petition," said Gaia reflectively, "even as she answered my question. That question grew out of your teaching, Father—something you said about beauty when I was a child. You said it was the gift of God and must be used in His service."

"I remember."

"I did not understand all you meant then, but later understanding came to me," she went on. "There was Andrea and Guido. They were both dear to me in different ways. With Andrea I could look forward to happiness, but perhaps it was meant that I should belong to Guido, that if he married me he would become a better man. That was the question I took to the Madonna, Father. Then Guido asked me to marry him, and in the same breath he talked of riches, of going away from Falterino to win them—for me he said; but I could hear that he thought of himself, too. And it came to me how I should answer him. I cared nothing for the world beyond the hills; I thought he would find disappointment in it if I was meant to marry him. He should ask me again within a year and a day, I told him. It was the way to find out my duty, and I knew the Madonna would give me my answer. Guido did not come, so I married Andrea."

"You were glad Guido did not come?" asked the Padre.

"Very glad, because I loved Andrea," she said simply. "Still, Father, I do not forget Guido, and I have petitioned the Madonna to help him and give him happiness. He has plenty of work in Rome you say, and in Rome perhaps there is a woman who will help him. It seems that the Madonna answers my petition."

"She has or will, my child. I have no doubt of it. You deserve to be very happy, little Gaia."

"I am," she said, and she held up her child towards the Padre. "I am the happiest woman in Falterino, and I think that means in all the world."

The Padre crossed the bridge, and went slowly up the village street. Old Bartolomeo was sick and he went to visit him. He heard men and women singing amongst the vines as he passed, scraps of song that had sounded in Tuscany for generations. Yet he was not really listening to the song nor thinking of sick Bartolomeo. He was remembering his visit to Rome and his meeting with Guido. Guido had changed greatly in a short time; his tongue had grown more boastful; he loved money and pleasure; he laughed at Falterino; he was even a little condescending to the village priest who seemed so insignificant a figure in Rome, where there were so many great prelates and cardinals. All the world came to Rome, nobody ever went to Falterino. Guido had asked about Gaia, and when the Padre told him she was married to Andrea, he had burst out with an oath, and the whole fury of his nature was let loose. Andrea was a villain who had robbed him in his

absence. He meant to go back to the village and bring Gaia away, bring her into the world where her beauty should be seen. Oh, be very sure he would go back to Falterino, and Andrea should pay for his treachery. A knife thrust should end it. The Padre might be very certain of that.

The Padre had felt certain of it. The prayer he prayed almost as often as he said his *Pater Noster*, was that Gaia might be spared, and that tragedy might not come to Falterino, but he had taken worldly precaution too. He had told Andrea what Guido had threatened in Rome, and the carver, whether he worked amongst the vines or walked the village street, was always prepared to meet an enemy. He had no doubt that Guido would come some day. He could understand the hot blood in Guido, better perhaps than the Padre could.

The Padre as he went slowly to see sick Bartolomeo, understood Guido a little better since his talk with Gaia on the bridge. What was mostly pity, Guido had taken for love, and love waits longer than a year and a day unless it is tampered with. There was some excuse for Guido thinking that Andrea had been treacherous. The good Padre wondered if he ought not to make the long journey to Rome to explain everything to Guido.

"Ah, but I have not the simple faith of Gaia," he murmured.

And on his way back from sick Bartolomeo, he passed into the cool of the little church, and for a long time knelt in the chapel of Our Lady.

All day long they were busy amongst the vines, even the noontide siesta was shortened, and the coming of evening found them still working. Who minded working long hours at the vintage time? Nino with his muscles, hard as new cord, could laugh at the idea of fatigue, and Andrea, who in Gaia and the bambino had the best that the world could give, found life a joy whether he worked or rested. Once towards evening he glanced up to the hill-side. When Guido came he was ready for him. If he drew his knife, why, so much the worse for Guido.

Towards evening, too, the Padre walked on to the bridge, and his eyes traveled along the ribbon-like road, up to the cross standing sharply against the opalescent sky. Below him the stream sang in its stony bed, and like sentinels upon its banks, dark cypress trees stood at intervals, not a movement in them. The ripple of a woman's laughter came to him at intervals, and yonder, just above the ridge of hill, palely glimmered the evening star. It was a good

land this, a land of the olive and the vine, such a land as God had promised to His people in the ages long ago. Over them the same star had glimmered in an evening sky. Time and the affairs of men, what were they? It was a good world and in the Lord's keeping. There was His cross on the hillside, a sure sign for them that would understand. Slowly the Padre went home, happy in his faith.

Along the dusty road which stretched its many leagues to Rome, a man climbed towards the cross on the hillside. He knew it was vintage time, knew that men and women would be working late amongst the vines; he was not expecting to meet anyone upon the road. He came to the cross and flung himself down at the foot of it. He looked at it for a moment, but it was nothing to him, just two rough pieces of wood fastened together. A tree would have been more use there, for at noonday it would have given shade for a man to rest in.

He laughed contemptuously as he flung himself down, and looked at Falterino below him. He thought of Rome and the world; it was a mean little place this village, where men were content just to live from year's end to year's end, ignorant of what lay beyond them, without ambition. And yet Gaia was here and Andrea—the traitor Andrea. His fingers touched the handle of his knife. It was a mean little place, yet he had come back to it. Why? To kill Andrea. The answer came easily, but was it worth while coming all these weary miles for that? Was it worth while to leave the great city, with its noise of work and pleasure, just to kill a man? Somewhere in the village was Gaia, and in all Rome he had found no Gaia.

A little more than two years ago she had made her promise, she would wait for a year and a day. It was too short a time in which to find riches, and he had meant to bring riches to Gaia. If he had come empty-handed, as he had gone away, it would have been different, very different; even empty-handed he could have laughed at Andrea, even as he had done when they were boys, when Andrea would rather be carving a bit of wood than getting into mischief with the rest of them. How his companions in Rome would laugh at Andrea, and yet—yet he had Gaia.

Guido half-rose yet fell back upon his elbow again. The Angelus rang from the campanile; it was unlike any other bell he had ever heard, and the familiar note sent his thoughts racing back along the years that had gone. How full they were. It was

astonishing how full life could be in such a place as Falterino, where nothing ever happened. From this hillside to the cypress grove, two miles or more beyond the village yonder, there was not a spot that did not hold some memory; here some childish frolic, there some event which had to do with his later years. That corner of red roof showing to the right of the campanile marked his home. He had been born there. A thousand times on just such an evening as this he had seen his mother sitting in the doorway, as likely as not patching some torn garment of his. By the bridge, just where the little cascade was now, he had been nearly drowned once in torrent time. Old Bartolomeo had pulled him out he remembered, and he wondered if the old man had died during the last two years. If he had, he would be behind the church there lying close to where Guido's father and mother were. On the path towards the cypress grove he had first played with Gaia, Andrea was with them; and it was on that same path one evening that Gaia had said she would wait for a year and a day. There by the church was the Padre's house. What an insignificant figure he had seemed in Rome, but how important he had always been in Falterino. Surely that was the Padre now, going towards the church. Of course, it was the sounding of the bell which had started him remembering so many things. It was the end of the day. Soon, some of those who had been working amongst the vines would be climbing the hill on their way home. In Rome they were beginning to think of the evening's amusements; in Falterino—

He rose to his feet, touched the handle of his knife again, and remembered why he had journeyed so far. Once Andrea was dead, he would travel back to Rome, to the pleasures there and the chance of riches. Perhaps he would ask Gaia to come with him. There were women who would do so, but not in Falterino, least of all Gaia probably. She had always been under the influence of the Padre, and was fond of long prayers. Prayers—

He looked at the cross and laughed. Could prayers prevent his going down the road into the village and killing Andrea? What good had prayers ever done him? Had he not prayed for riches? He was still poor. Had he not long ago prayed that the beautiful Gaia might be his? She belonged to Andrea. Gaia had promised to pray for him, so had the Padre he remembered. What good had their prayers done? Somewhere down in the valley they were singing an old Tuscan song. Guido knew it well. His

mother had sung it often, so had Gaia. It reminded him of his childhood. How often he had heard it. Even in Falterino he had been happy.

He looked at the cross again, but he did not laugh. He noted that it leaned out of the perpendicular, that the wood was old and rough, that it lacked beauty; yet how often he had seen his mother bow to it, and he had bowed, too, as he clung to her skirts. How often laughing men and women ceased their laughter for a moment, and bowed and passed on. Why, there was hardly a man or woman in Falterino who would pass without taking notice of it. It was mere foolishness, sentiment. It was only a cross of wood, and ill-made, too. It meant nothing to him. He had been into the world, and had heard men talk; this was a sign that belonged to a children's story. Why he had laughed at the people who went into St. Peter's to pray, St. Peter's with its dome that was the wonder of the world, and this rude cross— But he did not laugh; he could not. Standing clear against the evening sky there was something in this old wooden cross that held him. His fingers clasped and unclasped, and then his hand came slowly to his head and his hat was off, and he bowed. He was a child again, yet a man, a man suddenly remembering the past, suddenly seeing— The hat fell from Guido's nervous fingers. There was a strange glow in the evening sky, against which the cross stood out with intense clearness. There was a great silence over all the hills, over all the world it seemed. Guido was alone, alone with the cross, alone—

Against the strange glow of the evening the cross stood clear, and nailed to it was the figure of a Man. The outstretched arms were bent with pain, the body twisted with a long agony, the head drooped on the breast; and on the head was a crown of thorns. It was no rude cross, but the Crucifix. Guido saw it, as men must have seen it centuries ago, clear against the sky on Calvary.

“Jesu. Pardon. Mercy.”

And he fell upon his knees amongst the wild flowers that grew there.

Men and women came over the bridge and climbed the road. They chattered as they came.

“Thank God for the vintage time,” said Nella, drawing Giovanni, her young husband closer to her, for in her heart she was thanking God too for love.

"It will be a wonderful vintage, this year," said Nino. "Never were the grapes so full and large. Did you see Gaia with her bambino on the bridge this morning, Giovanni?"

"Aye."

"The sight didn't make you discontented with Nella there seemingly."

"No. There's little enough to choose between Nella and Gaia, if you're thinking of beauty."

Nino laughed his great laugh, and Nella drew closer to her husband.

So they came to the cross and made their reverence, and passed on homewards. It was only a rude cross on the roadside, but it meant much to these men and women of Falterino.

The evening sun was growing dark and the stars were out. They did not see the little cloud of dust on the road before them where a man tramped on his way back to Rome.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY S. M. D.

SOME years lie rose-crowned in their joy;
Some rue-entwined with shame;
Some cypress-bound in sadness,
Some laurel-wreathed with fame.

How shall it stand, loved Saviour,
The year begun to-day?
Shall blooms of trust, or thorns of doubt,
Strew the untrodden way?

What will it matter, Father,
Throughout eternity,
If happiness or sadness
But draw our hearts to Thee!

SALAMANCA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

BY THOMAS WALSH.



HALF-devastated, yet it is a hill of wonders that greets the visitor of to-day; after the sweet serenity and tempered loveliness of Avila across the plain, Salamanca lifts her domes and spires over the windings of the Tormes with an air more defiant than inviting, awesome rather than inspiring. The dusty omnibuses at the railroad station, the straggling common quarter leading through the Gate of Zamora, almost crush the expectations of the newcomer. He is confronted with the unkempt conditions of a small manufacturing town until suddenly the splendid vistas of the sky line break upon him, the carvings of stone cornices in escutcheons, garlands, *torchères*, and latticed belvederes, all of the golden-brown for which Salamanca is famous; the most unpromising streets dip up and down around the stately Plaza Mayor, and sooner or later end at some splendid college, convent, or shrine. The palace of the ancient Montereys seems a coronation in stone beside the great empty church of the Agustinas, where the grandest of all religious paintings, "The Conception" of Ribera, hangs above the altar. Another byway leads off to the Gothic ruins of the primitive Convent de la Vega; down another dusty suburb lies the bare shrine of Santo Cristo, a tragic crucifix with long tresses of natural hair and skirt of embroidered velvet, ceaselessly petitioned amid a conflagration of candles and a prostrated throng. On a knoll over the river the new cathedral, dating from the sixteenth century, half smothers its archaic and marvelous predecessor with its Tower del Gallo, from which Boston appropriated (without improving) the spire on Copley Square. On another knoll stand the stupendous church and college of the Compañia, built for the Jesuits between 1617 and 1750, covering an area of twenty-four thousand square yards, and almost dwarfing the entire city. Near at hand is the lovely Casa de las Conchas, its iron grilles, smiling *patio*, and façades emblazoned with cockle shells; and across a modern little park, the Tower del Clavero, an old donjon-keep of the Sotomayors, a pure touch of beauty amid much self-conscious splendor.

It is not quite correct to think that inspiration has ever en-

tirely abandoned the old "Queen of the Tormes"—"the Mother of the Virtues, Sciences, and Arts." There clings around her still something of the dignity as well as the worldliness of courts; her disputations can still show some of the old-time fire; the rivalries and jealousies that seem particularly to affect small cities and universities are not unknown. As in the palmy days, the university, the colleges, and religious houses discuss questions of faith, science and art in the grand manner. Their funds may have been confiscated, their colleges destroyed or secularized, but the voices of the priests have not been silenced; in Spain there is a large audience intent to hear their views, which are sometimes far from appreciative of their secular successors. Prominent among the protagonists is the Rector of the University, Don Miguel de Unamuno, who may be called a cosmopolitan of letters, inculcating an appreciation of Spain and Spanish nature from an attitude so rare among his compatriots as almost to appear foreign. There have been some sharp encounters over his *Vida de Don Quixote y Sancho* (Madrid, 1905); the Portuguese have not been enthusiastic over his volume, *Por Tierras de Portugal y de España* (Madrid, 1911); but in his brochure *Paisajes* (Salamanca, 1902), there is certainly charm and delicacy of feeling.

Standing in the Plaza of the Schools—the very holy of holies of Salamanca—is the bronze monument of the greatest son of the university, the mystical poet Fray Luis de León, 1528-1591. Erected by national subscription in 1869, it rather dwarfs the little square, suffering itself in consequence, and reflecting in a way not intended by its inaugurators the fate of the real Fray Luis, and the suffering that came upon him through his superiority to his time. All Spain quotes his poems, and in the biographical study *Fr. Luis de León* (Madrid, 1904), the Augustinian Padre Blanco García shows an excellent sense of his importance to the theology of the sixteenth century, without losing sight of the fact that it is as poet mainly that he interests the world to-day.

Declaring that Padre Blanco himself has been, at times, more a poet than historian, Fray Alonso Getino in his *Vida y Procesos del Maestro Fr. Luis de León* (Salamanca, 1907) disputes the consecrated legend of a serene and persecuted Fray Luis, and ably defends the traditions of the Dominican school of dogma, with which, says Ticknor among others, Fray Luis warred almost his own destruction. This controversial explosion has not been without its counterblast, so that the

newspapers of Madrid have been regaled with a brilliant duel of wits between the Dominican champion and the Augustinian Fray Conrado Muñoz Saenz of the Royal College of The Escorial, whose special grievance is the doubt expressed by Padre Getino as to the validity of the legend that Fray Luis, after his return from five years of imprisonment by the Inquisition, reopened his lectures with the simple words, "We were saying yesterday—*Dicebamus hesterna die.*" Invoking every resource of history and dialectics in his *El "Declamos Ayer"* (Madrid, 1908), the Augustinian sums up in the words of the founder of his Order: "*Credo propter pulchritudinem.* Concepts of such sovereign beauty can never be the products of a cold reason that invents, nor even of a warm imagination, for such would not have been capable of creating anything so simple, ingenuous, natural, and spontaneous; they can only be conceived as genuine facts as phenomena of that genuine poetry, much more fruitful, intense, and luminous than any poetical art, being the direct and spontaneous expression of the unconscious genius hidden in a great and generous soul."

To-day in Salamanca one can search in vain for the slightest trace of the old home of the poet, his *Convento de San Agustín*; of the college and church not a stone remains upon a stone. The history of this splendid edifice, associated with the lives of numerous saints and scholars, is not without its lesson for the student of modern Spain; in 1589 the building was swept by fire, and again in 1744. Then the French invaders of 1812 showed the high grade of their civilization by placing barrels of powder under the principal arches, and completing its devastation. In 1827 the Augustinians undertook a restoration, but their work was halted by the decree suppressing the religious corporations of Spain. Thereupon the very laborers that were employed to rebuild the structure turned about, and at the orders of its new possessors levelled it to the ground.

More fortunate—if to lead a life maimed and deserted can be said to be better than an eclipse at the topmost of glory—has been the fate of the church and convent of Sancti-Spiritus, the home of the *Comendadora* Isabel Osorio, the kinswoman for whom Fray Luis made the Castilian version of *The Song of Songs*, that precipitated his trials and imprisonment. Having heard various mystical interpretations of the Biblical epithalamium, this cloistered noblewoman had requested a translation from the Hebrew that would make clear to her the utmost purport of the original, the order of the con-

text, and the most obvious and literal sense of its allegories. Fray Luis acceded to her request and prepared in *terza rima* an exquisite pastoral dialogue, which Doña Isabel retained for a few days, and then returned to the author. What must have been his surprise, and even terror, knowing as he did the hostility of his rivals, and how serious an offence in the eyes of the Inquisition was the disseminating of the Scriptures in Spanish, without proper authority, when he discovered that the friar who had charge of his cell had found the version in his desk, and had made copies of it without his consent or knowledge. It was only some months later, when a Dominican scholar of Portugal wrote to congratulate him on his work, that he learned of the numerous copies already circulating in manuscript. Something may be learned also of the tireless industry of the Inquisitors in the account given of two copies which were traced as far as the missions of Cuzco in Peru.

Sancti-Spiritus is a vast structure as it stands to-day, divided into schools, and prisons, and a parish church. In its arches and delicate buttresses of golden-brown stone, it shows the Gothic forms prevailing in 1436, the year of its foundation. The entrance to the church, however, is richly ornamented in the plasteresque style, and an elaborate inscription over the main door relates its extraordinary legend. According to this monument, which is dated A. D. 1030, King Ferdinand I., on the eve of a battle near Compostela, was promised victory in a dream, on condition that the properties of the first knight of Santiago who should be slain, be given to the nuns of Sancti-Spiritus, and that the prioress should be given the rank of *comendadora* or knight-commander, and come out into battle or not, according to her pleasure. The king having made solemn agreement to this effect with the Grand Master of Santiago, it happened that the first to be slain by the arrows was Alvar Ganchez, who held the commandery of Castiell de la Atalaya y Palomera, and upon gaining the victory the king conferred these territories upon the convent. The story is highly picturesque, but no such battle is known to history, and the inscription is a mass of errors in dates, titles, and phraseology. The actual foundation of the parish took place in 1222 under the auspices of some pious women, who were known as the *Beatas de Santa Ana*. Every year in memory of their first meeting place near the *Ermita de Santo Cristo*, that ancient crucifix is still carried for a novena to the convent church. Becoming a refuge for ladies, particularly for widows, and those whose lords were absent on the battlefield, Sancti-

Spiritus grew wealthy, honored with the favor of popes and kings. In 1812 Alfonso X. created the nuns *comendadoras* of the Military Order of Santiago, and later they obtained from the Pope exemption from the authority of the Bishops of Salamanca. The choir of their chapel is still intact, with its beautiful, if somewhat funereal, ceiling of inlaid and painted wood, and its fifty-four stalls. We can picture Doña Isabel Osorio coming hither to her daily office, habited as are the ancient portraits preserved in the sacristy, in a white hood and veil, a black tunic, and the white cloak with the red dagger of the Order of Santiago. She was a great lady, for none other was received among these *comendadoras* who counted their prioresses, in the manner of reigning kings, for six hundred years. Their graves as yet are sacred, but to the broken-hearted woman whose name was dragged into the trial of Fray Luis de León, nobody seems to have given a thought. Saintly and learned she must have been to a high degree to win the interest of a man so remote from common concerns as the poet of *The Ascension*, *The Night Serene*, *The Vales of Heaven*, and the ode *To Retirement*.

San Estéban has escaped the desecrators; on its commanding eminence we can still find its splendid church that was designed by Juan de Alava, and erected between 1524 and 1610. The richness of its ornamentation rivals that of the façade of the new cathedral, and it rests on the city like a carved casket of dull golden stone. Garlands, escutcheons, scrolls, and statues riot on every hand; over the entrance is Ceroni's "Stoning of St. Stephen," and at the side there is a florid cenotaph and a bust of Fray Diego Deza, later Archbishop and Grand Inquisitor, of whom Columbus declared to Ferdinand and Isabella, "It is due to him that Your Highnesses possess The Indies." Within the monastery is also preserved the Salon de Profundis, where in 1486, or early in 1487, a commission was convened to decide upon the feasibility of the claims of Columbus. Contrary to general notions, the university was in no way connected officially with the inquest. Columbus was for a long time the guest of the Dominicans, and through the influence of Deza with the Cardinal Gonzalez de Mendoza—the *tertius rex* of Spain—a royal investigation was ordered under the direction of the Hieronymite Prior of the Prado. It is now believed that Columbus fearing that his theories might be put to test by others than himself, withheld information from the commissioners, and that their decision against his claims was based on objections drawn not from Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, but from the teachings of Seneca and Ptolemy.

With such local traditions behind them, as well as their pre-eminence in the philosophy of their own Aquinas, their several revisions of the Vulgate Bible, and the prerogatives of the Inquisition, one hardly wonders that the Dominicans of Salamanca should become haughty and intolerant as their rivals alleged. They possessed a practical monopoly of the chairs of theology, from the establishment of that faculty in 1416 down to the middle of the sixteenth century, and continued to hold their own during the stormy period when the Augustinians, Mercedarians, and Jesuits were most active in the lists.

Of the other colleges that escaped the French devastation of 1811 and 1812, the Militar of Calatrava, founded by Carlos V. in 1552, is still preserved as a tenement for poor families, whose dripping garments are hung to dry from its proud courtyard; the College de Santiago Apóstol, with its superb patio by Herrera, has been more fortunate as the residence of the College de Nobles Irlandeses, whose original buildings, the gift of Philip II. in 1592, were destroyed by the French; the *Colegio Viejo* of San Bartolomé, founded in 1401 and rebuilt since 1760, is also cared for as a municipal building.

*Ave Salmantina
Civitas gloriosa
Gloria litterarum
Semper speciosa—*

thus, according to Menéndez y Pelayo, her generations of students approaching over the plains of Castile and Leon, hailed her golden-brown walls, her thirty-two colleges, and churches and monasteries without number. From her proud eminence she smiled sternly out of her rugged narrow streets and fortress-like houses, as every year, about the opening of her schools on October 18th, the Feast of St. Mark, they came by the Roman military road or the intricate web of mule paths—the seven thousand students of her golden age. Muffled to their eyes in spite of the heat, these scholars, students, and dependents form as motley a throng as any that ever journeyed to Canterbury or Compostela. Following some youthful Mendoza, or de Lara, or Guzman, strutted the swashbuckler and mercenary home from the wars of Germany, Italy, or the Netherlands; ragged scamps such as figure in the scenes of “Lazarillo del Tormes” and “El Gran Tascaño”—bitter satirists of the kidney of Quevedo; scholars and mystics like Peter Martyr, Thomas of Villanova, the Blessed Orozco, and the Mother Teresa de Jesús;

tonsured playwrights and troubadours like Herrera and Lope de Vega; sedate grandees, and prelates, and rectors—Portocarreros, Bracamontes, Sarmientos, and Manriques, and all the *sangre azul* of the Spains. Youngsters on their way to study the rudiments in the *Colegios menores* jogged by under the escort of solemn old servants, and muleteers half smothered under their pack of bedding and fodder; bachelors of the university returning from their native villages as they rehearsed the story of their disputations with the rural pastors upon whom they were entitled to quarter; most of them tonsured, yet without any intention of proceeding to higher orders, telling of their scholarly serenades and love-making at the iron gratings; *licenciados* went by, striding their mules, already with the sedentary assurance of prelates, *catedráticos* and doctors; there were bookworms and disputants jealous of their intricate systems of Scotus, Durandus, and Aquinas, lamenting the abuses of Spain, refuting the Reformers of the north, outspoken with the supernatural, and daunted only by the ominous shadow of some passing Inquisitor, or the sight of the symbols of the Holy Office in the villages through which they journeyed. Among them trudged the poor student—the *sopista* and the *mantéista*—on foot, or sometimes two astride the same mule—all equals in the sacred name of learning—the future monks and friars; chaplains of gold-fleets and armadas; missionaries and explorers of the Perus, the Californias, Philipppines, and the Indies; the future bishops, governors, and cardinals of state; the royal confessors, and Inquisitors, the chroniclers, courtiers, martyrs, monastic reformers, and saints.

From every corner of the horizon, and every country of the globe, came students in these early days; Spain sent her proudest *hidalgos*, young Don Juans, Don Álváros, Don Cherubinos, sprigs of isolated castles or palatial *solares* of Segovia, Ávila, Orviedo, and Toledo; alert lads from Catalonia; indolent little dreamers from Valencia and the Greek colonies of the northeast; stolid Aragonese, more at home with the broadsword than the rapier; Asturians, Basques, Navarreses, with soulful eyes and martial bearing; square-browed Galicians, *viejos cristianos* from the Montaña and the shadow of Santiago de Compostela; swarthy Portuguese; and witty, poetic, roistering Andalusians, of whom the duller students dared only to whisper, "Cut out their tongues and there's nothing left," as they strutted by with long black cloaks and plumes, the forbidden dagger rattling at their side.

When, twice a year, these throngs had passed, the plains settled down again to their endless monotony, except when the great dusty flocks of pigs and goats came with their herdsmen for the annual killing at the Feast of All Saints, or by night the string of mules came running down from Coruña with fresh fish for the Dominicans of San Estéban. More leisurely fared the post and special couriers of Pope, nuncio, and king; Queen Isabella asks for a ruling how to treat the Jews of Granada; the Emperor Carlos sends a commission in the new, heavily-swung coaches to open the Military College of Calatrava; Philip II. dispatches rapid messengers to beg a Domingo Soto to resolve his scruples of conscience; an English Henry VII. in 1527 submits the question of his first divorce to the University Council. Or again, on the even of great festivals, the roaring of bulls is heard across the plains, and crashing across the Roman Bridge and up the steep narrow streets, rush the bulls decoyed into the barricades, so that the morrow may have its share of blood.

Days of glory and cruelty! The bravery, enterprise, and virtues of heroic Spain begin to bear a harvest of power and gold, pride and luxury. The Kings arrive at Salamanca; Ferdinand and Isabella deck out the simple quarters of the university with their gorgeous romantic façades, and the schools, not to be daunted, answer with the haughty Greek inscription, "The Kings to the University. This, to the Kings." The Emperor Carlos mingles freely with the students at their lectures; Philip II. comes obsequiously to hear his great Padre Soto expound his lesson in theology, until his courtiers, having indulged in some scornful remarks regarding the soiled gowns of the students, are saved from a riot only through his personal appeal.

Proud and unruly as student bodies generally have been, the right of electing their professors and, through them, of choosing annually the rector, gave the men of Salamanca unusual self-esteem. Even the poorest scholar found himself courted for his vote with promises of privileges, and sometimes of food, as is said to be the case in some municipal and national elections of to-day.

In these old days they had for athletics and amusement the fast and furious game of *pelota*, from which our handball is derived; bowling was popular, as well as fencing both with rapier and staff. The wealthier students also indulged in falconry and boar-hunting; bull-fights and tournaments were the usual climax of these festivals. Cards and dice are said to have taken up a

good deal of the leisure even of the professors, and we may imagine their fondness for music from the number of instruments they used—the *psalterion* or zither, the *chirmia* or oboe, the *mandora* or lute, the bagpipe of Zamora, and the ubiquitous guitar. There were also numerous dances, and theatrical representations, the university defraying part of the expense of any dramatic production approved by the council. The further coöperation of the university in the amusements of the people may be inferred from the accounts given of the celebrations of the feast of San Marcos, the patron of the city. On the eve of this day it was customary for one of the professors to go with a procession outside the walls, to mount to a safe place in the middle of a bull-pasture and call out, “Marcos! Marcos!” The bull that first responded was thereupon led into the city to attend the festal Mass at the cathedral; then it was led forth and escorted from door to door to beg for some student fund or other; after this *fusées* were tied to its horns, and the terrified beast was loosed to run amuck and be baited by the entire population.

As may be imagined the police had no little trouble in living peaceably with the students; but once the latter could gain sanctuary behind the iron posts and chains that outlined the jurisdiction of their rector and chancellor they were comparatively safe. The *algnacils*, or wardens of the university, seem to have been of milder disposition, for not infrequently we hear of grave disorders in the classrooms, where only the presence of the rector himself was able to restore tranquillity. From the diary of an old professor of the sixteenth century we glean an interesting entry referring to the athletic and disciplinary conditions at Salamanca. Having put himself, he tells us, in his best physical condition, the pragmatist proceeded to the lecture hall, and opened his courses first with an humble prayer, followed by a threat to break the head of any student that set himself against him. The honesty of his character, and the excellence of his training were brilliantly vindicated on a certain day when one of his pupils hurled a malodorous object in his face. Salamanca in 1560 was using a textbook of the Copernican system, even when the Church, and most of the other universities, regarded it with suspicion, but the old diarist relates with gusto how he seized hold of the great brass planetarium, a weight of several hundred pounds, representing the entire then-known universe, and dashed it at the reprobate’s head. He expresses some

complacency that none of the inoffensive members of the class were injured, and bears cheerful witness to the excellence of the discipline for the rest of the year.

Quevedo (1580-1645), a student of the university, relates another tale that illustrates the poverty in which many of the students lived at Salamanca. With a touch of humorous exaggeration, he describes the excitement of a famished band when several black beans are discovered at the bottom of their watery soup bowl. A furious struggle ensues as to who shall enjoy these cabalistic "black beans of Ethiopia," and not until a lifelong old student has cracked his last remaining tooth on one of the morsels, is it found that the rosary chaplet of one of the students has been broken, and the beads have somehow slipped into the bowl.

Will the tides of glory ever sweep back again to Salamanca? There are some who think they will. It is impossible, considering the superb relics of architecture, the matchless prestige of so many centuries of primacy in the arts and sciences, that Spain can forever continue to ignore the fact that at Salamanca she possesses one of the most venerable institutions of the world. Had England, France, or Germany such a citadel of proud traditions we should behold, instead of a crumbling waste of splendors, another Oxford or Heidelberg at Salamanca. That the scholars of Spain should be forced to congregate in the large cities, unpropitious, if not hostile, to the proper pursuit of their studies, is only another example of a mistaken spirit of progress. The government which did practically nothing toward the foundation of these colleges, has fatally crippled Salamanca, without offering any remedy or substitute, and even without effecting any settlement of the monastic questions in which its secularization was involved. If it were true that the old "mother of the virtues, the sciences, and the arts" had fallen into decline in the troublous days of Spain, why should she not now join in the rising spirit of the nation, throw off her shackles, and recall to her schools the young generations that are at present sacrificing the memories and traditions of their race in the foreign schools of the world? There are some thinkers who see into the future, and behold visions of these old professors reopening their dusty class books with the words of Fray Luis de León, "We were saying yesterday."

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.



LITTLE more than fifty years ago Harpers published a book of very serious character, which now has but an academic interest, yet which in that generation attracted so much attention that it went through five editions in a few years, and was generally considered as one of the very significant American contributions to scholarship. Its title is *The History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, and it was written by John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York, and author of a series of books on physiology and on history. The subject had been first treated by him in a paper read at the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science held at Oxford in 1860. His thesis was, therefore, very properly introduced to the world of science, and was manifestly accepted as quite authoritative. The publication of the full text of the argument was somewhat delayed by the Civil War, but it appeared in 1863, and in spite of the then unfavorable conditions of the book trade, three large editions were exhausted in a little more than a year, and a fourth revised edition was issued in 1865. It is a book that shaped much of the thinking of educated Americans at that time, and its serious character makes it very clear that only those of considerable education would be interested in it. The work may, therefore, fairly be taken as a criterion of the intellectual taste and judgment of academic circles of that day.

Draper himself said in his preface that "no one had hitherto undertaken the labor of arranging the evidence offered by the intellectual history of Europe in accordance with *physiological principles* (1) so as to illustrate the orderly progress of civilization, or collected the facts furnished by other branches of science with a view of enabling us to recognize clearly the conditions under which that progress takes place. This philosophical deficiency I have endeavored in the following pages to supply." Here then was the scientific philosophy of the history of Europe. It is interesting now after fifty years to consider the man and a few of his judgments on historical characters and movements, though I fear such

consideration is not likely to make the reader of the present time feel that science is, as it has sometimes been claimed, a fine educational discipline.

Writers of history, recognized as great philosophic historians in our own time as in Draper's and in every other time, have proclaimed that the most important factor in the intellectual development of Europe was Christianity as represented by the Catholic Church, and they have not hesitated to declare that the debt to her is so great as to be almost incalculable. They have reached their conclusion quite apart from religious belief or non-belief. John Fiske declared in *The Beginnings of New England*, perhaps the last place in the world one might expect to find such an expression, that "It is hard to find words to express the debt of gratitude which modern civilization owes to the Roman Catholic Church." I need scarcely say that Mr. Fiske had no particular partiality for Catholicism; that his was a scientific mind, and that he was exceptionally well informed. Draper advanced exactly the opposite theory, and sought to find substantiation for the thesis that Christianity had hampered the progress of mankind in every possible way, and that whatever advance had occurred for many centuries was to be noted only among non-Christians, or among Christians only after the ages of faith were over, and religion began to lose its hold on mankind.

His thesis was to be proved by showing that the Greeks had been supremely great in science as in every mode of the intellectual life; that decadence had set in shortly after Christianity, and had manifested itself everywhere, except among the Arabs; that the Renaissance with its return to Greek influences, and incidentally to paganism, had saved mankind from the sterilizing force of Christianity. Professor Draper was almost the last of serious writers who saw no good in the Middle Ages. John Fiske had said:

When we think of all the work, big with promise of the future, that went on in those centuries which modern writers in their ignorance used once to set apart and stigmatize as the Dark Ages; when we consider how the seeds of what is noblest in modern life were then painfully sown on the soil which imperial Rome had prepared, when we think of the various works of a Gregory, a Benedict, a Boniface, an Alfred, a Charlemagne, we feel that there is a sense in which the most brilliant achievements of pagan antiquity are dwarfed in comparison with these.

For all these Draper had no sympathy, and for some of them

intense deprecation. His thesis was that Christianity, or at least the Catholic Church, had been always an incubus on mankind.

Naturally such a paradox attracted attention. It was sensational. It was backed up by a man recognized as a distinguished scientist. He brought to his argumentation a fund of information. Under the circumstances readers did not subject that information to any severe critical tests, for it was accepted on general principles that a scientific mind like Draper's might be trusted to make almost absolute tests of truth.

It is positively amazing to read in our time, with the added knowledge of the mediæval period that has come to us, some of Draper's summaries of men and movements. Only for the popularity of Draper's book among the academic classes, one would be tempted to dismiss his expressions as the idle vaporings of a man who knew nothing at all about these men and the events with which they were associated. For his characterizations of the men of the Middle Ages are almost literal caricatures. Men whom all serious historians have treated as among the greatest, particularly in the enduring quality of their influence, are set down by Draper, because they had no interest in science, as little better than knaves or fools. Of broad understanding and sympathy with the movements of other periods, than his own very narrow one, there is not a trace.

By his characterization of the great men of any period, a philosophic historian may best be judged. Now Draper's appreciation of the men of the mediæval period is almost invariably an indictment of his own prejudice, and of an intolerance that absolutely refused to see anything good in anybody associated even remotely with the Church. A typical example is his treatment of King Louis of France. If there is anyone who represents the Middle Ages at its best it is the saintly Louis. Draper's utter lack of the philosophic temper and the small narrow scholarship of those who read his book, and thought it a contribution to serious history, are best illustrated by his paragraph on St. Louis. Draper can find absolutely nothing to praise, and ever so much to condemn. How could it be otherwise? The Church has seen fit to canonize King Louis. He is perhaps better known as St. Louis than as Louis, King of France. Any king that was fool enough to live a life that merited canonization from the hands of the Church, could have been only a simpleton. This is what Draper¹ frankly calls St. Louis.

¹Page 379.

St. Louis the representative of the hierarchical party, gathers influence only from the circumstance of his relations with the Church, of whose interests he was a fanatical supporter. So far as the affairs of his people were concerned, he can hardly be looked upon as anything better than a simpleton. His recipe for checking the threatened spread of heresy was a resort to violence—the fagot and his sword. In his opinion “a man ought never to dispute with a misbeliever except with his sword, which he ought to drive into the heretic’s entrails as far as he could.” It was the signal glory of his reign that he secured for France that inestimable relic, the crown of thorns.

Set besides this paragraph of Professor Draper a paragraph or two from Guizot, the French statesman and historian, whose life-long, unbending Calvinism makes him no partisan witness for things Catholic:

It is reported that in the seventeenth century during the brilliant reign of Louis XIV., Montecuculi, on learning of the death of his illustrious rival, Turenne, said to his officers, “A man has died to-day who did honor to mankind.” St. Louis did honor to France, to royalty, to humanity, and to Christianity. This was the feeling of his contemporaries, and after six centuries it is still confirmed by the judgment of the historian.

Guizot went even further, and with the calmness of a philosophic historian has shown us how a man may appreciate thoroughly one with whom he cannot agree. The difference between Professor Draper’s utter inability to understand anything of Louis’ greatness and Guizot’s almost ungrudging panegyric, shows how utterly our American professor of physiology, turned historian of culture, was blinded by the attitude of mind with which he started out to write his history of human development. Here is Guizot on St. Louis:

The world has seen more profound politicians on the throne, greater generals, men of more mighty and brilliant intellect, princes who have exercised a more powerful influence over later generations and events subsequent to their own times; but it has never seen such a king as this St. Louis, never seen a man possessing sovereign power, and yet not contracting the vices and passions which attend it, displaying upon the throne in such a high degree every human virtue purified and ennobled by Christian faith. St. Louis did not give any new or personal impulse to his age; he did not strongly influence the nature or the development of civilization in France; whilst he endeavored to reform the gravest abuses of the feudal system by the introduction of jus-

tice and public order, he did not endeavor to abolish it either by the substitution of a pure monarchy, or by setting class against class in order to raise the royal authority high above all. He was neither an egotist nor a scheming diplomatist; he was, in all sincerity, in harmony with his age and sympathetic alike with the faith, the institutions, the customs, and the tastes of France in the thirteenth century. And yet both in the thirteenth century and in later times St. Louis stands apart as a man of profoundly original character, an isolated figure without any peer among his contemporaries or his successors. As far as it was possible in the Middle Ages, he was an ideal man, king, and Christian.

Even Voltaire, to whom Louis' character as a believer in revealed religion must have been so unappealing, and who combated all that mediævalism of which Louis was the historical symbol, gave his measure of praise to St. Louis. Voltaire might well be expected to be the scoffer, and not Draper. But Voltaire knew too much; Draper too little. Like Guizot, Voltaire could not fail to understand that, explain him as one might, Louis was a supremely great character, and, differ with him in his attitude toward religion as one would, his greatness could not be minimized. Voltaire said:

Louis IX. appeared to be a prince destined to reform Europe, if she could have been reformed, to render France triumphant and civilized, and to be in all things a pattern for men. His piety which was that of an anchorite, did not deprive him of any kingly virtue. A wise economy took nothing from his liberality. A profound policy was combined with strict justice, and he is perhaps the only sovereign who is entitled to this praise; prudent and firm in counsel, intrepid without rashness in his wars, he was as compassionate as if he had always been unhappy. No man could have carried virtue further.

After reading his misunderstanding of St. Louis, it is not surprising to find that Professor Draper can find nothing sympathetic in Pope Innocent III., and that every achievement of that great Pope must be attributed to the basest motives. Professor Draper evidently worked himself up to a state of mind where he absolutely could not see anything good in one who had been so important a leader in the Church as was Pope Innocent. Only the firmest kind of determination to exclude knowledge can explain such a state of mind. The study of Pope Innocent's times has made almost more converts than that of any other period in Church history. At least one of the Pope's great biographers began his life of the Pope with

the intention of demonstrating what an evil the Papacy was, but he finished an enthusiastic "papist" in the best sense of the word. Draper summarized Innocent's character and accomplishments as follows:

Great historical events often find illustrations in representative men. Such is the case in the epoch we are now considering. On one side stands Innocent, true to the instincts of his party, interfering with all the European nations; launching forth his interdicts and excommunications; steeped in the blood of French heretics; hesitating at no atrocity, even the outrage and murder of women and children, the ruin of flourishing cities, to compass his plans; in all directions, under a thousand pretenses, draining Europe of its money; calling to his aid hosts of begging friars; putting forth imposture miracles; organizing the Inquisition, and invading the privacy of life by the contrivance of auricular confession.

Such a paragraph is all the more surprising, because Innocent III. had conferred a supreme boon on Europe that ought to have particularly interested Professor Draper as a physician and a professor of medicine. To Pope Innocent III. the foundation of a great many hospitals, literally hundreds of them, in Europe is due. At the beginning of his pontificate, recognizing the need for a properly organized hospital in Rome, the Pope made inquiries as to who was best fitted to establish and thoroughly organize hospital and nursing work. He was told that Guy or Guido of Montpelier, a member of the Order of the Holy Ghost in the south of France, had shown a great ability in hospital organization. Accordingly Pope Innocent sent for Guy, committed to him the organization of the Santo Spirito Hospital in the Borgo of Rome, and supplied him with ample funds. But Innocent did not stop there. Having secured the organization of a model hospital, he then called the attention of Christian bishops from all over Europe, when they came on their official visits to him in Rome, to this hospital, and suggested that in every town in Europe of five thousand inhabitants or more, there ought to be a hospital similar as far as possible.

Virchow in his monograph on *Hospitals and Hospital Organization*,² gives a list numbering over one hundred and fifty Hospitals of the Holy Ghost in Germany. This shows how far-reaching was this movement of Pope Innocent. It became quite the fashion for members of the nobility to found hospitals and first-aid

²Virchow, *Krankenhauser und Hospitalwesen in Ges. Abhandlungen. a. d. Gebiete d. öffentlichen Medicin u. d. Seuchenlehre.* Berlin, 1879, vol. ii., pp. 1-130.

stations of all kinds for the poor, the weak, and the ailing. Certain families, as for instance that to which Queen Elizabeth of Hungary belonged, considered it a sort of family obligation to spend much money and no little time on these institutions. Virchow has also given something of the story of this family, and it is very interesting because of its anticipation of social developments supposed to be distinctly modern. Queen Elizabeth of Hungary has been hailed as the first settlement worker, and undoubtedly her method of dealing with the poor anticipated very definitely most of what the modern settlement worker attempts. As Germany at this time was by no means the country highest in culture and social order, other countries like France and Spain had undoubtedly at least as many hospitals as the Teutonic countries, though so far no Virchow has traced the details of their history.

Virchow was far from being an ardent lover of the Popes. His article, to be found in the second volume of his collection of essays on public medicine and the history of epidemics, is the classical source for our knowledge with regard to the history of early German hospitals.⁸ Virchow does not hesitate to give credit where he knows that credit belongs. He attributes the initiative in this great movement for hospital organization and the benefit of the sick poor to Pope Innocent III.

It is only necessary to place Virchow's tribute to Pope Innocent III. besides the paragraph in which Professor Draper has pretended to summarize Innocent's career and activity, in order to see what a farce Draper made of history. The German pathologist said:

The beginning of the history of all of these German hospitals is connected with the name of that Pope who made the boldest and farthest-reaching attempt to gather the sum of human interests into the organization of the Catholic Church. The Hospitals of the Holy Ghost were one of the many means by which Innocent III. thought to hold humanity to the Holy See. And surely it was one of the most effective. Was it not calculated to create the most profound impression to see how the mighty Pope, who humbled emperors and deposed kings, who was the unrelenting adversary of the Albigenses, turned his eyes sympathetically upon the poor and the sick, sought the helpless and the neglected upon the streets, and saved the illegitimate children from death in the waters! There is something at once conciliating and fascinating in the fact, that at the very time when the

⁸*Gesam. Abhandlungen a. d. Gebiete d. öffentlichen Medicin u. d. Seuchenlehre von Rudolph Virchow.* Berlin, 1879, August Hirschswald.

Fourth Crusade was inaugurated through his influence, the thought of founding a great organization of an essentially humane character which was eventually to extend throughout all Christendom, was also taking form in his soul; and that in the same year (1204) in which the new Latin Empire was founded in Constantinople, the newly-erected hospital of the Holy Spirit, by the old bridge on the other side of the Tiber, was blessed and dedicated as the future centre of this organization.

A little farther on in the same essay, Virchow was even more outspoken and less reserved in his praise.

It must be acknowledged that to the Catholic Church, and above all to Pope Innocent III., should be accorded the glory of having not only opened wide the treasury of Christian charity and mercy in all its fullness, but also of having diffused the fruitful stream over all the domains of social life in an ordered way. *And indeed on this ground the interest in this man and in this time will never die.* (Italics ours.)

Professor Draper attributes the invention and organization of the practice of auricular confession to Pope Innocent III., and declares that this institution was just one of this wily Pope's many means of securing power over mankind. No educated person harbors such a thought to-day. But in 1865, just fifty years ago, a university professor, a distinguished physiologist, a writer of history who was supposed by many educated readers to have gone faithfully to the sources, who enjoyed public respect, was writing this nonsense. Not only that, but it was being published in New York City by presumably the most respectable of the publishers of the day, and the book in which it appeared went through as many editions in a few years after publication as did a "best seller" at that time. It is encouraging at least to see what a change has come over the American mind since then. Publications similar to Dr. Draper's now come from the distant South or West, and the writer is usually quite unknown. We can look forward with confidence, I hope, to the fact that in another fifty years of education for the American people, even the ignorant and intolerant will not venture on such absolutely foolish expressions, or if they so venture will be read but by few.

If Draper insisted on finding nothing but a simpleton in one of the greatest monarchs of history, St. Louis, and if Pope Innocent III., the founder of the hospitals and the organizer of the charities of Europe, was only a bloodthirsty imposter, it would be quite easy to

know beforehand just what treatment the great saintly founders of the Mendicant Friars would receive from his hands. I doubt, however, whether anyone who has not actually read his book could quite conceive how completely he has misrepresented them. His treatment of their characters, their careers, and their foundations of religious orders is utterly contemptuous. Americans, in Professor Draper's time, did not know much about Dominicans and Franciscans, nor realize at all that thousands of educated men and women of the highest aspirations have in every century, since the thirteenth, looked back to St. Dominic and St. Francis as to men who helped them to make more perfect their own lives. It only requires a little sympathy and knowledge to recognize St. Dominic and St. Francis as among the great men of history, because of their enduring influence for all that is good. Draper could find only foolishness, though he gives more than a hint at imposture.

Draper of course never anticipated the cult of St. Francis, "the little poor man of God," that was to develop so shortly after his time. Over a score of lives of St. Francis have been published in English during the last twenty years. A few years after Draper's death the "young enthusiast," whom Draper dismisses as little better than a fool, was to become even in English-speaking countries a very centre of attraction not only to those interested in religion, but to all who were interested in literature, in art, in culture of any form. There is scarcely a distinguished literary man of any country in Europe who, during the past generation, has not paid his tribute of praise to St. Francis. The gentle saintly Assisian has united men of the most different characters and views in a community of admiration and interest.

Professor Draper seems to have understood nothing of what made the sublime simplicity, nor constituted the marvelous greatness, of the preacher to the birds and the fishes, the memory of whom men will never willingly let die.

Professor Draper deliberately ignores the work of the great mediævalist scholars even in science. If he does mention it, it is only to minimize it. He has a good word for Roger Bacon, but that would seem drawn from him mainly because Bacon's lack of tact got him into trouble with his superiors, never with the Church itself be it said, nor with the Popes—one of whom at least was a dear personal friend—and Bacon's vicissitudes give Professor Draper a chance to have a fling at Church opposition to science. For Albertus Magnus, the only man in all history into

whose name the epithet great has become so thoroughly incorporated, that most people do not realize that Magnus, the latter part of it, was not his family name, but the tribute of admiration of his generation to a great scholar, Professor Draper has but a few words of commendation, weak enough to be damnatory. First, Albert was a Dominican, proud to belong to that order, and therefore he must, in some way, have been deficient; second, he was in high favor with the Church, was made a bishop, resigned his bishopric to return to his order, so as to have more time for his scholarly work, and surely that must indicate some lack of intelligence or at least of proper ambition. The same must be true of Bacon, since he remained well over fifty years among the Franciscans, though he might easily have withdrawn if he wished, and seems at the end to have looked back with supreme satisfaction on his long career as a religious. It is quite impossible for Draper to understand Roger Bacon, though he does confess, perhaps a little grudgingly, that "Bacon's native country has never yet done him justice, though his contemporaries truly spoke of him as the admirable Doctor. The great friar of the thirteenth century has been eclipsed by an unworthy namesake."

What a difference in the credit given to these mediæval scholars by Draper and by those distinguished authorities who have studied their works very carefully! Humboldt, for instance, than whom there could be no better authority on physical geography in the modern time, declares that "Albert was equally active and influential in promoting the study of natural science and of the Aristotelian philosophy." He compliments him particularly on what he has written with regard to physical geography, and says that the information which Albert has collected has excited his surprise. Humboldt was the world authority on physical geography. Meyer, the German historian of botany, declares that no botanist who lived before Albert can be compared to him, unless it be Theophrastus, and none after him until the Renaissance, full three centuries later. Pagel, the modern German historian of medicine, has carefully analyzed Albert's writings on the biological sciences, and paid high compliments to them. Similar quotations might be made as to Roger Bacon; and Oxford in the year of grace 1914 unveiled a statue to him, celebrating the seven hundredth anniversary of his birthday; the ceremonies were under the auspices of the Royal Society, the chief scientific society of Great Britain, and the address was made by an ex-President of that society.

Professor Draper on transubstantiation is a like mixture of assumption and misunderstanding. He seems to have believed that transmutation was associated in the mediæval mind with transubstantiation, or at least that the belief in the one led to belief in the other. This is the only instance that I know of the confrontation of these words and the ideas connected with them. Transubstantiation is of course early Christian, while transmutation was in the early Middle Ages a favorite Arabic doctrine obtained from the Greeks. Apparently Draper's unmitigated contempt for transmutation suggested the chance of a fling at transubstantiation, and so he declares the two doctrines twin sisters.

The most noteworthy feature of Professor Draper's *Intellectual Life of Europe*, is the large place given in it to the Arabs in modern times. They were the only ones during the Middle Ages—according to Draper—who possessed any science, and as science is to his mind the only thing that is of any real significance for mankind, and as the development of it, that is of physical science, is the only true index of the cultivation of intelligence, the Arabs were the only people worth while considering in the story of intellectual development. For metaphysics, of course, Draper had no use. That the greatest intellects mankind has ever had, should have occupied themselves with metaphysical problems, was for Draper only an indication of the curious hallucinations that sometimes occupy men, and of the shadows that they are prone to chase whenever they do not occupy themselves with the problems of the material world. Because the Arabs occupied themselves with physical science, Draper cannot say too much in their favor; and on the other hand, he cannot say too much against the Christians of the Middle Ages who were not occupied with material science.

Draper's panegyric of the Arabs, when read in the light of his almost intense hatred of Christianity, or at least his manifest deliberate purpose to belittle Christianity, scarcely rises above the dignity of a joke. It is true that he has told the story of what the Arabs knew and had done, and how well they carried on in a certain limited way the torch of Greek knowledge that had been handed to them. The generation for which he wrote knew almost nothing of this. As a consequence it impressed them very deeply, and Draper's exaggerations were swallowed, and it seemed as though the whole course of history had up to Draper's time been written wrong.

But the story of Arabian culture is simple enough, if traced to its origin. The followers of Mahomet captured the cities of Asia Minor, and were thus brought in contact directly with the Greek culture which had permeated these cities. Their own lessons from Greek science, Greek philosophy, and Greek literature, though on principle they refused to have much to do with this, were, as I have pointed out in my *Old Time Makers of Medicine*, obtained from Christian teachers. Touch with Greek thought is however the most important intellectual factor in the world at all times. The Romans woke up out of their militarism into culture after they came in contact with Greece. "Captive Greece led its captor captive." Captive Greek Asia Minor led even the Arabians captive. Sir Henry Maine once declared, "Whatever lives and moves in the intellectual life is Greek in origin." When the barbarians overran Italy the Greek influence was suppressed. The Arabs then had the advantage of direct connection with the fountain head of great thought.

There is, however, another great source of human influence in the world which, in imitation of Sir Henry Maine's expression, may be stated thus, "whatever lives and moves in the spiritual order among men is Hebrew in origin." Western Europe was influenced by Hebraic traditions, since the coming of Christ became Christian. This gave the people their great churches, a supreme art, literature, architecture, and philosophy and theology in the service of religion. For all of these Draper has no understanding, therefore the West was doing nothing; while the Arabs dabbling in physical science were doing everything that was worth while talking about.

I have said "dabbling in science" of the Arabs deliberately. Undoubtedly they occupied themselves much with physical science, but what they did was largely borrowed from the Greeks, and much of it they spoiled by Oriental refinements and imaginative additions of many kinds. To take that one department of which I know most, and with which Professor Draper from his position of professor of physiology in the medical school ought to be the most familiar—the history of medicine and surgery. While the Arabs carried on the work of the Greeks in these departments, how little of any real development came from them can be best judged from a comparison of the works of the great Arabian physicians and surgeons, Rhazes, Ali Abbas, and the Moorish physicians and surgeons, Albucasis, Avenzoar, and Averroës with their Greek

predecessors. As I have shown in *Old Time Makers of Medicine*, these Arabs and Moors quote the great Christian physicians of the earlier times, especially Ætios, Alexander of Thralles, and Æginetus or Paul of Ægina of the sixth and seventh centuries. They quote these almost as frequently as they do the older Greeks. There is very little, indeed, that they added to them. They had the advantage of touch with Greek writers which the West of Europe generally did not have.

In medicine certain Oriental tendencies among the Arabs were fatal to true progress. They theorized over much, observed too little, discouraged dissection, did not encourage surgery, and above all they gradually developed a system of medication in which a great many drugs were used at the same time. The Arabian polypharmacy has passed into a byword, and the long prescriptions written by them came to be known in after time as calendar prescriptions, because they sometimes contained as many items as the days of the month. The custom of giving so many drugs was abrogated by the teaching of the first Christian medical school, which came into existence under the influence of the Benedictines at Salerno in Italy in the tenth century. At this medical school the department of women's diseases was placed in charge of women, a development which could not possibly be thought of under any Arabian influence. It is sometimes said that there were Arab teachers at Salerno, and that this accounts for the success of the school, but this is said only by those who have not studied the details of the story of Salerno as they have been worked out for us in recent years. Arabian influence of Salerno is insisted on only by such as have as a thesis that the Arabs are responsible for all the scientific advance that came during the Middle Ages. Gurlt, the German historian of surgery, has pointed out that Greek, and not Arabic, influences are to be noted in the writings of the great surgeons of Salerno, who have left magnificent textbooks describing nearly all our modern operations with anæsthesia, anti-sepsis, and insistence on the necessity of the knowledge of anatomy. He emphasizes the fact that Grecisms, not Arabisms, are to be found in this writing.

Just as soon as Europe got in touch with Greek thought, even half as intimately as the Arabs had enjoyed it for centuries, the European scholars began to excel the Arabs. The Arabians had had the precious treasure of Greek influence, but did not make any great increment on it. The development out of the Greeks came at

first with the earlier Renaissance in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when at Salerno, Bologna, Paris, and Montpellier there was a magnificent progress in medicine and surgery; and then a little later when the full tide of Greek influence set in and biological sciences developed so magnificently, the research work for them being done more at Rome, or at least under more distinguished investigation there than anywhere else in Europe.

It is perfectly fair to say of Draper's book that these examples are a true index to the character of the entire volume. Draper made a caricature; he did not write a history. The question that interests us now, fifty years after, is how a man of Draper's standing come to be guilty of such lack of knowledge, and how so many readers come to accept him without protest? The explanation is that Draper was possessed with the idea that science was in his day revolutionizing all the previous thinking of man. The history of science itself is proving how seriously he was mistaken. The materialism then almost universal among scientists has given way to vitalism. The exaggerated Darwinism of Draper's day has, to quote the greatest of living German biologists, "failed all along the line." Draper was a specialist, and some specialists are prone to think, according to Dean West of Princeton, that "because they know more about one subject than they know about any other, they know more about that subject than anyone else does," to which someone has added, "and they are inclined to think that if they should give any serious thought to any subject whatever, they would know more about that than anyone else."

Specialists would be the first to resent bitterly the intrusion of an outsider on their domain. They despise the amateur who, knowing little concerning their subject, attempts to generalize about it. Some of them very readily generalize about philosophy, theology, history, and other subjects in which they are far from being specialists, and a mastery of which requires long years of special preparation. To generalize on subjects with which he was unacquainted was Draper's flagrant fault. That so many readers accept his statements so easily, was due to the lack of scholarship in America a generation ago.

And strange as it may appear, considering the growth of scholarship among us, there are still some readers who take Draper seriously. However they are happily few. Science continues to be the main interest of human kind; but there is an ever-growing interest in the higher things of art, architecture, sculpture, and poetry.

Such increasing educational interest leads men, whose views would otherwise be very narrow, to learn that the arts and crafts were much more developed in times before our own. It leads them to look deeper into history, and therefore the number of those who regret we have not more mediæval interests in æsthetic subjects is increasing every day.

A FRANCISCAN'S PRAYER.

BY ENID DINNIS.

WHEN I am old and tutored by
The grim experience of days,
When I have proved men in their ways,
Oh, do not let the dreamer die!

When I have learned aside to toss
The foolish things that wise men hate,
Lest littleness should find me great,
Be mine the folly of the Cross.

When comes detachment's strength to me,
Be mine the weakness still that wept
O'er Lazarus' grave, and kept
Three comrades in Gethsemane.

When heart to head yields up her will—
When Reason's voice would Love deceive
Let my poor foolish heart achieve
A few life-giving blunders still.

When wealth, which masquerades as worth,
Has set the sober mask of care
On those who might high revels share,
Be mine the little Poor man's mirth.

When I have grown too sane and sad
To join the angels' faerie ring
And serve the playtime of the King,
Then, sweet St. Francis, make me mad.

MARTHA.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



MACBRAYNE—of the papyrus—even the man in the street knows MacBrayne of the papyrus—with Mrs. MacBrayne had encamped for the night in the desert, a day's journey from Damascus. They had been in search of other papyri; and MacBrayne had found in a Syrian monastery on Mount Selah a palimpsest which contained a new message for humanity, written by the hand of a disciple at the dictation of the Beloved of Christ. This discovery was to be the crown of MacBrayne's life and labor, something which should set the seal of immortality upon him even for this world.

Incredible that so wonderful a thing should now be in MacBrayne's possession, being carried on MacBrayne's person on the back of a camel across the sandy desert. So many had looked for the wonderful message, and here was MacBrayne, a dried up little Scotsman, with a fringe of white beard round a face burned to mahogany by Eastern suns, not a scholar at all in the ordinary sense, but with a passion for ferreting out strange and wonderful things, and an incredible luck in finding them. The papyrus had brought him much honor. MacBrayne was not unduly elated. He was a very simple person in ways. The joy of discovery was quite enough for him, and a compensation for the wandering life and the absence from the house in leafy Warwickshire, which he loved and Mrs. MacBrayne loved with a passion.

If MacBrayne, F.R.S., presented an unexpected appearance what was to be said of Mrs. MacBrayne. Mr. MacBrayne was little. Mrs. MacBrayne as tall as a grenadier, was an angular woman, with shrewd eyes and a soft heart, unexpectedly feminine under her gaunt exterior. She accompanied her husband everywhere, and was very proud of MacBrayne. She was a silent woman as he was a silent man; and she found solace for bookless and uncompanied hours in knitting MacBrayne's gray worsted stockings. She always carried about her knitting in her pocket, and would pull it out at the most unexpected moments. Once when she and MacBrayne had been captured by brigands, she knitted steadily through the hours before they were rescued, while their fate in the event of

ransom being refused was debated luridly close by. It was said that her monumental calm fascinated the brigands so that the surprise was affected easily while it was debated between the brigands—Corsican this time, if she possessed the evil eye.

They had come to water—cool wells in the desert, a grove of trees, sparse sandy grass. Mustapha, the Arab, who had accompanied them on many expeditions, had set up the tents before going to forage in the native village close by for the much-needed meal. There was plenty of fruit in the grove—dates, tamarinds, figs. Mr. and Mrs. MacBrayne never drank anything but water. The well yielded water, which tasted like the milk of paradise after the water carried in the water-skins.

Mrs. MacBrayne sat in the door of her tent knitting, and gazing with placid contentment towards the trees of the oasis. The village beyond the grove was as noisy as such places usually are. It was out of sight where the ground dipped, but not out of hearing. Not that Mrs. MacBrayne minded the noise. She had no nerves, and her senses were under perfect control. She used to say that it was no good to complain of ugly sounds or sights or smells when one traveled into outlandish places with MacBrayne.

Mrs. MacBrayne was quite tranquil as she sat in the door of the tent. MacBrayne was behind her, attending to his toilet. He always traveled with a bathtub, which went into a tiny space when packed, and there was a good deal of splashing going on behind Mrs. MacBrayne in the interior of the tent. She was thinking to herself that the village was noisier even than such places usually are. She wondered what the commotion could be about. Lifting her hand to shade her eyes from the rose-pink of the desert sky, she perceived that a number of people were running towards her. At first she had an idea that they were chasing Mustapha, who in his devotion to his employers did not disdain to loot what he could not buy. Mustapha was certainly in front, and a number of naked or half-naked villagers were behind him.

Suddenly she discovered that they were chasing a hen—a hen so lanky and small that it was at first easily overlooked. It fluttered and shrieked and darted hither and thither, always escaping by a hair's breadth the grasp of one or other of the pursuers.

"Peter," said Mrs. MacBrayne, "our dinner has escaped."

"They're making a great fuss about it," said Mr. MacBrayne, wrapping the bath towel about him with an Arab grace, and coming to his wife's side.

"I wonder where the dignity of the Orient has departed to?" he said, discontentedly, as one of the pursuers fell in his effort to grab the hen, and was immediately fallen over by the next man up, who was fallen over in turn, and so on till there was a heap of men down, or getting up again, all apparently reviling each other. Only Mustapha, a trained man, kept up the pursuit.

"Such a bother about a starved sparrow!" said Mr. MacBrayne.

With a final shriek the hen eluded Mustapha's outstretched hands, and flew straight on to Mrs. MacBrayne's lap. Mustapha came up to take the runaway, muttering anathemas upon her within his handsome beard. The hen turned an imploring eye upon Mrs. MacBrayne.

"I can't give her up, Peter, I really can't," said Mrs. MacBrayne, turning an imploring eye upon her husband. "She has come to me for sanctuary; I simply can't let her be killed."

"Very well, my dear," Mr. MacBrayne returned with a sigh of resignation. "We'll be able to get food at Damascus, I dare say. It's only a postponement. Wonderful what a savory thing Mustapha can make out of these skinny birds!"

The MacBraynes feasted on fruit with some little sweetened cakes, and well water to wash the meal down, and prepared to go to bed. The sky was darkening down with a suddenness. Out on the sands they could see the shadowy figure of Mustapha, his face bowed to the ground in prayer. Presently, having bowed to the East he would rise up, unroll his rug in the door of the kitchen tent, and sleep until the sunrise once more called him to prayer. While they stood and watched there was a little flutter up and down. It was the hen, who apparently was looking for a place to roost. She had been standing on one leg in the corner of the tent while they supped, apparently enjoying a profound and peaceful slumber.

"We had better let her out," said Mrs. MacBrayne. "She will find her way back to her home. Poor little thing! I hope they will not kill her after all."

"If it were not for Mustapha, she would be presented to you as a new hen to-morrow, and you would have to pay twice over for her," remarked MacBrayne sleepily. "As it is we can't trust Mustapha to save our pockets."

The little hen stalked out of the tent door herself, else Mrs. MacBrayne would not have had the heart to send her back to possible butchery. She stood a second in the faint pink glow, which

was all that remained of the sunset, her head drooped, one foot uplifted. She was oddly like Mustapha turning to the East as he prayed.

"Dear thing!" sighed Mrs. MacBrayne as they let down the tent flap.

The MacBraynes slept the sleep of the weary. They had had a long trek across the desert sands on the ship of the desert, which is not as smooth running as a first class motor-car. For a while their ears were sealed in sleep, or seemed to be, but presently Mrs. MacBrayne became slowly awake, and was aware of a sound, the repetition of which had gone on through her sleep.

"What is it?" asked MacBrayne sleepily. Being a devoted husband he always woke up when his wife did. "What the deuce is that?"

Mrs. MacBrayne was aware from intuition that her husband's hand went out to the precious parchment under his pillow. She would really be glad when they got back to London this time because of the papyrus. It was unlikely that anyone would know what MacBrayne carried—on his person by day, under his pillow by night. Yet someone might know. Perhaps MacBrayne had been a little—well—one did not use those adjectives when it was a question of something which belonged to the soul of the Christian world as well as its body, and had lain nearly two thousand years in a Syrian monastery. If it had been a worldly transaction now, one might have said that the F.R.S had been a bit slim in his dealings with the monks. It might be someone's mission to recover the papyrus. Mrs. MacBrayne sighed again in the darkness. She had been sorry that the slimness was necessary.

"I believe it was that dear creature, the hen," she said. "Such a queer noise! There it is again!"

Swish! Something came sliding down the roof of the tent catching as it went at the canvas, but failing to arrest its downward slide. There followed the sound of a satisfied cluck. The hen had flown up again and settled. Then apparently she nodded to sleep and forgot her caution. Swish! She was down again. The performance had been going on all night.

"Is it the water-chute or is it the flip-flap?" MacBrayne asked discontentedly. "Am I in the desert, or is this Earl's Court, Eliza?"

"She has no proper perch," Mrs. MacBrayne lamented. "I wish we'd thought of asking Mustapha."

They settled themselves on their rugs, and slept as well as might be for the tobogganning that went on over their heads.

As soon as they lifted the tent flap in the morning, the hen hopped in and took possession as she had done the night before. She followed Mrs. MacBrayne about like a pet dog. Apparently she distrusted Mustapha, for she left the tent in which he kept his kitchen severely alone. When breakfast was produced she ate bits from Mrs. MacBrayne's fingers. Afterwards she stood in front of the tent and dozed, her head under her wing. To be sure she had had a very disturbed night.

That day Mrs. MacBrayne had to keep a watchful eye on the hen and Mustapha, whom she had heard sharpening his knife. The spectacle of the hen sleeping so trustfully, moved her in a manner she would not like to have revealed to Mustapha. She was quite determined it should not be eaten. They had to bide where they were for that day. A camel was sick. To-morrow it would be better and they could proceed. Mr. and Mrs. MacBrayne acquiesced with the resignation which the European traveler in Eastern countries sometimes acquires from the natives. It was not so bad, said Mrs. MacBrayne, sitting under the shadow of a palm tree and trying to imagine that she was in Wiltshire, while the heather mixture stocking grew and grew in her hands. MacBrayne was writing up his journal and reports to various scientific journals. That and some letters to be posted at Damascus supplied him with occupation for the day.

"It is not the will of Allah that we should proceed further," said Mustapha. And Mrs. MacBrayne said something in a low voice about the guard that certainly heavenly powers might be keeping over the papyrus. MacBrayne being a staunch Presbyterian, preferred to ignore his wife's remark, nevertheless he thought in his own mind that if the accident of a sick camel prevented their reaching Damascus for another day, it must surely be in the providence of God, who had guided him, MacBrayne, to the discovery of a precious thing so long lost.

About noon Mustapha, who had been absent for a time, came back, triumphantly carrying a dead chicken between his fingers. He indicated it triumphantly as he passed within his tent door. There were to be no more accidents with live chickens, no more adoptions by Mrs. MacBrayne. "That one," said Mustapha, pointing at the hen, "has the guile of a Greek."

It was sometime during that day that MacBrayne, uplifted by

the generous repast Mustapha had made out of the skinny chicken, dubbed the hen Martha. As the day went on she seemed to have slept off her fatigue, and, coming wide awake, she busied herself about many things—hence her name. After a time she even invaded Mustapha's kitchen, and hopped about among his cooking utensils, watching all that he did, so slyly, her head on one side, that before the day was over Mustapha had declared that she was no hen, but a woman in feathers. She made herself very busy when some pariah dogs came from the village in search of food, setting herself to drive them away by launching herself with a scream in their faces till Mustapha declared that it was magic—nothing less than magic, for how could a hen with the opportunities be so wise. That night Mustapha rigged up a perch for the hen with cross-wise sticks on the top of the tent. Martha watched him doing it, and when it was done flew up and settled herself with a chuckle of satisfaction.

The little encampment slept quietly that night, till somewhere towards morning there began an amazing uproar. Mr. MacBrayne hurled himself through the tent door upon a nearly naked Arab, who was apparently fighting the air with his fists. The darkness was so intense that Mr. MacBrayne was rather aware of his adversary by touch than by vision. He clutched at the half-naked man, and they rolled on the ground in hand grips. He was dimly aware at the same time that another couple panting hard, but otherwise silent, were in grips close by him, and kicking up the sand with their feet.

Mr. MacBrayne had an interest in the science of fighting, which made him cool and curious where another person might have been flustered. He held on to his Arab by the loin cloth, having discovered for himself what a slippery thing naked flesh can be. Presently he was tripped up and fell, still holding on to his man. All the time he was conscious of some queer intervention in the fight. If it had not been too improbable he would have thought of Martha. While he speculated coolly the Arab got him down and knelt on him. He had kicked Mr. MacBrayne's bare foot, almost stripping the great toe of its nail. The agony was intolerable. For the first and last time in his life, the F.R.S. almost fainted, so giving his enemy the vantage.

He had prayed for light to see his foe by, and suddenly the light came. The Arab had uttered a queer cry. He had called something in a fierce jerking way to the other Arab, who must have

been too busy with Mustapha to hear him. Mr. MacBrayne knew something of Arabic. He said afterwards that the Arab had called to his comrade to look for the parchment. The light came. Mrs. MacBrayne stood holding a lamp in the doorway of the tent. The excellent woman was paralyzed at what she saw. The Arab had taken a small but deadly knife from between his teeth. He lifted it in his brown sinewy hand. It gleamed as it caught the light. Before it could descend, before Mrs. MacBrayne could shriek, the intervention which had been puzzling Mr. MacBrayne all the time took definite form. It was Martha. Martha swooped down from somewhere overhead, a tree branch or the perch on top of the tent. She had hurled herself full in the eyes of the Arab.

Mrs. MacBrayne dropped the lantern and it went out. Before it could be relit the two marauders had disappeared. Mustapha was wiping a knife similar to that which had hovered above Mr. MacBrayne's striped pyjamas for one terrible second. He was saying that the vultures and the unclean birds would feast this morning.

"He said it was a devil," Mr. MacBrayne said, on being helped to his feet, "but it was only Martha."

Mr. MacBrayne was in great pain the next morning from the broken toe nail, but he was quite determined to push on to some place of greater safety for the papyrus. It was all very fine for Mustapha to be so sure that their visitors of the night were but common thieves. He knew better than that, and he sweated with fear at the thought of sleeping in tents, and such haphazard places exposed to such risks for the precious papyrus. He could not rest, he said, till it was in the safe keeping of the "British" Museum. For the present the next best thing was the consulate at Damascus.

At the consulate Mr. MacBrayne was laid up for some days with the injury to the nail. There was an English doctor, and the members of the little English colony at Damascus were greatly pleased to have so distinguished a man among them as Peter MacBrayne, F.R.S. Mustapha, in spotless white robes, slept in the courtyard of the consulate. Martha roosted close at hand, on the edge of a green tub in which grew an oleander. She hopped after Mustapha when Mr. and Mrs. MacBrayne were not in evidence. At the first sight of either she would utter a queer shriek, and flapping her wings would fly to them, manifesting apparently great pleasure in regaining them.

The question was, what was to be done with Martha when it

was time for the MacBraynes to return to England? The English colony was greatly excited over the queer case of Martha. They were unanimously of opinion that it would be monstrously wicked to separate Martha from the MacBraynes. Mrs. MacBrayne she loved especially, but MacBrayne hardly less: she had apparently quite forgotten or forgiven Mustapha for his first intention of killing and cooking her. She was happy with Mustapha in the absence of the MacBraynes. On all the rest of the world she turned a lack-lustre eye of an indifference which was not aware that they lived.

The MacBraynes were going home by sea from Beirut. Impossible to take Martha by steamer all the way to England. How on earth would they look after her? Mr. MacBrayne conceded handsomely that Martha had saved his life. Still it complicated matters that she was a hen. If she had been a dog, even! And such a specimen of a hen! Mr. MacBrayne was watching Martha dust-bathing in the courtyard. She was hardly more dusty than usual. Her prevailing color indeed was a dusty black. She was very small—a scrawny thing. Indeed she rather suggested a dead hen when she was in repose—a dead hen that had been flung out in the roadway.

“Oh, but, Peter,” said Mrs. MacBrayne, “look at her bright intelligent eyes, and remember what she did for us!”

“I do remember,” said Mr. MacBrayne, “that is why, though she is so infernally ugly, that I’m not going to desert the little woman. But what will you do with her if we should get her safely to England?”

“Send her down to Oakshot, of course.”

“Your proud pedigree fowl at Oakshot will peck her to death,” said Mr. MacBrayne.

“Not with her character. See how she got around us. She has even made Mustapha her slave. He says that she minds the baby here while the nurse is dressing the elder children. Mustapha says she has a soul. A fierce dog came into the courtyard the other day where the baby was lying asleep in the shade of the fig tree. Martha drove him out all beak and claws and returned to watching the baby.”

“I know. He told me. It will be Mustapha, too, I foresee. What are we to do with Mustapha at Oakshot?”

“He is greatly attached to us. He says if he leaves us he will surely die.”

"Mustapha and Martha. Complications grow. Imagine Mustapha and Martha at Wiltshire."

"He is very clever. He can do all sorts of things. And you can trust him. He is honest and simple."

The end of it was that Mustapha and Martha were sent overland to England, while the MacBraynes took steamer at Port Said. Mustapha had been as far as Paris once, and was not afraid of the journey. He was supplied with money sufficient for the journey, and with the addresses of some people en-route to whom he could go if the necessity arose.

They confidently hoped to have news of Mustapha and Martha by the time they reached home, but there was none. They had put up at their town house in Portman Square, while arrangements were being made for the disposal of the papyrus. That accomplished they were going down to Oakshot, which both loved dearly. They had been away from England rather an unusual length this time. Oakshot would be in all its early summer beauty. Mrs. MacBrayne thought of her garden, of her dairy, of the shining peace of Oakshot. And something wonderful was going to happen a little later. A child—a boy of five was coming home to them from India, where his father, Roger l'Estrange, dear to them as a child of their own could be, was stationed with his regiment. It was a joy beyond words to Mrs. MacBrayne. She felt that the child would give an interest to her Peter. She wanted her husband to settle down at home, now that he had found and safely convoyed the papyrus. The Eastern travel was too risky for a man of his age. He had done enough for immortality.

They delayed a while in town, where MacBrayne, F.R.S., was in everybody's mouth. The season was in full swing, and the smart people as well as the learned people were very ready to lionize Peter MacBrayne. He was dined, feasted, decorated, acclaimed. He was even called to an interview with a personage whom he described afterwards as being like a simple country gentleman—it was in the first decade of the century. All the time Mrs. MacBrayne was hungering for Oakshot and the joys to be. She was also troubled because there was no news of Mustapha and the hen. She saw the queer pair lost in the world—Mustapha in his white suit, and turban with the magnificent bronze coloring, and the inscrutable eyes above the dark beard—Mustapha and the little dusty hen.

As the days went by Mrs. MacBrayne ceased to smile at the thought of the odd companionship. There was no news of them.

Mr. MacBrayne, for all the pressure of life, had found time to write to a consul here and there on the road which Mustapha must traverse on his journey to London. But apparently no one had seen Mustapha. He must have had no use for consuls. And those gentlemen were sure that Mustapha had not passed their way. An Arab with a few words of English and a hen! Someone must have seen so strange a couple; but apparently no one had seen them. Then, suddenly, into the night of their mystification and suspense—for they were beginning to reproach themselves for the helpless pair, flotsam and jetsam, flung hither and thither out in the waste of the world—after all it was folly, almost criminal folly to have sent Mustapha with only a few words of English to find his way across Europe—flashed a message from Mustapha. It came on a dirty scrap of paper in a dirty envelope—wonderful that it had ever reached.

“We arrive ici. Poulet bien heureux. Send monnaie. Mustapha.”

Someone had written it for Mustapha, who was incapable of so much scholarship, and had addressed it to Milord MacBrayne at Portman Square, and the post office had delivered it. But there was no address: nothing but the Paris postmark to show where the letter had come from. Mr. MacBrayne wrote to the ambassador at Paris, who was a personal friend. The aid of the Paris police was invoked. To no purpose. Three months passed, and the sea had apparently closed over Mustapha and Martha. The end of the three months found Mrs. MacBrayne, one lovely day of September, seated on the velvety lawn at Oakshot amid a brilliance of flower beds, which, as George Herbert has it,

Bids the rash gazer wipe the eye,

with her eternal knitting in her hands.

She was knitting mechanically, but her eyes were watching the golden-haired child in his little white suit, who was amusing himself by talking a queer tongue, half-English, half-Hindustani to the golden pheasant who was strutting up and down in its run across the lawn. She was feeling that her cup of happiness was full with the coming of the child. The little creature bobbed about like a daisy, curtsying to the peacock and peahen. He was coming across the lawn now from the golden pheasant, and had encountered these other splendors. She was watching the pretty boy so intently that

she had no eyes for another arrival, till—plop! something flew to her arms—Martha! Was it possible?

Yes—there was Mustapha grinning and showing all his white teeth, a little lean, a little worn, his white suit and turban less dazzling than they were wont to be when Mustapha returned to the civilized world! And there was Martha—cackling, actually cackling as though she had laid an egg—a little bundle of burnt-up, dusty feathers, but with the eloquent eye of old to tell that it was really Martha.

“She play up fine with me,” said Mustapha. “Play up” was a word he had acquired from the English nurse of the consul of Damascus, who used it to express a tantrum on the part of her charges. “She play up fine with me. She guard *les bagages* at the stations.”

He indicated a roll, which contained a change of clothing and his prayer rug, a very small and shabby bundle.

“She sit on *les bagages*”—Mustapha had been acquiring French during his time in Paris. “She fly up in the face of any who approach. Martha se ne fache du tout. We haf been robbed but for Martha. We haf been lost. I will tell you and your honorable husband; I haf been murdered by an Ool-i-can but for this Martha. She sleep on my chest and fly in the face of the Ool-i-can, who would have cut my throat. She is ashe-devilin feathers, and a blessed hen.”

From Mustapha’s confused narrative, interlarded with phrases in many languages, the MacBraynes after a time extracted a most thrilling narrative, in which Martha played a truly heroic part. It had been intended originally that Mustapha should return to his own country. However, Mustapha had no intention of leaving the MacBraynes, and so he took up his position as personal attendant on Mr. MacBrayne, in which capacity the dignity of his bearing and the picturesqueness of his looks excited considerable interest and admiration.

Martha was quite prepared to attach herself as an inseparable companion to Mrs. MacBrayne, and, failing her, to Mustapha. However neither of these arrangements was possible, since the MacBraynes were returning to Portman Square for the winter months. With a view to weaning Martha from her attachment, Mrs. MacBrayne ordered that the freedom of the house and of the run adjoining that of the golden pheasant be given to her.

“It is no use to put her in the poultry yard,” she said. “She

would be lost among common stupid fowl. They would peck her to death I am sure."

"She will be 'appier with the others," said Mustapha. "She 'as what Pieguot said—the curiosity. She hop her world to see."

"Mind, I shall never forgive you, Mustapha, if she comes to harm," said Mrs. MacBrayne, consenting because Martha was so obviously bored in the society of the golden pheasant.

She made herself quite at home in the fowl yard, and Mustapha was justified.

"It is the mind," said he, broadly grinning. "The soul of a warrior has gone into the hen. The rest are—*pour le pot*."

Up to this time Martha had not laid an egg. It was because of her youth Mrs. MacBrayne was confident. Mr. MacBrayne held that she was too freakish to act after the manner of hens. Mustapha said nothing, only grinned, watched Martha digging away in a dust-bath like any common hen.

It was March before the MacBraynes came back to Oakshot. One thing or another had prevented their returning earlier. Frank and his ayah, and the new English governess who was soon to be in entire charge of the child, had spent most of the winter at Oakshot, but no one had thought of conveying any news concerning Martha to those interested in her up in London.

It was a beautiful April day strayed into March that brought the MacBraynes back to Oakshot. On the way—indeed for some time before Mrs. MacBrayne's mind had had two lively anticipations. One was of seeing Frank. The other was of seeing Martha. Frank came down the steps as the carriage arrived, golden as a little flame, to be hugged rapturously to Mrs. MacBrayne's breast. For the moment Martha was forgotten, till there was a sudden shriek from Mustapha.

"She haf play up," he said. "She haf laid des oeufs, like a common poulet. She haf the schickings."

There was Martha marshalling a flock of dusty small birds exactly like herself and driving them across the grass, obviously delighted to present them to her human friends.

AN IRISH CHAMPION OF WOMEN.

BY PADRAIC COLUM.



T. ADAMNAN has a place in our ecclesiastical, our literary, and our political history: he was one of Colum-Cille's successors in Iona; he was a friend of the Venerable Bede, and a leader in the clerical party that broke down the local usages that had grown up since St. Patrick's time, and that endeavored with ultimate success to bring the Irish Church into more direct contact with Western Christianity. He wrote a life of Colum-Cille in Latin, that is spoken of as one of the most complete of mediæval biographies; and one of those Visions that afterwards gave material for Dante's epic, written in Irish, is also attributed to him. His political activity was remarkable, and it seems to have been in a right direction. Students of Irish history are constantly telling us that one of the things that stood in the way of Irish union, was the position of Leinster amongst the Irish kingdoms. The kings that held what may be called the imperial power, constantly tried to draw a tribute that Leinster ever regarded as unjust. Leinster was made a sort of Alsace-Lorraine, and she entered into alliances with outsiders. Adamnan tried to secure the repeal of the tribute. He requested the High King not to take it until "Luan." Now "Luan" means Monday, but it also means the Judgment Day. Adamnan's device was not so futile as it now sounds. A great deal depended on a king's word in those days, and after giving it to such an important person as Adamnan, the High King would find it difficult to go on as if nothing had happened. Adamnan's intervention did not save Leinster; it lets us see, however, that he had something of the statesman's vision.

A very honorable measure associated with his name is the "Cáin Adamnán," or law of Adamnan, which later generations regarded as the charter of woman's freedom in Ireland. The "Cáin Adamnán" is written as if applying to Britain also; among the ninety notables who endorsed it is Bishop Egbert and Bruide, "King of the Pict-folk." Adamnan's Law was promulgated in the year 694-5.

The treatise on Adamnan's Law has been translated into very

eloquent English by Doctor Kuno Meyer. It begins with a most gloomy account of the position of women in Ireland before Adamnan was roused to better it. The name for women generally was "Cumhalacht," a word derived from "Cumhal"—a bond woman. According to the writer of this tenth-century treatise, women had only a very servile position in the household, and they were actually forced into military service. The writer, wishing to give Adamnan greater glory, probably exaggerates the distress, for the Irish laws and romances do not bear out his picture. But grave hardships must have been inflicted upon women at the time, and it seems certain that in parts of the country they had to engage in war. The writer of the treatise describes a woman going into battle: "On one side of her she would carry her bag of provisions, and on the other her babe. Her wooden pole upon her back. Thirty feet long it was, and had at one end an iron hook, which she would thrust into the tress of some woman in the opposite battalion." "Five ages before the birth of Christ," says the writer of the treatise, "to wit, from Adam to the Flood, from the Flood to Abraham, from Abraham to David, from David to the Captivity in Babylon, from the Captivity to the Birth of Christ—during that time women were in bondage and slavery, until Adamnan, son of Ronan, son of Finne, son of Aed, son of Colum, son of Lugaid, son of Setne, son of Fergus, son of Conall, son of Niall, came."

The movement for the relief of women began in this way: Adamnan, traveling with his mother, offered to carry her on his back. She refused his help, saying that she would take no favor from an undutiful son. Wherein had he failed in his duty? Adamnan asked. He had failed, his mother told him, because he had not liberated the women of Ireland, "from encounter, from camping, from fighting, from hosting, from wounds, from the bondage of the cauldron." They traveled farther, and came to a battlefield that was strewn with the bodies of women. Adamnan by his sanctity was able to raise up one of them. Mother and son listened to her history, and when Adamnan showed himself much affected, his mother impressed upon him the task of gaining freedom and security for the women of Ireland.

According to an Irish custom, a person who had a grievance, and who could not obtain a favorable hearing, fasted, and so made the situation intolerable for the one who would not listen or acquiesce. The "hunger-strike," which is so new in modern politics, was a recognized procedure in Irish law. Adamnan, it is

said, fasted for eight years. When his mother came to him, she found him in a terrible and pitiable state. "Change my torture," said Adamnan. His mother brought him to another place. It appears it was the heavenly and not the earthly powers whose favor he was mortifying himself for; it was an angel who came to him at last. The angel asked him to rise out of his place of torture. "I will not," said the Saint, "until the women of the Western world are freed by me." Then the messenger said, "*Omnia quæ in Domino rogabis, propter laborem tuum habebis.*"

But the earthly powers were not so easily moved. "It shall not be in my time, if it is done," cried the King Loingsech Bregban, speaking for the conservatives of all time. "An evil time when a man's sleep shall be murdered for women, that women should live, men should be slain. Put the deaf and dumb one to the sword (Adamnan had become deaf and dumb through the rigor of his fasting), who asserts anything but that women should be in everlasting bondage to the brink of Doom." Seven kings supported Loingsech, but by the power of God, Adamnan overcame them. Thereafter his Law was accepted, and the securities for its fulfillment were the sun and the moon and all the other elements of God, Peter, Paul, Andrew, and all the other Apostles, together with the Irish saints. Those who violated the law drew on themselves the maledictions of these great powers; Adamnan also inserted in the daily service a condemnation of those who violated the spirit of the Law.

Whatever their position might have been before, after Adamnan's time the women of Ireland had an unquestioned status. Sir Henry Maine notes that in several points the ancient law of Ireland—the Brehon Law—comes close to the most advanced legal improvements of our day. One of these points was the position of women. "The law," he says, "regulated the natural rights of the parties, showing an especial care for the interests of the woman; even to the extent of recompensing her to the value of her domestic services, in case of divorce, during her residence in the common dwelling." In ancient Ireland a woman might hold property apart from her husband, and might make contracts in regard to it. The Brehon Law admitted that, under certain circumstances, a married woman might be in a position of legal equality with her husband; while under other circumstances she might be in a position legally superior to him. This was related to the matter of property. Broadly speaking, if a woman brought property equal in amount to

that possessed by her husband, she was his equal; if she brought more she was his superior. A woman who had property was not deprived of her rights over it by her marriage. If her husband was supported by the income from his wife's property, she was legally the person in authority. The law permitted a married woman to take proceedings in defence of her separate property. Furthermore if a husband gave evidence against his wife, she was entitled to give evidence against him.

In these points the Brehon Law was distinctly on a higher level than the English Law of Victorian times. But whether it was raised to that level through St. Adamnan's influence, Irish historical records have left us no means of knowing. The writer of the tenth-century treatise was convinced that he had lifted women out of their servile state. According to *Cáin Adamnáin*, those who drew women into battle were severely punished. If a man slew a woman he was condemned to a twofold punishment: "His right hand and his left foot shall be cut off before his death, then he shall die, and his kindred shall pay seven full 'cumals.'" If a woman was slain by part of an army, every fifth man up to the three hundredth was condemned to the same penalty, and if the band was less than three hundred, it was divided into three parts, "the first part of them shall be put to death by lot, hand and foot having first been taken off, the second part shall pay fourteen full 'cumals,' and the third part shall be cast into exile." Even for insult the penalty was heavy. "If it be by making a gentlewoman blush by imputing unchastity to her, or by throwing doubt on the legitimacy of her offspring, a fine of seven 'cumals' shall be exacted." The position of women in the tenth century is shown by the apostrophe of the writer of the treatise: "Adamnan suffered much hardship for your sake, O women, so that ever since Adamnan's time one-half of your house is yours; and there is a place for your chair in the other half, so that your contract and your safeguard are free. And the first law made in heaven and on earth for women is Adamnan's Law."

O'LOGHLIN OF CLARE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

XV.



IN a gray October evening, an hour before twilight, Hugh paused on the devious bog path, a little at fault. Dusky clouds were blurring the edges of distant mountains on one side, and white mist-wreaths were winding themselves among the low-lying woods on another. In the west a small lake of lurid gold seemed ready to spill its waters over the brown and purple far-stretching plain of the lonely bog. An air of deep desolation hung over the land, beauty eerie and enchanted was there, wrapped in mourning garments that swept the solitude and trailed across the faint gleam of the water, and dipped into darkness. Here and there a red-gold glare betrayed the cruel bog-hole. Now and again the whimper of a plover broke the stillness. Ingoldesby stood and took a long look around him, feeling intensely the magic of the scene and the hour. Bringing his gaze slowly from one point to another he became aware of a figure approaching from a distance, and waited as it drew nearer, coming straight to meet him. With a little painful shock he perceived that it was Father Aengus, the friar, the man who was hunted like a wolf, with a price on his head.

"Will he scent danger and run?" asked Ingoldesby of himself. "He says he has many hiding places. Does he wholly trust me?"

Father Aengus was praying as he walked. His dark eyes were fixed on the golden well in the sombre sky. He started when he saw Ingoldesby, but held out his hand and smiled. Hugh thought he looked like a spirit such as might haunt these wilds, with his pallid face, his eyes holding their strange dream, his spare frame shrouded in the brown garb, and bound with the rough cord of the sons of St. Francis.

"You are a brave man," said Hugh, after he had clasped the long lean hand.

"Brave? I have nothing to fear from you, even if I were disposed to fear anyone."

"You ought to be under cover at this hour."

"Not if a soul's need keeps me in the open," said Father Aenges, smiling. "And to say truth I never feel so safe as when under God's

roof of the sky. Here danger is to myself alone. Under any other roof I am a danger to some of my flock."

Hugh looked at him with a sudden sense of exasperation. Here was the type of creature who was an ideal to certain minds. Here was an embodiment of the fascination that held Brona enslaved. He felt a swift desire to shock this dreamer out of his dreams, if only for a moment.

"What a madness it all is!" he said, striking the stone under his feet with his oaken stick.

"Ah!" said the priest, "not madness, but the sanity of God."

"Is it not madness to reject the good of life, to court death?"

"Not if God requires it. He makes His appointed uses of our lives. There is no such thing as death for those who do His will. When life appears to cease there is only a happy change, simply the casting of the flesh by the glorified spirit, the vacating of a hovel for entrance into the kingdom of the Father."

"I have heard all this before," said Ingoldesby, "but I do not believe in it. Other creeds than yours make the same claim, and still the world goes on, and men die and no one comes back to verify the statements of prophets, to make good the promises of priests."

"God came on earth and died—and came back," said Father Aengus. "Is that not sufficient verification?"

"So they said seventeen hundred years ago," said Hugh, "and they also said He came to bring peace and love, and yet men have never ceased since then to torture and persecute each other in His name."

"He brought the cross. He bore it, and we carry it after Him," said the friar. A glow shone on his face, as if the ruddy splendor now spreading along the western horizon had kindled fire in the eyes so deeply sunken under his ivory brows.

"I know your theory, the same that the early Christians held—to their torment! But, granted your faith for a moment. Seventeen hundred years have passed. You say He died and came back. If He did come back, for a few days, He went again, and returns no more."

"Nay," said the priest. "He never went—except visibly."

Ingoldesby checked a slight laugh and said, "I am aware that believers hold that the presence of God is everywhere. The universe is filled with it, exists by it."

"True."

"But men believed that before He came, as you say, visibly, and came again, and went again and returned no more. Why did He go, and leave nothing behind for men to hold by, more than the pagan had held by?"

"He never went," said the priest. "He has stayed with us ever since, not merely as that ever-enduring eternal presence of the Creator which has always been the breath of men, but as an actual human Presence under veils."

Ingoldesby made an impatient movement.

"Wait a moment," said the friar. "He does not walk visibly, as He did for thirty-three years with a few who timidly acknowledged Him, and in a world that counted Him no more than one of its own, gone mad with vain egotism; a world that would not believe in Him even when He quitted the tomb into which they had sealed Him."

"You are wandering from the point," said Hugh. "If as you say, He came and went and is here no more except as the pagan knew Him, where is His love? If He did come the world has had time to forget Him, and again raises its temples to the unknown God."

"He never went," repeated Father Aengus. "He is here."

"In the vague All-Presence?"

"In His humanity. In His flesh and blood. As the Bread we break from morn to morn. As the unfailing Food of living man. As the Companion Who leads him through the narrow pass called death. As the Medicine that cures the soul of the disease of sin, and strengthens it throughout mortal life to endure mortal suffering."

"This is raving!" cried Hugh.

"He Who accepted the help of the humble Cyrenean to carry His cross to Calvary, gives His own strong Arm to carry ours."

"As how?"

"In the Sacrament of His love. In the Mass. In the Communion."

"Madness! madness!" reiterated Hugh. "This is how you terrorize men and poison women's minds. With your dreams and mysteries you scare delicate imaginations, and lure tender hearts into bondage. Why do you not go back to where your dreams are not penalized, and leave people like those who harbor you in their homes to find their way to rational conviction, and to the safety in life which it would ensure them?"

"Why?" said Father Aengus, "because their souls are as precious to me as my own, and my God and their God forbids me to desert them."

Ingoldesby was startled even in his anger by the transfigured appearance of the creature before him, the rapt expression of the face, the form almost visionary in its spareness caught into the light of the western after-glow. But surprise quickly changed to horror of the man and his aspect of supernatural power, and Ingoldesby suddenly felt that as he would not injure him he must remove himself out of the danger of further provocation.

"Unnatural, uncanny, wicked!" he said as he turned away with an abrupt "good evening," and began to pick his way back by the paths that had led him to this very unsatisfactory encounter with a dangerous fanatic.

XVI.

After this Ingoldesby's most bitter hatred of Roman superstition was revived, and he was more tolerant of Turlough, looking on him as one in cruel subjection, as a man robbed of his masculine liberty, controlled by the leading strings of a false conscience. His love for Brona was becoming a torture, his sympathy for Morogh changing to contempt. He felt it impossible to go to Castle O'Loghlin, and asked himself would it not be wise to leave this miserable country and try to forget that he had ever seen it. In a passion of rebellion against fate, he strove to hate the woman who preferred this dark bondage to his love, choosing to remain in sorrow and danger rather than live with him in the sunshine of the life he could give her. In this mood he remained aloof from Burren, and after a spell of intolerable loneliness, he left Ardcurragh and went to pay visits to Protestant friends in another part of the country.

His absence was keenly felt in different ways by all the members of the family at Castle O'Loghlin. On Turlough it had a specially irritating and depressing effect. His frequent sojourns at Ardcurragh and the society of Judkin, had worked up his discontent to a pitch unendurable to his envious nature. Now that the occasional restraining influence of a stronger masculine mind was removed, also the sympathy of Judkin who had departed with his master, young O'Loghlin gave himself up to thoughts which he did not share with anyone concerning the folly of acting on what is called principle, or on the dictates of a narrow conscience. When in Hugh's presence he had been well aware that the man he envied acted on principle and conscience, and then, why did these prompters urge different men to different courses of action? Why should not his own father learn to live by the principle good enough to secure Ardcurragh for the forefathers of its present possessor? Why should not Hugh Ingoldesby's conscience be strict enough to rule the conduct of Turlough O'Loghlin?

As Hugh's absence was prolonged, he grew more and more embittered, learning through letters from Judkin of the society enjoyed by his master, of the honor paid to him as a man of worth and weight taking up his position in the county. There were hints of favor shown him by ladies of birth and beauty, even of a probable marriage, highly desirable from every point of view. It was evident to Turlough that Hugh had grown tired of stupid people like the

O'Loghlin, fools who were content to live the life of the proscribed, when by a slight effort they could shuffle off disgrace and accept what was offered to them, equality with the best, as well as the distinction awaiting those who had understanding and courage to renounce the evils of law-breaking, and rank themselves with the enlightened and emancipated. He felt particularly assured that Hugh had ceased to care for Brona, seeing that he had removed himself from her neighborhood, to the society of charming women who were in sympathy with him.

Brooding over all these circumstances Turlough made up his mind to remonstrate with Morogh on his apathy as to the downward drifting of the family fortunes, and one morning he rose with a big resolve, which grew smaller and weaker as the day went on, and died before night, leaving him in a state of cowardly irresolution. Then set in another miserable spell of chafing at the stagnation of the life he had to endure, and at his own impotence to play any part that he held worthy of a man, till at last he flung himself into his father's presence, uttering rebellion against all the powers, spiritual and temporal, railing at the state of things that kept him in his youth a prisoner, debarred from entering a profession, from mixing in society fitting his rank, and calling on Morogh to do the only thing that could save his children from this living death, by rising up like a man and conforming to the religion prescribed by the law of the realm.

Morogh was reading in his library when this storm burst upon him. He did not close his book, but sat in his chair staring at his son, as if he had been some uncanny apparition. The young man's face was flushed, his hair and dress were disordered.

"Turlough, you have been drinking," said his father. "Go to your bed and sleep off this excitement. To-morrow morning you and I will both forget all the wild nonsense you have been talking."

"I shall not forget it," said Turlough. "I have thought about it all too long ever to forget it. If you are satisfied to finish your life in slavery, I am determined that I will not sacrifice the whole of mine to an idea."

He spoke surlily with his eyes on the floor, unable to look Morogh in the face.

"You cannot mean what you say, you unhappy boy."

"Unhappy I am, but I am not a boy. I am twenty-one, with power to take matters into my own hands, and to act for the good of the family."

He looked up now, his handsome features distorted with passion, and glared once at Morogh, whose white set face seemed to provoke him to greater fury. It is true that he had relied on wine to give him the daring necessary for uttering what was in his mind. Now

that he had spoken, he stood up and shook himself like one rising out of a bitter dream, surprised to see things real and familiar around him. Morogh waited a few moments before he answered. An indescribable change passed over his face and his mouth trembled. At last he spoke.

"You cannot mean what your words would seem to hint," he said. "Too many things are involved. I can forgive a great deal of impatience to your youth and your peculiar temperament. But you are not without conscience and intelligence. I shall expect you to retract what you have said as soon as you have returned to your proper senses."

Turlough quailed under his father's look of contempt, and left the room with bowed head, but without an idea of retracting his words or intention. He slunk into his aunt's pretty French apartment, where she sat working at a rare piece of church embroidery in colored silks and gold, a banner for the Lady chapel of her dear friends of the Convent of the Annunciades. She was the only person Turlough was not afraid to bully. He was in her eyes what an only and willful son often is in the eyes of a weak mother. She adored and screened him from blame, even while threatening chastisements which were never given him. The only punishment in her power was the tightening of her purse-strings, but only when it was empty had she ever been able to keep his hand out of that small, too-liberal treasury.

As she saw his face at the door now, her first thought was "too much wine," and she prepared to soothe his excitement, to excuse his condition out of the depths of the pity of her heart for his youth and misfortunes. He threw himself on a seat with an air of bravado, and when half an hour later he left the room, Aileen had put away her embroidery out of harm's way from falling tears.

Brona was in the garden, a green acre that sloped away behind the castle in the direction of the sea. The gray mountains had lost their fairy-like opalescent tints, and looked like the bastions reared for defence in some great warfare. She was working in short daylight for the spring to come, never so content as when so working. The sea, the mountains, and the mysteriously fruitful earth were all, to her, visible expressions of God. Real misfortune seemed impossible.

The knowledge that Hugh Ingoldesby wanted to make her happy had realized his desire by making her happy. His love was like an unexpected inheritance dropped down on her, even though it could bring her nothing, as things and nothings are reckoned by the world. It gave her a spiritual vested right in her soul. The external barrier between them did not exist in the eyes of God Who had sent him across her path, Who was urging her to care and pray for him. The consciousness, the joy of it enveloped her like an atmosphere unperceived by others. Her secret gladness was like the fragrance of

hidden violets to one walking solitary, or the faint incense lingering in a sanctuary deserted by all but one watcher.

She had never told anyone that Hugh had asked her to be his wife. It must remain her secret till the end of her life. The idea that she was never to marry had always been present to her. The happiest natural things of life were not for her. Her duty was to her faith and her father, her joy in the promises of God. Having struggled with the disturbing sweetness of his presence, she could be happy in his absence. She could send her winged thoughts and prayers to him by the angels always traveling between soul and soul, ascending and descending by Jacob's ladder to their beneficent God with reports and messages. Her young face, with its glowing tints, heightened and sweetened by her labors, shone in the open air like a beautiful jewel against the gray sky. She looked up, saw Aideen coming, and stood leaning on her hoe.

"O Aideen, you are weeping!"

"Turlough!"

"Turlough again. You take his complaints too much to heart. Let him grumble!"

Aideen stood shedding bitter tears.

"This is worse than grumbling. He threatens to take the property out of Morogh's hands, and rob his father by conforming."

"Silly!" said Brona, but the rose on her face faded a little. "A silly threat. Turlough wouldn't—couldn't."

"He is of age. We are in his power."

Brona did not speak. Aideen's manner urged on her that she had been impressed in an extraordinary degree by the new attitude of her nephew.

"There is only one way of warding off this blow—to get him back to Paris," said Aideen, "and there is only one way of getting money for that—to sell my jewels. I can get it done by taking them to Paris. MacDonogh will take us there—Turlough and myself."

"Monstrous!" said Brona. "Sell your jewels for such a purpose? If Turlough were capable of acting as you suppose, your sacrifice would not prevent him. It would only stave off the worst for a time. But I will not believe—"

"I thought you would have helped," said Aideen. "You have jewels."

"My mother's! Sell to prove Turlough a criminal?" cried Brona indignantly.

"To save him from crime. To save your father from indigence."

Brona's eyes had flashed and her cheeks had burned. She was silent a few moments, and stirred the earth with her hoe. Then she said quietly:

"You are suffering from scare, Aideen. I believe in my brother. He will never take the step you are fearing."

"If Mr. Ingoldesby were at home we might ask him to advise Turlough. He respects Ingoldesby, though he envies him. But he tells me that Ingoldesby has tired of this dull part of the country, and that we shall see no more of him. The latest news is that he is engaged to be married to an Englishwoman, who is a visitor at the house where he is staying."

Brona was again silent. Aideen watched her narrowly. Was she really as indifferent to Hugh as she had shown herself to all other men.

"Is it true?" asked Brona carelessly.

"Why not true? Mr. Ingoldesby is an admirer of beauty, and I think he is the kind of man who would fall in love in haste. He must feel lonely at Ardcurragh, and would probably think he must marry if he means to stay in this dreary country."

"But why should his movements have anything to do with Turlough? I simply put my faith in my brother's honesty. He is sorely tried, being what he is—but he is honest."

"Then go and talk to him yourself, Brona. I can say no more."

Brona went and talked to him. She found him sitting in his room, leaning his elbows on the back of a tilted chair, his face between his hands, scowling through the window at the fading sky, looking like a sullen schoolboy who had been thrashed. She walked up to him and said simply:

"Turlough, you couldn't do it."

"Couldn't I?" he growled.

"I mean you wouldn't. Look at me, Turlough. Why have you vexed father and frightened Aideen?"

"You to talk to me! You who wouldn't do anything to save the situation! You've left it to me."

She had placed herself before him, and he was obliged to look at her, but against his will, for something in the clear eyes of his young sister was ever a reminder to him of the inferiority of his own nature. If he loved any creature in the world besides himself it was Brona. But the spark of affection was so buried under a mass of selfishness that it only smouldered to no purpose.

"Give me your word, my brother, that you spoke in a moment of irritation. We are all tried."

The tender tone only gave Turlough more courage to be brutal.

"If you had married Ingoldesby things might have righted themselves. You have sent him off to marry another woman, and that chance is lost."

"You don't think of what you are saying," said Brona. "If you

look things in the face, you must see that for Mr. Ingoldesby, even if he wished it (which you have no right to believe), marriage with a Catholic would mean his ruin, while it would not benefit you or father."

"Not if you were a proper wife, and followed your husband. You would have a year to think about it. But it is too late now. He is engaged to be married to Lady Kitty Carteret."

"And therefore is safe," said Brona.

"You are a piece of cold marble," said Turlough. "I know you care for him. Well, then, if you are obstinate why shouldn't I be the same? Slaughterhouse means to come back and drop down on us at some moment when we are unprepared, with no friend to interfere for us. You were haughty to him, too, and you will be again."

"Turlough, you are mad on this point. If I were to turn coquette, how would it mend matters? Why do you not join the Brigade under Lord Clare?"

"I am no soldier," growled Turlough.

"No indeed," sighed Brona in the depths of her heart.

"I want to inherit the property of my ancestors, to hold up my head in the county, to take rank among my fellows."

"At what cost?"

"D—— the cost!" cried Turlough savagely. "Are we always to be slaves?"

"There was a painful silence. Brona turned to go, but turned back and placed her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Turlough," she said, "I thought you loved me a little."

At the soft touch and tone that buried spark stirred under the mass of selfishness and made itself faintly felt.

"Promise me, my brother, that you will not do this thing."

"I am not going to do anything at present," said Turlough surlily. "Tell Aileen to stop whining. I can't bear it."

XVII.

About this time Mrs. Delany in Delville received a letter from Miss Jacquetta Ingoldesby.

DEAR FRIEND:

You will see by the above address that I am staying here with friends. I shall remain with them for another week or so, and then I shall go to Ardcurragh, where I hope I may see you soon. The truth is I have been anxious about my nephew, your friend Hugh, on account of certain reports from his trusty man Judkin, and this has been my chief reason for leaving England in acceptance of a long-standing invitation from the Stodarts.

We have here at present a pleasant company, including Hugh, who

seems to have forgotten his penchant for that interesting and dangerous Miss O'Loughlin, and who is now attentive in his own way to Lady Kitty Carteret, a charming young widow whom the Stodarts met last year at Bath. She is a pretty and attractive creature, extremely rich, with no encumbrance, and my meeting with her here seems to me quite providential.

You will easily perceive what I mean. I have been a mother to Hugh since he was quite a little boy, and I will not desert him now, just when he requires guidance.

My plan is to carry off Lady Kitty to Ardcurragh, make up a house party, which I hope will include my dearest Mary Delany, (and the Dean, if we can induce him to come), give some pleasant entertainments, and make my nephew feel that his lonely house which he inhabits like an owl in a tree-hole, can be turned into a genial and hospitable home. When I see him happily married I shall feel that my responsibilities with regard to him are over.

You, my dear friend, can help me to accomplish my desires. No one admires and esteems you more than Hugh, and your approval of the charming Lady Kitty would influence him more than even mine. Mothers and aunts may be suspected of too great a wish to interfere, but a friend like you (where is there another like you?) is above suspicion.

Mrs. Delany at breakfast in her delightful bower-room, from which she could see the ships riding in the harbor, smiled over this letter, and handed it across the table to the Dean.

"Jacquetta is very amusing," she said, "she is never happy unless she can plot and plan for somebody. Hugh Ingoldesby is not the sort of man to be plotted and planned for, and at the best it is risky work making up marriages."

"I agree that the best marriages make themselves," said the Dean, "but if Ingoldesby is really taken with this charming Lady Kitty—"

Mrs. Delany shook her head. "Hugh is no lady's man to flit from one to another as Jacquetta would suggest. If he is really caught by the charming Lady Kitty, he will not require his aunt's assistance in arranging his affairs. And if the situation exists only in her imagination, she will be very likely to do mischief."

"Well, my love, I think you might do some good by just going to see," said the Dean.

"Let us go then!" said his wife.

"Put me out of the question," said the Dean. "I don't think I could bear to look on at life as it is in the County of Clare at present. Your feminine sympathies with the affairs of your friends will distract your mind from things outside your circle, but as a man I could have no such resource, and to be a passive witness of barbarous injustice would be too much for my nerves."

"I shall certainly not enter into the plot against Hugh," said Mrs. Delany still pondering her friend's letter. "I have seen him pass un-

affected by the charms of many attractive Lady Kittys. I have too much respect for his sense and judgment to try to influence him in such a matter; and I don't wish to lose his good opinion by seeming to interfere in any way in his affairs."

"Spoken like your wise self," said the Dean, smiling approval, while his wife gathered up her letters with a little laugh of enjoyment of the approval, and went to accept the invitation of her friend Jacquetta; for reasons of her own which had nothing to do with Lady Kitty.

A fortnight later Miss Jacquetta and her guest, Lady Kitty Carteret, set out on a cold day in January, in the Ingoldesby family coach, to meet Mrs. Delany at the last coaching stage of her journey into Clare. Lady Kitty was elated at the prospect of meeting the delightful Mrs. Delany, of whom she had heard so much in London, one who had been married in extreme youth to an uncongenial husband, and who as a widow had refused many brilliant offers of marriage to find happiness in circumstances scarcely satisfactory to her relatives and admirers, though perfect to herself.

In the early marriage and the unlovable husband Lady Kitty felt that there was a parallel in her own case with that of Mrs. Delany, also in her early widowhood and the subsequent rejection of many suitors. But here she thought the similarity of fortunes must end. In a second marriage she should require something more romantic to her own imagination, and more showy in the eyes of the world than Mary Pendarves had been content with, when she settled down in a little demesne in a suburb of Dublin as the wife of an Irish Dean.

Meanwhile Mrs. Delany had arrived at the inn of her destination, and was handed out of the coach by a handsome young gentleman, who in courtly manner introduced himself as the son of an old friend of hers, Morogh O'Loughlin by name. A good fire in the inn's best apartment and tea had been ordered and prepared by his thoughtfulness for her comfort. Pleasantly surprised and charmed by the young man's appearance, manners, and attentions, Mrs. Delany asked herself, while she warmed her feet and sipped her tea, whether this could be Turlough, the youth of whose objectionable qualities she had gathered some indistinct impressions.

"I thought there was only one son," she reflected, "but I must have been mistaken. A young man like this will be a comfort to the family." She was in the midst of her genial inquiries for her old friend Morogh and her young friend Brona, when interrupted by the entrance of Miss Ingoldesby and Lady Kitty; on which Turlough immediately withdrew.

"Who is the handsome Spaniard?" asked Lady Kitty, with a degree of interest that rather detracted from her pleasurable excitement at meeting the expected Mrs. Delany.

"It is that graceless young man Turlough O'Loghlin," said Miss Jacquetta sharply, not at all pleased at the meeting.

"I am agreeably surprised," said Mrs. Delany. "He has been most kind and attentive."

"Rather presumptuous, I think," said Miss Jacquetta.

"His father is an old friend of mine," protested Mrs. Delany.

"My dear Mary, your friends are legion, and your charity is for the multitude," said Miss Jacquetta. "My nephew has been very kind to these people."

A shade came over Mrs. Delany's face, not unnoticed by Lady Kitty, who turned her sparkling eyes with an air of charming defiance on Miss Ingoldesby, and said with lively emphasis:

"It is one of the most romantic figures and handsomest faces I have ever met with!"

Meanwhile Turlough was glad to escape from the inn before the ladies could observe his sorry mount on one of Morogh's horses, an animal hardly of a breed or style to gratify the rider's vanity. From Judkin he had heard of Mrs. Delany's expected arrival, and he had contrived an opportunity to make acquaintance with the friend of his father and sister in a manner likely to find favor for himself. His ride to meet the coach had proved more successful than he had reckoned on in the unlooked-for encounter with the ladies from Ardcurragh; Miss Ingoldesby's frowns were of little account. Mrs. Delany had accepted his attentions, and Lady Kitty's glances of approval made his nerves still tingle with pleasure as he jumped on his despised "garron."

While he rode home many cunning schemes jostled each other in his brain, for the improvement of his condition by pleasant, and perhaps even by honest, means. In all of them Mrs. Delany was an agreeable factor; Hugh Ingoldesby an accommodating tool; Miss Jacquetta was not allowed to count, a sour old spinster who would not be placated by any amount of flattery, or tricked into opening her door to any Papist wolf, even in the whitest of sheep's clothing!

This brilliant Lady Kitty Carteret, the reputed fiancé of Hugh Ingoldesby, was not so devoted to a prig but that she could perceive excellence in a man of different temper and complexion. How must he, Turlough, now contrive to meet her again? Judkin had informed him of Miss Jacquetta's plans for entertaining her visitor. There was always of course the hunt, and Lady Kitty was known to be a plucky follower of the hounds. There were rumors of a fancy ball to which the county was to be invited. For Mrs. Delany's sake, his sister and even he himself might be bidden, but Brona would never be induced to go, and Turlough was not at all assured that Miss Ingoldesby would give him a separate invitation. But for the hunt, Judkin would certainly get him a proper mount from the Ardcurragh stables.

XVIII.

The approaching fancy ball at Ardcurragh was the talk of the county, and bidden guests were choosing their characters and preparing their costumes. Mrs. Delany had failed to persuade Brona to be of the company, and was satisfied of the girl's wisdom in avoiding the society of the Ingoldesbys. Hugh had provokingly gone to pay another visit after leaving the Stodarts, instead of hastening to Ardcurragh to become engaged to Lady Kitty, but he had promised to return home in proper time for the ball. Mrs. Delany had secured an invitation for Turlough, and Aideen was busy with the details of his dress in the character of the Cid Campeador.

The Marquise was happy when she saw her petted boy arrayed in the picturesque costume which was bound to embarrass her financially for at least a year to come. That the gentry of the Ascendancy should behold his physical superiority—the splendor, as she put it, of his health, strength and masculine beauty—was extremely gratifying to her, and at one moment she even coveted an invitation for herself that she might witness his triumph.

"I could go as a fortune-telling gipsy," she said, "or as any other—"

A volley of rude words hurled from cruel depths to the surface of Turlough's unwonted good humor silenced her, and the sentence so interrupted was never completed.

At no time of its history had the mansion of Ardcurragh been the scene of so brilliant an entertainment. All the best rooms were thrown open, and the lights of its windows shone in the landscape like the mountainous heap of diamonds in an eastern fable. The very novelty of such a pageant in the wilds of Clare stirred the imagination of the countryside, and as the rooms filled with picturesque figures, it was evident that the affair was to be a success beyond the dreams of the hostess. Hugh Ingoldesby did not disappoint his aunt, but received her guests in the character of the Earl of Essex, while Miss Jacquetta herself made a very fair attempt at an impersonation of Queen Elizabeth. Mrs. Delany, unprepared for such doings at Ardcurragh, appeared in the "simple pink damask" and white kerchief edged with gold, mentioned by her in a letter to her sister as having been worn by her at Dublin Castle on an unexpected occasion; very becoming to her "lovely face of great sweetness, fair curly hair, dove's eyes, and brilliant complexion" as described by her husband, the Dean of St. Werbergh's.

Many eyes were turned on the Cid when he made his appearance, and when he and Lady Kitty, in the character of Anne Boleyn, "took the floor" in a stately measure, other dancers were overlooked for the moment, while Turlough achieved the triumph that his ambitions

had so cunningly planned and so fiercely desired. His triumph was the more evident as Lady Kitty, the centre of interest of the hour, distinguished him by her marked attentions, partly from a capricious desire to surprise the crowd, partly from genuine admiration of the handsome Spaniard as she called him, and a good deal from pique at the polite indifference of Ingoldesby, who behaved with equal courtesy to all the ladies of the company.

People were asking who he was, and on hearing that he was the son of Morogh O'Loughlin, they concluded that he had broken away from the trammels of Popery and become one of themselves; and in spite of a little jealousy there was a general disposition to welcome him from under his cloud of misfortune into the light of their own prosperity. If the beautiful and wealthy Kitty Carteret were to bestow her coveted hand on him, then indeed such a partnership would be an acquisition to the country. It was evident, thought some of the onlookers, that such a *dénouement* was probable, judging by the disturbed countenance of Miss Jacquetta, and also by the sullen looks of young Stodart, the hero of the horse-stealing adventure, who was obliged to stand aside while the charming stranger gave yet another dance to the despised and insulted owner of the stolen Arab.

A few fair ladies, disposed to accord favor to Ingoldesby or to Stodart, were not displeased to see Lady Kitty with all her excelling charms swept out of the running of rivalry, and were more willing to smile on the audacity and good fortune of the Papist O'Loughlin. Glances from bright eyes and whispers caught amid a buzz of voices and the clang of dance music, made Turlough aware of his triumph. Not only had he won favor of Lady Kitty, but that even in the eyes of a social crowd, which did not, however, include his irritated hostess. In truth Miss Jacquetta's sole comfort in the situation was her knowledge of Lady Kitty as a finished coquette, and her belief that she was probably now at play with an unimportant admirer, merely to arouse ardor and jealousy in one more prized.

Turlough's triumph lasted for a few weeks. He went a hunting, mounted from the Ardcurragh stables, and had long rides with Lady Kitty on days when there was nothing but pleasure to hunt. Very gratifying were the invitations to dinner from Miss Jacquetta, obliged by the caprice of her guest and the generosity of her impracticable nephew, and a climax was reached when Lady Kitty began to accompany Mrs. Delany in her frequent visits to the O'Loughlin family.

When coming to Clare, Mrs. Delany had in view the rescuing of Brona from the dreariness of her present existence, and though the girl had refused to return with her to Delville, she still hoped that the little nun, as she called her, would allow herself to be lured back to the world, where good things were certain to be in wait for her. And now the genial lady had a fresh interest in her sympathy and

compassion for Turlough. She never doubted that Lady Kitty honestly intended to bestow on him the charms and possessions coveted by many more eligible admirers, and in her kindly judgment the pair were peculiarly well matched, in age, in mutual tastes, and in their worldly fortunes, which by contrast might be considered each as the complement of the other. It did not occur to her that his family were not all of one mind with her on the subject, yet of the persons most concerned, Morogh perceived nothing in the situation, except that Turlough was for the moment giving no trouble, and that he seemed to be amusing himself. Brona instinctively distrusted the sincerity of Lady Kitty, and Aileen was the only one of the three who could see with the eyes of her brother's early friend, and even far beyond the reach of them into a fortunate future. There came a day, however, when such dreams and fancies, circling around Lady Kitty like the butterflies coming with the white rose of June, vanished suddenly, a day when Turlough poured out his hopes in impassioned raptures, and was listened to by the lady he thought he had won with a cold surprise, and an assurance that he had completely misunderstood her. She had meant to be a sister to him. She would always be his friend, but she had no intention of marrying a second time. She had had enough of marriage, and was passionately in love with her liberty. A few days later she bade a smiling farewell to Ardcurragh, followed by Miss Ingoldesby in a hasty departure, and by Mrs. Delany, the term of whose visit had expired, and who left her friends feeling disappointed in all her pleasant hopes of seeing some improvement in their isolated and unhappy position.

When the short play of his imagined good fortune was over, the curtain down and the lights out, Turlough's rage broke in a storm over the household at Castle O'Loghlin. Everyone was to blame for his disappointment, Brona for her cold reserve, his father for his pride of aloofness from the world, Aileen for everything that could not be laid to anyone else's account. All had conspired to disgust Lady Kitty with a miserable family, and to scare away the prosperity that had been stretching out both hands to the most unhappy and deserving member of it.

A day came when Aileen was weeping in her room, and Brona with pale lips sitting silent at her father's knee, holding his cold hand and trying to look in his face with loving eyes of comfort. Turlough had then retired to his own quarters to brood over his incomprehensible failure, to endeavor to read the riddle of it, and to think out some new plan for retrieving his injured fortunes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CATHOLIC WOMANHOOD AND THE SOCIALISTIC STATE.¹

BY HELEN HAINES.



IN every age the least champion of truth must have a working knowledge of the weapons suited to that age. And to-day, in our own land, where a materialistic mist is fast obliterating our national, God-fearing convictions, this in an especial manner is the privilege of the Catholic woman. It is not for nothing that the sacrifice and devotion of twenty centuries have proclaimed truth, "eternal, God-made," and have protected it for her in her faith. And if to-day she is to combat Socialism's conception of truth, "material, man-made"—if she is to see active service in Catholicism's valiant defence against which the Socialistic attack must in the end recoil—she must be able to parry question with question, answer with answer, thrust with thrust.

At the outset, it would appear that the followers of two such different standards need not clash. The world being wide, we might go our several ways. However, not one, but many causes have contributed to press us close. Since Marx and Engel first issued their manifesto, far greater changes have been wrought in the economic world than the worker then faced. To-day, woman cannot be left out of the reckoning. Modern industrialism sees us all—the believer in the eternal verities, and the believer that the

¹CATHOLIC DEFINITIONS OF SOCIALISM.

"We call Socialism a system of political economy, not as if it did not also lead to many social and political changes, but because the gist of Socialism consists in the nationalization of property and in the public administration of all goods" (*Cathrein*).

"The principle of Socialism is that the means of production are morally the property not of individuals but of the State; that in the hands of individuals, however widely diffused, such property exploits the labor of others, and that such exploitation is wrong" (*Belloc*).

SOCIALIST DEFINITIONS OF SOCIALISM.

"Socialism advocates the transfer of ownership in the social tools of production—the land, factories, machinery, railroads, mines, etc.—from the individual capitalist, to be operated for the benefit of all" (*Hillquit*).

"Socialism may be completely understood only when viewed in its broader sense, as first, an economic belief; second, a plan or prophecy for a future commonwealth, and third, a working method for the allotment of this commonwealth..... (in the United States). It is itself not a science, but is a basis for an ultimate programme, a series of immediate demands, and a summons of the working class to either constructive or revolutionary action" (*Hughan*).

material world is the only truth—wound in its coils. And it is in the struggle to free ourselves of a common bondage that our crossing of swords has come. To-day, then, the American woman—whether she works or plays—thus finds herself confronted by two conceptions of modern society, the direct result of these two conceptions of truth.

Are we to apply the principles of Eternal Truth to the moral and economic abuses of our state—to realize a great social reform through the coöperation of conscience-aroused individuals? Or, is the new Socialist State to be formed in which the workers shall control government and the means of production after modern capitalistic society has been swept away by a great social revolution,² or by some principle of buying-out the capitalist?³ Either of these two proposals has a direct bearing upon the needs of all American women. Social reform⁴ being a development along the lines of our country's institutions, is simpler for us to grasp than Socialism. Yet frequently, we find their terms used interchangeably, so it seems doubtful whether any large number of American women can differentiate them.

In any event, reforms so far-reaching as Socialism proposes—reforms so far removed from our national ideas of government, demand a definite attitude from those most affected, which would not after all be our working class, but our women. Yet a definite attitude toward any great public question is not characteristic of American women. And perhaps it is too much to expect, since we have so many inherited racial, political, and religious antipathies or prepossessions.

Yet this cannot be the case with the Catholic women of our country. Whatever our other prejudices may be, we have one common bond. We possess Eternal Truth. We believe in its dogmatic teaching. We have, in consequence, a definite attitude toward life and its concerns. For it is truth's beautiful characteristic that it

²Marx's *Kladderadatsch*—still the hope of one wing of American Socialists.

³More likely, the process of transformation will be complicated and diversified, and will be marked by a series of economic and social reforms, and legislative measures tending to divest the ruling classes of their monopolies, privileges, and advantages step by step, until they are practically shorn of their power to exploit their fellows; i. e., until all the important means of production have passed into collective ownership, and all the principal industries are reorganized on the basis of Socialist coöperation" (Hillquit, *Socialism in Theory and Practice*).

⁴It is impossible by any jugglery, to "buy-out" the universality of the means of production without confiscation" (Belloc, *The Servile State*).

⁵J. A. Ryan, D.D., *A Programme of Social Reform by Legislation and Social Reform on Catholic Lines*. New York: The Paulist Press.

does not have to change to meet economic changes. Each Catholic woman knows each life is great for its eternal aim and end, and that it is because of this eternal aim and end she was created to serve God. She knows that every human being has certain inalienable and inherent rights: ⁵ the right to live, the right to marry, the right to liberty, the right to serve God. She knows, too, it is out of these natural moral rights that our duties spring, and flow to and from society: our duties as employer and employed—our attitude toward our difficulties and adjustments which must follow where the teaching of Jesus Christ is rejected by a large number of either class. For while Socialism would not have gone so far among American women, had not our material necessities gone farther, yet it is a noteworthy fact that the larger acceptance of the doctrines of this purely material theory, and our own materialistic growth, are synchronous with the loss of the American woman's faith in the Divinity of our Lord.

There are many signs that she is exchanging "old lamps for new," and is being cheated by the magician. Gone is our old stern attitude toward church attendance, toward the pursuit of amusement, toward the Bible, toward divorce. For given a vagueness of religious belief and a consequent inability to define it, we are bound to have a vague moral bearing toward duties and responsibilities. And the meaning of life itself becomes blurred. We exaggerate the importance of all its material side. Many sincere women, formerly calling themselves Christians, are looking to Marx's material conception of history to replace their lost faith. And are hoping by bettering the material condition of their neighbor to nourish their souls.

"The Christian Socialists," says Miss Hugnan in her *American Socialism of the Present Day*, "are naturally drawn to a larger extent from the congregations of the more liberal Protestant Churches, representing the educated native middle class, rather than from the working classes to whom religion and radicalism comes, as a rule, in forms opposed to one another."

It is scarcely necessary to remind Catholic women that our Lord did not repeal the Ten Commandments. He added to them—the love of our neighbor as ourselves. Yet that humanitarianism which Christianity first taught the world, and for which Socialism stands, (providing the neighbor be a worker) has been made the whole of

⁵Alexander P. Mooney, M.D., *Catholic Principles of Social Reform*. London: Catholic Truth Society.

Christ's message. The cry of "justice"—Socialism's chief catchword in this country—has served to coalesce the border Socialist and the border Christian into a sort of interlocking directorate. Christian ministers ordained to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ now preach the gospel of material needs, while the Socialist "intellectual," admiring our Lord as a "Reformer," couples His Name with that of Karl Marx, and claims for Marx's theories⁶ a spiritual significance.⁷ For the Catholic woman, however, there can be neither catchword nor vagueness. The need for clarity is too great. We know that every day the natural rights of women workers are disregarded. We know that there are some six million women and children working in our land of plenty—many of them over hours—for the merest pittance, and miserably housed. And the times are ripe for the Socialist appeal.

Undeniably, the word justice calls all American women. We have an inherited passion for justice, coupled with a perfectly normal desire "to get on," as we say; while it is for these two reasons the foreign-born woman comes to cast her lot with us. Just now, too, American women are asking for many measures for their betterment both economically and politically. The industrial changes of the past half century have made woman's demands almost identical with man's. We are now told that woman's whole future depends upon her economic and political independence. Socialism aligns itself with every measure to assure them. And it would further appear that woman having won her economic battle single-handed, first against man's opposition and then against his reluctant permission, should be even more ready than man to intrust her interests to a beneficent state whose concern would be equal for every individual. Socialism, therefore, invites the coöperative and understanding sympathy of all women towards securing justice for all women—a result to be perfectly achieved in the Socialist State.

What, then, is to be the Catholic woman's attitude toward the justice of Socialism? Why should not we, of all American women—since we number so many Catholic workers who most need justice—accept these promises of the Socialist State. It cannot be that we have any less lively interest than the Socialist in a decent means of

⁶"The Socialism that inspires hopes and fears to-day is of the school of Marx. No one is seriously apprehensive of any other so-called Socialistic movement, and no one is seriously concerned to criticize or refute the doctrines set forth by any other school of Socialists" (Professor Veblen, *Quarterly Journal Economics*, vol. xxi., pp. 295-300).

⁷Spargo, *Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism*.

livelihood for the worker, her living wage or educational opportunities. It cannot be that we approve the oppressive conditions of American industrialism. It cannot be that we are ignorant of our civic duties, or that we are not bound in conscience to eradicate human misery in so far as we are able. Yet it is in this very oneness of our material needs and aspirations, that the Catholic woman finds herself cautioned against this apparently practical programme. It is here she is called to the defence of those principles of Eternal Truth which underlie her inherent rights: the right to live, the right to marry, the right to liberty, the right to fulfill her destiny by serving God. For unless the justice of Socialism, which underlies its economic principle of truth, consorts with the justice of Christianity, unless the Socialist State can protect these moral rights which are from God, we must reject its promises. "To the Catholic, the State is the preserver and defender of rights, to the Socialist, the State is the giver of rights."⁸

This difference in the idea of the powers of the State is so vital and so far-reaching, that we at once understand how it is a religion opposes a system of economics—a question which the Catholic is often asked. For while the justice of Socialism and the promises of the Socialist State are apparently concerned with that material benefit of the working woman's means of livelihood, living wage and educational opportunities which cannot be dissociated from one of her inherent rights—the right to live—yet Socialism denies the fundamental principle of the right to live—the right to hold private property—and the Socialist State would work injustice to every other class of woman.

Socialism by presupposing that we are ethically all alike, or that we all want the same things, builds its arguments upon economics. Truth is to be found only in the world about us—in the material world. Since all humanity is but a product of its material and economic environment, all history is susceptible of material and economic interpretation.⁹ No one person is greater than any other. The needs of all being only economic may, therefore, be supplied by an economic commonwealth, in which the collective will is law. But the only gauge for the justice or injustice of that law would

⁸Rev. J. B. McLoughlin, O.S.B., *The Catholic Doctrine of Property*. London: Catholic Truth Society.

⁹"When you get the 'materialistic conception of history,' many things are made plain. The halos 'round the heads of the 'great men' will disappear, and you have reached a point where the mouthings of bourgeois historians can no longer fool you" (*Appeal to Reason*, March 16, 1907).

not be whether it was moral or immoral—right or wrong, as we say—but whether or not it was economic.

Catholic women do not have to be students of political economy—the dullest and most untutored woman in the United States can be made to understand that a purely economic justice can neither give nor guard our moral rights. For even economic justice needs to walk hand in hand with the other cardinal virtues—with prudence, with temperance, with fortitude. It must also be tempered with charity. We have but to watch the grasp of all this as it operates to-day in the lives of our Catholic poor, who have not lost their faith. Has not the oppressed Catholic woman worker the same temptations to self-pity and retaliation as her Socialist co-worker?

Yet what has her attitude toward the capitalist in common with that “aroused class consciousness,” which considers any measures of relief forced from capitalization “are but a preparation of the workers to seize the whole powers of government, in order that they may thereby lay hold of the whole system of industry, and thus come into their rightful inheritance.”¹⁰ Or which tells the laborer that “the wage workers cannot be freed from exploitation without conquering the political power, and substituting collective for private ownership of the land and means of production used for exploitation.”¹¹

And in spite of the fact that Mr. Spargo tells us that Socialism “is universally recognized as a mighty force making for universal peace,”¹² Miss Hughan says that without exception Socialist leaders wish in all propaganda to emphasize the class struggle.¹³ “In connection with the economic interpretation of history, the doctrine of class struggle thus forms the foundation of the American Socialist movement. The acceptance of it is universal among party members, and the leaders of the organization while suggesting tact in the presentation of the doctrine, yet unite in advising emphasis upon it in all propaganda.” Justice set to this music sounds unfamiliar to Catholic ears. We must bear in mind that human justice must always be doled out to suffering humanity by means of human agents. And “there is no ground for assuming,” as Skelton dryly observes, “that a regeneration of human nature will follow the mere substitution of the State as owner.”¹⁴

¹⁰Socialist Party Platform, 1904.

¹¹*Ibid.*, 1908.

¹²Spargo, *Socialism and Motherhood*.

¹³Hughan, *American Socialism of the Present Day*.

¹⁴O. D. Skelton, *Socialism, a Critical Analysis*.

The easy-going Catholic woman who to-day neglects to watch the trend of our own country of the greatest popular movement in modern history, who wonders why the Church, the great guardian of Incarnate Truth who has herself governed, and who has managed to live under every form of government, should look with particular disfavor upon the promises of the Socialist State, has not yet understood what the diffusion of Socialist ideas has meant for the cause of truth in other lands. If out of terrible material needs, the proscription of religious teaching, and an increasing material outlook, defections from Christianity have become an open hostility through the spread of Socialist propaganda, why should we expect anything more hopeful from the growth of materialism here?

Obviously there is much coquetting between Socialism and some of the Christian sects. We have but to watch the many quasi-religious movements which Socialists conduct in our large cities like New York to be assured of their ultimate coöperation as to politics. The *Christian Socialist* commented upon this fact as long ago as 1907. "A large section of American Socialists comprising chiefly the educated among the native elements, are coming into more and more friendly terms with the more liberal Churches, while the Christian Socialists, until recently unconnected with the political movement are now committed to the Socialist Party without reserve." Yet the Catholic is not the only one to mark the incongruity. "The fundamental philosophy underlying all forms of Socialism," says Price Collier in his *England and the English*, "is the worship of man. The pandering to this new doctrine in the name of Christian Socialism is simply loose-minded. The pith of Christianity and the pith of Socialism are as the poles apart." It is plain to see that while in other lands the Socialist has also been crying "justice," he has strayed again and again past our pickets. And the thoughtful Catholic women of our country will, therefore, see the need of sentry duty here.

Our Socialist "intellectuals" disclaim any responsibility for religious defections among the working classes. The Socialists are not opposed to Christianity, according to Mr. Spargo, but are only against the Church as a political organization. In his *Applied Socialism*, this popular American Socialist says, "There is no apparent reason why the belief in the collective ownership of the principle means of production should be incompatible with an equally strong belief in Christianity, or for that matter Buddhism or Confucianism." But this statement by the very breadth of its inclusion,

rather increases than diminishes our fears, since we realize that the justice of Socialism being non-Christian, the promises of the Socialist State would not protect the great Christian principle of our right to live, because it rejects our right to hold private property—in other words the right of each one of us to do what we will with what we earn and own.

Now we have another inherent right—the right to marry—a right which strengthens our right to hold private property, and which is the very core of human society. For woman may or may not be politically or economically independent, but always she is race-bearer. Her function of motherhood sequesters her under any form of government from autocracy to democracy. And to the Socialist State, the continuation of society through reproduction would be of equal import. But it would be of particular moment to woman, because this hitherto intimate prerogative—whether or not she considers it sacred—must also be made to conform to the collective will. It is impossible for us to approach the attitude of Socialism toward marriage and the relation of the sexes, without seeing to what an *impasse* all women would be brought. And this would be true especially of the Catholic woman, because logically Christian marriage must disappear in the Socialist State.

The family while probably monogamous would not be compelled to assume this form [Miss Hughan¹⁵ gleans from La Monte]. As we have it at present, according to the Socialists, the family rests upon a foundation of property rights,¹⁶ veiled under some of the outworn forms of the patriarchy. With the minimizing of inherited estates, and the economic independence of women, with full civil and political rights accorded to the latter, and the eventual responsibility of society for the maintenance of children, both the theory of the patriarchal and the actuality of the property family would disappear. Woman would be compelled neither to marry for a home, nor to remain in subjection to distasteful marriage; and though few Americans look for the revolution foretold in Bebel's¹⁷ *Woman Under Socialism*, yet a decided change in the position of the sex would under these circumstances be inevitable.

Just what this change will be Catholic writers have been quick

¹⁵ *American Socialism of the Present Day*.

¹⁶ The right to marry according to Catholic doctrine merely strengthens property rights.

¹⁷ "Catholic women should read Bebel's *Libel on Women*" (Rev. W. McMahon, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society).

to see. And the doctrine of free love has been taught *ad nauseam* by Socialists from Bebel to Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter urges as his dictum that only after trial marriage can the proper affinity be found. Ellen Key, with her keen psychologic insight, has taught a larger understanding of motherhood, but chiefly that motherhood interferes with woman's career. It speaks much for the advance of American women toward a materialistic paganism, that all these books are on the shelves of our free libraries for the edification of American youth of both sexes. Yet Socialists to-day are denying any such outcome from the application of their principles. Either they are unable to see or unwilling to admit the danger of a monster commonwealth's collective will. They take it for granted that what is purely economic will be pure morality, that the will of the majority is always economic or always right. Many Socialists resent the charge of free love, because it is not their personal point of view, and on the ground, also, that the party as a whole has never been committed to free love. "There is no Socialist theory of marriage," says Mr. Spargo, in his latest book, *Socialism and Motherhood*.¹⁸ "But inevitably," a non-Catholic writer reminds us, "the family would be crushed between individual selfishness and State interference; the care of children would more and more be made a State affair, family life would be emptied of its responsibilities as well as its privileges, of its burdens as well as of its joys, and marriage with this source of permanence removed, would become a temporary and arbitrary relation."

In *Socialism and Motherhood* a sentimental appeal is made to the American mother, who, from such false ideas of the teaching of Socialism, has been deterred from becoming a "comrade." Mr. Spargo propounds query after query intended to bring the attacks of opponents to naught. He even makes a few careless references to angels (!), and claims Socialism has been first to stand for every reform concerning the child, notably the milk question, although it is bacteriology, not Socialism, which has taught us all to safeguard our milk supply—"run for profit." "Suppose," he questions, "we applied the principle of collective ownership to telephones and telegraphs, to the supply of electric light and power, to the express service, to the water supply and the ice supply, is there any good reason for believing that the result would be free love and the destruction of private family life? Has that been the result where these things have been tried?"

¹⁸O. D. Skelton, *Socialism, a Critical Analysis*.

In these disclaimers, Mr. Spargo's arrow shoots outside the mark. As a matter of fact we know collective ownership has not been tried out on a large scale anywhere in the world. It is municipal or government ownership to which Mr. Spargo rather disingenuously refers, so he will be no more convincing to our Catholic women than when he claims Socialism is not "incompatible" with Christianity. But when he comes to the actual discussion of Bebel's prophecies for woman's freedom in the Socialist State, Mr. Spargo says it is "impossible to read his work *Woman and Socialism* without reaching the conclusion that the ideal it preaches is free love. This is not the same as sexual promiscuity," Mr. Spargo further reassures timid American mothers, "nor is it incompatible with strict monogamy. What is meant is, that the force of love alone ought to bind man and wife together without any external compulsion either of government, economic dependence, or social customs; that every marriage which depends upon any or all of these external compulsions which love alone is not strong enough to perpetuate, ought to be dissolved in the interests of morality and happiness." What Mr. Spargo and all other Socialists forget is this: that it was not "the external compunction of government, or economic dependence, or social customs," which has forced the monogamic marriage as we know it to-day upon our civilization. It was Catholicism. By applying the principles of truth taught by Jesus, her Divine Founder, she compelled a pagan world to submit to its holy yoke. There is no mention of marriage in the early Fathers, or in Papal decrees, which does not clearly testify to its sacramental character as does the *Ne Temere* of only the other day.

Now there is no logical reason why the Socialist, or any other disbeliever in Christianity, should regard marriage as the sacred bond to which Jesus Christ raised it. By why, in heaven's name, prate of morality? We are considering a doctrine of political economy which leaves out morals. There is but one reason why the Socialist State would aspire to monogamy. And it is the same which forces the poorer Turk to be monogamic. Any other form of marriage would be uneconomic!

In *Socialism and the Great State*, G. R. Stirling-Taylor, in discussing the question of payment for mothers, contributes this:

It is not good that an intelligent woman should give up her whole time to the care of a single house, or of two or three children, who would be far better in the more varied society of

a larger group, which could be more economically and efficiently tended by a professional nurse who chose (!) that work by preference. All these developments eventually may lead to the disappearance of the family as a social unit. There will probably be no place in the larger thinking Great State for the narrow autocracy of the father, controlling the individual rights of either the mother or the child. Such a unit will only hamper the individual, without assisting in the wider work of the State.

Such appeals to the "class consciousness" of wife and mother, can have but one aim and end—not alone woman's economic and political independence of which women stand in need as well as men, but as with the worker—discontent and revolt. They are "useful in propaganda." They accustom women to the idea that Christian marriage is not an essential to the well-being of society and State. And our all too ready divorce mills in this country have prepared a fertile soil for their growth.

Still another method is in belittling the ordinary household tasks and, primarily, the intelligence of the mothers of the past.

It is not I think [says Cicely Hamilton, in another chapter of the same book] generally recognized how largely—one may hope entirely—the undoubtedly low level of intelligence in woman as compared with man, is the direct result and product of dire economic necessity, the need for bread or the need for success in life. It has paid woman in the past—in some walks of life, notably marriage, it still pays them—to be stupid; intelligence in woman has been an obstacle to, not a qualification for, motherhood. The consciousness of superiority is a pleasant thing; and it is a sober fact that for countless generations the human male has taken a real and active pleasure in despising the mental attainments of the human female, has insisted with emphasis that the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children, should be a creature he could look down upon as well as love. Standing in the position of capitalist—of employer in a compulsory trade—the average husband was able to dictate terms, to bargain for and obtain in his helpmeet the low level of intellectuality which he considered necessary to his comfort and self-esteem. With the bitter result for the human race that the mothers thereof have been, to a great extent, selected for their lack of wisdom, and encouraged to be greater fools than nature intended to make them.

All this would be profitless reprinting were it not for its evident appeal to the unthinking and creedless American woman, in particular, the woman with a grievance—real or fancied. Such women know nothing and care less for the deep industrial problems for which sincere men and women of every shade of opinion are to-day seeking a solution.¹⁹ Our Catholic women should realize also which way many unmoored Christians are heading. These selections are of our own time, and “except in the manner of stating it,”²⁰ quite as Bebelian as Bebel. For the ideal which Socialist books place before all women, is that of the freedom and independence of the pagan women of the Greek States. Yet both Athens and Sparta were small independent States. And the high degree of their civilization was made possible by a very large class of State serfs, an item of some economic importance singularly overlooked by the majority of Socialist writers. In Athens only daughters of citizens could be wives and mothers of citizens. But these women, while citizens, stayed at home. They took no part in the conduct of the State. It “paid” the women of the *hetæra* to be brilliant and beautiful, just as it pays other courtesans to-day. It paid Aspasia. It paid Phyrne. But to their charms alone these women owed their political influence. And if it is to the *hetæra* the Socialists wish our women to aspire, we must recollect that the Athenians never permitted these women, who were mostly foreign-born, to have political rights.

¹⁹American Catholic women should read *Socialism; Promise or Menace?* by Hillquit-Ryan.

²⁰Mr. Spargo, in the *Substance of Socialism*, thus takes exception in his preface to a criticism of a writer in the *Boston Transcript*: “I desire only to make plain the fact that except in the manner of stating it, there is not the slightest difference between my general position and that taken by Marx, Engels, Leibnecht, Kautsky, and others whose orthodoxy is unquestioned.”

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE AIM OF GERMANY IN THE WAR.

BY ANDREW J. SHIPMAN.



WE Americans are too apt to judge the motives and aims of the European countries engaged in the present conflict purely from the standpoint of American political ideas, and have come to conclusions which are not justified. If we should place ourselves upon the bases of political action by which European nations have shaped their conduct, the acts of many of the contending parties would be judged more reasonably. Particularly is this true of Germany, and still more is it true of the final aim which she seeks as the outcome of the present war, if successful.

There are two principles upon which all the nations of Europe act, and which have become particularly abhorrent and detested by us. Indeed, we have long since discarded them (except one, perhaps very recently) as being obstacles to civilization. These two principles are secret diplomacy and the right to subject communities to a centralized rule against their will. None of our treaties can be secret or concealed. Perhaps their terms may be veiled from the public in the making; but the moment they are adopted and ratified, they become public property for every citizen of our land. We know what our bonds and obligations are; they become part of our public statutes. Again we have in this country some forty-eight separate communities, each one practically self-governing, and except as to the outside world almost independent. We grant, and have always granted to each of them, home rule as soon as they were constituted, and they manage their own affairs.

No European nation has ever done this. Take even the most understandable of all of them, Great Britain. Her overseas colonies, where English blood and languages vastly predominate, have been allowed self-rule, so as to prevent rebellion, for the spectre of the American revolution was ever before her if she pulled the rein too tight. But she never granted it to Ireland, through the centuries, and it is doubtful whether it has come with recent legislation upon the eve of the war. France has never known the faintest idea of community rule. It has been the centralized rule of the republican majority, just as it was the centralized rule of the kings

of France. When Alsace and Lorraine belonged to France—for they were German provinces originally—their government was as centralized, if not more so, as it is to-day under Prussian rule. Germany has been happily placed; for it is almost wholly inhabited by people of German blood, and is made up of a number of self-governing states, but yet it holds in the leash the Poles of East Prussia, the half-Danes of Sleswig, and the Slavs of Silesia. Austria and Russia have always subjected smaller and alien communities to the centralized rule of their monarchies. Austria at least has respected their nationalities, and has given them a slight measure of self-government, while Hungary, with theoretic liberality of treatment, has never done so, except in the case of Croatia-Slavonia. Russia has been ruthless in her government, no matter how well intentioned her purposes from the standpoint of theory. The Poles of Poland, the Rumanians in Bessarabia, and the Finns of Finland, with their vanishing liberties, can testify to this. None of them has ever considered that the small community had the right to govern itself, and added to this they have arrogated the principle that the people had no right to know what their rulers had provided in the way of diplomacy. Only so much of the latter as they thought was good for them was ever revealed.

It is from this standpoint that the present conflict must be judged. Each country stood in a measure afraid of the other; while all feared the strongest. Added to this was the idea that the government knew what was best for the small community, whether that community belonged to it or not. If it did not, the strong government would probably take it, provided it lay in the path to expansion.

Germany is probably the greatest nation of modern times. Not huge like Russia, not all-absorbing like England, not theoretical like France, nor embracing irreconcilable nationalities like Austria-Hungary, it was for the most part homogeneous, devoted and progressive. When the German Empire was formed in 1870, it sprang out of a series of small German states, no one of them (except perhaps Prussia) large enough to secure its industrial or political welfare alone. With no industries organized in the modern sense, with no great commerce and no navy, industrial or commercial, it took its place among the great powers of the world. Mark the result: from a population of 38,000,000 in 1870 there is to-day, when the war came, a population of 70,000,000; from no commerce or industry it has the most highly developed industry in the world,

and its commerce had spread in its own ships over almost the entire world. Its people are the most literate and best-informed people in the civilized world; there is less than one per cent of illiteracy, and every man is trained to a specific avocation. In chemistry and science the Germans lead every other nation; and many of their products and late scientific productions cannot be reproduced in any other country. The mills of Birmingham and Sheffield have largely curtailed their output of steel and cutlery; because Sheffield steel is made in Germany, although fashioned in England. Germany has provided magnificently for her people; there were less unemployed there than anywhere else in the world. She has made the furthest strides for human betterment. In prevention of accidents, old age pensions, land banks, life insurance, and health insurance, in providing for the widow and the orphan in the many vicissitudes of life, and in a host of things to ameliorate the lot of the worker and of the unfortunate, she is far in advance of any of her fellow nations. In fact they are copying her progress as fast as they observe and assimilate it. As for her centres of learning and her thoroughness of teaching, in university, professional and civic life, she stands to-day without a peer; and her eminent thinkers are in the van of contemporary thought and discovery. With it all, her people have not forgotten the God Who made them; nor have they cast Him out of the school and university—some of those who follow the methods of other countries among her sons may have begun to do so—but they reverence the true and the righteous, and as a nation they cling to the verities of the family, the fireside, and the faith. They have grown from within; they have increased their population, because they have not sought to contravene nature; they have made their land threefold productive; and they have sought diligently for more equal means of distribution of product, opportunity, and happiness. They have not sought to add huge territories by conquest; only recently have they imitated England, France, and Russia—nay even Belgium—in adding even colonial possessions to their realm. Their hearts have been devoted to building up their compact and close-knit Fatherland.

Would a nation which has toiled up the steep ascent to greatness in this manner become a military barbarian, ready to break out and plunder his neighbor? Both history and logical deduction give denial to such a theory. It has been said that the curse of Germany is "militarism;" I shall speak of that a little later. But Germany does not spend as much for her army and navy as England

does for hers. England has adopted the principle that her navy must be twice as large as the largest navy of any other country; Germany has never adopted that principle for her army. Germany has to fight for her national life upon land, while England has to fight for her national life upon sea; yet Germany has never adopted the cold-blooded principles and ever-growing expense that Great Britain has. Her men do not serve in her armies as many years as they do in Russia or in France; and every man returns again to a useful trade or occupation.

Nor in actual practice has Germany been warlike since the Empire was established. We look upon Great Britain as a pacific power. Here are their respective records since 1870:

GREAT BRITAIN.	GERMANY.
1870 Abyssinian War.	French War.
1878 Afghan War.	
1879 Transvaal (Zulu) War.	
1881 First Boer War.	
1885 Egyptian and Soudan War.	
1899 Second Boer War.	
1914 Present War.	Present War.

France has had one war in the interval between the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 and the present war; you can see the monuments to the French leaders in Algiers to-day. Russia has had three wars in the interval: the Turkish, the Balkan-Turkistan, and the Japanese. Japan has had two wars within the same period. Every great Power arrayed against Germany has fought more wars in the past forty-four years than she has. Germany has kept the peace longer than any of her opponents; she has attended strictly to the peaceful, civic duties of building up the Fatherland, and in training its citizens in every peaceful art and craft which science or learning could devise; yet she is called "warlike," and possessed with the devil of "militarism." Viewed by actual results, Germany is the only power which was given to peace. Her antagonists are the ones which have done all the fighting.

But as a proof of "militarism," which must be crushed, it is said that Germany is a breaker of treaties, and that she invaded Belgium and crushed the life out of the country, instead of respecting the neutrality embodied in the "scrap of paper" of 1831. War makes men and governments do harsh and unjustifiable things.

General Sherman said, "war is hell," and any observer of the present conflict will readily admit that he was right. Still the military commander of Paris blew up and burned down hundreds of houses around Paris, so that the fire of his heavy guns might be unimpaired if the Germans besieged Paris. He doesn't contend that he had any right to take them down. Germany as an empire was not a signer of the treaty of neutrality of Belgium; only two of her constituent states were, and even if she had been, a pressing military necessity for the preservation of the Fatherland knew no law. Nations have done it again and again. England did not keep the treaty of Majuba Hill, but made war on the Boers a second time, and destroyed their independence. We flouted our treaty with China, when the Pacific Coast States demanded it. On August 1, 1914, England was pressed by Germany to declare herself, whether she would, in the event that Germany did not go through Belgium, refrain from taking sides with France. England refused to make any statement whatever.

He (the German Ambassador) asked me whether if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral. I replied that I could not say that; our hands were still free.....I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free.¹

Germany felt that if after sacrificing an obvious advantage she was to be in any event attacked by England, the advantage should be seized at once. On the second of August, 1914, Sir Edward Grey declared that England would not allow the German fleet to attack the coast of France:

If the German fleet comes into the Channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British fleet will give all the protection in its power.²

So England would not agree to keep her hands off, if Germany refrained from entering Belgium, and besides, would attack Germany if she undertook to send her fleet against France, irrespective of invading Belgium. It was for Germany a case of "being at-

¹Sir Edward Grey—White Book, Letter 123.

²*Ibid.*, Telegram 148.

tacked if she did and being attacked if she did not. Germany's hands were tied behind her back. So, on August 4, 1914, the Germans entered Belgian territory, and on the same night Great Britain declared war against Germany. It was done under the high-sounding reason that Germany had violated Belgian neutrality. Yet England herself in 1901 marched her South African army across the Portuguese colonial territory in order to invade the Boer Republic. Notwithstanding England's record in crossing neutral territory, when it pleased her, she forbade Germany to take a step upon land or sea against the adversary who had clamored in fiction and verse, in statue and speech, for the return of the Alsatian provinces, and who declared her desire to retake them at the earliest opportunity. It was certainly not "militarism" for Germany to take the only way that lay open, after such rebuffs.

Assuming Germany should be victorious, either by a drawn contest in which all the combatants depart wearily, or by a superiority in the winning of battles against the Allies, what would she require? This is not so easy to answer, and it is dangerous to forecast possible history. But the record of the past is the guarantee of the future. Germans have not wasted their spare moments in recasting and remodelling the map of Europe. They want the concrete results to be the building up of the manhood and womanhood of the Empire. If it should be that the German Empire can look out upon an untroubled world again, and model her destiny once more as she has done in the past two score years, the first thing of all she will desire, and the very first that she will require, will be an age-long peace. She has been a peaceful nation; for her greatness, her surpassing victories in art and science and commerce have been won in times of peace. Her manufactures, her industries, her trade, and her ships were produced by peace. With an enduring peace, the next half century will look upon a greater and more highly developed Germany than the past forty years have seen.

Again, she will be among the first to consent to a reduction of armed men and machines upon land and sea—but only on condition that her neighbors on either side will do likewise. Let Russia reduce her enormous armament; let France refuse to imitate servilely Russia in her growing army; so that the "ring of iron" which surrounds Germany and threatens to crush her shall disappear, and the "militarism" of Germany will begin to diminish. Let England dispense with one-half her warships; let her abandon her sort of Monroe doctrine, that England must maintain a fleet greater than

the combined fleets of any two other countries, and Germany's naval expansion upon the sea will wane. But not until then. The crusade against "militarism," which expects Germany to reduce her forces to a minimum, whilst her neighbors keep theirs at full strength, is not a just one, and Germany will never agree to it.

Germany desires to live out her own life in industry, commerce, and development through the arts of peace. Her mental, spiritual, and intellectual development will go along with that pace by pace. Her thinkers, scholars, sages, and theologians will reach greater heights than ever before. Her record for the past forty years has given earnest of her high-minded desires, an earnest that her way to glory lies along every avenue the world provides, save that of war, and she has distanced her neighbors in the cultivation of the ways of peace. If lasting peace can be assured, she will divide the commerce of the world with Great Britain, will cause the words "made in Germany" to be known in every part of the civilized world as the synonym of what scientific labor and honest workmanship have combined to produce, and will show that there are other Saxons than the "Anglo-Saxons" who are worthy of the confidence and respect of the whole round world. She desires simply her "place in the sun," without fear or favor.

New Books.

THE UNITED STATES AND PEACE. By William H. Taft.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.

The time is most opportune to insure interest in just such a book as Mr. Taft has given us in his last publication, *The United States and Peace*. The four chapters of which the book consists were delivered last winter as lectures before the New York Peace Society. The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the fact that Mr. Taft has held so eminent a position in national and international politics, and is thereby exceedingly well fitted by experience to give an appreciative and intelligent treatment of the subjects under discussion.

The first chapter deals with the Monroe Doctrine, a foreign policy of vital importance to the United States, and which, though much discussed, is little understood and appreciated by her citizens. The Monroe Doctrine is shown to make for the preservation of peace, and that as such it is a national asset of inestimable value. The second chapter discusses the necessity of protection by federal legislation of aliens in their treaty rights. The neglect of this duty on the part of the United States is shown as one of the chief dangers to the country's peace, and a remedy is proposed. The third chapter insists on the necessity of a policy of arbitration treaties that mean something. "The long list of treaties that mean but little can hardly be made longer, for they include substantially all the countries of the world. The next step is to include something that really binds somebody in a treaty for future arbitration." The fourth and last chapter deals with experiments in federation for the settlement of international disputes. Experience has shown the possibility and practicability of such courts on a small scale, and there seems no reason why on a large scale "they should not solve the problem of how to escape from war, and how to induce nations to give up the burden of armaments."

The entire book is written in a simple but forceful and scholarly style, that renders it pleasant as well as profitable reading. The note of unity that binds the chapters together is the idea of the preservation of peace. Peace is now estimated by all men at its true value by reason of the fatal loss of it in the present European

war. This book then by Mr. Taft is doubly welcome just at this time, because of the means it proposes for the continuation and future conservation of peace by the United States.

ODDSFISH! By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.35.

No one has grasped as has Monsignor Benson the secret of the true historical novel—the fact that the past should not be considered as external, objective merely, a matter of reconstruction, nor interpreted by modern standard and motive; that, in a word, it should not be brought down to us, but that we should be carried back and made to think and feel in the spirit of the day. *Oddsfish!* the novel published just after his death, has accomplished this so effectively that in turning the last page we are obliged to readjust ourselves to the twentieth century. From a different angle, then, from within and not from without, as a contemporary and not as a curiosity-seeker, we are introduced to the life of the day in the Court of Charles II.

The narrator of the tale is one Roger Mallock, a youth purely fictitious, but so full of enthusiastic loyalty and charm that we almost regret the fact. A Benedictine novice, he believes his capacities better suited to the field of active duty and, reëntering the world, places himself at the service of the Pontiff. The latter entrusts him with a mission, secret but significant, at the Court of Charles II.; to observe and report on the already marked Catholic tendencies of that sovereign, and to further in every way possible his reconciliation to the Church. He repairs to England, places himself at the disposal of Charles, to whom his mission is known, and is cordially received by him as the emissary of Rome. The book, from this point, deals with the troublous political situation of the day, centred about the calm and pleasure-loving king. The "Popish Plot" fabricated by Oates, the heroic death of its Jesuit victims and of Lord Stafford, the intrigues and plottings of those opposed to Charles and the Catholic Succession, which—after its attempted exclusion of James as heir to the crown—had its second culmination in the Rye-house Plot, all of these are dealt with, and the characters involved in them—Essex and Monmouth, Shaftsbury with his tireless energy and self-reliance, and the Duke of York with his blunt, tactless honesty.

The romance of Roger Mallock with his pretty cousin Dolly also lends personal interest to the tale. But never for a moment

do we lose sight of Charles as the centre and chief protagonist of the narrative—Charles as man and as king, as what his courtiers saw, “a pleasant brown-faced gentleman playing with his spaniels, or drawing caricatures of his ministers, or flinging cakes to the water-fowl in the park,” and as what his ministers and opponents knew him to be, a subtle, if not penetrating, statesman, with a determined policy which, when occasion demanded, he betrayed and then resumed again. But even more clearly do we see him as Roger Mallock saw him, and as many of his Catholic subjects must have seen him—a soul, magnetic, generous, almost pathetic in its traits of nobleness, bound down by the chains of pleasure and lust, and at the last redeemed by the overwhelming mercy of God. Mallock, sick at heart with the world and its ways, remains in England just long enough to see his mission realized, to witness Charles’ secret reception into the Church, and hear the last penitent words of the dying monarch. And Monsignor Benson, who can write as none other of such an event, who can make us feel the supernatural informing and animating every least word and triviality in the chamber of death, has brought home to us with full impressiveness the reality and solemnity of the scene.

In laying aside this book, we felt again very keenly what a master-hand was lost to Catholic literature when death called Monsignor Benson to his reward.

RAMBLES IN CATHOLIC LANDS. By Michael Barrett, O.S.B.
New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.

Father Barrett’s rambles led him chiefly through southern Germany, the Austrian Tyrol, and northern Italy, although at one point he touched Switzerland, to visit the quaint pilgrimage-town of Einsiedeln, with its famous monastery and shrine.

The author has not attempted to exhaust his subject, nor has he approached it critically; his record is personal, and his attitude is rather that of the alert traveler than of the student. A specially interesting feature of the book is its description of the various Benedictine monasteries whose hospitality Father Barrett and his fellow-traveler enjoyed in almost all of the halts in their itinerary. That several of these monasteries lie removed from the usual route of the tourist, will be found to add zest and freshness to the narrative.

The book is attractive in appearance, and illustrated with a number of good photographs.

THE WAR AND AMERICA. By Hugo Munsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

PAN-GERMANISM. By Roland G. Usher, Ph.D. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75 net.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND. By J. A. Cramb, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00 net.

It was to be expected that the present European war would precipitate a vast amount of literature. A conflict of so vast a magnitude, and affecting directly or indirectly the whole civilized world, was sure to be discussed and argued about the moment it became a reality. The more surprising is that this moment was not waited for, and that many of the books we are now reading first saw the light long before Austria sent her ultimatum to Servia. Since that fateful day we have had White Papers, Gray Papers, and Papers of other hues, professing to give the "official" history as gleaned from the personal letters of the various sovereigns, the reports of commissions and diplomatic correspondence. And the press has teemed with reviews of books similiar to the three we are considering, some of which were written before the war began, and all of which claim, antecedently or consequently, a peculiar competence to enlighten their fellowmen on the question "Who's to blame?" The fighting in the trenches has its rival in the fighting in the printing-houses.

Naturally (and professedly) they all take sides. The present reviewer, however, in the interests of neutrality, will only set forth the writers' views without expressing an opinion on their logical or historical value.

Professor Munsterberg's book is dedicated "To All Lovers of Fair Play," and throughout he maintains the attitude of *Audi alteram partem*. For, he thinks, the *altera pars* has not been fairly presented, because nearly all the news sent to America has come from or through the Allies. The professor now stands before the American people as the advocate of Germany, just as during the Spanish war he performed for us a parallel service with the Germans. In Chapter I. he tells us who were the aggressors.

The war of 1870, recklessly stirred up by the intolerance of imperial France, created the German empire, but at the same time it left in republican France that blind striving for the lost provinces which has controlled all its policies since that time There was no other talk among us students at Heidel-

berg but the war which the French restlessness would force upon us. This feeling was aggravated when Russia's political ill will toward Germany became more violent. . . . Now the explosion has come. The Czar has decreed the war. France uses the long-hoped-for hour of Germany's danger (pp. 13, 14).

His analysis of the anti-German sentiment in America attributes it to untrustworthy reports of "atrocities," a mistaken notion of the relations between the Kaiser and the people of Germany, and an exaggerated fear of militarism. He does not retort on Germany's enemies, but simply defends the Fatherland.

There may be no moral wrong on any side. Every one of the great nations did that which was morally right and necessary in its historic development. This war might have been delayed a month, perhaps a year, but it had to come: the European tension had become too strong. Germany and Russia had come to a point where no possible arbitration but only strength could determine whether east Europe or central Europe would control the Balkans. It was the ethical duty of the Russians to strain every effort for this expansion of their influence, and it was the ethical duty of the Germans and Austrians to strain every effort to prevent it. In the same way it was the moral right of France to make use of any hour of German embarrassment for recapturing its military glory by a victory of revenge. And it was the moral right of England to exert its energies for keeping the control of the seas and for destroying the commercial rivalry of the Germans. No one is to be blamed (pp. 42-43).

The war came not from a "wrong," but from a "mistake" on the part of the Allies in "helping Russia to an irresistible power which ultimately must subjugate the whole of Western civilization" (p. 45). "The people of Russia are the only real makers of the war" (p. 81).

Alsace and Lorraine are really German, so their restitution to Germany was only the righting of the wrong done by France when she took them away. He feels sorry for the English because he likes English culture and English people—except Mr. Wells, who is a delightful novelist but a fanatic (p. 87). M. Bergson, the Frenchman, he says "is nothing but Schopenhauer served with a piquant French sauce" (p. 82).

After chapters on the Kaiser, the Russians, and the Americans comes one on "The Morals of War," which is thoughtful but pessimistic.

We workers for peace and arbitration must not deceive ourselves: whatever the outcome of the present war may be, there will be little faith in arbitration in the near future. We have read so often that great wars will no longer be possible because the power of the world has gone into the hands of two classes which are mightier than governments and armies, the labor class with the socialist vote and the banker class with the financial influence.

Both these ideas are proven by the present war to have been utterly astray; also, "the faith in the binding power of treaties must be thoroughly discredited," for "the world now knows that a treaty will be binding exactly as long as it serves the realistic interests of the nation." This results "not because a German army passed through Belgium, but above all because Italy refused to fight" (pp. 187-189).

Pan-Germanism, by Roland G. Usher, professes to give an *exposé* of the German scheme for the conquest of the world—for this, and nothing short of this, the writer conceives to be the meaning of "Pan-Germanism." After a chapter on "The Causes of the German Aggression" (mainly the cramped position both geographically and morally in which Teutonic energies are at present confined), the writer gives the German view of her enemies. "To the German, the grandeur and splendor of Imperial England which has so long been impressed upon the world, is nothing but bluster and show, making congenital weakness of the most serious description" (p. 37). France and Russia she respects but does not love, as their aggrandizement is inconsistent with her own. Her position between them is only apparently a disadvantage, for her armies can attack either frontier without severing their unity, while her two rivals suffer from internal weaknesses.

By contrast Germany possesses a good central position, the strategic points of Alsace and Lorraine, the Kiel Canal, great economic strength and vitality, a centralized and efficient government, and the hearty "Pan-Germanism" of her people. But there are weaknesses too, viz., the lack of harmony in the Triple Alliance and in the separate States that compose it, and the political aims of the Balkan States and of Turkey.

There are chapters on recent events bearing on the subject, and an appendix with the speech of Mr. Borden of Canada on a naval policy for the Dominion, and the Official Memorandum of the British Admiralty on England's naval position.

Germany and England differs considerably from the other two, and indeed from most of the "war literature." It consists of four lectures delivered in London in the early part of 1913 by the late Professor of Modern History at Queen's College, London (he died last autumn). He is at once an admirer of Germany and an English patriot. After dwelling on English neglect and consequent ignorance of things Teutonic, he tells us that "the ethico-political or moral origins of the sentiment of antagonism between England and Germany are obvious enough—the confrontation of two states, each dowered with the genius for empire; the one, the elder, already sated with the experience and the glories of empire; the other, the younger, balked in mid-career by 'fate and metaphysical aid,' and now indignant" (p. 18). The Germans accuse England of moral crimes in the formation of her Empire and of inefficiency in its government, and maintain that England's offers of disarmament spring from the consciousness that, having all she wants, she has nothing to gain from war, and everything to lose.

Lecture II., on "Peace and War," attempts to show that war has always been with us and always will be, though the enthusiasm for it is not fully capable of rational analysis. Lecture III. is a study of Treitschke and his influence on the younger generation of Germans. Treitschke is compared with Macaulay and Carlyle (mainly to his advantage), and we are told that his governing idea was "the greatness of Prussia, the glory of an army which is a nation, and of a nation which is an army" (p. 100). Lecture IV. is an appeal to England to meet the coming peril. He deprecates "the dangerous habit of mind of trusting to alliances rather than to our own strength" (p. 148), and sees for England only one alternative to war, viz., "a policy of concession to an enemy whom she dreads, and, one diplomatic defeat leading to another, [a gradual sinking] to a secondary place in the councils of Europe and of the world" (p. 149). As this policy is not likely to be adopted war is almost inevitable. "And if the dire event of a war with Germany—if it is a dire event—should ever occur, there shall be seen upon this earth of ours a conflict which, beyond all others, will recall that description of the great Greek wars:

Heroes in battle with heroes,
And above them the wrathful gods.

And one can imagine the ancient, mighty deity of all the Teutonic kindred, throned above the clouds, looking serenely down

upon that conflict, upon his favorite children, the English and the Germans, locked in a death-struggle, smiling upon the heroism of that struggle, the heroism of the children of Odin the War-god." These words, with which the book ends, sum up or imply a good deal of the philosophy underlying it.

The lectures contain eloquent passages that must have been effective if well delivered. But there are in the book some preconceptions to which a Catholic simply cannot give assent.

ONTOLOGY, OR THE THEORY OF BEING. By P. Coffey, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.00 net.

In a work of this kind, it is extremely difficult to keep the abstract and concrete standpoints of thought so well balanced that neither will seem a stranger to the other. This the author has admirably succeeded in doing—a fine instance of which is afforded by the chapter dealing with reality as one and manifold, where the static and dynamic points of view have equal justice done them. We feel that we are making an invidious distinction in singling out any portion of the book for special praise, so well poised and thoroughgoing is every chapter in the volume. Then, too, the quality of readability is everywhere in evidence. The thought is loosened from the stereotyped forms of expression, to give it life, and then tightened up in these again, lest it be left too vague.

This is no mere republication of traditional views. Hard and sound thinking on his own account has the author done in this well balanced volume. He has made the unity of the presentation more striking still, by casting into fine print the more detailed, more developed considerations of his theme. He has not so much a thesis to prove or a school of thought to defend, as truth to seek where doctors differ and fine points divide. Philosophy with him is no one-man's affair, but the work of humanity, and it is good to lay hands on a volume in which there is no separation of the reflex reason of the individual from the spontaneous reason of the race, but, on the contrary, so complete a communication between the two, kept up, that the reader is made to see the continuity of the knowledge—process from its vague beginnings to its highest points of precision and refinement. The modern world cuts this process in two, and sets the higher portions of it over against the lower. But Dr. Coffey knows the modern world of thought as well as he knows the ancient, and he writes to it, not at it—which is a redeeming difference.

Of analysts and of those who merely report the views of others,

with a few sapient, cursory comments thrown in for seasoning, there is no dearth. But here we have a constructive piece of work—a real, fine, genuine attempt, and a successful one, also, to think the old metaphysics back to its deserving place in human attention. The assumption that the mind is independent of reality has played havoc with modern philosophy. It was this assumption which changed metaphysics from a science of reality to a science of knowledge only, and Dr. Coffey has made in this volume a powerful contribution to the superior value of old ways of thinking over new. We congratulate him. Being, becoming, existence, essence; substance and accident, nature and person, absolute and relative, cause and condition, run through them all as treated in this book, and you will find the thought of the day well taken to task for its incompleteness, its one-sided learnings, its preference for a half or quarter truth over the whole one which a complete analysis reveals. Above all, you will find in this volume a most effective method employed—that of going through objections and difficulties, as so many barriers lying in the direct path of the thesis, rather than that of turning back to consider them, after the thesis has been established.

We deem it only fair to state that professors and students, professional men, generally, in fact, will discover in Dr. Coffey's work as fine a presentation of the theory of being as exists anywhere in the English tongue. We say this, taking matter and manner into account. It is not often that a reader receives the impression that somebody is doing his thinking, not for, but with him, and yet this is the agreeable impression which this volume reviewed creates. *Tolle, lege!* Past masters in philosophy as well as novices in the same art will derive profit from these well thought-out and timely pages. The author has increased the reputation of which his earlier works gave promise.

ESSAYS, POLITICAL AND HISTORICAL. By Charlemagne Tower, LL.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

This new publication by Mr. Tower treats of the relations of the United States as a world power with the other nations of the world. Such subjects treated by an experienced international statesman, a man who has been Minister to Austria-Hungary and later to Russia and to Germany, cannot but have great weight, and will undoubtedly provoke keen interest on the part of many intelligent Americans.

The essays are on the whole rich in information and attractive

in style. The book will be found a welcome addition to the political or historical section of any library. Regarded from the point of interest, it is safe to say that the essays of a political character are superior to those purely historical. An exception might be made in the case of the essay dealing with "Diplomacy as a Profession." We were a bit disappointed to find it rigidly formal, since Mr. Tower's experience had given him an opportunity to treat the subject in a charmingly personal manner. Again the essay discussing "Arbitration as a Means for Settling International Disputes" seemed an inadequate treatment of this subject at a time when it is such a burning question in the minds of all peace-loving men. The abrupt conclusion gives one the rather unpleasant sensation of being left suspended in mid air.

The essay on the "Development of International Law" is a rapid historical sketch of the growth of international law from the publication in 1625 of Grotius' *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* to the time of the Hague Conference in 1907. The right of expatriation is well explained, but perhaps the paragraph most pregnant with interest is the last, which contains in substance the following quotation from M. Nelidoff: "Let us not despair if our ideals of perfect peace have not been realized by the Conference of the Hague, for nations are living beings as truly as are the individuals who compose them, and have the same passions, the same aspirations, and the same defects."

The essays devoted to the Monroe Doctrine and to the treaty obligations of the United States relating to the Panama Canal, are brief but appreciative treatments of particular phases of these subjects. The last and longest of the essays draws a telling contrast between the inefficiency of General Howe as a leader and the military genius of Washington. The others are of the same character and of equal merit, and the book as a whole is solid and carefully written.

FRANCE HERSELF AGAIN. By Ernest Dimnet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

To a book on France written in English by a Frenchman, with special attention to the English point of view, we cannot but bring an added amount of the interest which is always evoked by what is French. The universality of this interest, carried, as it often is, to such an extent that our press will be glutted with accounts of French events which are purely domestic l'*Affaire Dreyfus*, l'*Af-*

faire Caillaux, for example—is significant of the fact that European civilization has been and yet is Gallocentric. Since this is true we do not exaggerate when we say, with Mr. Belloc, that “the temper of the French people is a matter of supreme importance to all those throughout the world who desire to understand the present and to forecast the future.” Any authoritative study of this temper must needs share this supreme importance, and the book before us is such a study. M. Dimnet offers a comprehensive exposition of all those symptoms of a return to national dignity and traditional spirit which most of us have noticed in France during the last several years.

That France has not been herself for some time, that the history of the Second Empire and of the Third Republic has been a break in continuity, but that she is “herself again,” or soon to be, is the burden of the Abbé’s chapters. The first part of the book is concerned with the deterioration of the country under the Second Empire, and, more especially, under the Third Republic. During the reign of Louis Napoleon were sowed the seeds of disaster which grew into such an abundant harvest. The spread of dangerous philosophies and literature which found an inevitable translation into irreligion, decadent morals, antipatriotism and other evils intellectual and political, with the blindness of the public powers, paved the way for the *dénouement* of 1870. However, this did not sound the awakening of the nation. On the contrary the decline of France under the Third Republic was so accelerated that many are inclined to see more than a chronological coincidence.

To this question of the connection between French Republicanism and decadence, M. Dimnet next turns his attention. He sees, and rightly, the greatest source of political evil in the Constitution of 1875. “Where authority is not, disorder is sure to appear, and the constitutional laws are sneakingly antagonistic to authority.” The Chamber of Deputies not only legislates but governs. The President is a powerless figure under the domination of the politicians; the Cabinets, short-lived for the most part, are as efficient or as weak as Parliament wishes them to be. Such an “absurdity disguised as a Constitution,” which places the power in a shoal of anonymous deputies where there is no responsibility, could fail to do harm only if Parliament, the Ministers, and the President were men of an ability, honesty, and highmindedness alien to most professional politicians. France has not had such rulers. Selfish incompetents and demagogues in the Chamber, “incarnations of me-

diocrity" as Premiers, non-entities as Presidents, have given the Abbé reason to assert that "the spirit of disorder was represented, expanded, and—with a few transient lulls—made worse by the authorities themselves, which more than once seem to have been actually possessed by a destructive genius." This statement is made against a background of facts among which the abandonment of the robust and virile idea of regaining the lost Eastern Provinces, the neglect of the navy, and the consequent frustration of the Colonial policy, and the attitude of the government towards the Church, education, the army, and patriotism are conspicuous. These chapters are sad and bitter reading, especially the narration of that inconceivable crime, the systematic degradation of the nation's army.

France, then, in 1905 had reached a state of enervation and of blindness from which it could be roused only by some arrestive event which would bring the country to its senses. Such an event was the Tangiers incident, from which the author dates "the return of the light." France awoke, and the book, in the second part, can set forth the hopeful signs of reinvigoration seen in national temper, in the revival of military spirit, of critical alertness in the attitude of the people towards the government, and of patriotism. And what is true in politics is true also in philosophy, in literature, and in moral standards. The blatant doctrines of the cynic and the materialist now can charm but a few suburban audiences, mild tolerance is replacing anticlericalism, and French literature, weary of playing acolyte at the shrine of realism and naturalism, is returning to the traditional ethos of earlier days. The Abbé's chapters on the rising generation as signs of this recovery from intellectual and moral disease, are the interesting account of personal contact with Young France.

So rapid and so effective was the transformation that whereas the Tangiers episode found a chaotic government, a dead national spirit, a half-demoralized army with empty arsenals, the Agidir incident in 1911 found a revived patriotism, a prepared army, and a nation of men eager to consecrate themselves to the vindication of French honor and prestige. With so much accomplished there yet was wanting something to give these various aspirations and this new spirit solidarity and a unified activity. A great national danger, a war, would bring about this result and obviate the danger of relapse. History is now writing the sequel to M. Dimnet's book. The vital qualities of France are being tested daily, nor are they found wanting. Whether France win or lose in the present struggle

is, perhaps, of less ultimate importance to the nation than the certainty that this crisis is giving an impulse to the moral solution which France's difficulties demand. The signs "point to the disappearance of the legal anarchy known as the Constitution of 1875," and to a renovation of the face of the nation. "But the difficulty is to keep up such a disposition after the excitement of a crisis has abated." For such a work the Abbé finds nothing effective but faith. In a fine concluding passage he dwells on this point, and ends by saying that politics will always be subservient to morals, morals to faith. And "the lesson of this book is the recommendation of a plain and virile Christianity."

The work was to have ended thus, but the author was able to add an epilogue on the war, which shows the accuracy of many of the judgments expressed in the preceding chapters.

The book is eminently sane throughout, full of data which will serve as a corrective to many of our ideas on France. As a piece of writing it is of no mean excellence. With regret we forbear to quote some of the author's pithy remarks on politicians and writers, on sportsmen and Boy Scouts, and many another topic. His lucidity of exposition seldom fails, nor do his opinions often call forth the slightest demur. We say not often, because a few times the Abbé expresses a view which will not find universal acceptance. Such a one is his statement that "the ideal of England is to feel kindly and to govern justly." Might not the rose-colored glasses of the Entente account for some of the overflowing benevolence and super-eminent justice which the Abbé thinks is peculiar to Albion? However it were unjust to the writer and to ourselves to dwell on such trifles. *France Herself Again* is a book to be approached with interest, to be read with pleasure and profit, to be put down only with words of the highest praise. We would add a sentence of appreciation for the table of contents, which furnishes an exhaustive synopsis of the whole matter of the work.

THE SEEN AND UNSEEN AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.00 net.

In this latest book of W. D. Howells, we are taken to the home and birthplace of the Bard of Avon, and there treated to a leisurely survey of its interesting features, both in their present and past character. The latter is gracefully accomplished by the introduction of the spirits of Shakespeare and Bacon as companions of the writer in his Stratford rambles. The Shakespearean spirit which undoubt-

edly permeates the place, is thus effectively brought home to us. The festivals of the poet, and a series of warm, bright August days, have been chosen as setting; the little town arrayed in pageant and morris-dance, and the country "of the same bright openness as the town."

The author takes occasion to express through the poet's lips many sentiments which we feel to be accordant with his own. First, the Baconian authorship of the plays is repudiated as heartily by Bacon as by his more illustrious friend. As to the scarcity of fact that has reached our age concerning Shakespeare, Bacon cites such records as Virgil's and Ben Jonson's as no richer in essential detail than Shakespeare's. He is, moreover, represented as constantly upbraiding the latter for pandering to the public taste in his comedies, and even in certain of his tragedies. Bacon, poor soul, fashioned more heavily, and stung by the guilt of his misdemeanors, can nowise appreciate the whimsical or jocular humor of his friend. This mixture of fact and fancy is a trifle inconclusive and unconvincing as a matter of strict testimony, and so much does our faith cling to "Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child," that we would feign quote it as circumstantial evidence.

Other subjects are proposed for our criticism, some that touch English custom, and others that come nearer home. Of the latter, the attitude of the American sightseer, "suffering a mental and moral dyspepsia from bolting the beautiful scenery untasted," is particularly and deservedly condemned.

Perhaps we may venture to criticize Shakespeare's fancied account of the Great Beyond. His sightseeing in those regions appears to have been little more effective than that of our peregrinating fellow-countrymen. The shadow-world from which the Bard and his friend emerge, has little or nothing of the spiritual gleam. Leaving aside the conception of a Christian heaven or place of expiation as beside the question, we would prefer to this cold unspiritual background even Captain Stormfield's very prosaic paradise, or our New England doctor's recent revelations from beyond the grave regarding his "pretty studio" and his "rose-scented easy chair." The mortal is so much less than human under the altered condition of death, but it is at least an improvement on the barrenness of a Bhuddistic heaven "like a long, impersonal dream, painless because selfless." This misty theology seems a trifle at variance with Shakespeare's very human and substantial view of life. But our present volume is sub-titled a "fantasy," so one must not take

it too seriously; moreover, it would be difficult to account for such gallivanting as our disembodied friends are addicted to with the conventional heaven as background.

Since we are in the critical vein, perhaps we may also suggest that a smoothing down of—shall we call them—“certain originalities of diction,” might not be amiss. Certainly, they would not be condoned in one of less merited distinction than our author. These faults, do not, however, gravely interfere with the enjoyment of our book, and though we may prefer Winter’s more sedate account, we cannot but carry away from these pages a charming picture of Stratford and its master spirit.

HISTORY OF ROMAN PRIVATE LAW. Part I.—Sources. By E. C. Clarke, LL.D. Cambridge: University Press.

The chief merits of Dr. Clark’s manual of Roman private law are its perfect grasp of the original authorities, its careful distinction between private and public law, and its careful observance of the order of time in its citation of authors. Volume I. discusses the primary and secondary sources of the pre-literary and the literary period, and gives a brief chronological sketch of the chief historical facts in the development of private law, and a table of juristic writers from 150 B. C. to 243 A. D.

THE PRIEST AND SOCIAL ACTION. By Charles Plater, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.20 net.

“The object of this book,” as the Bishop of Northampton says in his introduction, “is to convince English priests that, under our actual circumstances, social action is no longer merely a matter of taste—an interest which can be taken up or laid aside at choice. Social action has become an indispensable phase of our apostolate. For proof it is enough to refer to the remarkable series of official pronouncements emanating in recent years from the Holy See and the Episcopate throughout the world.”

Father Plater says well that active participation in social and charitable work is a real, though a secondary and, as it were, conditional duty of the Church. Priests and laymen, besides the duty of saving their own souls and aiding others to do the same, have a subsidiary duty of relieving poverty and remedying social injustice. A priest to-day must concern himself with social and economic questions, because modern circumstances demand it as a condition of exercising his spiritual functions efficiently. The Holy See, while

condemning certain exaggerated and false social theories which have from time to time been advanced by some Catholics, has given the warmest encouragement to priests who have undertaken social work on sound Catholic lines. For example, Pope Leo XIII. writes, "By an effectual propaganda of writings, by stirring oral exhortations, and direct aid, let the priest strive to ameliorate, within the limits of justice and charity, the economic condition of the people, favoring and furthering those institutions which tend in that direction." "The social question deserves to have all the Catholic forces applied to it with the greatest energy and constancy."

The most interesting chapters in this volume are those which deal with the expert charitable and social action of the Catholic clergy in Germany, France, and Belgium. The extent to which the German clergy identify themselves with all that concerns the temporal welfare of the people, is probably without parallel in other lands. Father Plater gives an interesting account of the work accomplished by Kolping, Kettler, Franz Hitze, and Dasbach.

Father Plater advocates most emphatically a course of social study in our seminaries as part of the ordinary course, in the shape of formal lectures, study clubs, and practical work under expert supervision.

CONCISE DICTIONARY OF PROPER NAMES AND NOTABLE MATTERS IN THE WORKS OF DANTE. By Paget Toynbee, M.A. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.00 net.

This excellent Dante dictionary is an abridgment of a much larger work of the author's, published in 1908, but now out of print. The articles have been carefully revised and brought up to date, while a number of new articles have been added, comprising the names of persons and places mentioned in the poetical correspondence between Dante and Forese Donati, and in the Latin poems addressed to Dante by Giovanni del Virgilio. No student of Dante can afford to be without this invaluable handbook.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST IN ART. By P. D. Corbinian Wirz, O.S.B. Translated by T. J. Kennedy. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.00.

Father Wirz has written a brief sketch of the iconography of the Holy Eucharist, from the days of the catacombs to our own time. He has selected for comment ninety-seven paintings of the chief artists of Europe, grouping them under the headings of The Last

Supper, The Holy Sacrifice, Holy Communion, The Disciples of Emmaus, The Blessed Eucharist, and The Saints.

CHOICE. By M. S. Daniel. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net.

Miss Daniel has written a simple and winning story of conversion. Joan, a girl of cultivated intellect and kindly heart, comes face to face with Catholicism, after having abandoned entirely the Protestantism of her fathers. After a long and earnest struggle she at last surrenders, and makes a final choice in the presence of the Eucharistic Christ. Every character in the book is drawn to the life—the improvident dreamer, Mr. Penn, the fussy and exacting Mrs. Penn, the practical optimistic Maggie, her sterling Catholic sweetheart, the motherly Aunt Leebie, and honest, truth-seeking Joan herself.

SAINT AUGUSTINE. By Louis Bertrand. Translated by Vincent O'Sullivan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00 net.

The author of this work catalogues the chief events in St. Augustine's life, but shows no grasp whatever of St. Augustine's teachings. He seems to know at every turn what were the inner unexpressed thoughts of St. Augustine, St. Monica or St. Ambrose.

Occasionally the writer's estimates are unwarranted by the facts. He says, for instance, that St. Augustine "too much paraded his knowledge, his dialectic and oratorical talents;" he declares that after his conversion there remained in him some old sediment of intellectual and literary vanity; he questions the sincerity of St. Augustine's praise of Licentius, remarking in a most unjustifiable way, "The former rhetorician knew the world, and the way to talk to the father of a wealthy pupil, especially if he is your benefactor." Again, he hints that the conversion of the Saint was furthered by the fact of "Catholicism being treated with such importance in the person of Ambrose."

The English is rather poor at times, for the translator speaks of "a traditional good feed," "these musics, b," "popular souses of eating and drinking," etc.

NOTE.—On account of the non-arrival of the foreign periodicals, we have been compelled to omit that department this month.—[Ed. C. W.]

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.

The War.

Turkey's entrance into the war has given Germany and Austria-Hungary an ally that may, it is thought, prove a serious embarrassment to Russia, France, and Great Britain. While the Turkish Empire comprises over one million six hundred and twenty-two thousand English square miles, and is thus almost three times as large as the territory held by Germany and Austria-Hungary, the people dwelling in this vast extent are, however, only a little more than one-third of the population of Turkey's allies, so blighting has been the effect of Turkish misrule. The result of the new combination is to range the five hundred and ninety-one millions of Great Britain, Russia, France, Belgium, Servia, Montenegro, and Japan against the one hundred and fifty-five millions of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey, so that more than half the human race is involved in the present war.

According to the Allies, the Turks were wanton aggressors. At the beginning of the war Great Britain, Russia, and France guaranteed to Turkey, on the condition of her maintenance of neutrality, the integrity of the Ottoman Empire in every respect. This condition so far from being fulfilled was in several instances violated by Turkey. The *Goeben* and *Breslau*, two German ships which had escaped the British navy, took refuge at Constantinople, and, under pretense of purchase, were retained with their German crews; the Capitulations were abrogated without the consent of the other parties to the contract; various other hostile acts were committed, and demands were made which it was impossible to grant. The bombarding without notice of Russian ports brought Turkish provocations to a climax, and led to a declaration of war by Great Britain after a few days delay, in order to give Turkey the opportunity of denying responsibility for the outrage. This

delay was given because there was good reason to think that the moderate elements in the Turkish Government, of whom the Grand Vizier was the representative, might retain control of the situation. The extremists, however, of whom Enver Pasha, the Minister of War, is the leader, gained the upper hand. This is the same Enver Bey to whom the revolution of 1908, which led to the deposition of Abdul Hamid, was in large measure due—a revolution which inspired so many hopes of a brighter future for the peoples under Turkish domination, hopes, however, which were quickly dashed to the ground by the subsequent proceedings of the Committee of Union and Progress. The constitutional government which it pretended to set up in the place of the absolutism which existed before, has been constitutional only in name. The real power has been wielded more or less completely by an irresponsible committee, which has usurped the powers, both of the Sovereign and of the Parliament. It is to the action of this Committee that Turkey's entrance into the war is due.

It is fair to say, however, although there is no proof of the statement, that Turkey justifies the bombardment of Odessa and the other Russian ports in the Black Sea by an attack made upon the Turkish vessels by the Russian fleet before any declaration of war. The German account of the reasons for the action of Turkey is that the Ottoman Government believed that if the Triple Entente should emerge victorious the long-cherished ambitions of Petrograd, London, and Paris would be satisfied, and Russia would take Constantinople, Armenia, and Kurdistan, Great Britain would secure Arabia, and France would annex Syria. On the other hand, its belief was that if the Entente Powers were defeated, the Ottoman Empire would be strengthened and increased territorially by the re-occupation of the Caucasus and of Egypt, and possibly of other territories. Others consider it more likely that in either event Turkey's Empire is doomed. If Germany wins, it will become a dependency of that Empire; if the Allies win, they are pledged to drive Turkey out of Europe, and to free the various nationalities which have so long groaned under the Ottoman yoke.

The first result of the declaration of war on Turkey was the annexation of Cyprus to the British Empire. This island has been administered by the British Government since 1878, Turkish suzerainty being recognized by the payment of an annual tribute. This of course now ceases. Some surprise was expressed that Egypt was not at once annexed, for that country, although it has been in the

military occupation of Great Britain since 1882, is a part of the Ottoman Empire, and had therefore become part of the territory of an enemy. Such annexation, however, seemed likely to raise a number of complicated questions, which Great Britain wished to avoid. The fact, however, that the Khedive took the side of Germany brought the matter to a crisis, and Egypt, although it has not been annexed, has been made a British Protectorate, and formally severed from the Ottoman Empire with a Sultan of its own.

Anxiety was felt, first, as to the attitude that would be adopted by the Mohammedans in the British Empire, these being more numerous than those in the Turkish dominions, numbering in fact between eighty and ninety millions in India alone. This anxiety, however, did not last long. The Aga Khan, the spiritual head of the Khoja community of Mohammedans in India, hastened to declare that no Islamic interest was threatened by the war, and that their religion was in no peril. Although subsequently the Sheikh el Islam declared a holy war, and called upon all Mohammedans to take part in it in support of Turkey, the appeal fell flat, and no response was met with from any quarter. Even the noted leader El Senussi has failed to respond. Even those among the Mohammedans who recognize the claim of the Sultan to be the Khalif, distinguish between the Sultan acting on his own impulse and the Sultan led astray by the Young Turks under German influence.

About the non-Mohammedan majority of India, there has arisen no question: it is heart and soul with Great Britain. This has been made clearly manifest, even among the political agitators who have recently been thought to have been on the point of rebellion. Whatever fault was found with the administration of India under the settlement of 1858, it is fully recognized that Great Britain has on the whole been faithful in principle to that great act. The reforms recently made by the Earl of Minto and Viscount Morley, have resulted in bringing even more closely together the British and Indian Empires, and if there are still in existence evils under which the country suffers, the willingness shown in the past to reform abuses inspires complete confidence that in the future full satisfaction to all legitimate wants will be given. So eager in fact were the Princes and the peoples of India to stand by Great Britain in the hour of danger, that their representatives in the Council voted out of the revenues of India the whole cost of the Expeditionary Force.

The publication of the French Yellow Book by the New York

Times, places at the disposal of students of the events preceding the war a further series of Official Documents in addition to the German and British White Papers, the Orange Paper of Russia, and the Gray Paper of Belgium already published. The Yellow Book contains by far the largest number of documents, there being no fewer than one hundred and fifty-nine, some of them with a large number of annexes. The documents, which disclose the diplomatic proceedings of the memorable fortnight in which the decision was made, are preceded by a chapter which contains dispatches of the French Ambassador in Berlin, the first of which is dated March 17, 1913, in which he gives warnings to the French Government of what has since happened. This introductory chapter, together with the concluding chapter which contains extracts from the British, Russian, and Belgian Papers, in addition to the documents which make up the substance of the Book, render it the most complete of all the official publications, and make the study of it indispensable for everyone wishing to form an unbiassed judgment, or even a biassed one.

Italy. While Germany and Austria-Hungary have been able to bring over Turkey to their side, they have not been successful in their efforts

to secure the assistance of their partner in the Triple Alliance, and this for several reasons. The so-called Triple Alliance is more strictly a Dual Alliance between Austria-Hungary and Germany: to this Italy subsequently acceded upon conditions not fully known, not including, however, an aggressive war. An Austro-Hungarian attack on Servia, Signor Giolitti has recently stated, the Italian Government looked upon as a war of an aggressive character, to the taking part in which Italy would not consider herself bound. Of this he had informed the Austro-Hungarian Government last year when an attack on Servia was contemplated. Of this determination the government of the Dual Monarchy was well aware, and doubtless it was for this reason that Italy was not consulted before the ultimatum was sent to Servia—a thing in itself sufficient to justify the non-participation of Italy in the action of her partners.

This, however, was far from being the only reason. An Austro-Hungarian victory over Servia would have been in the highest degree detrimental to Italian interests in the Balkan Peninsula. In many ways Italian and Austro-Hungarian interests are in conflict; and in these respects any strengthening of the Dual Monarchy would have been a blow to Italy. Several districts which now form

part of Austria-Hungary are longed for by Italians, either because the inhabitants are largely of the same race or because in days of old they have been held by Italian States. A specially vital interest is the secure possession of free and uncontrolled access to the Adriatic: this would have been endangered if Servia had been brought under the power of Austria-Hungary, for this would have been followed by the subjection of Albania. It was not to be expected, therefore, that Italy would lend herself to the furtherance of measures which would prove so detrimental to herself. The thing, however, which rendered it altogether impossible for the Italian Government to take the side of the two Central European Powers, was the determination of the people to have no share in such a war. The people of Italy have had too long and too bitter an experience of the Austrian methods of government to be willing to help in assisting in an attempt to bring a like evil upon other peoples. This feeling of Italians was so strong that if the government itself had been willing to enter upon the war the attempt would have produced a revolution. Socialists, Republicans, Democrats of every kind were eager to enter into the army for a war against Austria. The government had all it could do to hold the people in check, and turned a deaf ear to the most alluring promises made by its former partner in the now defunct Triple Alliance.

Although Italy has refrained from complying with the ardent desires of Germany and Austria-Hungary, her action cannot be said to have been altogether pleasing to the Powers which make up the Triple Entente. Her policy is considered too selfish and in fact shortsightedly selfish, actuated merely by the hope of her own advantage, and of securing it without due sacrifice. This was shown by the fact that when Germany in the first month seemed likely to be victorious, there was a marked wavering of public opinion in her favor. On the other hand, when the tide turned this wavering disappeared. Voices of warning are not, however, wanting that when the war ends Italy may find herself in a position of isolation and may, on account of her unwillingness to make any sacrifice, fail to attain any of the results so ardently desired. In fact, a reminder has come from a Russian writer that the possession of the east coast of the Adriatic is a thing much wished for by the Slav races which look to Russia, and that their aspirations would have a strong claim on Russian support in the event of a victorious war from taking part in which Italy had abstained.

The death of the Foreign Minister, who was a strong supporter of the Triple Alliance, and a subsequent Cabinet crisis, made no change in the determination to maintain the policy of neutrality. Although one of the strongest parties has been clamoring for Italy's entrance into the conflict, Signor Salandra, the head of the re-constituted Cabinet, has declared it to be the firm intention of the government to maintain a neutrality that is to be not inert and listless, but active and vigilant and fully armed. By this means he hopes to maintain not merely the present position of Italy, but also to secure that that position shall not be diminished proportionately by the possible aggrandizements of other States at the conclusion of the war. As this declaration of the Premier was unanimously approved by the group which had hitherto been eager for war against Germany and Austria-Hungary, the policy of neutrality must be considered as having been definitely adopted by Italy.

Italy is sharing with the rest of the world the sufferings which the war has brought about, and this suffering is aggravated by the expense of the mobilization of the army which took place at the beginning of the war. The paralysis of commerce has thrown large numbers out of work. The government proposes to take exceptional measures to provide a remedy, and to spend large sums on public works. All this will of course add to the burdens of the nation.

Of the Balkan States, up to the present, neutrality has been maintained by Bulgaria, Rumania, and Greece. Albania can no longer be looked upon as a State, for its German Prince has departed after a troublous reign of a few months, and now what was Albanian territory is ruled over by no fewer than five diverse governments. Among these States, Rumania holds a more or less dominant position. Not that she deserves it, for in the war against Turkey she refused to help the other States, thereby husbanding her own strength, and it is to this that her present influence is due. When the war broke out the popular voice was loud in favor of taking the side of the Allies against Germany and Austria-Hungary. More than three million Rumanes dwell within the domains of the Dual Monarchy, and are by no means content to bear the yoke imposed upon them. The people of Rumania were eager to take the long-sought opportunity of freeing their compatriots. They were however, held in check by King Charles, who was a Hohenzollern,

belonging to the elder non-regnant branch. He is said to have given his word to the German Emperor that he would never take up arms against his native country. When in March, 1866, he accepted the crown, the condition of the Danubian principalities, Moldavia and Wallachia, was little better than that of a mis-governed Turkish province. They were still under Ottoman suzerainty, their army was non-existent, their financial resources were precarious, the condition of the people was wretched, their means of communication were primitive, and their public affairs were in a condition bordering on anarchy. By his efforts all this was changed. He created an army, won independence for the principalities and extended their borders, evolved order out of chaos, and placed the national finances on a sound basis. He was, in fact, recognized as the founder of the kingdom. His influence in consequence was so great as to make him able to withstand the desire of the people. On his death on the tenth of October, he was succeeded by his son Ferdinand, and he at once announced his intention of maintaining the policy of neutrality adopted by his father, although he is a first cousin of both the King of England and the Tsar. His family is a remarkable example of religious differences. He is himself a Catholic, his wife is a Lutheran, while his children are members of the Orthodox Greek Church. His father left instructions that his own funeral should be celebrated with the rites both of the Catholic and the Orthodox Church.

At first the nation acquiesced in the decision of the new King. His authority, however, cannot be compared with that of his father, and an agitation has begun in the press, and is supported by prominent politicians, in favor of intervention. The situation is much complicated by what is called the settlement affected by the Treaty of Bukarest. This treaty inflicted grievous wrongs upon Bulgaria, although her action in attacking Servia and Greece—at the instigation of Austria-Hungary—made her worthy of a fitting punishment. But the punishment inflicted was too severe and too unjust for Bulgaria to be willing to accept, and she at once indicated her intention of seeking a revision of the treaty upon the first opportunity. This led to the apprehension that Bulgaria might take advantage of Rumania's becoming involved in the war, and this acts as a restraint upon Rumania. Hence she is still remaining neutral.

The same course is being maintained by Bulgaria. In fact she has not even mobilized, and is perhaps too much exhausted by her efforts in the two Balkan wars to be willing to bear the cost.

A little uneasiness exists, however, as to the course she may adopt in the future. It has even been rumored that she has entered into a Convention with Turkey, the worst of her enemies; but this has been semi-officially denied. The fact, however, that she has refrained from mobilizing has been a help to Turkey, for it has freed for service elsewhere something like three hundred thousand soldiers whom it would have been necessary for that State to have retained in Europe. If the Allied Powers would be willing to sanction the immediate restitution to Bulgaria of all the region in Macedonia accorded to her by the Servo-Bulgarian Treaty of 1912, Bulgarian help might be secured. But Serbia is one of these allied Powers, and it is doubtful whether she would make the sacrifice. So, meanwhile Bulgaria is maintaining a neutrality which is somewhat precarious.

When Turkey entered into the war, it was expected that Greece would no longer hesitate. For a long time Turkey has been doing everything in its power to provoke Greece by the cruel treatment of the Greeks dwelling in the Ottoman domains. On the other hand, Greece has been preparing for war by the purchase of war-ships for a renewal of the conflict, although she has only partially mobilized her army. No further steps, however, have yet been taken, with the exception of the occupation by Greek troops of that part of Epirus which was given by the Powers to the new State of Albania, and which had been evacuated at the advent of its recent ruler. This, however, Greece declares to be merely for the sake of maintaining of order, and not with any view to definite annexation. The neutrality of Greece is, however, conditional upon the alliance which exists between herself and Serbia. Only in the event of the obligations to Serbia which this alliance involves, calling for her taking action, is it likely that Greece will cease to maintain her neutrality.

As has been said, the territory which the Powers assigned for the new State of Albania, has been seized upon by five different sets of rulers, and divided among them, therefore Albania must be considered as for the time being non-existent. As to Serbia she has made a heroic struggle against her mighty assailant, and with a success which is marvelous. At the present moment it is said that there is not a single enemy on her soil. The little State of Montenegro is the most fortunate of all the Allies, for not a single foe has yet set foot on her territories.

Spain.

The political interests of Spain are so little involved in the war that her neutrality was a matter of course. Not that she was not affected, for the disturbance of trade caused widespread suffering. Tens of thousands were thrown out of work, and many refugees arrived from the devastated region. The sympathies of the country were divided. The Carlists leaned strongly to the side of Germany, but met with the extreme mortification of finding that their head, Don Jaime, was on the side of the Allies, was in fact working himself to death in the French hospitals. This has led to his being deposed. In consequence the Carlists have no longer a leader. It has also led to a reconciliation between the late head of the Carlists and the King of Spain, the latter being with the Liberals on the side of the Allies. The political interests also of Spain are bound up closely with France on account of the agreements about Morocco and the western Mediterranean. There is not the least likelihood that she will be called upon to take a share in the conflict.

Portugal.

Portugal has not as yet taken any part in the war, but from its beginning has unequivocally declared its sympathy with Great Britain. At a session of the Chamber of Deputies held early in August, the then Premier declared that the government recognized that it was bound to that Power by ancient ties and alliances, and that these alliances freely contracted would be respected. The adhesion of ex-King Manoel to the side of the Allies was the more a matter of surprise, as he has lately been married to a daughter of the head of the elder branch of the Hohenzollerns. He has, however, sent a letter to his Lieutenant Senhor Ioao de Azevedo Coutinho, calling upon all his supporters in Portugal to unite with the rest of the nation either in home defence or in fighting in the ranks of the Allied armies. To this every political consideration is to be subordinated. He states that he has offered himself unreservedly to the King of England for any work which may be of service. Lieutenant Coutinho himself places his own military services at the disposal of the Republic. Although he was, as he stated, still a Monarchist by conviction, he felt it a duty that in the present crisis Monarchists and Republicans should stand together. Up to the present, however, the neutrality of Portugal has not been broken.

With Our Readers.

IT is a sad new year, this year of 1915, that dawns upon the world. There is no thoughtful soul that is not troubled "at the sight of Europe, and, indeed, of the whole world—the most terrible and most painful spectacle perhaps that has ever been presented in the course of history."

The new year rings in not joy and peace, but suffering and slaughter. As far as the immediate present is concerned, the longing for a wider and more effective Christian civilization, for peace and justice among men, seems quite hopeless.

Great and flourishing nations are on the battlefield, supplied with every manner of horrible machine for the destruction of human life. "The ruin and slaughter know no limit: every day the earth is drenched with fresh blood and covered with the wounded and the dead." And the sons of all these nations that are fighting one another with deadly hate are "possessed of the same human nature; all belong to the same society: all should be brothers, for they are sons of the one Father Who is in heaven."

* * * *

THE agonizing difference between what actually is, and what should be, is the sword that pierces with pain the soul of every earnest Catholic. Humanly speaking we stand helpless to lessen even in a small way the evils of the deadly conflict. We know that thousands upon thousands of every nation at war are giving their lives in defence of their country, and what they conscientiously believe to be right. It surely has its measure of inspiration that men should thus go forth unselfishly; leaving home and loved ones; enduring hardships, and risking what is most precious to themselves for the cause of country. This in itself is a comforting relief from the materialism and sensualism that have gained such a foothold in human society. But that human quarrels should for the time cause hate to wipe out all thought of brotherly love; that for their solution men should go forth with deadly weapons to slay one another; that homes should be devastated, wives widowed, children orphaned—surely the human heart must protest that there is a better and a more just way.

* * * *

IF the new year opens with sorrow, there is reason to believe that it will bring some of us to greater thoughtfulness and more faithful service of Him Who is the Man of Sorrows as well as the Prince of Peace. Our human helplessness must drive us to Him Who is our only help. Therefore should it be for all Catholics a year of prayer;

of deep, earnest, daily prayer in the fullest sense of the word, that the mercy of God may be showered upon the souls of men; that His Church may be permitted full liberty in the pursuit of her mission; that those who govern the nations "may be led to see that Christian principles are the only foundation of social well-being and national peace"—that the reign of charity and of fraternal love may increase among men, for "Jesus Christ restored among men the reign of peace on the foundation of love." Our prayer will ascend to God, therefore, for all who are fighting on the battlefield, exposed to instant death; for those who suffer at home; for the souls of all the dead who have been and are being called daily to their account, that God's great mercy may be very merciful to them.

* * * *

IT is in this way that we can personally and at once carry out effectively the appeal of our Holy Father made in his recent Encyclical by which he would stretch forth his healing hand, as the Vicar of Christ, to restore to the people the precious blessings of peace.

* * * *

OUR readers will note that the Holy Father after making an earnest appeal for an increase of Christian charity in our hearts, speaks of that other furious war which planted the seeds of this present furious struggle, and which is eating at the very entrails of modern society. This greater war is due, in the mind of the Supreme Pontiff, to four causes—the lack of mutual love among men; the widespread contempt for authority; injustice in the relations of different classes of society; and the inordinate pursuit of material welfare.

* * * *

THE Holy Father makes his appeal to all men, and we pray that his words may not be without their effect on those who are outside the fold, and whom he lovingly invites to enter. The entire Encyclical is filled with an inspiring and thoroughly apostolic charity.

ENCYCLICAL OF HIS HOLINESS BENEDICT XV.

VENERABLE BRETHREN, HEALTH AND THE APOSTOLIC BENECTION:

When by the inscrutable design of Divine Providence, without any merit on Our part, We were raised to the Chair of the Blessed Prince of the Apostles, considering as addressed to Ourselves in the same voice in which Our Lord spoke to St. Peter the words, "Feed My Lambs, Feed My Sheep" (John xxi. 15-17), We immediately turned Our eyes, with deepest feeling of charity, to the flock entrusted to Our care—an immense flock, in truth, because under one aspect or another it embraces all men. For all for whom Jesus Christ offered His Blood as a price were freed by Him from the slavery of sin; no one is excluded from the benefits of this Redemption. Wherefore the Divine Pastor states that whilst a part of the human race is already within

the fold of His Church, He will lovingly compel the others to come in: "And other sheep I have that are not of this Fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice" (John x. 16). We shall not conceal from you, venerable brethren, that the first sentiment we experienced in Our soul, and which was assuredly excited there by the Divine goodness, was a certain incredible impulse of zeal and love for the salvation of all men; and in accepting the Pontificate We formed the same desire that Jesus Christ expressed when He was about to be crucified: "Holy Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given Me" (John xvii. 11).

A SAD SPECTACLE.

Now when from the height of this Apostolic dignity We can, as if at one glance, contemplate the course of human events, and when We see before Us the miserable condition of civil society We are affected with acute sorrow. And how could We, as the common Father of all men, not be sorely troubled at the sight of Europe, and, indeed, of the whole world—the most terrible and most painful spectacle perhaps that has ever been presented in the course of history? Those days which Christ predicted seem in fact to have come: "You shall hear.....of wars and rumors of wars.....For nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom" (Matt. xxiv. 6, 7). The fearful apparition of war is prominent everywhere and nothing else engages men's attention. Great and flourishing nations are on the battlefields. Can we wonder that as they are well supplied with those horrible means of destruction which the military art has invented, they fight against one another with awful butchery? There is no limit to the ruin and slaughter; every day the earth is drenched with fresh blood and is covered with the wounded and the dead. And who would say that such men, armed one against the other, come from the same progenitor, that they are all possessed of the same nature and that all belong to the same human society? Who would take them to be brothers, the sons of one Father Who is in Heaven? Whilst on every side furious battles are being fought with vast forces, nations, families, and individuals are oppressed by sorrow; day by day the number of widows and orphans increases immensely. Commerce languishes owing to the interruption of communications; the fields are empty; the arts are neglected; the rich are in poverty; the poor in squalor, and all are in grief.

APPEAL TO RULERS AND GOVERNMENTS.

Moved by such grave evils, at the very first step as it were of the Sovereign Pontificate, We considered it our duty to recall the last words of Our predecessor, a Pontiff of illustrious and holy memory, and to commence Our Apostolic ministry by repeating them; and so We warmly beseech rulers and Governments to consider the tears and the blood already shed, and to hasten to restore to the people the precious blessings of peace. May the merciful God grant that, as on the appearance of the Divine Redeemer upon the earth, so at the beginning of Our duty as His Vicar, the angels' voices may proclaim "Peace on earth to men of good will" (Luke ii. 14), and We pray that they may listen who have in their hands the destinies of States. Assuredly there are other ways and other methods by which justice can be done to injured rights. Let the belligerents, laying down their arms, have recourse to these, animated by good faith and intention. It is through love of them and of all nations and not from any motive of Our own that we speak. Let them not, then, permit Our friendly and paternal voice to be raised in vain.

A WAR AGAINST SOCIETY.

But it is not merely the sanguinary war which darkens passions and troubles and embitters Our spirit. There is another furious war which eats at the entrails of modern society—a war which terrifies every person of good sense, because whilst it has accumulated, and will accumulate ruin amongst the nations, it contains in itself the seeds of the present disastrous struggle. From the moment when the rules and practices of Christian wisdom ceased to be observed in States—rules and practices which alone guarantee the stability and peace of institutions—these States necessarily began to tremble at their foundations, and there followed such a change in ideas and customs that, if God does not soon intervene, it appears as if the dissolution of human society is at hand. The disorders that have arisen are the want of mutual love amongst men, contempt for authority, injustice in the relations between the different classes of society, and material welfare made the only object of man's activity (as if there were not other and much more desirable blessings to be gained). These, in Our opinion, are the four causes why human society is so greatly disturbed. It is necessary then that energy be exercised generally for the purpose of removing such disorders and restoring Christian principles, if the object is to put an end to discord and compose differences.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Jesus Christ came down from Heaven in order to restore amongst men the reign of peace which had been troubled by the envy of Satan, and He desired to establish it on no other foundation than that of love. Hence the frequent use of these words: "A new commandment I give unto you: that you love one another" (John xiii. 34); "This is My commandment that you love one another" (John xv. 12); "These things I command you that you love one another" (John xv. 17); as if all His mission and His work were restricted to making men love one another. And what powerful arguments did He not adopt for this purpose? He bids us all look up to Heaven, "For One is your Father Who is in Heaven" (Matt. xxiii. 9). He teaches all without distinction of nation or tongue the same formula of prayer, "Our Father Who art in Heaven" (Matt. vi. 9). Nay, He assures us that this Heavenly Father in conferring benefits of nature does not even make distinction of merits: "Who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and the bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust" (Matt. v. 45). He declares, moreover, that we are all brothers, "And all you are brethren" (Matt. xxiii. 8); and His own brethren, "That He might be the first-born amongst many brethren" (Rom. viii. 29). Then—a consideration which ought to stimulate us to fraternal love towards even those whom our native pride despises—He wishes that the dignity of His person should be recognized in the humblest, "As long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it to Me" (Matt. xxv. 40). And when about to leave this life He earnestly prayed the Father that all those who believed in Him should be one by the bond of charity. "As Thou Father in Me and I in Thee" (John xvii. 21). Finally, He hung on the Cross and shed His blood for us all, so that fashioned and formed in the one body we should love one another with that love which one member in the same body bears towards another.

THE SPIRIT OF FRATERNITY ABSENT.

But far otherwise do men act to-day. Never perhaps was human brotherhood more spoken of than at present; it is even pretended, though the words of the Gospel and the work of Christ and His Church are forgotten, that this

fraternal zeal is one of the most precious features of modern civilization. But the truth is that never was human fraternity so little practised as it is to-day. Race hatred is most bitter. Nations are divided more by rancor than by natural boundaries. In one and the same country and within the walls of the same city different classes of the citizens hate one another; and amongst individuals everything is governed by selfishness as by a supreme law.

THE HOLY FATHER'S CHIEF AIM.

You see, venerable brethren, how necessary it is to make every effort so that the charity of Christ may prevail amongst men. This will certainly be Our aim always as the special object of Our Pontificate. Let this also, We exhort you, be your work. We shall not grow weary of urging upon men to give effect to the teaching of the Apostle St. John, "Love one another" (1 John iii. 23). The pious institutions which abound in our time are certainly excellent and commendable, but they are only really advantageous when they tend in some way to foment in hearts the love of God and of the neighbor; otherwise they have no value, because "He that loveth not abideth in death" (1 John iii. 14).

WANT OF RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY.

We have stated that another cause of the general perturbation consists in this, that the authority of those who are in power is no longer respected. From the time when all human power sought to emancipate itself from God, the Creator and Father of the Universe, and to attribute its origin to man's free will, the bonds between superiors and inferiors have become so weak that they seem almost to have disappeared. An immoderate spirit of independence, combined with pride, has spread everywhere, invading even the family, whose authority so clearly arises from nature; and, what is more deplorable, it does not even stop at the steps of the sanctuary. Hence the contempt for laws, the insubordination of the masses, the impertinent criticism of the commands of authority, the numerous ways discovered for eluding discipline and the frightful crimes of those who profess anarchy and do not hesitate to destroy the lives and properties of others.

GOD THE AUTHOR OF ALL POWER.

In face of this criminal mode of thinking and acting by which the constitution of human society is perverted We, raised up by God to guard truth, cannot but lift Our voice and remind the people of that doctrine which no human decree can change, "There is no power but from God and those that are, are ordained of God" (Rom. xiii. 1). God therefore is the Author of all Power exercised on earth, whether it be sovereign power or subordinate authority. From this St. Paul derives the duty of obeying—not indeed in any way whatsoever, but at the dictate of conscience—the commands of those who are invested with power, except in the case in which opposition is offered to the Divine laws, "Wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath but also for conscience' sake" (Rom. xiii. 5). And in conformity with this precept of St. Paul, the Prince of the Apostles also teaches, "Be ye subject therefore to every human creature for God's sake, whether it be to the King as excelling or to Governors as sent by him" (1 Peter ii. 13, 14). From this premiss the same Apostle of the Gentiles infers that he who rebels against legitimate human power rebels against God and earns eternal punishment: "Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation" (Rom. xiii. 2).

RELIGION AND PUBLIC LIFE.

Let princes and rulers of the people remember this and consider whether it is a wise and salutary design for public powers and states to divorce them from the holy religion of Christ which is such a sterling support of authority. Let them reflect well whether it is a wise policy to separate the doctrine of the Gospel and of the Church from public instruction. Sad experience shows that where religion has been banished there human authority is despised. In fact there happens to society what occurred to our first father when he failed in his duty. As in his case scarcely had the will rebelled against God when his passions broke loose and disdained the authority of the will; so when those who rule over the people despise Divine authority the people, in their turn, mock at human authority. There remains no doubt the single expedient of having recourse to violence to put down rebellion; but, of what use is it? The body, but not the mind, is repressed by violence.

EMPLOYERS AND WORKERS.

The dual element of cohesion of every social body, namely, the union of the members amongst themselves by mutual charity and the union of the members themselves with the head by subjection to authority, being removed or weakened, what wonder, venerable brethren, that modern society presents itself to us as divided into two great armed forces that contend against one another fiercely and strenuously? Face to face with those to whom either fortune or their own activity has brought an abundance of wealth stand the *proletaires* and the workers, inflamed with hatred and jealousy because, although they share the same nature, they are not in the same condition. Infatuated as they are by the fallacies of agitators, to whose guidance they are ordinarily most docile, who could persuade them that it does not follow because men are equal by nature that all ought to occupy the same grade in society, but that everyone holds that position which his qualifications, if circumstances permit, have procured for him? Wherefore when the needy struggle against those who are well to do, as if the latter had taken possession of property that belonged to others, they not only offend against justice and charity, but even against reason, because they also, if they desired, could, by means of honorable labor, succeed in improving their condition. What consequences, not less inconvenient for individuals than for the community, this class-hatred begets it is needless to say. We all see and deplore the frequency of strikes, by which the course of civic and public life is wont to be arrested even in the most necessary functions; also the threatening crowds and tumults in which, not unfrequently, recourse is had to arms and human blood is shed.

We do not desire to repeat here the arguments which prove to demonstration the errors of the Socialists and others of that type. Our predecessor Leo XIII. treated of them most learnedly in memorable Encyclicals; and do you, venerable brethren, see, with your habitual care, that these authoritative teachings are not forgotten, and that in Catholic associations, in congresses, in sermons, and in the Catholic Press, efforts are always made to illustrate them wisely and inculcate them according to need. But, in a particular manner—We do not hesitate to repeat this—with all the force of the arguments which the Gospel and human nature and public and private interests supply—let us be zealous in exhorting all men to love one another in a brotherly spirit, in virtue of the divine law of charity. Human fraternity, indeed, will not remove the diversities of conditions and therefore of classes. This is not possible, just as it is not possible that in an organic body all the members should

have one and the same function and the same dignity. But it will cause those in the highest places to incline towards the humblest and to treat them, not only according to justice, as is necessary, but kindly, with affability and tolerance; and will cause the humblest to regard the highest with sympathy for their prosperity and with confidence in their support, in the same way as in one family the younger brothers rely on the help and defence of the elder ones.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVILS.

But, venerable brethren, the evils We have been deploring have a deeper root, and, unless all the strength of the well-disposed is used to extirpate it, it is vain to hope for the attainment of the object of our desires, that is to say, stable and enduring peace in human relations. What this root is the Apostle teaches: "For the desire of money is the root of all evils" (1 Timothy vi. 10). And, in fact, if we duly consider the matter, we find that from this root spring all the evils from which society suffers at present. When, by means of perverse schools, in which the heart of the young is fashioned like wax, and also by means of writings which daily or at intervals mould the minds of the inexperienced masses, and by other means by which public opinion is directed—when, We say, the destructive error is thus made to penetrate into people's minds that man should not hope for a state of eternal happiness; that here and here alone one can be happy in the possession of the riches, of the honors, and of the pleasures of this life, it is not surprising that human beings, naturally made for happiness, cast aside with the same violence with which they are attracted to the acquisition of these enjoyments every obstacle which restrains or hinders them. Since, however, these enjoyments are not equally divided amongst all, and it is the duty of social authority to prevent individual liberty from exceeding bounds and extending to what belongs to others, there arises hatred against the public powers and jealousy on the part of the unfortunate against those whom fortune favors; hence, in fine, the struggle between the various classes of citizens, some seeking to obtain at any cost and snatch to themselves what they are in need of, and others striving to preserve and increase what they have.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Christ Our Lord, foreseeing this state of things, carefully explained in His most divine Sermon on the Mount, the beatitudes of man on earth and, so to speak, laid the foundations of a Christian philosophy. These maxims have appeared even to adversaries of the Faith as conveying singular wisdom and the most perfect doctrine on religion and morals; and all certainly agree that before Christ, Who is Truth itself, no one ever taught anything similar in this matter, or anything of such weight and importance or so permeated by sentiments of charity.

THE SO-CALLED GOOD THINGS OF THE PRESENT LIFE.

Now the whole secret of this philosophy consists in this, that the so-called good things of mortal life, though they have the appearance of being such, are not really so, and therefore it is not through their enjoyment that man can live happily. For on God's authority we know, so far are wealth, glory, pleasure from bringing happiness to man that if he wishes to be truly happy he must avoid them all for the love of God: "Blessed are ye poor.....Blessed are ye that weep now.....Blessed shall you be when men shall hate you, when they shall separate you, and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil" (Luke vi. 20-22). That is to say, through the sorrows, cares, and miseries

of this life, if we support them patiently, as we ought to do, we obtain access for ourselves to those perfect and everlasting good things "which God hath prepared for them that love Him" (1 Cor. ii. 9). But this important doctrine of the Faith is neglected by a great number, and is altogether forgotten by many. It is necessary, venerable brethren, to revive it amongst all men; in no other way will men and human society have peace. We therefore exhort those who are afflicted by cares of any kind not to fix their gaze on the earth, on which they are pilgrims, but to lift it up to Heaven, whither we are going: "For we have not here a lasting city; but we seek one that is to come" (Heb. xiii. 14). And amidst the adversities by which God tries their constancy in His service let them often reflect what a reward is reserved for them if they come victorious out of conflict: "For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceeding an eternal weight of glory" (2 Cor. iv. 17). Finally, to endeavor with all possible activity and energy to make faith in the supernatural revive amongst men, and at the same time the appreciation, desire, and hope of things eternal—this, venerable brethren, should be your first object, and also that of the other clergy and of all our spiritual children who, bound together in various associates, strive to promote the glory of God and the real welfare of society. For, in proportion as this faith increases amongst men their immoderate desire of pursuing vain earthly enjoyments will decrease, charity will revive, and tumults and social conflicts will gradually subside.

FRUITS OF THE PONTIFICATE OF PIUS X.

And now, if we turn our thoughts from civil society to the Church's own affairs, there is certainly some ground why Our mind, troubled by the great calamities of the day, should be, at least to some extent, comforted. For besides the manifest proofs which present themselves of the divine power and indefectibility of the Church, no little consolation is given to Us by the splendid fruit of his active zeal left by Our predecessor Pius X. after having added to the lustre of the Apostolic See by the example of a holy life. For, thanks to his work, We see the religious spirit stirred up everywhere amongst ecclesiastics; piety excited amongst the Christian people; Catholic action and discipline promoted in Catholic societies; here episcopal Sees established, and here their number increased; arrangements made for the education of young clerics in accordance with the strict requirements of Canon Law and as needed owing to the nature of the times; all danger of rash innovations removed from the teaching of the sacred sciences; musical art made to serve worthily the majesty of sacred functions: the decorum of worshippers increased; and Christianity widely propagated by the new missions of heralds of the Gospel.

TO AVERT EVIL AND PROMOTE GOOD.

These are indeed great merits of Our predecessor in regard to the Church, and posterity will gratefully bear them in mind. Since, however, the field of the *good man of the house* is always, God permitting, exposed to the wicked arts of the *enemy*, the fear lest an abundance of cockle may injure the good fruits should never prevent work being done there. Therefore, taking as addressed to Ourselves what God said to the prophet, "Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up and to pull down. . . . and to build and to plant" (Jer. i. 10), so far as lies in Our power, We shall take the greatest care, until it please the Pastor of Pastors to demand from Us an account of the exercise of the ministry entrusted to Us, to avert whatever is evil and to promote what is good.

SUBJECTS OF CHIEF IMPORTANCE.

In addressing to you, venerable brethren, this first Encyclical Letter, We think it well to touch on certain of the chief subjects to which We have decided to devote Our special attention, and through your efforts to help Our work by your zeal the desired fruit will be secured earlier.

DISCORD TO BE AVOIDED.

First of all, since in every human society, for whatever purpose formed, it is of the utmost importance that the members should work strenuously together to attain the same object, we must exert ourselves by all means at our disposal to put an end to dissension and discord, of whatever kind, amongst Catholics; to guard against the growth of fresh differences between them; and to induce them to think and act unitedly. The enemies of God and the Church clearly understand that any dissension between Catholics in defending the Faith means victory for them. Hence it is a frequent practice of theirs when they see Catholics closely united to throw the seeds of discord between them astutely and try to destroy this unity. Would that their design had not so often succeeded to the great detriment of religion. Accordingly, when there is no doubt that legitimate authority has given an order, let no one consider he is at liberty to disregard it on the ground that he does not approve of it; but let everyone submit his opinion to the authority of him to whom he is subject and obey him through consciousness of duty. Again, let no private person either by the publication of books or journals or by delivering discourses publicly assume the position of a master in the Church. All know to whom God has given the teaching office in the Church; let him have the unrestricted right to speak as he thinks fitting when he wishes; it is the duty of others to tender him devout homage when he speaks and to obey his words. Concerning matters in which, since the Holy See has not pronounced judgment, saving faith and discipline, discussion may take place *pro* and *contra*, it is certainly lawful for everybody to say what he thinks and to uphold his opinion. But in such discussions let all intemperate language which may be seriously hurtful to charity be eschewed; let everyone indeed maintain his own view freely, but let him do so modestly, and let him not imagine he is justified in casting suspicion on the faith or discipline of those who hold a contrary opinion simply because they differ from him. We desire also that our people should refrain from the use of those appellatives which have recently been introduced to distinguish Catholics from Catholics, and that they avoid them not only as *profane novelties of words* which are in conformity neither with truth nor justice, but also because they give rise to serious agitation and great confusion amongst Catholics. The nature and bearing of the Catholic Faith are such that nothing can be added to it, and nothing taken away; it must be either held in its entirety or entirely rejected. "This is the Catholic faith which unless one firmly and faithfully believes he cannot be saved" (Athanasian Creed). There is no need, therefore, to add epithets to the profession of Catholicism; it is enough for everyone to say, "Christian is my name and Catholic my surname." Only let him strive to be really what he calls himself.

MODERNISM AGAIN CONDEMNED.

Moreover, from those of Our people who devote themselves to the general promotion of the Catholic cause the Church now requires something far different from persistence in dealing with questions from the discussion of which no advantage is derived; she demands that they should most earnestly

endeavor to preserve the Faith whole and free from every breath of error, following especially the guidance of him whom Christ has constituted the guardian and interpreter of the truth. Even at the present day there are those—and they are not a few—who, as the Apostle says, “do not endure sound doctrine, but, according to their own desires, heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears, and turn away their hearing from the truth, but are turned unto fables.” For, inflated and carried away by the great opinion they have formed of the human mind, which, thank God, has made astonishing progress in the study of nature, some, trusting in their own judgment, have spurned the authority of the Church and in their temerity have gone so far as not to hesitate to measure with their intelligence and to adapt to the mode of thinking of these times the very mysteries of God and God’s whole revelation to men. Therefore there have arisen the monstrous errors of *Modernism* which Our predecessor rightly termed “the synthesis of all heresies” and solemnly condemned. This condemnation, venerable brethren, We here renew in its full extent; and since the contagion, which is so pestiferous, has not been entirely removed, and even yet creeps about here and there secretly, We exhort all to guard with great care against the danger of being infected by it. To it may fittingly be applied the words of Job used of another matter: “It is a fire that devoureth even to destruction and rooteth up all things that spring” (Job xxxi. 12). And We desire that Catholics should not only keep clear of the errors but also of the tendency and what is called the spirit of the Modernists. Whoever is affected by this spirit rejects disdainfully whatever savors of antiquity, but eagerly searches for novelties everywhere—in the manner of speaking of divine things, in the celebration of divine worship, in the Catholic institutions and in the private exercise of piety. Therefore we desire that that law of our ancestors should be held sacred: “*Nihil innovetur nisi quod traditum est*” (“Let there be no innovation but in the sense of tradition”), which law, whilst, on the one hand, it is to be observed inviolably in matters of faith, should, on the other hand, serve as a standard in all things that are subject to change, although in these this rule also generally holds: “*Non nova sed noviter*” (“No novelties, but in a new manner”).

CATHOLIC ASSOCIATIONS.

But since, venerable brethren, men are greatly stimulated to an open profession of the Catholic Faith and to lead a life in harmony with it by fraternal exhortations and mutual good example, We rejoice exceedingly that new Catholic associations are continually being formed. We wish not only that the number should increase, but that they should continue to flourish under Our protection and favor; they will unquestionably flourish if they constantly and faithfully obey the directions which have been or will be given to them by the Apostolic See. Let all the members of these societies who work for God and the Church never forget the saying of Wisdom: “An obedient man shall speak of victory” (Prov. xxi. 28); for if they do not obey God by being obedient to the head of the Church, they will not obtain the divine assistance and will labor in vain.

THE LIVES OF THE CLERGY.

But that all these things may have the desired result you know, venerable brethren, that the prudent and assiduous work of those whom Christ Our Lord sent as *workmen into His harvest*, that is, of the clergy, is necessary. You, therefore, understand that your principal care ought to be to promote amongst the clergy you already have, sanctity befitting their sacred vocation,

and to train your ecclesiastical students worthily for so holy an office by the best education and discipline. We exhort and beseech you—although We know your diligence does not need a stimulus—to do this most zealously. Nothing could be of greater importance to the welfare of the Church than this matter, but Our predecessors, Leo XIII. and Pius X. of happy memory, having dealt with the subject, We need not dwell upon it here. We only ask that the documents in question of those wise Pontiffs, especially the *Exhortatio ad Clerum* of Pius X., should never, thanks to your advice and influence, be forgotten, but should be scrupulously followed.

OBEDIENCE TO THE BISHOPS.

There is one thing, however, which We must not pass over in silence; We wish to remind all Catholic priests, as sons who are most dear to Us, how absolutely necessary it is both for their own personal benefit and for the efficacy of their ministry that they should be closely united to their respective Bishops and obedient to them. Assuredly, as We have said above with regret, not all the ministers of the altar are free from the pride and spirit of insubordination which are characteristic of these times; and it happens not unfrequently that Pastors of the Church meet with trouble and rebellion where they had a right to expect consolation and help. Now, let those who so wretchedly fail in their duty bear in mind and reflect that the authority of the Bishops whom "the Holy Ghost hath placed to rule the Church of God" (Acts xx. 28) is divine; and if, as we have seen, they who resist any legitimate power resist God, much more impiously do they act who refuse to obey the Bishops whom God has consecrated by the seal of His power. "As charity," says Ignatius Martyr, "does not permit me to be silent concerning you, I have resolved to exhort you to be unanimously in the thought of God. For if Jesus Christ, with Whom our life is inseparably bound, is the Thought of the Father, so the Bishops in the regions where they are established are in the thought of the Father. Hence it is right that you should concur in the thought of the Bishops" (In *Epist. ad Ephes.*, iii.). And all the Fathers and Doctors of the Church have spoken in the same way as the illustrious Martyr. Add to this that whilst the burden of the Bishops is already too grave, owing to the difficulties of the times, their anxiety regarding the salvation of the flock entrusted to them is graver still: "For they watch as being to render an account of your souls" (Heb. xiii. 17). Must they not be called cruel who by refusing the obedience that is due increase their burden and anxiety? "For this is not expedient for you" (*Ibid.*, 17), the Apostle would say to them; and that because "the Church is a people united to a priest and a flock bound to their pastor" (*St. Cypr. Florentio cui et Puppiano*, ep. 68, al. 69). Hence it follows that he who is not with his Bishop is not with the Church.

THE HOLY SEE'S INDEPENDENCE.

And now, venerable brethren, in concluding this letter Our mind turns of itself to the point from which We started; and We again with all Our fervor pray for the end of this calamitous war, in the interests of human society and of the Church—in the interests of society in order that, peace being secured, real progress may be made in every branch of culture; and in the interests of the Church of Jesus Christ, in order that being restrained by no obstacles, she may be able to bear help and salvation to men in every part of the earth. For a long time now, it is true, the Church has not enjoyed the complete liberty of which she has need; that is, since her head, the Sovereign Pontiff, has been deprived of the protection which by the will of Divine Providence he

obtained in the course of ages to safeguard that liberty. The result of depriving him of that protection was, as was inevitable, serious anxiety amongst Catholics, for all who profess to be sons of the Roman Pontiff—those who are at a distance as well as those who are near—have a perfect and undeniable right to demand that their common father should be really and entirely free in the exercise of his Apostolic Ministry. Therefore whilst most desirous that peace should be restored amongst the nations as soon as possible, We also desire that the abnormal condition in which the head of the Church finds himself and which in many respects is highly injurious to the peace of peoples, should cease. We accordingly renew on the same grounds the protests on this subject which Our predecessors made on several occasions, moved, not by human considerations, but by the sacred sense of duty—the duty, namely, of defending the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Finally, venerable brethren, as the decisions of princes and all those who can put an end to the atrocities and troubles to which We have referred are in the hands of God, We raise Our voice in supplication to the Lord and cry out in the name of the whole human race, "Grant peace, O Lord, in our days." May He who said of Himself, "I, the Lord.....make peace" (Is. xlv. 6, 7), inclined to mercy by our prayers, quickly still the tempestuous waves by which society, civil and religious, is agitated. May the Blessed Virgin, of whom was born the Prince of Peace Himself, kindly come to Our aid and receive under her maternal care and protection Our humble person, Our Pontifical Ministry, the Church, and also the souls of all men redeemed by the divine blood of her Son.

As a pledge of Heavenly favors and in testimony of Our good will We lovingly impart the Apostolic Benediction to you, venerable brethren, and to your clergy and people.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 1st November, 1914, the feast of All Saints, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

BENEDICT XV., POPE.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

The Living Torch. By D. Kerin. \$1.00 net. *Panama: The Canal, the Country, and the People.* By A. Bullard. \$2.00 net. *Philip the King, and Other Poems.* By J. Masefield. \$1.25 net. *Representative English Comedies.* Edited by C. M. Gayley, LL.D. 3 Vols. \$2.00 set.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:

A Far Away Princess. By C. Reid. \$1.35 net. *The Secrets of the Elves.* By H. K. McElhone. *Capers: His Haps and Mishaps.* By W. J. Steinigans and O. Herford. \$1.50 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

From Dublin to Chicago. By G. A. Birmingham. \$1.50 net. *Europe Revised.* By I. S. Cobb. \$1.50 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Norah of Waterford. By Rosa Mulholland. \$1.10 net. *Prodigals and Sons.* By J. Ayscough. \$1.25 net.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:

The Parables of the Gospel. By Leopold Fonck, S.J. \$5.50.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Ivy Ledge. By M. F. Egan. \$1.35 net. *An Introduction to the Mystical Life.* By Abbé P. Lejeune. \$1.25 net.

- THE AMERICAN PRESS, New York:
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THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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FEBRUARY, 1915.

No. 599.

MARTYRS ACCORDING TO BERNARD SHAW.

BY DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.



THE most unique contribution to hagiography that ever issued from the pen of man has burst upon the literary world. And the hand that wielded the pen is that of the ever-original, ever-elusive, ever-non-Christian, Mr. Bernard Shaw. It is quite the popular fashion, you will note, for a writer to choose for his theme something in which he does not believe. What the centuries were spent in constructing, the present age is bent on destroying. Mr. Galsworthy is attacking that venerable but obsolete domestic contract known as wedlock. Mr. Wells has doomed for aye that atrophied social institution, the state. And Mr. Shaw, who is nothing if not ultra-fashionable, has blasted forever the supernatural character of Christian martyrs.

The first feeling of the reader of *Androcles and the Lion* is one of wrath. The next is one of astonishment and wonder. Can it be that this is the twentieth century of the Christian era? Somewhere in a remote past there is record of Roman comedians who delighted the hearts of pagan emperors with their mimicry of Christian rites. But that was when Christianity hid itself away in catacombs and came forth only to torture and death. I, for one, as I read *Androcles and the Lion*, could fancy the enthusiasm with which those old comedians would have hailed Mr. Shaw's play.

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VOL. C.—37

Excruciatingly funny! Ridiculously humorous! Just the sort of stuff to tickle the tastes of audiences whose chosen diversion was to make game of Christianity.

But Mr. Shaw, please observe, did not write *Androcles and the Lion* for them, but for Christians of this twentieth century. Could it be that he expected his audience to enjoy the same spectacle that would have delighted pagans centuries back? However that may be, the vogue enjoyed by Mr. Shaw's writings and the extent of the audience which will view *Androcles and the Lion*, make imperative the consideration of this unique contribution to literature and unbelief from the viewpoint of the Catholic.

Mr. Shaw is undeniably clever. The triteness of the remark calls for an apology; but it is one of the few compliments that can safely be paid him, and like most compliments it is just a bit hackneyed. As a thorough-going, conscientious humorist, he has grasped the principle that humor is based on the incongruous. The greater the incongruity, the more titillating the humor; the more serious the subject, the greater its possibilities for burlesque. So, though you may picture Napoleon as the greatest genius of all military dramas, you cannot but appreciate the ridiculous humor of *The Man of Destiny*. Cæsar may be in your eyes the most potent figure of ancient history, the incarnation of Roman dominance, shrewdness, courage and physical energy; you will none the less find Mr. Shaw's picture of the Roman delightfully amusing. You may be moved to swear; you will surely be moved to laugh. And your laugh will have something of a sly chuckle about it, for Mr. Shaw has shown the daring to trifle with such titantic characters. The very potentness of the subjects, the innate grandeur and conscious magnificence of proportion by contrast make possible, when the subjects are treated humorously, an incongruity indescribably funny.

But when Mr. Shaw talked of Napoleon and Cæsar, be it noted, he was speaking to persons but vaguely interested in these men. We admire them, yes; we take them seriously, of course; but not half so seriously as we Americans take doughty General Stark or our British brothers take Colin Campbell. Mr. Shaw is not speaking in French to Frenchmen, nor in Latin to Romans; but in English to men who waged victorious war with the emperor, and who are descended from the men brave Julius tried to conquer. Let him touch with the pen of the humorist the character of Nelson or of Washington, and unless Englishmen and Americans have lost ut-

terly their love for the men who saved their nations, the raciest absurdity in Nelson or the "killingest" bulls on the lips of Washington would fall flatter than the stalest jests. Reverence has swallowed up the possibility of humor.

And now the thing that rouses anger in every thoughtful Christian, is just the fact that in *Androcles and the Lion* Mr. Shaw has chosen for purposes of mirth persons not only worthy of serious consideration—that may be a humorist's privilege—but persons worthy of the highest reverence—and that is sacrilege. One may jest, if he cares to be so convention-bound, at mothers-in-law; they are merely serious. But the blood of a thousand sons rises to boiling point if he dares to jest at mothers.

So when Mr. Shaw chooses to make merry with the Christian martyrs, the men and women in whose blood was written ineffaceably a record of the faith and the hope that was in them, he offends mortally the sons and daughters of those martyrs, the Christians of to-day. He makes mock of heroes and heroines who merit not only serious consideration but the deepest reverence, of men and women whose very garments wet with their blood a mighty Church has preserved as too sacred for profane touch. And clever though he be, Mr. Shaw is no more capable of appreciating and understanding the martyrs who died rather than sacrifice to a false god than the veriest pagan.

If Mr. Shaw means us to take his characters seriously, he has—intentionally or not, that matters little—betrayed the most lamentable want of historic insight, the most amazing incapacity to interpret noble motives and lofty aspirations. If—and this view I prefer to assume—he means *Androcles and the Lion* to be a piece of ridiculous humor, a piece of burlesque not unlike the animal extravaganzas of our childhood days, then he has made the mistake of choosing a subject quite incapable of humorous treatment. He has sacrificed the inbred ideals of millions of his fellowmen for the sake of a rather mediocre farce. In either case, Mr. Shaw is wrong, utterly, hopelessly wrong.

As a subject for humor, martyrs quite fail of their purpose. They fail of their own nature; they fail because of the audience to whom the humor is addressed. Regarding the latter, a careful distinction is necessary. It is quite true that people have gone home with aching sides from *Androcles and the Lion*. The London critics soundly rated—though not from any ethical motive—the metropolitan audiences that roared when Androcles and Megaera fell in a

heap on their bundle, that rocked in their seats when Spintho, cheap craven, rushed from the stage into the jaws of the beast, and that howled at the absurdity of imperial Cæsar chased by a property lion.

If Mr. Shaw is writing for the present thoughtless theatre-going public, this humor has been eminently successful. But, if Mr. Shaw is aiming at taking a place among the literary giants of all time—and I rather fancy he is—he has quite misjudged the fairness and unprejudice of true critics. Humor that gives pain is no true humor at all. If it does pass down into history, it is only to be ranked with the sneers of Swift and the glittering invective of Junius. Laughter lies close to tears; but the jest that in aiming at the first brings also the second, fails in that primal requisite of all true humor—it brings no light, no joy into human souls. The just critic of literature, who is also a just critic of history, will read in the humor of *Androcles and the Lion* the pain that it has caused Christian hearts, and recognizing its true basis will condemn its author.

Conceive, then, the persons about whom Mr. Shaw plays his lightning and flourishes his bladder and slapstick: men and women on the brink of eternity; men and women who are sacrificing home, friends, love, fortune, all that the human heart clings to, for the sake of a principle that embraces the basic facts of time and eternity, of earth and the unfathomable beyond; men and women who are brave in the face of torture, strong in their sense of truth, heroes, martyrs, saints. Perhaps the sight of an actor garbed as St. Francis of Assisi dancing the highland fling, his tattered brown habit whirling like the cloak of a dervish, would impress the observer, unacquainted with the great saint, as ludicrously funny. But to one who has come to know the man of the poor, and knowing, to love him, the sight would be repellant, nauseating.

And to see Christian martyrs, in very truth our blood brothers in the Faith, serving as comedians in a farce, strikes no reëchoing chord of humor in a soul tintured ever so slightly with the creed of Christ. It is impossible to conceive of a comedy based on the execution of Mary Stuart or of Marie Antoinette. Schiller wrote a masterly tragedy about the former; but not even the most daring dramatist would dare to pivot a comedy about the death of either. It is impossible to conceive of a door-slamming, mistaken identity farce with Nathan Hale as leading "comedy;" nor with the victims of the Black Hole as the vehicles for puns and topical witticisms. Mr. Shaw was never more original than when he chose to make Christian

martyrs his comedians. And Mr. Shaw will find when the hollow laughter of a thoughtless public has died down—as die it surely will—that his originality has failed.

Mr. Shaw's art, and the statement needs no apology, has much of the art of a literary caricaturist about it. All ultra-realists are such in fact if not in theory. The glass they hold up to nature is concave or convex or just a bit off in its true image. Now in his highest type, the caricaturist holds a lofty place in literature. Cervantes was a caricaturist. Shakespeare, when he gave us Falstaff, was a literary caricaturist. Dickens in his Mr. Pickwick was a caricaturist, and greater for that very fact.

But a caricature, at least as I understand it, has this one distinguishing trait. It selects from the group of qualities that compose the person or class of persons to be caricatured, the one salient quality that makes them conspicuous. This quality it accentuates, it exaggerates; upon this it throws the play of light and shadow, bringing it into strong relief.

The purpose of a caricaturist is by no means essentially humorous; for the caricature by its very accentuation brings vividly before the imagination the one quality that makes that person what he is. But suppose the caricaturist takes some unimportant point, some quality that the person possesses in common with a score, a hundred, a host of his fellowmen. Suppose he accentuates and exaggerates and fills it out with high light and deep shadow. He would be like an artist who in caricaturing William II. would present him with gigantic eyebrows instead of gigantic mustaches. He would give us a caricature of a score, a hundred, or a host of possible persons, but not one distinctive of the person he aims at portraying.

Precisely in this do I conceive the art of Mr. Shaw to be at fault. The one thing that makes Napoleon great is not his pedantry, his prudishness, his inflated vanity. I know a host of college professors more pedantic, of masculine spinsters more prudish, or crossing policemen more vain and conceited. These qualities he shares with the smallest and meanest of us. The thing that marks Napoleon off from every other human being is his genius for command, based on a sublime self-confidence and a masterful sway over the hearts and affections of men. Cæsar, possibly, was vain, dreadfully absent minded, no doubt—for example he found no difficulty in dictating to four stenographers at once. So were Caius Balbus and Rufus Fulvidus; yet they did not bring the Roman Republic

to their feet. When Mr. Shaw handles Napoleon and Cæsar, he insists on treating them regardless of their great personal, pre-ëminent gifts, just as mere ordinary human beings. Such they emphatically were not. His caricature accentuated the pedantry of Napoleon. Change the name, and the character will do for a bookish professor of engineering. He throws into vivid light the vanity of Cæsar. *Mutato nomine*, the part will do for our corner barber; he, too, is getting dreadfully bald.

Of course, it is ludicrous to see Napoleon and Cæsar acting just like the rest of men, forgetting names, flirting clumsily and so on; but acting just like the rest of men would never have made them Napoleon or Cæsar. Some day a Shaw of the future will attempt a play with Mr. Shaw of the present for his hero. He will represent him as taking coffee and a roll for breakfast, just as Jones of Anyold Place does; quarrelling with his tailor, just as every second man in London does; but he will pass over without a word the brilliant audacity that manifests itself in plays, poses and impertinences. For that is the only thing that makes Mr. Shaw, Mr. Shaw. So when he comes to caricature a band of Christian martyrs, he pictures them as laughing as hysterically and as boisterously as gallery-gods; as flirting in a mild, rather insipid fashion; as singing hymns like a crowd at a street corner prayer meeting; as bandying epigrams that savor of a dinner party or a lawn fête. But he passes over with scarcely a touch the great quality that makes a martyr a martyr—the known determination to die rather than to betray the known truth.

Eliminate the flirting, and I am quite ready to grant the possibility of the rest. Martyrs, we know, went joyously to martyrdom; that was part of their code of honor. Indeed, nothing in all *Androcles and the Lion* even remotely approaches the grim humor of St. Lawrence's request to his executioners to turn him over on the gridiron, as his right side was quite done. But to accentuate this quality to the detriment of their great characteristic, is to miss the point that makes the caricature true. And this is what Mr. Shaw has done. In this, as in so many of his other plays, he has stuck up before us a set of pretty, decorated figures, who when they speak give forth the voice of Mr. Shaw; who when they pose strike the attitudes of Mr. Shaw; who when they attempt to think, think the thoughts and sentiments of Mr. Shaw.

Many of the editors and critics have seen fit to take Mr. Shaw's play quite seriously. Perhaps he did mean it to be taken so.

Perhaps *Androcles and the Lion* is a fable play with a serious purport. If so, then on this count Mr. Shaw is even more at fault than on the other. If *Androcles and the Lion* be an attempt to give forth Mr. Shaw's views on the subject of martyrs, then I shudder for Mr. Shaw's views.

It would seem that the principle for which Christian martyrs died was quite too clear and obvious to need explanation nowadays. But when I read this remarkable play, I found that Mr. Shaw had succeeded in so thoroughly obscuring it as to render it almost unrecognizable. That is the very thing that makes the plays of Mr. Shaw so baffling to the average playgoer. There is a gleam of truth here and there, but so faint as to be quickly lost in the shadows. What does he mean? Whom is he attacking? What is he really preaching? What principles is he substituting for those he derides or ignores? The agile Mr. Shaw gives little clue to his purpose, and only the most careful sifting brings it to light. So, after an evening at *Androcles and the Lion*, one might well ask in amazement, "Then why did Christian martyrs die?" Mr. Shaw fails adequately to state. The true principle of martyrdom which flits vaguely through the play, is thoroughly obscured by false principles satirically treated. May I repeat this true principle, which my reader undoubtedly already knows?

The Christian martyrs, most of them converted pagans, had given up family and their rights as citizens of the empire, to profess faith in a proscribed religion. That religion taught them with absolute conviction the Divinity of Christ, the sole dominion of one omnipotent God, the immortality of their souls, and the truth of the Church. In their eyes the religion of the pagans was devil worship, and at least one of them was slain for preaching in the face of his judges that the gods of the Gentiles were devils. They could no more recognize the coexistent truth of a second and divergent religion, than a modern astronomer could believe in the co-existent truth of the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems. They were absolutely intolerant with the intolerance of all persons who are thoroughly convinced of the truth of their position.

According to the Roman law which deified in its emperor the power and omnipotence of the state, adherence to another than the established religion was treason. Though as one of Mr. Shaw's characters categorically states, neither the emperor nor any educated man in Rome might have believed in the state religion as more than a political expedient, the blame laid by the pagans on Christianity

for the downfall of the empire, which they attributed to the wrath of the deserted gods shows that, with the people at least, the old religion was very much of a reality. But for state purposes, it was enough that outward conformity should be given; the conscience could be of any religious cast or no religious cast as it chose.

But even this outward conformity, the Christians unconditionally and with the highest possible justification refused. They refused to live externally a lie that their whole souls repudiated. To them the throwing of a grain of incense on the altar of Jupiter—the test of orthodoxy—was the acknowledgment, publicly and formally, that Christ was false and Jupiter true. That grain of incense was a tribute paid to devils; it was an acknowledgment that everything they professed as highest truth and loved as highest beauty, was false and a sham. What mattered it if in their heart of hearts they had built up a sanctuary to the true God? In the eyes of all men they had denied Him. Their faith in their God was not strong enough to stand the test of death. And because they were true to their principles, they chose a brutal martyrdom.

And for my single self, I can think of nothing nobler. The ages ring with the praises of Socrates, martyr of truth. Yet Socrates, throughout all his life, lived a lie. He worshipped at the shrines of gods whose existence he denied. Cicero lived a lie; for the God he describes so eloquently in his essays was not the sleepy, lustful gourmand whom the Romans deified. Yet Cicero laid incense on the altar of Jupiter. The real ethical truth that one cannot think one thing and live another, that a lie is a lie no less when one lives it than when one utters it, found expression only with the advent of Christianity. The very ideal that we prize so highly to-day, absolute and unswerving loyalty to principle, was never more gloriously maintained than by the Christian martyrs.

Truth is absolute, dependent on no one. That I maintain the more vigorously, as it is more and more made a thing purely subjective. Yet if you stop to consider for a moment the possible consequences of casting that tiny grain of incense, you can see for yourself how false in practice, if not in theory, is the statement of Mr. Shaw; "the truth, if there be truth, needs no martyrs." Let us suppose that the Christian martyrs had flung on the altar that tribute of incense. In the face of the world, which they were longing to convert, they proclaimed: Our love for Christ is less than our love of life; our conviction of the reality of a world of infinite delights of which we prate so much, is really far less strong than

our conviction of the reality of the world about us; our fear of God is not half so compelling as our fear of the lions. All that the Christian martyrs died to prove would have fallen into dust even as the grain of incense fell before the consuming fire. The mighty Church that was to regenerate the world would never have come forth from the catacombs, but would have found in them its eternal tomb. Christianity would be instead of a living, acting force, a bit of ancient history, unmourned and unsung.

Throughout *Androcles and the Lion*, Mr. Shaw shows faint signs that he vaguely realizes this fundamental basis of Christian martyrdom. But, as was intimated, he is quite incapable of appreciating or understanding it, even though he were willing to display it fairly. Mr. Shaw is not himself a Christian, and quite obviously he considers that the Christian religion is a tissue of sentiments, a pious subjective feeling without any radical basis in objective truth.

There Mr. Shaw is historically wrong. Whatever be the effect of the principle that deeds not dogmas count in modern religions, the early Church and the present martyr-bearing Church is essentially dogmatic. That is only another way of saying that it believes and preaches an absolute, objective truth. Sentiments there were and are, sentiments of love, hope, zeal and sacrifice. But it is a love that is founded on the dogma of the Fatherhood and generous providence of God; hope that has for its basis the dogma that God is omnipotent, and that Christ, His divine Son, died to save sinners; zeal that was born of the dogma that the Christian creed is necessary for the world's salvation; self-sacrifice that would be unintelligible without the dogmas of a future world, personal immortality, the pricelessness of virtue, and the heinousness of sin.

This view of the Christian religion the whole attitude of Mr. Shaw's martyrs contradicts. Lavinia's statement to the pagan captain is particularly illuminating. "Do you think," she says, "that I, a woman, would quarrel with you for sacrificing to a woman god like Diana if Diana meant to you what Christ meant to me? No, we should kneel side by side before her altar like two children." Such a sentiment no Christian martyr could possibly have uttered. It was not a question of feeling, but ultimately of belief. To a martyr, Christ was God; Diana the name for a devil. There was not the slightest possibility of a parallel. No fellow feeling with the devout of the pagan religion could even be imagined.

In one instance, in the apostasy of Spintho, Mr. Shaw comes

very near the truth. Incidentally, it is instructive to note the explanation given by Lavinia of her feelings toward martyrdom, in the light of this apostasy. She says: "When men who believe neither in their god nor mine. . . . drag me to the foot of a statue that has become the symbol for the terror and darkness through which they walk. . . . when they ask me to pledge my soul before the people that this hideous idol is God, it is physically impossible. . . . If I took a pinch of incense in my hand and stretched it out over the altar fire, my hand would come back. My body would be true to my faith, even if you could corrupt my mind."

Now note carefully. The essence of her repugnance to apostasy is physical rather than supernatural. Faith might go, but the physical repugnance would remain. Like the mouse that she was physically incapable of handling, the incense brings with it a physical repulsion that conquers even where her mind fails. And later on when her "faith has been oozing away minute by minute. . . . with stories and dreams fading away into nothing," her physical repulsion to apostasy remains. When the physical repulsion fails, as in the case of Spintho, apostasy follows. With protestations of faith on his lips, with a conviction of the reality of the great truths, he flies to seek the altar of incense. His physical instinct was too weak to withstand the great reality of martyrdom.

Every Christian reading of the apostasy of this vile creature instinctively breathes a sigh of relief. He recognizes as even Mr. Shaw must have done in creating him, that there was lacking the one thing necessary to make Spintho a martyr. That thing Mr. Shaw calls physical repulsion, physical courage, if you will. That thing the Christian calls coöperation with the supernatural help of God. And just at this point it is that Mr. Shaw is incapable of understanding the Christian martyrs.

The physical repulsion of Lavinia, unaided by the grace of God, could no more have carried her through the pangs of martyrdom than the mental repulsion of Spintho. Physical feeling is overcome by physical feeling. The martyrs whose flaming bodies lighted the gardens of Nero, had far more than a physical repulsion to keep them loyal to their God. How could you physically or psychologically explain in a twelve-year old Agnes the courage of martyrdom? By a physical repulsion or a purely abstract conviction? The smile on the lips of the child Pancratius, the heroic cheerfulness of women and children who through fire and the rack, tearing with iron claws, scourging and mutilation went triumphantly

to their reward, cannot be explained by either of these theories. Deep down in their hearts the supernatural help of God, which Mr. Shaw ignores or knows nothing of, was sustaining their souls, though their flesh shrank from the tortures. More than a mere belief in the truths of Christianity was sustaining them. A man may believe all that Christ teaches without having the courage to face a contemptuous sneer. The supernatural strength of God poured out upon His martyrs, and freely accepted by them, made children stronger than the fire that burned them, filled tortured maidens with the courage of a Joan of Arc, and sent physically broken patriarchs, like the aged Polycarp, rejoicing to their death. And because Mr. Shaw recognizes nothing of this, he has given us the travesty called *Androcles and the Lion*.

The customary method of reproducing in their proper setting and with just proportions the persons who have made history, is by studying carefully the pictures tradition has handed down to us, comparing their dominant characteristics, weighing their motives, measuring their proportions in due perspective, collating and combining. That is the customary method; but Mr. Shaw has thrown all custom to the winds. Where in the name of all that is history did he secure the originals of his martyrs? The answer is clearly more flattering to the imagination than to the historical insight of this clever playwright. For Androcles, Spintho, Lavinia, and Ferrovius sprang full grown from the brain of Mr. Shaw. Their like was quite unknown heretofore.

For one thing, however, we owe their creator the deepest gratitude. Had he allowed his creatures in the end to be numbered among the martyrs of history, we could never have forgiven him. But—and here we pause to thank him sincerely—not one of his characters attains that honor. For once Mr. Shaw has been true to nature, and has done the obvious. Not even his ingeniousness could have gained for these pseudo-Christians the martyr's crown.

To whom shall we compare Androcles? I have turned the pages of the Roman Martyrology, that terse epitome of heroic faith, without finding anyone even remotely resembling this man of tabby cats. Perhaps somewhere in the ancient records of the Corinthian S. P. C. A., a personality like his may have slipped in. But I am sure that the officers of that postulated society must have expelled him on discovery. The menagerie keeper was quite right in saying: "He is not a Christian." His reason for refusing to sacrifice to Diana is surely very cogent. "She is a huntress and

kills things." He really doesn't think he could consent to go to heaven if he thought there were no animals there. The pain of martyrdom after all will not be so bad, for think how the lion will enjoy eating him. It is only the public denial of the faith that he dreads, and that not so intensely, as his advice to Ferrovius clearly shows. "If you could arrange for me to sacrifice when nobody was looking, I shouldn't mind: But I must go into the arena with the rest. My honor, you know!" The character of Androcles is ridiculous, I admit; and his horse-play with the lion and the emperor may impress the frivolous playgoer as very funny; but as a type of Christian—ugh!

When the armies of Mohammed marched over Asia and Africa, they numbered in their ranks a host of licentious youths whose one ambition was to fall in battle, so that they might pass straight from this life of rottenness to the lustful paradise beyond. And when the wars of the Protestant Revolution were making Europe a battle-field, the vilest men of the times took sides in the conflict, fighting under the cloak of religion for the gratification of their basest passions.

There is little need to dwell long on the character of the wretched Spintho. He was not even Christian in name. No man of his brutish nature could possibly have been attracted by the purely spiritual happiness promised the faithful Christian. The words of Androcles to him are surely significant: "Heaven will be a very dull place for a man of your temperament." If Mr. Shaw had desired to bring the truths of Christianity into contempt, he could not have adopted a more successful plan than that of placing them on the lips of Spintho. And yet his statements are only half truths. He is quite correct in saying that all martyrs go to heaven; but he has forgotten that only he is worthy of martyrdom whose soul has been cleansed from sin in the great love of Christ, and whose heart has effectively turned from the goods of earth to the goods of eternity. And I trust that in the midst of his disgust for the miserable cant of this wretched man, the reader too will not forget these basic facts.

Mr. Shaw has time and time declared that he does not believe in miracles. And because he does not he created Ferrovius. The wonderful conversions of the early Church must somehow be explained away, and satire is always an effective instrument where argument is lacking. The martyrs prior to the entrance of Ferrovius, tell in awestruck tones of

the conversions wrought by this newly-baptized Christian, just as the early Christians might have told among themselves of the wonderful conversions of Paul, so lately Saul. Then comes Ferrovius himself, and the whole idea of miraculous conversions is crushed amid a roar of laughter. Not a miracle, but the fear inspired by this bull of a man has brought pagans to the faith. We see him towering above a trembling pagan, who is ready at his bidding to do anything, yes, even embrace Christianity; we hear him tell of the youth whose hair was turned white in a single night, but whose conversion he finally wrested from him. And the inference? As unfair and one-sided as an inference could possibly be; such ridiculous things have the Christians called miracles. Since he could not possibly refute them, Mr. Shaw has forced his audience to laugh at miracles.

Just which one of the Christian martyrs Mr. Shaw had in mind when he conceived Lavinia, it is difficult to imagine. Mentally I placed her beside St. Cecilia, who like herself was a patrician. And on the one hand I saw a Christian maiden wedded to a pagan nobleman, impressing on his mind by her innate purity of soul the highest ideal of chastity and virtue. On the other I saw a Christian maiden on the brink of martyrdom, flirting with a Roman captain. I marked on the one hand, how this brave woman sent before her to death her husband and her brother-in-law whom she had converted; while on the other I marked how this woman encouraged the apostasy of her fellow-captives. On the one hand, I saw an heroic maiden bathed in her own blood, lying with a triple sword stroke in her delicate neck; on the other, I saw another Christian maiden, forgetful of the glory of martyrdom she had been so near to gaining, return to her home filled with the thought of her handsome captain. And as I noted throughout the supreme confidence of the one and the hesitancy and doubt of the other, I fancied that the Church that honors a St. Cecilia would have been slow to place in its calendar a St. Lavinia.

Mr. Shaw's play, *Androcles and the Lion*, has more of the satire about it than we are at first inclined to suspect. You remember the instances so frequently recurring in the history of the early persecutions where lions who had purposely been starved for days licked the feet of the defenceless martyrs, and could not be goaded on to do them the slightest hurt? The miracles, for miracles they were, which led many of the spectators to embrace Christianity, have been cleverly burlesqued by Mr. Shaw in *Androcles and the Lion*.

If when next you read of the miraculous docility of the ravening beasts fawning upon the Christian, you recall the romping horse-play of Androcles and his pet lion and smile, the satire has accomplished its purpose.

More than that. The grain of truth that lurks here and there has so been placed as to make it sound more repellant than error. The truths of Christianity, even the most sublime, on the lips of a Spintho sound false and hollow. The prayer of Androcles and the cant humility of Ferrovijs disgust us. And throughout there is just enough fun poked at Christian principles to make a weak-kneed Christian wish he were on the other side.

When Cervantes drew his *Don Quixote*, he had a definite end in view. He was aiming the death blow at a decadent chivalry. When Aristophanes staged his comedies, he had in mind the correction of what he considered abuses. That is the proper object of satire. Mr. Shaw is the Aristophanes of to-day, but minus the motive. I was surely not aware that the abuse of being martyred was becoming over common nowadays. I was not even aware that Christianity for the last time had served with its stimulating hope, its sublime ideals, its soul-satisfying dogmas, the higher nature of man. When it becomes an abuse to die for the truth that is in one, when Christianity no longer brings light and hope to human souls, then *Androcles and the Lion* will find its place. In the long interim, I beg the reader to remember that Mr. Shaw was correct in every sense of the word when he called his drama a fable play.

THE CATHOLIC POETS OF BELGIUM.

BY JOYCE KILMER.



At a recent meeting of the English Poetry Society, Mlle. Coppin,¹ a distinguished Belgian poetess, who now, like so many of her compatriots, is a refugee in London, said: "I believe we have been too prosperous, too fond of pleasure. We are being purged and in our adversity we have found our nationality. If ever England, France, and Russia make a new Belgium, we shall be more simple and hard-working."

Those of us who believe that the character of a nation is, to a great extent, revealed in its literature cannot doubt that Mlle. Coppin's words are true. Surely the sick fancies of Maurice Maeterlinck (to mention the most conspicuous of Belgian men of letters) could come into being only in a land suffering from overmuch civilization, in a land whose citizens are too sophisticated for common and wholesome delights. Even more than the elaborate obscenities of Iwan Gilkin and Albert Giraud, Maeterlinck's morbid studies of mental, spiritual, and physical degradation belong to that sort of literature which is called "decadent." And decadent literature usually is produced for and by people who need to be, in Mlle. Coppin's words, "more simple and hard-working."

That the great tragedy which has overtaken Belgium will have a beneficial effect upon its literature is not to be doubted. Of course, the first result is an almost total cessation of creative activity; one cannot handle a rifle and a pen at the same time. But with the return of peace must come the development of a new Belgian literature, a literature which is not an echo of the salon-philosophies of Paris and Berlin, but a beautiful expression of the soul of a strong and brave race.

It is possible that when the poets of a re-created Belgium are singing their clear songs, the world, comparing them with Gilkin, Giraud, Maeterlinck, and the Verhaeren of *Les Débâcles* and *Les Flambeaux Noirs* will say: "Now, for the first time, Belgian poetry deserves the attention of those who are interested in other than the pathological aspects of literature! Not until the land had

¹*The Poetry Review*, November, 1914, p. 202.

been purified by blood and flame did the Spirit of Beauty come to dwell in Flanders!"

But this criticism will be unjust. Great literary movements do not spontaneously come into being; they develop slowly and surely through the centuries. If all the poetry of Belgium were the work of charlatans and vicious men, then, not even this tremendous war could stimulate it into healthy life. The fame of Maeterlinck's dismal dramas, and of the least worthy poems of Emile Verhaeren, should not make us oblivious of the fact that Belgium has, and has always had, its small, but brilliant, company of sincere and gifted writers, men who have not debased their art, but have held in honor the sacred traditions of their high calling. He who, neglecting the productions of the symbolists, decadents, and similar phantasists, turns his attention to the authentic literature of the Belgian people, finds a strain of poetry white and beautiful, and as fervently Catholic as the immortal songs of Crashaw and Francis Thompson. It is not the disciples of Baudelaire and Mallarmé who have planted the seeds of poetry that soon shall burst into splendid bloom, but men like Thomas Braun and Georges Ramaekers, men who, serving faithfully their Muse, have never wavered in their allegiance to the Mistress of all the Arts, the Catholic Church.

It must not be thought that these poets write only religious poems. They have, indeed, produced such masterpieces of devotional verse as Braun's *Livre des Bénédictiones* and Ramaekers' *Le Chant des Trois Regnes*. But when their poetry is not religious it is not, at any rate, irreligious; they "utter nothing base." And surely even the lightest of secular poems may do its author's Catholicism no discredit. As Francis Thompson said of poetry² in the eloquent appeal to the "fathers of the Church, pastors of the Church, pious laics of the Church" with which his most famous essay begins, "Eye her not askance if she seldom sing directly of religion: the bird gives glory to God though it sings only of its own innocent loves. . . . Suffer her to wanton, suffer her to play, so she play round the foot of the Cross!"

Indeed, what is true of much modern English verse is true also of that of Belgium, there are Catholic poets who seldom in their work refer directly to their faith, and there are infidel poets who have laid impious hands on the Church's treasures, and decorate

²Shelley, in *The Works of Francis Thompson* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), p. 3.

their rhymes with rich ecclesiastical imagery and the fragrant names of the Saints. So we find, for example, Emile Verhaeren using the first chapters of Genesis as the theme of a poem³ that is anything but edifying, while that pious Catholic, Thomas Braun, writes a volume of verses about postage stamps.⁴

There are certain optimistic persons who believe that the general use in literature of sacred names and traditions augurs well for the spread of faith. A member of an Anglican religious order, who two years ago delivered a series of lectures in New York City, prophesied a mighty recrudescence of religion among the poets of England, and based his prophecy, apparently, on the fact that Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie and other brilliant young writers have made ballads out of some of the most picturesque of the legends about the Saints. He did not see that Mr. Abercrombie selected his themes solely because of their literary value. There are many poets who eagerly avail themselves of the stores which are the Church's heritage, who introduce the name of the Blessed Virgin into their verses exactly as they would introduce that of Diana, or Venus or any creature of fable. Personally, I have never been able to enjoy the recital, however skillful, of a sacred story by a poet who did not believe in it, and therefore I cannot grow enthusiastic over the knowledge that many Belgian poets, whose philosophies are hostile to the Church, like to write about monstrances and chalices and altars, and to tell ostentatiously "human" stories about sacred people in general and St. Mary Magdalen in particular. I find Thomas Braun's poems about postage stamps more edifying.

The modern Catholic poets of Belgium may be roughly divided into two groups, the mystics and the primitives. These terms are here used merely for the purposes of this classification, and cannot perhaps be justified by scientific criticism. Among the mystics I would include such writers as Georges Ramaekers, the brilliant editor of *Le Catholique*, and perhaps Max Elskamp, who use elaborate and complicated symbols, and, in general, may be said to do in verse what the late Joris Karl Huysmans, after his conversion to Catholicism, did in prose. Among the primitives I would place such poets as Victor Kinon and Thomas Braun, who look for their inspirations to the ancient religious life of Flanders, in all its picturesque simplicity, and are more concerned with celebrating the

³*Le Rythme souverain* in *Les Rythmes souverains* (Mercure de France).

⁴*Philatélie* (Bibliothèque de l'Occident).

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piety of simple Flemish peasants than with endeavoring to penetrate high mysteries.

It is to that valued friend of Belgian letters, Mr. Jethro Bithell, of Birbeck College, London, whose translation of Stefan Zweig's book⁵ on Verhaeren has recently earned him the gratitude of the English-speaking public, that we owe this excellent version of Thomas Braun's *The Benediction of the Nuptial Ring*, taken from this poet's *The Book of the Benedictions*.⁶ The directness and sincerity of this poem suggest the work of George Herbert.

THE BENEDICTION OF THE NUPTIAL RING.⁷

"That she who shall wear it, keep faith unchanged with her husband and ever live in mutual love."

Almighty God, bless now the ring of gold
Which bride and bridegroom shall together hold!
They whom fresh water gave to You are now
United in You by the marriage vow.
The ring is of a heavy, beaten ore,
And yet it shall not make the finger sore,
But easefully be carried day and night,
Because its secret spirit makes it light.
Its perfect circle sinks into the skin,
Nor hurts it, and the phalanx growing thin
Under its pressure molds itself ere long,
Yet keeps its agile grace and still is strong.
So love, which in this symbol lies, with no
Beginning more nor ending here below,
Shall, if You bless it, Lord, like gold resist,
And never show decay, nor flaw, nor twist,
And be so light, though solid, that the soul,
A composite yet indivisible whole,
Shall keep its tender impress to the last,
And never know the bonds that bind it fast.

In many of Thomas Braun's poems is to be found a quality suggestive of the folk-song. Like the Verhaeren of *Les Flamandes*, Braun writes of those huge, boisterous farmers and merchants who live for us on the canvasses of Brauwer and Jan Steen. But he writes of them, it need scarcely be said, in a very different spirit. Verhaeren saw only their gluttony, drunkenness, and coarseness;

⁵*Emile Verhaeren* (New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.).

⁶*Le Livre de Bénédiction*s.

⁷*Contemporary Belgian Poetry*, selected and translated by Jethro Bithell, M.A. (New York: Parker P. Simmons. 40 cents), p. 2.

Braun sees their courage, industry, good-nature, piety. In fact, Verhaeren saw their bodies, Braun sees their souls.

In an essay⁸ on Verhaeren recently printed, I called attention to the fact that while Verhaeren wrote of the Flemings with enthusiasm, and with repulsively careful attention to detail, he did not write of them with sympathy. He does not join in the revels about which he writes; he is interested in his loud purple-faced peasants, but with his interest is mingled a certain scorn. Thomas Braun, on the other hand, is thoroughly in sympathy with the life of which he writes; the reader feels that such a poem as *The Benediction of Wine*, for example, was written by a man who is artist enough to share actually in the strong simple piety of the keeper of the vineyard. The quaintness of Thomas Braun's poems, which is emphasized by the woodcuts made to accompany them by his brother who is a Benedictine monk, is not an affectation, it is a quality proper to the work of a man who, like Wordsworth, sees beauty chiefly in simplicity. Like Coventry Patmore, he has "divine frivolity," he is acquainted with the mirth of the Saints. In his own beautiful words, he knows how to play in the straw with the Child of Bethlehem.

Georges Ramaekers is a poet whose verse is for the most part too obscure to lend itself readily to translation. He will write a poem, for example, on mushrooms,⁹ and the reader will think after several minutes that he is being told merely about the common fungi. Then it comes to him that it is the Tree of Life that these maleficent growths are attacking; then they cover the columns of the Church and actually reach the Host Itself. The poem is, it seems, a denunciation of certain heresies, or of sloth, indifference, and other spiritual evils, but its meaning cannot adequately be given in an English translation.

Here is a similar poem, which, in Mr. Bithell's translation, shows Georges Ramaeker's symbolic method at its best and clearest.

THE THISTLE.¹⁰

Rooted on herbless peaks, where its erect
And prickly leaves, austerely cold and dumb,
Hold the slow, scaly serpent in respect,
The Gothic thistle, while the insects' hum

⁸*The New York Times Sunday Magazine*, December 27, 1914, p. 7.

⁹*Contemporary Belgian Poetry*, selected and translated by Jethro Bithell, M.A. (New York: Parker P. Simmons. 40 cents), pp. 124, 125, 126.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, p. 124.

Sounds far off, rears above the rock it scorns
 Its rigid virtue for the Heavens to see.
 The towering boulders guard it. And the bee
 Makes honey from the blossoms on its thorns.

Victor Kinon, like that very different poet, Albert Giraud, the chief Belgian disciple of Baudelaire, is of Walloon descent. Mr. Bithell calls this poet a "fervent Roman Catholic,"¹¹ but the poems which he has selected for translation are entirely secular in theme and treatment. They show, however, that their author is free from the vices of extreme realism and hysteria, which afflict many of his contemporaries. Sometimes it is fair to judge a poet's whole attitude toward life from his love poems. When decadence and feverish eroticism are in fashion, it is refreshing to come upon a poet sane enough to write so honest and delicate as this of Victor Kinon.

HIDING FROM THE WORLD.¹²

Shall not our love be like the violet, Sweet,
 And open in the dewy, dustless air
 Its dainty chalice with blue petals, where
 The shade of bushes makes a shy retreat?
 And we will frame our daily happiness
 By joining hearts, lips, brows in rapt caress
 Far from the world, its noises and conceit.
 Shall we not hide our modest love between
 Trees wafting cool on flowers and grasses green?

In Victor Kinon's poetry is shown a knowledge of nature like that possessed by that American poet whose death the world of letters has not ceased to mourn, Madison Cawein. He sketches a landscape in a few vigorous lines, and the picture is vivid and true. This little poem might be a lyrical rendition of a Monet painting.

THE SETTING SUN.¹³

The stainless snow and the blue,
 Lit by a pure gold star,
 Nearly meet, but a bar
 Of fire separates the two.

A rime-frosted, black pinewood,
 Raising, as waves roll foam,
 Its lances toothed like a comb,
 Dams the horizon's blood.

¹¹*Ibid.*, Introduction, p. xxviii.

¹²*Ibid.*, p. 63.

¹³*Ibid.*, p. 65.

In a tomb of blue and white
Nothing stirs save a crow,
Unfolding solemnly now
Its silky wing black as night.

It is difficult to resist the temptation to read into the Catholic fold many Belgian poets who do not, perhaps, belong there. There is scarcely a man of letters in Belgium who does not owe his introduction to literature to the Catholic Church. The Catholic schools and universities of Belgium have given a knowledge of art and poetry to many a poet who now pays for the gift his little stanzas of abuse. But some of them, and among them must be counted Emile Verhaeren, seem to be thinking of their old faith, now that the need of faith has become terribly apparent to them. Verhaeren, especially, seems to be about to stop in his weary flight from the Hound of Heaven. For many years he was a writer of poems that seemed to betray a mind absolutely diseased. There were realistic studies of human vice that seemed like pages of Zola done into verse, and there were extraordinary attempts (of which Stefan Zweig speaks approvingly) to "chisel a new face of God." But since his retirement to his little cottage at Caillou-qui-Bique, he has written poems that are for the most part exaltations of pure love, as lofty in thought as they are finished in composition. Mr. Bithell's translation of this little song of wedded love shows that Verhaeren has left far behind him the grossness of *Les Flamandes* and the morbidness of *Les Flambeaux Noirs*.

THIS IS THE GOOD HOUR WHEN THE LAMP IS LIT.¹⁴

This is the good hour when the lamp is lit.
All is calm, and consoling, and dear,
And the silence is such that you could hear
A feather falling in it.

This is the good hour when to my chair my love will flit
As breezes blow,
As smoke will rise,
Gentle, slow,
She says nothing at first—and I am listening;
I hear all her soul, I surprise
Its gushing and glistening,
And I kiss her eyes.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, pp. 194, 195.

This is the good hour when the lamp is lit.
When hearts will say
How they have loved each other through the day.

And one says such simple things:
The fruit one from the garden brings;
The flower that one has seen
Opening in mosses green;

And the heart will of a sudden thrill and glow,
Remembering some faded word of love
Found in a drawer beneath a cast-off glove
In a letter of a year ago.

But the poem which indicates most clearly the tremendous change that his nation's tragedy has brought to Verhaeren, is that inspired by the demolition of the Cathedral of Rheims. A year ago, it may be, Verhaeren would have thought of this cathedral merely as a beautiful piece of architecture, as an ancient and lovely landmark. Now that it has suffered from the cannon of an invading army, he remembers suddenly the high use for which it was intended, the destruction of the sacred images and vessels reminds him, in spite of all his sophistry, that these things were not mere works of art. Once more, as in those far-away years when, with Georges Rodenbach, Charles Van Lerberghe, and Maurice Maeterlinck, he learned of literature and life at the Jesuit College of Sainte-Barbe, he is able to understand that most necessary of all acts, worship. The poem is so significant, so important to all who desire an insight into the psychology of Verhaeren and of literary Belgium, that I venture to quote here my own translation of it. It by no means does justice to the beauty of the original.

THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS.¹⁵

He who walks through the meadows of Champagne
At noon in Fall, when leaves like gold appear,
Sees it draw near
Like some great mountain set upon the plain.
From radiant dawn until the close of day,
Nearer it grows
To him who goes

¹⁵ *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*, December 27, 1914, p. 7.

Across the country. When tall towers lay
Their shadowy pall
Upon his way,
He enters, where
The solid stone is hollowed deep by all
Its centuries of beauty and of prayer.

Ancient French temple! thou whose hundred kings
Watch over thee, emblazoned on thy walls,
Tell me, within thy memory-hallowed halls
What chant of triumph or what war-song rings?
Thou hast known Clovis and his Frankish train,
Whose mighty hand Saint Remy's hand did keep,
And in thy spacious vault perhaps may sleep
An echo of the voice of Charlemagne.
For God thou hast known fear, when from His side
Men wandered, seeking alien shrines and new,
But still the sky was bountiful and blue
And thou wast crowned with France's love and pride.
Sacred thou art, from pinnacle to base;
And in thy panes of gold and scarlet glass
The setting sun sees thousandfold his face;
Sorrow and joy in stately silence pass
Across thy walls, the shadow and the light;
Around thy lofty pillars, tapers white
Illuminate, with delicate sharp flames,
The brows of saints with venerable names,
And in the night erect a fiery wall,
A great but silent fervor burns in all
Those simple folk who kneel, pathetic, dumb,
And know that down below, beside the Rhine—
Cannon, horses, soldiers, flags in line—
With blare of trumpets, mighty armies come.
Suddenly, each knows fear;
Swift rumors pass, that every one must hear,
The hostile banners blaze against the sky
And by the embassies mobs rage and cry.
Now war has come and peace is at an end.
On Paris town the German troops descend.
They are turned back, and driven to Champagne.
And now as to so many weary men,
The glorious temple gives them welcome, when
It meets them at the bottom of the plain.

At once, they set their cannon in its way.
There is no gable now, nor wall
That does not suffer, night and day,
As shot and shell in crushing torrents fall.
The stricken tocsin quivers through the tower;
The triple nave, the apse, the lonely choir
Are circled, hour by hour,
With thundering bands of fire
And Death is scattered broadcast among men.

And then
That which was splendid with baptismal grace;
The stately arches soaring into space,
The transepts, columns, windows gray and gold,
The organ, in whose tones the ocean rolled,
The crypts, of mighty shades the dwelling places,
The Virgin's gentle hands, the Saints' pure faces,
All, even the pardoning hands of Christ the Lord
Were struck and broken by the wanton sword
Of sacrilegious lust.

O beauty slain, O glory in the dust!
Strong walls of faith, most basely overthrown!
The crawling flames, like adders glistening
Ate the white fabric of this lovely thing.
Now from its soul rose a piteous moan,
The soul that always loved the just and fair.
Granite and marble loud their woe confessed,
The silver monstresses that Popes had blessed,
The chalices and lamps and crosiers rare
Were seared and twisted by a flaming breath;
The horror everywhere did range and swell,
The guardian Saints into this furnace fell,
Their bitter tears and screams were stilled in death.

Around the flames armed hosts are skirmishing.
The burning sun reflects the lurid scene;
The German army, fighting for its life,
Rallies its torn and terrified left wing;
And, as they near this place
The imperial eagles see
Before them in their flight,
Here, in the solemn night,
The old Cathedral to the years to be
Showing, with wounded arms, their own disgrace.

Of Verhaeren's school-fellows at Sainte-Barbe, one, Maurice Maeterlinck, is already enjoying a fame which exceeds his deserts, and is not likely to endure. Georges Rodenbach, who died in 1898, wrote, like Verhaeren, of Flemish peasants, but he gave them a romantic glamour which has alienated critics who admire naturalistic poetry. Stefan Zweig has little use for him, and Jethro Bithell¹⁶ speaks of his "weary Alexandrians," and says that his reputation has waned considerably since his death. But Charles C. Clarke, of the Sheffield Scientific School, in the course of an illuminating article¹⁷ on Belgian literature, says that Rodenbach's poems have considerable vogue in France. From his discussion of Rodenbach I quote this felicitously phrased paragraph.

Morbid and mystic like his prose, Rodenbach's poetry has a delicacy and a silvery tone that are inimitable. Out of almost nothing it weaves thoughts and calls up memories of wonderfully melancholy beauty. In it water is always stagnant, giving chill reflections of the sky through trees; lights are dim, footsteps noiseless; rooms are repositories of reminders of the past, where silence speaks to the heart through sad aspects. The extent to which Rodenbach uses such notes constitutes his originality. His skill in avoiding every common formula and his delicate choice of metaphors seem really inspiration. No one has imitated his poems of gray tints and muffled sounds, his mourning designs of dull filigree, without falling into monotony and trifling. It is not enough praise for a poet to say of him that he was unapproachable in picturing the accessories of melancholy; but Rodenbach deserves no more, unless it be our gratitude for preserving in literature something of ancient Flanders which battle and flame have destroyed beyond material restoration.

Another school-fellow of Verhaeren, Charles Van Lerberghe, can scarcely, I believe, be called a Catholic poet, although like Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose disciple he was, his verse is filled with Catholic symbolism. In a country like Belgium, in which nearly all the education is Catholic, and in which nearly every poet is, at any rate nominally, a Catholic, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between writers who have a genuinely devotional spirit, and those who merely like to play with mysticism. There are, for

¹⁶*Contemporary Belgian Poetry*, selected and translated by Jethro Bithell, M.A. (New York: Parker P. Simmons. 40 cents), Introduction, p. xxv.

¹⁷*The Literature of the Belgians*, in *The Yale Review*, January, 1915, p. 295.

example, the amazing poems of Max Elskamp. He writes simple and charming poems about the Blessed Virgin and the Christ Child, and seems, indeed, to have the hardy faith of his Flemish ancestors. But the simplicity of his poems is not always convincing; the reader remembers that the late William Sharpe wrote, as "Fiona Mac-Leod," poems that seemed to flame with all the piety of the Gael. And William Sharpe was, as he took care to let the world know, a "pagan." The feeling that Elskamp's interest in religion is chiefly literary is strengthened when we learn from Mr. Bithell¹⁸ that most of the sacred names in his poems have a symbolic meaning, that the Blessed Virgin means merely "the pure woman," and the Christ Child simply "the delicious infancy." Intellectual caprices like this seldom accompany genuine devotional feeling.

But at any rate there is nothing to disgust or pain the reader in Elskamp's verse; whether or not he believes in the sacred personages of whom he writes, he does not treat them irreverently. His Catholicism, however, is not so convincing as is that of Thomas Braun and Georges Ramaekers.

It is good to find that in Belgium, a country the literature of which must inevitably reflect from time to time the strange fashions of Germany and France, there has been preserved through the years the poetry of Catholic tradition. Belgian poetry must become more and more spiritual; the poets have seen and felt things mighty and terrible, and they can no longer concern themselves with erotic fancies and the nuances of their own emotions. In days to come, historians of literature will perhaps see that on the thought of Belgium as on the thought of all Europe, this war has had a clarifying and strengthening effect. Good still comes from evil, sweetness from force, and honeycomb out of the lion's carcass. Belgium may say, in the words¹⁹ of one of the truest poets of our time:

Sweet Sorrow, play a grateful part,
Break me the marble of my heart
And of its fragments pave a street
Where, to my bliss, myself may meet
One hastening with pierced feet.

¹⁸*Contemporary Belgian Poetry*, selected and translated by Jethro Bithell, M.A. (New York: Parker P. Simmons. 40 cents), Notes, p. 205.

¹⁹*Sorrow*, in *Bread and Circuses*, by Helen Parry Eden (New York: John Lane Co.), p. 9.

"A TOUCH OF THE FEVER."

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.



THOUGH he might have shared, in excellent company, the offerings of either a Parisian or a London cuisine, Adrian Hawley had, for almost a fortnight, heroically dined alone at the table under the mulberry trees in the little garden of the Villa Penza. Nevertheless, on the eleventh day, something happened. The world moved, and his godmother, Mrs. Terrence O'Toole, arrived to shed the light of her countenance upon him. It was not until coffee had been served, however, that she opened her attack upon the fortress of his inmost thought.

"You have my permission for a cigarette," said she, "'twill induce a strain of logic."

Adrian, with a smile of acknowledgment, took advantage of the indult.

Whereupon his godmother remarked: "I told you that I met Thérèse Langford in London?"

"Y—e—s," murmured Adrian defensively.

"She's beset and besieged," sighed the old lady, "the cavaliers are ubiquitous."

Adrian smiled his thought, a crystal-clear thought, which said plainly and convincingly, "She deserves the best."

"But," announced Mrs. O'Toole, "she's adamant. If she won't, she won't. Horses couldn't drag her the other way."

Adrian, for the briefest of seconds, glanced quizzically across the table.

"Don't ask *me* why," said Mrs. O'Toole. "You men are the blind creatures."

Adrian dared no comment.

His godmother regarded him musingly a moment, then demanded: "What *are* you thinking of?"

"Nothing—like—that," said Adrian quietly.

"Nonsense!" threw out the other briskly. Then, leaning forward, she inquired confidentially: "Why—don't—you—ask—her?"

"Do you think I've lost my reason?" returned Adrian.

"You will, if you don't," retorted Mrs. O'Toole.

Adrian laughed dissentingly.

"'Tis no laughing matter," asserted the old lady warmly.

"And why?" he sought, with a slightly inquiring glance.

"Would you deliberately break a woman's heart?" asked his godmother feelingly.

"But," demurred Adrian, "that's just what I'm trying to avoid."

The old lady drew back in an attitude of scoffing amazement. Whereupon Adrian reminded her: "She's disastrously rich."

"Tut!" derided the other. "Is she any the less a woman because of that accident?"

"You don't suppose I'd permit her to support me?" he advanced, frowning.

"Nonsense!" scoffed the other vigorously.

"What else would it amount to?" sought Adrian. "She's accustomed to a standard of living I couldn't possibly afford."

"You're proud," murmured his godmother.

"You wouldn't have me hold out my hand every time I wanted carfare, a tube of gamboge, or a pair of gloves?"

"Stop quibbling!" commanded the old lady.

"The principle's the same," said Adrian doggedly.

"Principle!" exclaimed the old lady. "There's only one principle to govern a man in such cases."

He sought enlightenment.

"You're to play fair," she announced. "You're not the only one concerned. Remember that!"

Adrian shook his head thoughtfully.

"In the meantime," threw out the other, "you *might* keep in touch with your friends."

"Friends," remarked Adrian, "are what you make them. There's a verse pat to the thought—"

"Forbear!" interposed the old lady, one hand upraised commandingly.

"As you will," said he indulgently, "but I haven't quoted a poet in six weeks."

"Hm—m," commented the other, with a look, "that's how far advanced—"

"But," interposed Adrian hastily, "not in that direction."

"Nor in any other," retorted his godmother, "you're traveling a vicious circle."

"Which reminds me—" began Adrian.

"That you couldn't possibly run up to London for a day or so," suggested Mrs. O'Toole with a challenging look.

"No—o," he murmured, "discretion's my guiding star."

"You're as stubborn as she is," muttered the old lady, getting ready to take her leave.

Ten minutes later, at the gateway of the little garden, she shook a reproving forefinger at him, and bade him adieu with a frowning "You deserve to lose her."

With that cruel sentiment for company, Adrian strolled back to the table under the trees, where he found Dolorita Concetta di Maio leisurely gathering up the dinner things.

"Who is that little old lady?" asked the girl.

"That?" returned Adrian, "that's *my* nemesis."

"Your what?" inquired Dolorita, frowning.

"My godmother," said Adrian. "Why?"

"I thought it might be *her* mother," murmured Dolorita.

"Whose mother?" sought Adrian.

"The beautiful lady's, whose picture stands on the table in your room," replied the girl.

"Oh," said Adrian, looking off across the garden.

"She is very beautiful," sighed Dolorita.

"She is an old dear, isn't she?" conceded Adrian.

"I don't mean your godmother," said Dolorita.

"Oh," murmured Adrian.

"Is she an American—the beautiful lady?" asked the girl.

"Yes," replied Adrian.

"What's her name?" sought the girl.

"Thérèse—Dolores," sighed the other.

The girl regarded him shrewdly a moment, then inquired: "And what are you doing in my country?"

"Oh—er—why, I'm just traveling for pleasure, you know," said Adrian.

"You don't look happy," mused Dolorita.

"No?" returned Adrian, disconcerted.

Dolorita shook her head and, catching sight of a delicate, jewelled band circling his little finger, asked: "Is that your ring?"

"Yes," replied Adrian, stretching out his finger.

"It doesn't look like a man's ring," commented the critic.

"It—*isn't*," acknowledged Adrian, with a laugh, a memory.

"Did it belong to her?" inquired Dolorita.

"No—o," said Adrian reminiscently, "but—it came near it one day."

'Ah," murmured Dolorita with sisterly comprehension.

Adrian sat turning the ring around his finger.

"You aren't quite happy, are you?" conjectured the girl.

"How do you know?" countered Adrian, amused.

"I know only what I see," replied the girl.

"Well," counselled Adrian, smiling, "you should always believe more than you see." And, after a brief suspension, "Are you so furiously happy?"

But the girl, toying with the sugar tongs, looked across the garden—silent.

"You—too," sighed Adrian in English.

Four days later, the world again moved, and Adrian received a letter. That evening, after a scarcely tasted meal, he got his cap and stick and set off down the valley. It was very late when—chilled to the bone, his clothes wet with heavy mist—he returned to his lodgings. Mari' Agnese met him at the doorway, frowning disapproval.

"Signorino was very unwise," she murmured. "The night air is bad.

Adrian shivered.

Mari' Agnese, going into the kitchen, reappeared a moment later with a glass of steaming liquid.

"Drink it," she commanded.

Adrian, in the midst of another chill, obeyed.

"Signorino must go to bed at once," said Mari' Agnese.

Whereupon, Adrian went to his room, doffed his wet clothes, got into his lounging robe and slippers and, again, for the fifth or sixth time, scanned the letter that had upset him. It was the briefest and clearest of communications, but Adrian persisted in reading between the lines. A careful re-perusal failing to disclose any sub-intention, he sat staring at the few lines, which announced:

.....Thérèse and I are leaving to-night for the south. We shall be at Turin this day two weeks. And I may as well tell you that we intend to look you up. Thérèse is on her way to Rome to meet the Culvertons—Katherine and Dick. You may put two and two together for yourself. I'm disappointed in you.

Adrian, for a long time, sat lost in thought. Finally, with a sigh of renouncement, he murmured: "Dick—Culverton."

And, after a moment's consideration, agreed: "She—couldn't—possibly—do—better."

A further consideration resulted in the announcement: "With the kindest intentions in the world, your godmother's determined to bring about a situation—a crisis—a disaster." And he finally rounded off his whole thought in the matter with the perfectly luminous promise: "I'll get my luggage packed the first thing in the morning."

But he didn't—nor for many morrows thereafter.

Three days later he was a very sick man.

"A touch of the fever," announced the doctor, "but—he's young."

This was Thursday. Early the following Monday afternoon a touring car came leisurely along from the direction of Turin. In it were Thérèse Dolores and Mrs. O'Toole.

"What in the world are you so diligently pondering?" suddenly asked the younger.

"Whether 'tis good luck to be ten days in advance of one's promise," replied the old lady, with an inquiring frown.

"I suppose we should have sent him word," rejoined the other.

"No," said Mrs. O'Toole, "'twould have been fatal."

Thérèse Dolores frowned incomprehension.

"He'd have disappeared—like that," explained the other, snapping her finger. "I know him!"

The next minute the car came to a halt at the gateway of the Villa Penza.

The two women strolled down the path toward the table under the trees. There, wearied from long vigils at Adrian's bedside, Dolorita Concetta di Maio slept the sleep of exhaustion.

"Ha," muttered Mrs. O'Toole, "wake her; I dare say we'll find her equal to the occasion."

But the girl nervously starting from sleep, gave one incredulous glance at the apparitions before her, jumped to her feet, and stammered: "Oh—I'm so glad *you* came."

"You may fetch us some coffee," began Mrs. O'Toole.

"Perhaps you'd like to see him first?" suggested Dolorita anxiously. "He is very sick."

"Adrian," gasped the younger women.

"Take us to him at once," commanded the old lady. "Make haste!"

Ten minutes later, up at Adrian's bedside, Thérèse Dolores

turned to Mrs. O'Toole and said: "I'll send the car back for some luggage."

"Nonsense," broke in the other. "You can't do any good here. You can come down each day to take the news."

"I will do nothing of the kind," returned the other, hurrying from the room.

Adrian's eyes, fever-bright, opened and stared unrecognizingly at his godmother.

Mrs. O'Toole shook her head apprehensively.

"Your godmother," began Adrian, then lapsed into silence.

The old lady leaned forward, frowning.

"Is determined," concluded the sick man, "to bring about a crisis—a—disaster."

The old lady gave a start, got to her feet, and ordered coffee forthwith.

Shortly thereafter, down in the garden, Thérèse Dolores looking up at Dolorita, cautioned her: "He must not suspect the presence even of strangers."

"I understand," said Dolorita.

In the dusk of the following evening, the beautiful lady was seated beside her restless patient. After a deal of tossing, Adrian lay very quiet. Suddenly, in a barely audible voice, he whispered: "Thérèse."

You must settle for yourself whether her heart jumped. A glance at the sick man evidently reassured her, since she gave a sigh of relief.

"Are—you—so—furiously—happy?" murmured Adrian.

Thérèse Dolores leaned forward and patted his hand.

Suddenly a troubled expression settled on Adrian's countenance, and he muttered: "Dick—Culverton—she couldn't possibly—do—better."

The watcher, with a little intake of breath, an expression of startled wonderment in her eyes, leaned back in her chair, thoughtful to a degree. She was brought back to the realities by Mrs. O'Toole bidding her go get a bite to eat.

"Well?" innocently sought the old lady, as they met in mid-room.

But the other merely shook her head and frowned. Two weeks later, up at Turin, whither they had fled as Adrian's convalescence drew near, the old lady repeated her question. But Thérèse Dolores merely shook her head, and smiled. That same day,

almost at the very hour, Adrian was having luncheon down in the garden.

"You're feeling much better to-day," surmised Dolorita.

"Not if you'll believe that tyrannical, skeptical, domineering old doctor," said Adrian.

"Sh—sh," said Dolorita, "you shouldn't talk like that. He saved your life."

"Did—he?" returned Adrian.

"Yes," returned the girl.

"Don't you believe anything of the kind," said Adrian. "Did *he* sit up with me night after night? Did he feed me broth and milk and—and did he ever *pat* my hand? Did he ever look at me with tears in *his* eyes? Did he ever do anything except fill me full of bitters and pills and things like those?"

"They helped save your life," argued Dolorita, shaking her head.

"Not—much!" retorted Adrian. "I've been making inquiries. I've been putting two and two together the past few days. Don't try to hoodwink *me*! Don't attempt to pin any decorations on that heartless old butcher. I know who saved my life!"

"You!" cried Dolorita, laughing at him.

"Yes," said Adrian slowly, "and my great grief is that I've got to say 'good-bye' in a few days."

"You're going to leave us!" exclaimed the girl, drawing back in an attitude of astonishment.

"For a little while," replied Adrian.

"But—why?" sought the girl, frowning.

"I don't know," said Adrian. "I simply feel I've got to go, or some terrible thing will happen to me here."

"That is foolish," commented Dolorita.

"May be so," admitted Adrian, "but I'll be back again. I'll be back in time for your wedding."

"You may be married yourself before then," retorted Dolorita, laughing.

"Not—much!" exclaimed Adrian.

"You never can tell," mused the girl.

"Indeed?" returned Adrian, with a smile. "When is it coming off?"

"How did you know?" demanded Dolorita, frowning at him.

"I know only what I see," replied Adrian, glancing at the ring on her finger. "When?"

"In three months," answered the girl quietly.

"Congratulations," said Adrian, then sat staring up at the leaves overhead, silent, pensive. He was roused from his thoughts by Dolorita saying: "I've got to go—now. Do you wish anything from the village?"

"Why do you always go to the village these afternoons?" sought Adrian.

"There are many things to attend to—sometimes," replied the girl.

"Good-bye."

Shortly thereafter, a little south from the Villa Penza, Dolorita, as she had done each day for a fortnight, made her report to the beautiful lady.

"Going away!" exclaimed the latter, incredulous.

"Yes, signorina, he may go to-morrow, or the next day."

"Are you quite sure?" demanded the other leaning forward, plainly surprised, clearly anxious.

"Positively, signorina," replied Dolorita.

Thérèse Dolores Langford sat for some minutes lost in thought. Suddenly her lips tightened. Her eyes flashed, then softened, then flashed again. For a few moments there was a rapid interchange of words and gestures, and Dolorita sped homeward.

Up at the Villa Penza, Dolorita, hurrying into the house, whispered to her mother, then went out into the garden in search of Adrian.

Adrian, whether for amusement or solace, matters not, was engaged in an old pastime—quoting the poets. Just at the moment he stood gazing in the direction of Turin, murmuring:

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will—"

At the sound of footsteps, he turned. Dolorita's rather serious countenance met his glance.

"What," said Adrian, "back again—so soon?"

"Yes," she informed him, "you must come take your beef tea. It is past the hour. Come!"

Adrian regarded her pensively a moment, then sighed and complained:

"You're getting to be as tyrannical as though you had bitters and pills to give away. Still—"

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?"

And he obediently followed her up the garden walk. Mari' Agnese went to fetch him his beef tea. Dolorita withdrew. The tea proved to be scalding hot, wherefore Adrian bided his time. He had just made an end of the last spoonful, when Dolorita hurriedly entered the room, with an apologetic "If you will excuse me—"

"You are absolved forthwith," said Adrian smiling. "What is it you'd like to know, fairy queen?"

"A lady wishes to see you. She is down in the garden."

"To—see—me!" gasped Adrian. "A—lady? In the garden!"

"She is waiting at the table under the trees," said Dolorita, "I'll tell her you're coming."

And the conspirator fled.

There was no apparent escape, wherefore Adrian looked up reflectively at Mari' Agnese and announced in English: "I—knew—it! That's my godmother. I should have gotten away from here—yesterday."

But in Italian: "Will you do me a favor?"

"But—naturally," replied the old woman, wiping one hand over the other in her apron.

"No," said Adrian, "supernaturally."

Mari' Agnese, with a persuasive gesture, reminded him: "A lady is waiting."

"Precisely," admitted Adrian. "So am I. I'll go in a minute. That's when you're to do me the favor. When I go, you're to get down on your knees and beg Heaven—"

"*Machè!*" threw out the old woman, with a look.

"That I may," continued Adrian seriously, "be equal to the occasion."

Mari' Agnese, hands on hips, regarded him quizzically.

"Because," concluded Adrian, moving toward the doorway, "that woman, down in your garden, has designs on my life. I'm positively afraid of her."

Wherewith he crossed his rubicon and went slowly, almost stealthily, down toward the table under the mulberry trees. And there, sure enough, her back toward him, stood a lady. As Adrian drew near she turned.

Adrian went pale, then red, then gasped, "Oh—why—er—why, how do you do?"

"Very well, Adrian, thank you," replied Thérèse Dolores, holding out her hand.

Adrian, at the touch of her fingers, looked off across the garden. She took him in a second, then half-asserted, half-sought:

"But—you've gotten thinner, haven't you?"

"I'm still a—a convalescent," explained Adrian.

"You've been ill?" she inquired solicitously.

"A slight touch of the fever," replied Adrian, with a flourish, "but I'm all right now. I fell into the hands of Samaritans—fortunately."

"Oh!" she murmured, and in the far-away spaces of her eyes flickered imminent laughter. "I'm sorry to hear that you've been ill. I came expressly to scold you for your inexcusable negligence."

"Negligence!" exclaimed Adrian, drawing back, as one unjustly accused.

"Turin," she explained, "is less than ten miles distant. It was the merest chance that I heard of your presence here."

She swept the garden with a glance that was more or less smiling, more or less reminiscent.

"Well, you see," offered Adrian, "I—I wasn't sure just how long I might remain, when I wrote to a—but won't you be seated? Won't you join me at—er—coffee, or—"

"If you *could* manage it," she returned, "I'm dying for a cup of tea—hot and very strong."

"It will give me the greatest pleasure," said Adrian. And, with an inclination of his head, "If you will pardon me?"

She nodded and, as Adrian hastened to the house, removed her veil, cloak and one glove. Then, leaning back in the chair, looked up at the tree tops, in her glance a nervousness, a smiling wonder.

Adrian was back in a few moments, with: "If you can wait till a certain young lady overcomes an attack of the nerves?"

His guest glanced across the table inquiringly.

"She thinks I'm going to tell you all about it," said Adrian, seating himself.

You may guess whether his visitor gave the slightest of starts.

"You see," went on Adrian, "she has just gotten herself engaged, and is mortally afraid I'll tell you all about it. It's a threat I hold over her whenever I wish her to do something forthwith, faithfully and well."

"Oh!" murmured the beautiful lady. And, again, you may imagine whether she was relieved.

"But I thought you were fond of England?" remarked Adrian, as who should say, "Why *are* you traveling southward?"

"No—o," she replied slowly, "I stayed less than a month. I'm on my way to Rome."

"Oh!" said Adrian. And, as he sat stealing little glimpses of her, he assured his soul, "No, she couldn't possibly do better."

His visitor, her forearms resting against the edge of the table, sat gazing meditatively at the tips of her joined fingers.

Suddenly she looked across the table and remarked: "I'm going to meet the Culvertons—Katherine and—and Dick. You remember them?"

"Ah!" he murmured, "yes, very well, indeed."

There ensued a brief and, for Adrian, a painful silence. It was broken by the arrival of Dolorita bringing the tea things.

"Permit me," murmured the beautiful lady.

Whereupon Dolorita withdrew.

"Two—if I remember?" said Thérèse Dolores.

"Please," said Adrian quietly, without meeting her glance.

She smilingly dropped the sugar squares into his cup.

"And Mrs. O'Toole?" sought Adrian.

"Very well," replied the other, "except that this morning she was stricken with one of her famous headaches."

"Ah!" he murmured in a tone of condolence.

His visitor fortified herself with a draught of the brew, glanced quizzically at Adrian, then sought: "I wonder if you would do me a favor?"

"Nothing could possibly give me greater pleasure," promptly asserted Adrian, meeting her glance, but with a difference.

"Will you make me a promise in the dark?" she asked, toying with the handle of her cup.

Adrian looked at her: at her half-serious, half-smiling eyes, at her exquisite loveliness, so disturbingly near, so hopelessly removed. Then he answered rather quietly: "I—will."

"Thank you, Adrian," she said softly. "To-day is Thursday. One week from to-day you will leave here and go direct to Rome."

"Rome!" exclaimed Adrian, alarmed, unwilling.

"You've promised," she warned him.

He shook his head, considered a troubled moment, then demanded: "But—why—to—Rome?"

There was a rather long interlude, wherein she gazed thoughtfully at the neighboring hedge, before informing him: "I—I—expect—to—be—married—there!"

"Oh!" said Adrian, crushed, dumbfounded.

She regarded him musingly a moment, then, a little quaver in her voice, remarked: "You, at least, might congratulate me."

"But—you know I do," stammered Adrian, "with all my heart. And I—I wish you all the luck in the world. I'm sure you'll be very happy and—and—"

He stared at the neighboring hedge—silent.

"I suppose you think it very sudden?" she murmured.

"No—o," replied Adrian slowly and, as though seeking a new course, remarked: "You will travel awhile—perhaps?"

"No," she replied firmly, "I've decided to take him straight home to New York."

Adrian shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course, we haven't settled that point—yet," she said musingly. "I dare say he will insist on another month or two. He—he's rather stubborn in *his* way."

Adrian smiled—forlornly.

She hesitated a second, looked at his thoughtful profile, then informed him: "But—I like him."

Adrian blinked.

"I think the world of him," she announced.

Adrian winced.

"I—I—love—him," she murmured.

It was almost cruel. Still, she didn't *mean* to be unkind. Adrian *knew* that. With one hand he toyed idly with the sugar tongs; the other, its little finger mockingly circled with a delicate, jewelled band, lay motionless, outstretched, upon the table.

She looked at Adrian, debated a second, then touched the ring. Adrian, startled, dazed, looked up.

"If—if you think you can part with it—this time?" she murmured.

"What!" exclaimed Adrian, jumping to his feet.

"I couldn't possibly do better, Adrian," said she, rising, blushing ever so little, appearing never more lovely.

Adrian, still dumb, still half-incredulous, stepped to the corner of the table, hesitated for the tiniest of seconds, and then called softly: "Thérèse!"

And she— But that would be superfluous.

OFF TO THE WAR.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

IN a little ship and down the bay,
Out to the calling sea,
A young brave lad sailed off to-day,
To the one great war went he:
The one long war all men must know
Greater than land or gold,
Soul is the prince and flesh the foe
Of a kingdom Christ will hold.

With arms of faith and hope well-wrought
The brave lad went away,
And the voice of Christ fills all his thought
Under two hands that pray:
The tender love of a mother's hands
That guarded all his years,
Fitted the armor, plate and bands,
And blessed them with her tears.


Older than Rhodes and Ascalon
And the farthest forts of sea,
Is the Master voice that calls him on
From a hill in Galilee:
From hills where Christ in gentle guise
Called, as He calls again,
With His heart of love and His love-lit eyes
Unto His warrior men.

Christ with the brave young lad to-day
Who goes to the sweet command,
Strengthen his heart wherever the way,
Whether he march or stand:
And whether he die on a far-off field,
Or alone in the lonely night,
The Cross of Christ shall keep him well,
And be his death's delight.

CATHOLIC WOMANHOOD AND THE SOCIALISTIC STATE.

BY HELEN HAINES.

II.

E must not interpret any glimpses of harmonious Socialist family life of to-day as true working formulæ for harmonious family life in the Socialist State. Since, according to Socialist doctrine, all Christian marriage has an economic basis—"a foundation of property rights;" since in the Socialist State the relation of the sexes would rest upon another economic basis—the fundamental need for sound citizens—how would woman acquire sex freedom by exchanging one economic relation where she is consulted, for another where she would not be? For even woman's place in the councils of the Socialist State would not leave her the unfettered things of to-day's roseate forecast. Neither her political nor her economic independence would safeguard her sexual independence. The Socialist State would determine the position of its citizens according to its economic needs. Woman's position would be decided by her qualifications for motherhood. Collective economics would brook no revolt against scientific eugenic selection. Human wastage must disappear. A super race is essential. The regulation of the birth-rate would be as stern a solicitude as a sound physical inheritance. The courtesan would not disappear. If it is to pagan Greece we must go, let us hark back to Plato's Republic and the State control of motherhood. It is from what we know of past history, from what we know of human nature, that we can draw our deductions, our prophecies. To the creedless Intellectual to-day, it may seem a simple matter to cut out Catholicism, with its safeguards for woman, the home, the child, the derelict, the sick and infirm and aged. If the social sickness of our time is caused, as Leo XIII. was the first to point out, by too little religion in our political economy, what is to become of woman in a society where there is none?

To the Catholic woman, it is obvious, then, that neither the justice of Socialism nor the promises of the Socialist State, would protect woman's inherent right to marry, any more than it would secure her right to live. Both of these inherent rights are sanctified

by the blessing of the Church, because we are created for a definite purpose. But what of those other rights—the right to liberty and the right to serve God—which of their very terms bespeak that purpose as high and all important? Rights for which Catholics have surrendered their other inherent rights—when a State refused protection. Even if we consider only the American woman's right to liberty as the Socialist would—applicable wholly to her material, not her spiritual needs—we find difficulty to guarantee our liberty under Marxian rule.

Unquestionably, the power of choice is woman's dearest possession. And notwithstanding certain disabilities which are in many of our States, where not amended, in line to be amended, the American woman is probably more advantageously placed to exercise her power of choice, than any other woman in the world. Hard as the economic lot of the American woman worker often is, she is not prevented by any State law from exercising it—from choosing her work, or from going from one place to another where State laws better favor her particular case. And in all intellectual work, while theoretically there is much complaint of injustice to women, yet practically to-day American women occupy a respected place in the professions, arts, and sciences, and are gradually coming into political preferment.

The question of choice of vocation for women has become a thrifty commonplace amongst us. We know there is not sufficient work in the home for all the women of the household who want or who need to work. And we know all women do not want to marry even if there were a sufficient number of men. Under our laws, then, the American woman chooses her vocation, often apparently without due thought to her limitations, and if her career is not interrupted by marriage and family cares, the surprise she has given our times is her large degree of economic success.

Just how far the Socialist State would permit woman to exercise her choice of vocation is extremely problematic. Surprises in success would not be economic. And while vocational training and the parcelling out of work according to the State's need for such work would unquestionably help out those ever-present problems of to-day—the overcrowding of our cities, and the overcrowding of professions in those cities—yet there is no apparent reason for the assumption that woman would secure the work she would like, nor the place in which she would like to live. Those problems of incentive, assignment, and remuneration which

perplex Socialist writers to-day are perhaps less satisfactorily solved for woman than for man.

Bebel held out a fatuous programme in *Die Frau*, which has since been faithfully absorbed and exuded by the unthinking as true. "Socialism," he declared, "is science applied with full consciousness and clear knowledge to every function of human activity," and proceeded to offer unscientific and uneconomic prospects to allure talented women.¹ An age of arts and sciences such as the world has never seen before; and the artistic and scientific productions will be in proportion to the general progress. There will be "scholars and artists without numbers." Yet the practical mind fails to see how scholars and artists would have time to pursue their several arts—time to acquire the technique which must underlie its expression, in a state of society where it was the collective will that all take part in the social production.

The later Socialist writers recognize the folly of such unbridled appeals. They attract only the gullible, and provoke the derision of the thoughtful instead of winning their allegiance. And while that equal opportunity for every child which Mr. Spargo stresses, might find an occasional overlooked genius, that versatile talent which to a remarkable degree our women possess, because it has been wrung from their own initiative to grasp opportunities, would be necessarily levelled by Socialist educational processes.

On what premise the Socialist builds that oft-asserted fact that the Socialist State would be a patron of art or letters, has never been made quite clear. The logical development of art in an economic state would be rather on the line of the utilitarian. Mere beauty being neither economic nor utilitarian would be last fostered. Art, as we conceive it, would be no more necessary than religion. For every people which has had a highly developed art, has had a highly developed religion, and an idealism wholly wanting in a state of pure economics. Yet we must not think of the Socialist State as ideal in our sense of the word, Miss Hugan reminds us, but as an evolutionary product of economic forces which the capitalist state is even now making. It would appear, then, from any deduction we can make from Socialist doctrine past or present, that the Socialist State would cut out woman's work for her, as much as is any piece work in a capitalist factory to-day.

But State control by collective will assumes far sterner proportions for the Catholic woman than for any other American woman. Not alone in the severing of the marriage tie would an anti-religious

¹Cathrein. *Socialism*.

collective will work havoc for us, but in the choice of religious vocation which calls so many Catholic girls to consecrate their talents and their natural rights to the service of God. And this would be particularly true of our contemplative orders.

It is not easy to forecast any outlook for the nun in the Socialist State. Since all private property is to be done away, and all children are to be State wards, "playfully introduced"—as Bebel has it—to a compulsory economic education, there would be an immediate annulment of the nun's prominent work—religious education. Such institutions as were necessary would also be owned and operated by the Socialist State, although State assignment might give to her all those unlovely tasks which so complicate the perfect building of the new social structure. But the lesson of liberty in France is too fresh in the minds of our American Catholic women for us to fancy any possibility in an economic commonwealth, which would not mean an immediate dispersal of all religious communities. So the liberty of the Catholic woman—her power of choice—whether it be for her material necessities, her right to marry, or her spiritual needs or vocation, would neither be guaranteed nor secured by the Socialist State.

We have but to dip a little further into Marx's theory of the materialistic conception of history, to understand why it interferes with our power of choice, which, after all, is but a part of God's greatest yet most perilous gift to us—free will.² Catholic women will be quick to appreciate that the great Socialist dogma ignores free will; ignores the great heroes or heroines of history or religion; neglects every spiritual force; and suppresses any fact which goes to prove that each of us has an integral value independent of our collective value. To the Catholic this is complete annihilation of Christian faith and teaching. That great Eternal Truth that God speaks to each human soul, according to the needs of that soul, and often through it to the needs of the hour, has never been more inspiring than when woman has been selected for some great economic or political crisis. Does the economic interpretation of history wholly explain for us that coming of a Domremy peasant girl to crown a king at Rheims, or a Sienese wool-dyer's daughter to reinstate the Popes in Rome?

"Religion is a private matter," was once an authoritative pronouncement of Karl Marx when pressed for an answer. And to this modern Socialism refers all inquirers. The more intellectual studies of modern economic problems, while frankly anticipating many

²Cathrein, *Socialism*.

changes, pass by, with a few encouraging platitudes, the vital questions of religion and family life, presumably as not in line with the discussion. But Marx's words, savoring similarly of Bebel's on the sex relation, cannot be satisfying to Catholicism. For us, religion can never be wholly a private matter. It has its interior demands, but it has, also, its exterior ones. It requires the priest, the altar stone, the sacrifice. The Catholic differs in this respect from other Christians who still acknowledge our Lord's Divinity. A belief like the doctrine of justification by faith, which requires an interior conformity, does not of necessity require an external expression. A staunch Presbyterian need not enter his church for months if the sermons be not to his liking, and yet there would no suspicion attach itself to his loyalty to this doctrine.

But "believe, and thou shalt be saved," was not our Lord's sole command. He was quite as explicit when He said He would found a Church which is to last to the world's end. He made it no less certain that He was giving supernatural powers to a particular set of men who could transmit these powers. He even showed these men what they were to do: "This is My Body," "This is My Blood," "Do this in commemoration of Me." Our exterior worship then, yesterday, to-day and forever, centres about the Mass, whether it be performed in the small upper room, in the catacombs, in the jails of Elizabeth's England, in the caves of priest-hunting Ireland, in a chapel car out west, or at the High Altar of St. Peter's at Rome. Nor must we fancy that Socialism minimizes the strength of our external organization, and the great fact, which attracts all other disbelievers—that the Catholic Church is on the side of law and order in whatever government she is found. Her solidarity in this regard is the despair of the revolutionary element in the Socialist ranks.

"The Church is one of the pillars of Capitalism," complained an editor of *London Justice*, Harry Quelch, "and the true function of the clergy is to chloroform the workers, to make docile wage slaves of them, patient and contented with their lot in this world, while expecting glorious reward in the next." "As long as the Church holds the minds of workers in its grip, there will be little hope of freeing their bodies from capital supremacy."

In this country, Victor Berger, former U. S. Congressman from Wisconsin, echoes this: "Now the church is with the capitalist class without doubt, especially the Church *per se*, the Roman Catholic Church. That Church has always sided with the class in

power The Church was on the side of feudalism while feudalism was on top, and the Church now sides with capitalism while capitalism is on top."

Miss Hughan is moderate always, but leaves us in no doubt that in its external form "religion is allowed no exemption from criticism. The State Churches of Europe in fact, being openly allied to the bourgeois governments, are to be counted among the enemies of the proletariat."

Over against these citations we must place one from a Catholic author. "A society in which the Church shall conquer," says Mr. Belloc, "will be a society in which a proletariat shall be as unthinkable as it was unthinkable in the Middle Ages."

Past history supports this apparently large claim. The one society in our civilization in which the working class and the master class have lived in entire harmony—and in which they formed associations for their common benefit—was at a time when Catholicism had won practically the whole of Europe to the everyday use of those principles of Eternal Truth which Jesus Christ left in her keeping: "You may be great, but you must be humble. You may be rich, but you must prefer poverty. You may love those who love you, but you must love those who hate you. You may forgive those who forgive you, but you must forgive those who injure you."

Divinity alone could have inspired such a code. Divinity alone has inspired men and women—is inspiring them to-day—to the practice of that code. Even Socialism realizes that the only men and women of the capitalist class who surrender their all for God and their neighbor, are our Catholic Religious. But what outlook is there for the infusion of such principles into Socialism or the promises of the Socialist State? Where Catholicism directs attention to the history of the Middle Ages to prove the efficacy of injecting religious principles into economics, Socialism by ignoring all such influences, interprets the more harmonious relationship between widely different classes as due to better economic conditions!

Nor is the vague hope that the Christian Socialists of our country—by their auspicious alliance of nomenclature—are to bring the Divine teachings of Christ into Socialism, destined to fruition. Logically, our Christian Socialists can communicate with either Catholic or Socialist only in the sign language of tolerance. For they deny the Divinity of Christ, which is anti-Christian, yet cling to Him as a great Man, which is anti-Socialist.

Obviously, the responsibility is wholly ours. In other words,

we believe too much. We assert too much. And it is to this call the great Encyclicals of the last two Pontiffs are directed. Deep studies of economic problems as they are, the primary force of their message has been to bring clearly before an increasingly materialistic society—Catholic and non-Catholic—the perennial efficacy of the teachings of Jesus Christ, and to show all of us how far we have drifted from them. For the Church is chiefly interested not in the capitalist class, not in the middle class, not in the working class, but in each one of us who turns to her for spiritual guidance and nourishment. Each safeguard she sets about her little ones, each great soul tried and tempted in a difficult age to whom she points for our edification, is to show us of to-day that His teaching is neither impossible nor impractical. As the Guardian of Eternal Truth, her interest in the economic theories of Socialism is in the immorality of its inherent principles, and their bearing upon the individual souls of her children.

Simply put, we have seen that a collective economic will cannot protect our moral rights, since it is anti-Christian. Yet we must not fancy we have grasped the entire economic argument of Socialism. It is a socialistic age, and for the majority of our Catholic women life is a busy thing. Unquestionably a large number of us are deterred from any study of Socialism, because the whole emphasis of the argument is on its economic side—a side to which many women are wholly indifferent. But so long as the brilliant leaders of the Socialist party in this country can polish each facet of our economic problems, so long as the revolutionary element can keep our glaring social inequalities before the eyes of the workers, just so long will Socialism appeal to the discontent of a large class whose dry spiritual life is antagonistic to faith, or whose miserable lot is primarily responsible for their loss of it.

Miss Hugnan thinks that a certain measure of responsibility as to the future of Socialism rests with "the cultural institutions of Church, press, and university."⁸ Hostility on the part of these forces tends in general to weaken the influence of the "‘Intellectuals’ and the Christian Socialists, to harden the party organization on the lines of the class struggle, and to render the revolutionist the dominant Socialist type. If the movement is ignored by the higher intellectual forces, on the other hand, there is danger that Socialism, encountering in controversy only the ignorant and unscientific, may

⁸"The Intercollegiate Socialist Society is a society for the promotion of an intelligent study of Socialism....At the end of 1911 the Society had study chapters in thirty-eight American Colleges" (*Elements of Socialism*, by Spargo and Arner).

rest satisfied with the unrevised economics of the last century, and win the support of the people by superficial propaganda and specious promises of a millennium."

The importance, then, of a clear estimate of the moral issue involved in Socialism cannot be gainsaid. It is the farsighted lens through which our Catholic women will come to see the economic argument in its true perspective. For while accentuating the paramount importance of guarding the individual's moral rights—which Socialism utterly ignores—we must not obscure the importance of that individual's environment. It is almost an axiom among Catholic sociologists that preventable human misery means the loss of a soul. With the highest intention, neither the individual nor religion can accomplish every necessary reform in our country, because to-day legislation must do so much.⁴

We must be able to distinguish, however, between a government like ours in which the individual's inherent rights or efforts toward reforms—so long as he is law-abiding—are protected and unhampered, and would be even if government ownership prevailed, and a collective government like that promised in the Socialist State, where, as we have seen, the individual's rights or his actions would of necessity be hampered and made subservient.

In each of our States, also, we have the machinery for righting local abuses, if it be set in motion by our awakened consciences. There are, for example, no laws prohibiting associations of workers and employers for the common good of both. Such reforms await the individual action of employers and workers. While in a number of our States, each Catholic woman being politically independent, can voice her sentiments toward all reform measures for the benefit of the woman worker. Our Catholic women need to watch our current events. For dangers—no longer shadowy—lurk behind many of our political, social, and economic questions. No mere pietistic complacence will serve us to-day, if we aspire to the practical defence of Eternal Truth.

But if our Catholic women would strike sparks from the blades of their Socialist friends or coworkers, they must go to school again to their faith. No Catholic pen has been too learned to adapt the general laws laid down in the Encyclicals to the particulars of locality. Our doctrinal and economic pamphlets, logically and clearly stated in simple language and built upon the writings of the

⁴Dr. Ryan makes this very clear in his *Social Reform on Catholic Lines*. New York: The Paulist Press.

Fathers, refute the misleading attacks of our opponents who are unused, as are our Catholic scholars, to culling information at first hand. Our Catholic Truth Societies are, in this way, both meeting the effective Socialist propaganda,⁵ and are following Catholic Social Action in other lands.

American Catholics are wont to complain that the size of our country and our diffusion throughout the body politic, is inimical to the growth of combined Catholic Social Action.⁶ But our very diffusion should rather bring home to each one of us our personal responsibility toward our riches. Possession means peace. Defence, safety. But there is something higher than the ability to select our weapons for conflict. It is to apply the principles of Eternal Truth to our everyday lives. Through us its light must disperse the miasma of materialism, which threatens so much that is finest in us as a nation. And the ultimate spiritual disarmament of friends or foes will come only through this supreme power.

How else do our valiant women of the Middle Ages speak to us? Why is it that the great Encyclicals sound to us so strangely familiar, loving, admonishing and firm, as we read or study them to-day? Echoes they are, enlarged to our larger necessities, of that long ago letter of Peter's beseeching his "dearly beloved" to submit the force of Christlike example to the Gentiles, "that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

Unconscious allies we have outside the fold, questioning, watching, waiting. It is a happy augury of our time that many of them are returning to learn their alphabet at the Mother's knee. They come largely through the power of Catholic example. But they do not come collectively. They come one by one. Is it not well for each Catholic woman to ask herself why out of millions of her countrywomen her possession of Eternal Truth should give her this opportunity? Our country sets no limit upon what we may do for our neighbor. Our faith enjoins it. And we are not to be judged collectively, but one by one.

"The party (Socialist) carries on an almost incredible amount of educational work by means of traveling lectures, and the distribution of millions of pamphlets and books each year. Study courses are furnished to the local organizations, and in this way thousands of members are induced to make a systematic study of Socialist theory" (*Elements of Socialism*, by Spargo and Arner).

"American Catholic women would find inspiration in the Social Study Courses arranged for this country and England, in the *Catholic Social Year Book*, published for the Catholic Social Guild of England, and in the publications of the Catholic Truth Society on Catholic Social Action in France, in Germany, etc.

[THE END.]

SOME CHANGES IN RELIGIOUS FEELINGS IN TWO GENERATIONS.¹

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE has been dead over thirty years, and an extensive biography of him, including many of his letters, was written long ago, not long after his death, by Rev. S. Irenaeus Prime. A new biography of him, might, therefore, at first sight seem superfluous. There is no doubt, however, that this distinguished American artist-inventor deserves, much better than many to whom the Muse of history has been more lavish, this further contribution to his biography in the shape of two large volumes of his letters and journals. The rising generation can learn much, especially in these days of war, from the life and work of one whose ways were those of peace and art and invention. Even the intimate details of his career are of surpassing interest, because of the many points at which they touched the life of his time.

As Professor Morse's biography contains also the story of the founding of the National Academy of Design, of which he was the first President, of his years of travel in Europe as a student of art, and later as an inventor of the telegraph,² trying to secure the

¹*Samuel F. B. Morse, His Letters and Journals.* Edited and supplemented by his son Edward Lind Morse. Illustrated with reproductions of his paintings and with notes and diagrams bearing on the invention of the telegraph. In two volumes. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$7.50 net.

²Professor Morse was, of course, an inventor not a discoverer. The distinction is extremely important for the right understanding of what real progress in science means. A discoverer reveals a truth or scientific principle not hitherto known; an inventor applies such a truth for some practical purpose, adding to the comfort or convenience of man. The discoverer is a genius; the inventor is usually only a clever man, capable of exercising great ingenuity. The discoverer may be quite unable to apply his discovery and make money by its application, indeed he usually fails to do so. The inventor is practical and often makes a great deal of money. When Franklin discovered and demonstrated that lightning and electricity were the same thing, they asked him, "What was the use of knowing that?" Perhaps at the moment there was little evident use, though we know how eminently useful the consequent development of electricity has become. Franklin's reply is worth while considering. He answered, "What's the use of a baby?" None at all, of course, except that in its development it sometimes produces wonderful results. Morse was an inventor not a discoverer. The discoverer in the physical sciences here in America in his time was Professor Henry of Princeton, and Morse knew and recognized the latter's eminent superiority, and consulted him on many occasions and followed his advice.

patronage for his invention of foreign governments, besides the history of his relations to such men as Ezra Cornell, after whom Cornell University was named; Professor Henry of Princeton, our greatest of American physicists; Alfred Vail, whose family has been identified with the development of the telegraph ever since; James Fenimore Cooper; Washington Allston, and Daniel Huntington, the artists; Professor Horsford; and many famous Europeans, such as Lafayette, Arago, Humboldt, the Earl of Elgin, Baron de Meyendorff, and Lord Campbell, its significance as a storehouse of historical material can be readily understood.

What will be of particular interest for the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* is the religious life of Professor Morse, as it is here so clearly traced, and the evidence which that life affords of the great change that has taken place among American non-Catholics in their religious views. Both Morse's own letters and those of his father and mother, and many of his friends, are full of deep, sincere expressions of religious feeling on all the important occasions of his career.

When not quite fourteen, Morse wrote from home to his three brothers at school, telling them of the death of a baby sister: "Now you have three brothers and three sisters in heaven, and I hope you and I will meet there at our death. It is uncertain when we shall die, but we ought to be prepared for it, and I hope you and I shall." He then suggests a very striking thought with regard to the duration of eternity, and concludes, "I enclose you a little book called the *Christian Pilgrim*. It is for all of you."

It would be easy, perhaps, to think that this was the letter of a little prig, who took himself entirely too seriously, and whose religious ideas would either vanish or be very much diluted as soon as he got away from his mother's apron strings. This was not true of Morse. All during his life he had the deepest of religious feeling, and in the midst of the heavy trials which he had to encounter in connection with the carrying through of the electric telegraph, his mind constantly reverted to the thought that Providence had given him a mission in life, and that he must be ready to stand suffering and disappointment; and to bear the ingratitude of those he had thought friends, and the malignity of friends become enemies. In the midst of his darkest hours, when the success of the telegraph seemed, after the work of twelve years, still very far off, he wrote to a brother, January 9, 1844:

I thank you for your kind and sympathizing letter, which, I assure you, helped to mitigate the acuteness of my mental sufferings from the then disastrous aspect of my whole enterprise. God works by instrumentalities, and he has wonderfully thus far interposed in keeping evils that I feared in abeyance. All, I trust, will yet be well, but I have great difficulties to encounter and overcome, with the details of which I need not now trouble you. I think I see light ahead, and the great result of these difficulties, I am persuaded, will be a great economy in laying the telegraphic conductors. I am well in health, but have sleepless nights from the great anxieties and cares which weigh me down.

But to return to his youth. When he was just past his fourteenth year, his mother wrote to him at college:

We are very desirous, my son, that you should excel in every thing that will make you truly happy and useful to your fellow-man. In particular by no means neglect your duty to your Heavenly Father. Remember what has been said with great truth, that he can never be faithful to others who is not so to his God and his conscience. I wish you constantly to keep in mind the first question and answer in that excellent form of sound words, the Assembly Catechism, viz., "What is the chief end of man?" The answer you will readily recollect is "To glorify God and enjoy Him forever."

Perhaps his mother's letters would be considered in our day entirely too serious, but such a commentary is all the more valuable if we wish to realize the great difference that has come over American religious thought during the intervening period. The first part, for instance, of the following letter might well come from the modern mother, for we retain all our solicitude with regard to the body; the second part assuredly would not, unless in very exceptional cases. Americans have lost most of that anxious solicitude with regard to the soul that was so characteristic of parents two generations ago:

MY DEAR SONS:

Have you heard of the death of young Willard at Cambridge, the late President Willard's son? He died of a violent fever occasioned by going into water when he was very hot in the middle of the day. He also pumped a great deal of cold water on his head. Let this be a warning to you all not to be guilty of

the like indiscretion which may cost you your life. Dreadful, indeed, would this be to all of us. I wish you would not go into the water oftener than once a week, and then either early in the morning or late in the afternoon, and not go in when hot nor stay long in the water. Remember these cautions of your mamma and obey them strictly.

A young lady twenty years old died in Boston yesterday very suddenly. She eat her dinner perfectly well, and was dead in five minutes after. Her name was Ann Hinkley. You see, my boys, the great uncertainty of life and, of course, the importance of being always prepared for *death*, even a *sudden death*, as we know not what an hour may bring forth. This we are sensible of, we cannot be *too soon* or *too well* prepared for that all important moment, as this is what we are sent into this world for. The main business of life is to prepare for death. Let us not, then, put off these most important concerns to an uncertain to-morrow, but let us in earnest attend to the concerns of our precious, never-dying souls while we feel ourselves alive.

Young Morse was graduated at Yale. During his leisure hours at college he had practised painting, and now asked to be allowed to study under Washington Allston, the distinguished painter. Morse's parents, however, were more practical, and wished him to become independent as soon as possible, so their plan was to apprentice him to a bookseller. He dutifully conformed, but still kept at painting, and after a time his talent and persistence won the family consent to go to England with Allston. He was in England during the War of 1812, and his comments on the English statesmen of the time are interesting. He was attracted by Cobbett, but describes him as "a man of no principle and a great rascal, yet a man of sense who says many good things." It is easy to understand how much Cobbett, the radical, already declaring that he found it impossible to find words strong enough to condemn fitly those who brought about the English reformation, would be out of sympathy with the stern young Puritan's attitude of uncompromising Protestantism. The man who said, "The Reformation as it is called, was (in England) engendered in beastly lust, brought forth in hypocrisy and perfidy, and cherished and fed by plunder, devastation and rivers of innocent English and Irish blood," could find little response in the heart of this dyed-in-the-wool New Englander, and yet even he could not fail to see the sincerity and the straightforwardness of some at least of Cobbett's work.

It was, however, on the continent that Morse's religious feelings were particularly disturbed. In one of his visits to France this was his comment on the Catholic religious services at which he happened to be present:

I looked around the church to ascertain what was the effect upon the multitude assembled. The females, kneeling in their chairs, many with their prayer-books reading during the whole ceremony, seemed part of the time engaged in devotional exercises. Far be it from me to say there were not some who were actually devout, hard as it is to conceive of such a thing; but this I will say, that everything around them, instead of aiding devotion, was calculated entirely to destroy it. The imagination was addressed by every avenue; music and painting pressed into the service of—not religion but the contrary—led the mind away from the contemplation of all that is practical in religion to the charms of mere sense. No instruction was imparted; none seems ever to be intended. What but ignorance can be expected when such a system prevails?

How readily this inexperienced young Puritan condemns anything to which he is not accustomed.

One might have expected a better understanding of the Church ceremonial from an artist. The music, however, at least appealed to him and we have a confession with regard to that.

Last evening we were delighted with some exquisite sacred music, sung apparently by men's voices only, and slowly passing under our windows. The whole effect was enchanting; the various parts were so harmoniously adapted and the taste with which these unknown minstrels strengthened and softened their tones gave us, with the recollection of the music at the church, which we had heard in the morning, a high idea of the musical talent of this part of the world.

Quite needless to say the Continental Sabbath disturbed him very much, but it must be surprising to Americans of the present day to hear him complain of music on Sunday evenings. For him man was made for the Sabbath, not the Sabbath for man, and so his comment represents the feelings of the men of his race and creed and time very well.

Some of Professor Morse's reflections on social life in Italy are extremely interesting, though he can seldom find anything good

to say without adding some comment that either denies a worthy motive for the good, or calls attention to some compensating vice. He could not bring himself to believe that these people were in any way comparable to his own English-speaking people.

After Morse's return to America he practised as a portrait painter with excellent success from an artistic standpoint, as his extant portraits, some of them to be seen in the Metropolitan Museum, amply attest, but with only quite moderate material rewards. He married young, and after less than five years of marital happiness lost his wife suddenly through heart disease. His feelings towards her are expressed in a letter to a friend written more than a month after her death, in which the essence of the Puritan conscience is surely revealed in a few words, and yet was there ever a more beautiful expression of marital affection and grief?

I found in dear Lucretia everything I could wish. Such ardor of affection, so uniform, so unaffected, I never saw or read of but in her. My fear with regard to the measure of my affection toward her was not that I might fail of "loving her as my own flesh," but that I should put her in the place of Him Who has said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." I felt this to be my greatest danger, and to be saved from this *idolatry* was often the subject of my earnest prayers.

In all the trials of life he constantly turned, as his letters show, to an overruling Providence for consolation and renewed strength, feeling that his successes were to be attributed to some high purpose that his Creator had destined for him, and that his trials were but so many means of making him a better instrument for the accomplishment of that purpose.

Here then was a deeply religious man whose early training bore fruit in a life full of the thought of the place of Providence in the world. In all sincerity Morse continued all his life to be under the influence of the old time Protestant tradition, and as consequence refused to think that there could be any possible good in Catholicism, or that it was anything except a source of positive evil to the world. He had been taught in his younger years that the Church of Rome was the Scarlet Woman of the Apocalypse, and he refused to change that opinion. With Morse priests and the higher ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church were quite literally impostors. They had knowledge, and they were leading their people astray.

As for the people, "poor deluded people," they were ignorant and knew no better, but they were simply idolaters. This was the deliberate conclusion of a Yale graduate, the son of a Congregationalist minister, an artist who had traveled in Europe for years, and he refused to change it materially during his lifetime. The Oxford Movement did not serve to swerve him in the slightest from these preconceived notions. Not only no good could come out of the Nazareth of the Catholic Church, but it was a plain duty to oppose her in every way.

Morse actually took a prominent part in many movements against the Catholic Church, always with this attitude of mind. At least Catholics may rejoice that in the course of the two generations since his time, a great change has come over the minds of educated Protestants. Those not of the fold now are at least ready as a rule to give us credit for as much good will as they have themselves, and they are even coming round to acknowledge that a great many Catholics are quite as intelligent, and at least as well informed, as their brethren outside of the Church. They have come to recognize how much of good the Church is doing in a very great many ways, above all among the poor, for after all she is the only Church that makes any real appeal to the poor. The conviction is becoming more widespread that the Church has more influence for the proper neutralization of the discontent among the masses by a diffusion of the real principles of Christianity and true Christian democracy, than any other force in our modern life.

His present biographer has only this comment to make on Morse's intolerant attitude toward Catholicism:

Although more tolerant as he grew older, he was still bitterly opposed to the methods of the Roman Catholic Church, and to the Jesuits in particular. He, in common with many other prominent men of his day, was fearful lest the Church of Rome, through her emissaries the Jesuits,³ should gain political ascendancy in this country and overthrow the liberty of the people. He took part in a long and heated newspaper controversy with Bishop Spaulding [Spaulding] of Kentucky concern-

³It seems scarcely necessary to say that Morse's biographer seems to share the prejudices of the preceding generation. Any such use of the word Jesuit is now an anachronism. Jesuits are now known to be good, simple folk without any of the insidious ways about them that it became traditional to attribute to them in England after the Reformation. Anyone may know them who wants to. The Jesuit of Protestant tradition is as extinct as the dodo or the bug-a-boo with which children used to be scared in the long ago.

ing the authenticity of a saying attributed to Lafayette: "If ever the liberty of the United States is destroyed it will be by Romish priests."

During the "Know-Nothing" movement in 1855 this supposed motto of Lafayette was constantly used by the opponents of the Church as an important document. As a writer of the time said, "It stared one in the face, dressed out in all the impudence of large type from the headings of newspapers innumerable, and from the title-pages of countless no-Popery pamphlets. At political gatherings and in torchlight processions, like a thing of evil it was seen following the American flag which, as if conscious of the impending danger of Popish priests, refused to float on the breeze." We are rather inclined to believe that the flag drooped for very shame.

Attention has been recalled to it in recent years in the midst of the campaign of slander that once more for political purposes is being carried on against the Catholic Church among ignorant people. As a consequence of its revival there are a good many even well-meaning Protestants, though never any who have paid any serious attention to the subject, who seem to think that there must be something in it or the story of Lafayette having used it would not have lasted so long. It seems well then to place beside what Morse's biographer repeats in 1914, a quotation from the life of Archbishop Spalding, written by the present Archbishop Spalding, in which the whole matter is summed up. Archbishop Spalding, the younger, the author of the life, still happily with us, is very well known for a series of addresses on many public occasions, and a number of volumes especially on educational subjects that have been widely read even beyond Catholic circles. His widely-known character is the best assurance that the summing up of the matter, as given by him, can be absolutely depended upon as presenting the other side of the matter in controversy with fairness and completeness.

Professor Morse adduced in evidence the testimony of an *anonymous* writer, whose name he was not at liberty to give. He then referred to his own interviews with Lafayette in 1831-32: "I cannot," he said, "at this distance of time, of course, remember the identical words, but never did he (Lafayette) manifest a doubt of the essential antagonism of the maxims and principles of the Papacy and those of republicanism, nor any doubt, if the Papacy were triumphant, that republicanism was at an end."

At the urgent request of Bishop Spalding, he proceeded to confirm his statement by the testimony of those other Americans who had heard Lafayette speak the words in question. He first tried to find a military officer in New York who, it was reported, had heard Lafayette use the words, but this gentleman either could not be found or would not testify.

He succeeded better, however, with the Rev. Dr. Vanpelt of New York. This gentleman had a "vivid and distinct" remembrance of an interview with Lafayette shortly after his return from Boston during his last visit to this country in 1824. These were Lafayette's words:

"My dear friend, I must tell you something that occurred when I was in Boston. I received a polite invitation from the chief Catholic priest, or bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Boston, to attend his church on the Sabbath. I wrote him an apology, saying, as I never expect to be in Boston again, and as during the Revolution, when in Boston, I worshipped sitting by the side of his Excellency, General Washington, and as I see that the church and the pews are the same, except as they are decorated with paint, I wish to occupy the same seat in that church on the Sabbath....." And again: "It is my opinion that if ever the liberties of this country (the United States of America) are destroyed, it will be by the subtlety of the Roman Catholic Jesuit priests, for they are the most crafty, dangerous enemies to civil and religious liberty." Such was the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Vanpelt.

Professor Morse brought forward another witness—a certain Mr. Palmer, of Richmond, Virginia, and then proceeded to make good his position by extracts from speeches of Lafayette, in which he proclaimed his opposition to a union of Church and State and professed himself an ardent champion of civil and religious liberty.

This is a brief statement of the arguments advanced by Professor Morse to establish the authenticity of the motto. He seemed reluctant to give his proofs, and it was only by the most searching cross-questioning that they were drawn from him.

Bishop Spalding replied by taking up his heads of argument, one by one, and showing the testimony which he had given to be valueless, and his reasoning inconclusive.

The *anonymous* writer, whose name Mr. Morse was not at liberty to give, could not, of course, be admitted as a witness. Besides, since he was put forward as an apostate priest, his testimony was no more above suspicion than would have been

that of Benedict Arnold against the patriots of the Revolution, or that of Judas against Christ and the Apostles.

The testimony of Mr. Morse himself was unreliable, for various reasons.

By his own confession, he was unable to remember the identical words spoken by Lafayette; and the general statement of Lafayette's opinions, even if accurately made by Mr. Morse, did not affect the question under discussion. But Mr. Morse had spoken of a letter which he had received from Lafayette, in which he was urged to make known to the American people the serious alarm of the French patriot, lest the country should be in danger from the machinations of Romish priests. This letter Bishop Spalding repeatedly called for, challenging Professor Morse either to publish it or to produce the original copy. He did neither, but vainly sought to screen himself by declaring that he had never pretended that the motto was in the letter, whereas he had before affirmed that in it Lafayette had urged him to make known to Americans his alarm lest the liberties of the Republic should be destroyed by Catholic priests.

Professor Morse averred afterwards that this letter had been seen by several persons, but he persistently refused to publish it or to produce it before witnesses in connection with this controversy.

There was still another circumstance relative to Mr. Morse's testimony which had an ugly look. Lafayette died in 1834. Professor Morse first published the motto in 1836, whereas Lafayette had in 1832 earnestly enjoined upon him the duty of warning his countrymen of their imminent danger from "Romish priests!" Why had he waited to perform this office for four years after the solemn injunction had been laid upon him, and until Lafayette had been in his grave two years and five months?

In reply to a motion to expel from France certain refugees, including the English or Irish monks, who were living with the Trappists of Melleray, Lafayette had said:

"Mistake not rigor for strength, or despotism for power; then you will not have need of all these precautions, and the Trappists of Melleray will not be more dangerous to you than are the Jesuits of Georgetown to the United States."

At the very time that he tells Mr. Morse of the danger to the United States from the machinations of Catholic priests, Lafayette publicly declares in the French Assembly that the United States has nothing to fear even from the Jesuits, whom the

Rev. Dr. Vanpelt assures us he considered the "most crafty and dangerous enemies of civil and religious liberty."

Either Lafayette was the basest of hypocrites, or Professor Morse and the Rev. Dr. Vanpelt were lying under a mistake.

In a note Archbishop Spalding the biographer says:

Shortly after Archbishop Spalding's death, Professor Morse wrote a letter to the New York *Herald*, in which he claimed to have won the victory in this controversy. "Retracted nothing," he says, "for I had nothing to retract." And again: "I also asserted and proved that Lafayette had used nearly the very words of the motto to two Americans, whose names are given, and in his conversations with me had expressed the same sentiments." Professor Morse has since died, and as, by his last words on this subject, he has sought to produce the impression that he had established the authenticity of the motto attributed to Lafayette, I deem it proper to refer briefly to the leading points in the controversy between himself and Bishop Spalding. This controversy was **not** sought by Bishop Spalding; he never sought controversy with anyone; it was thrust upon him.

As regards Dr. Vanpelt's vivid and distinct recollection that Lafayette, when in Boston during the Revolution, had worshipped sitting by the side of General Washington, Bishop Spalding shows that Washington and Lafayette had never been in Boston together, and that consequently they could never have worshipped sitting side by side in any church in that city, and that therefore the Rev. Dr. Vanpelt had a vivid and distinct recollection of hearing Lafayette say that he had done what it was simply impossible that he ever could have done. As Archbishop Spalding, the biographer, concludes: "One of Professor Morse's witnesses could not be found, the name of another he was not at liberty to give, a third was proven to have borne false testimony, and finally his own statement concerning the letter that contained the important message from Lafayette he could not verify, leaving the strong impression that the electric telegraph was not the only thing which he had invented."

I have searched the index of these volumes in vain for any mention of Professor Morse's connection with Maria Monk and her supposed revelations. In spite of the fact that for some years he was better known because of that than for probably any other reason, his son omits all mention of it. It would seem that now,

after nearly a century, it might have been better to have acknowledged how easily Professor Morse allowed himself to be fooled by a designing young woman, because his prejudices were already so engaged against the Catholic Church. And perhaps it will seem more fitting to some that we should leave the unsavory Maria Monk out of the question here in a review of this recent life of Professor Morse. Such a course would undoubtedly be better save for the fact that Professor Morse's name as an authority is still being quoted by purveyors of literature against the Catholic Church, who are thus trying to deceive a number of ignorant people.

But I have already exceeded the space that can properly be allowed to the review of Professor Morse's life in this issue, so it seems better to leave the Maria Monk incident for another occasion. It must not be forgotten, however, that the bitter feelings of bigotry and intolerance inflamed by the publication of those supposed revelations led, in 1836, to the burning of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown (Mass.), Morse's birthplace, whereby the lives of the nuns were greatly endangered. Later in 1855 during the "Know Nothing" movement, similar bitter feelings, aroused by the anti-Catholic campaign for political purposes led to the burning of convents and churches and loss of life.

It behooves us at the present time not to let the same forces, for they are at work to-day in certain parts of the country, lead to any similar result. For political purposes men are making appeals to the ignorant and the bigoted, that may easily lead to a catastrophe that would afterwards be deeply regretted.

The bigotry aroused in "Know Nothing" times fortunately created a reaction against itself, and there was a much broader spirit of tolerance toward Catholics created by this reactionary attitude of mind. The remnants of bigotry in that generation were blotted out during the Civil War, when the shedding of so much of the blood of Catholics for the preservation of the Union furnished the absolute demonstration of the depth of the patriotism of Catholic citizens. There should never have been any doubt of this, for even during the Revolution Washington insisted on suppressing the celebration of the anti-Papal demonstrations on the fifth of November, and called attention to the injustice of them, since Catholic soldiers and citizens were doing so much for the Colonial cause.

TOWARDS EVENING.

BY "SENEX."



WISH I were a younger man! I am glad I am an old man! Which is the wiser wish? How seldom a man of stalwart years wishes he were an old man. How universally old men bemoan their decaying strength and wistfully look at the setting sun; sometimes envying the buoyancy of youth, sometimes calling death a laggard for leaving them to enter in and to go out of their days with halting pace, and as if through a door half unhinged. And then in dullness of mind they constrain the Lord to be more sensibly present with them, using, perhaps, the words the two disciples addressed to our risen Saviour on the road to Emmaus, a prayer which every aged man may choose for his motto: "Stay with us, because it is *towards evening*, and the day is now far spent."

"Perseverance," says St. Francis de Sales, and he paints the twilight mind of one's later days, "has for its enemy a certain weariness of mind, which creeps over us after we have suffered a long time, and this weariness is as powerful an enemy as one can encounter. Now the grace of perseverance enables a man so to confront this enemy that he gains the victory over it by continual calmness, and by acts of submission to the divine will" (*Conferences*, xix.). How rightly inspired was an aged Christian we lately read of, who, when near death, hindered a friend who would turn him so that he might get relief by resting on his side. "No," he said calmly, "no, do not turn me: let me look up to the sky, so that my soul may see the road by which it shall go to unite itself to Jesus Christ." Too often this placid acceptance of death is absent, and the pathway to heaven is clouded by sadness of mind. How well does Newman express the right spirit in his beautiful hymn on death:

The lights my path surrounding,
The helps to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing;
All, all, like stars at even,
Just gleam to shoot away;
Pass on before to heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high:
And joyous angels o'er me
Are beckoning from the sky.
"Why wait," they sing, "and wither
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
'Tis better to come hither,
And find true life begin."

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner to salvation,
An exile to his home.
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point out with faithful finger
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

Sadness: the near approach of death oppresses an old man with sadness almost unceasing, for mortal man shrinks from the eternal years whose gate is death, and sinful man mournfully gazes backward into the shameful past. The terrible fascination of death is not known except to the aged—not even to a moribund invalid in earlier life. As the years drag heavily along he is increasingly devoted to the dead whom he has known and loved. He is a living man ruled wholly by the dead, a condition not unmixed with sweetness; but yet it is a life whose course is measured by anniversaries of sorrow: heavy with years, broken with labors, saddened with disappointments, tired of life and yet afraid to die. His gloom—he knows it too well—is a hardship to his friends. But with Job he would plead: "Suffer me, therefore, that I may lament my sorrow a little; before I go and return no more, to a land that is dark and covered with the mist of death" (Job x. 20, 21).

It is one of our heroisms to bear up valiantly against this sadness, an enemy whose clutch may be loosened but never shaken off. Brave is the soul, who, if made thus to battle and to wait for many years, never grows weary of the battling and waiting. The demons of despondency pry at an old man's grip on hope and would loosen it; and the rays of the setting sun clothe all things with a drapery of doubt, even the pity of God. Days and days are passed when every effort at prayer seems translated perforce into the prophet's quavering plea to God: "Cast me not off in the time of old age; when my strength shall fail, do not Thou forsake me. For my

enemies [the demons] have spoken against me, and they that watched my soul have consulted together, saying: God hath forsaken him; pursue and take him, for there is none to deliver him" (Ps. lxx. 9-11).

Refuge from this tendency to despondency there is none except penance, and penance, hard at best, is doubly so when force of body and cheerfulness of mind have been drained dry by time's relentless tribute. But now is seen the Christian's advantage, for he has his faith to restore his wavering hope. His Catholic faith actually forces him to trust in the grace of pardon, tells him of place and time to seek and find it, namely, in the sacraments, and signalizes the marks of right interior dispositions of penance. Not in vain does he cry out with the Psalmist: "The sins of my youth and my ignorances, remember not, O Lord" (Ps. xxiv. 7). The memory of earlier sins insults his soul even more fiercely than later ones; but nevertheless he knows that old age gives an added value to penance—that of the patient waiting of a darkened mind, the trembling steadfastness of one who clings to God through feeling as if he were under a curse. His offering, too, seems to go more swiftly into the heart of God, for consolations are sometimes quickly granted when the harbor of life's voyage is in sight. Yet his prevailing feeling is sadness. To say to him that he is putting the finishing touch to his virtue sounds to him like mockery. He is not glad to hear such words, but rather is he painfully glad that he must drink the cup of penance to the last bitter drop. The piety of his youth—if he has had such a youth—seems farcical to him. Old age interprets the prophet's words: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Going they went and wept, casting their seeds; but coming they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves" (Ps. cxxv. 6, 7): that beautiful text of hope an old man interprets of the home-coming to heaven after an immense purgatory incalculably prolonged. The courage of waiting on the Lord unto the last hour of a gradually deepening twilight—is it not noble? Is it not the courage of death, the valor of the forlorn hope?

Many is the man who never begins to live till his life is well-nigh done, and his wasted forces admonish him that he is soon to die. In this case old age is a tearful blessing of immortal worth. The greater part of life has been passed with little thought of salvation; how precious the boon of a few years at the end, during every day of which the concentrated bitterness of repentance is fearfully enjoyed. The patriarch Job tells us, that "the vices of his youth are

in the old man's bones, and they shall sleep with him in the dust" (Job xx. 11). Say this of a lost soul, impenitent to the end, and you have the face value of the holy writer's words. Say it of a tardy penitent of his aching bones of self-loathing, and of the uneasy slumber of vices stirring the dust of his ancient memories, and you have the secondary and more secret meaning applied to a penitent old man achieving part of his purgatory before its time.

Nor is this all, though it be the hardest of his trials. For a disgusted memory of past sins is often matched by an old man's shameful temptations. Add to this the consciousness of present faults; even though none of them be gravely sinful, they yet vex and tease and weary him perpetually. He is pestered with petty sins and weaknesses. His loneliness is as irascible as it is incurable: he must have company, he must be petted, his stale pleasantries must be endured; his garrulous tongue, and again his staring, stupid, sullen reticence. Ashamed of all this, he grows shy and is peevish. He knows that he is unfair in his affections and addicted to favoritism; and if he regrets it he yet returns to it none the less. He is slovenly and untidy in his habits; forgetful and inattentive even in serious matters. He is under the delusion that he is still necessary, and clings to office long after he has survived his usefulness, cajoled by self-interested friends. Now and again he awakes to the miserable reality, but is seldom able to extricate himself. He is the dog in the manger, procrastinating and bungling beyond all limits whilst hindering younger men from taking his place. Conservatism, a valued quality in early life, is the dry rot of later days, when one is a bullying "*laudator temporis acti*." Golden opportunities are let slip merely because they are tainted with novelty: his eyes are in the back of his head. And when the hurt is done, he lays the blame on others, meanwhile keeping in the saddle of authority even though he must have himself lashed to it. Again, all old persons are parsimonious—except with their favorites, whom they spoil with their shameless prodigality. The typical miser is an old man; the typical spendthrift is not always a young man. Feebly struggling against all these insurgent tendencies, old men at intervals spend hours eating out their own hearts. They are relieved only by the very strongest graces of God; not seldom only by death.

But consider the reverse order of these miseries of the aged, that of most distressful effort. For not seldom old men and women *must* continue to work, even continue to keep painfully responsible

positions, because the illness or idleness or drunkenness of their dear ones compel them to do so. It is sad, is it not, always to labor and always to be tired out? If the broken old parent stops work his worthless son is flung upon the street. As the aged frame grows stiff-jointed, eyes dim, teeth gone, nerves shattered, digestion impaired, the unhappy old man is whipped on to do a strong man's work with the decaying strength of old age. The supreme sadness of all human existence is that of aged parents whose toil and love is recompensed by the contempt of their idle children.

Old age is that part of man's pilgrimage which our blessed Saviour did not illustrate by His example: but its merits and graces are shown by the heroism of some of His prime favorites. The saints, when admonished by fading vitality that death was not far off, redoubled their austerities and their labors in preparation for their departure. They made little account of the weakness of old age, whilst positively welcoming and enjoying its plaintive invitations to the long rest beyond. Were they not right? If age calls for dispensations, impending dissolution, on the other hand, calls for more stringent observance. Every day in the sixties and seventies of saintly Christians is wreathed with sacred joy and sacred sadness, the piety of faith, the yearnings of hope, the might of love: life's evening sacrifice.

Two parts of a Christian's career should be distinguished by fervor, the beginning of his vocation and the ending of his long, protracted pilgrimage. Thus St. Martin, eighty years of age and taken down with his last illness, could proclaim to God and man: "I refuse no labor!" As if to say: The frost of age has not chilled my zeal—sound the signal for new conflicts; I am ready. Of him Holy Church sings in the divine office: "He feared not to die nor yet refused to live."

St. Boniface had reached his seventy-fifth year, when the longings for missions and for martyrdom which had sent him forth among the heathen in his early life again flooded his soul. He was Archbishop of Mainz and primate of all Germany, legate of the Pope, and the accepted counsellor and even crowner of kings. But he set aside all his honors and offices, took staff in hand, gathered a little band of missionaries, and journeyed among the pagan tribes to the north, no doubt forecasting his death. Hardly had he begun the glorious but monotonous labor of converting and instructing and baptizing these savages, than this aged missionary, whose veins ran with the hot blood of youthful zeal, was suddenly

set upon and slain with all his associates, his gray head crowned, as he ardently desired, with the martyr's blood.

Of St. Germanus of Paris, Alban Butler says (*Lives of the Saints*, May 28th): "In his old age he lost nothing of that zeal and activity with which he had fulfilled the great duties of his station in the vigor of his life; nor did the weakness to which his corporal austerities had reduced him, make him abate anything of the mortifications of his penitential customs, in which he redoubled his fervor as he approached nearer to the end of his course. The last part of a holy man's life—so he feels—is prolonged only to enable him to renew the fires of his youthful fervor amid the snows of extreme old age. Nor is it different with holy old men who in their days of youth were abominable sinners, penitents like St. Augustine, for example; his last weeks and months marked a steady increase of fervent love, gleaming brightly with the rays of trustful hope. The Sage, indeed, warns youthful sinners: "The things that thou hast not gathered in thy youth, how shalt thou find them in thy old age?" (Ecclus. xxv. 5.) And yet even a tardy conversion, postponed for a lifetime, is not seldom redeemed by a late but heroic penance. St. Cyprian was on the borders of old age when he was converted from filthy idolatry, winning a crown of highest perfection, though entering the battle gray-haired and decrepit. Thus if youth is the era of heroic impulse, age is the era of steadfast, deliberate perseverance. Which quality is of greater worth? St. Teresa says: "The soul that gives itself up to the service of God, is subject to great instabilities until forty years of age; but at that age it should be permanently established in grace."

It is only the old man who adequately learns the value of time: a graduate school of time is old age. Patience and the lapse of time: great things are seldom done except by these two means. In the decline of life the lapse of time is God's drawing towards paradise; the heart's patient waiting is its unending act of hope, hope so vivid, so persistent, so sweet that no limits can be set to its elevating force. By a devout old age one may become a saint after a long life of tepidity. It not seldom happens that one feels almost as if he had but now begun to live; or, again, as if he had already passed into the other world. Sights, and especially sounds, as those of birds and the winds and the waters, are strangely unreal, sadly reminiscent of distant childhood, or fearfully and yet sweetly visionary of the world of the future. The prophet voices this twilight mind, stand-

ing midway, intensely looking backward and yearningly looking forward: "I thought upon the days of old; I had in my mind the eternal years" (Ps. lxxvi. 6). All the favorite days of an old man are "days of old," whether for penance or for innocence; all of his future is the cycle of "the eternal years." Salvation, yea, even perfection, is not far from one who is thus compelled to compare time with eternity.

St. Paul says that "we are saved by hope" (Rom. viii. 24); for hope is the expectancy of love and the longing to possess the Beloved; and towards the evening of life there can be no expecting or longing except for the one remaining living reality, God and His heaven: the earth is all too quickly passing away. "Of the past," wrote the venerable Mother Seton to her daughter, "nothing should remain but sorrow for sin; of the future, nothing anticipated but heaven; of the present, one only aim—to fulfill in the fleeting moments God's adorable and eternal will." Is not this compendium of perfection easiest had in our later days? Vocal prayers are now sweet as never before, and come unbidden to the memory. Mental prayer is compulsory, if that be mental prayer which commandeers and confiscates all thoughts in contrasting the days of old with the eternal years. This enables the aged Christian to preserve calm amid feebleness and pain, and peace amid worries and cares, traits characteristic of a devout old man; for he is quick to begin to pray and slow to leave off.

He that lives perilously from day to day can say to God with simplest sincerity: "Give us this day our daily bread." Begin again to-day, O Lord, Thy daily dole of strength for my body and of grace for my soul. Feed me with good thoughts of faith, and of hope, and of love, and of sorrow for sin; *this day*, for I am not sure but that this day shall have no morrow. My early days seem but as yesterday, days of sin fierce and frequent, of repentance seldom and transient. Sweet amazement seizes me as I realize Thy patience with me, and deep thanksgiving for the boon of old age to make ready for meeting Thee face to face. May it come true of me, O my God, that promise made to Thy servant Job: "Brightness like that of the noonday, shall arise to thee at evening; and when thou shalt think thyself consumed, thou shalt rise as the day-star. And thou shalt have confidence, hope being set before thee; and being buried thou shalt sleep secure. Thou shalt rest, and there shall be none to make thee afraid" (Job xi. 17-19).

O'LOGHLIN OF CLARE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

XIX.



THAT little episode of Miss Jacquetta's hospitality was gone like the summer flowers. The night lights in the windows at Ardcurragh had dwindled to a few in the rooms used by the master, who found himself solitary where late had been a crowd. But if there was little blaze from chandeliers within, flame from eastern skies lit the window panes from without as the nights began to close their eyes earlier, and the winter days stretched out cold hands to implore the spring.

That little episode of Miss Jacquetta's hospitality was gone like the summer flowers. The night lights in the windows at Ardcurragh had dwindled to a few in the rooms used by the master, who found himself solitary where late had been a crowd. But if there was little blaze from chandeliers within, flame from eastern skies lit the window panes from without as the nights began to close their eyes earlier, and the winter days stretched out cold hands to implore the spring.

Hugh Ingoldesby felt the place intolerably lonely, and yet did not want any change. He had been out of sympathy alike with the people he had visited, and with the people who had visited him, and he was pleased to be alone. But though glad of the freedom of aloneness, an unreasonable sense of loneliness hindered his enjoyment of solitude. His one desire was to see Brona, and know how things were going on at Castle O'Loughlin, a desire restrained, because he knew that nothing but pain could come of a renewal of the struggle between two spirits each strong in its own conception of faith and duty, and each bound to war against the convictions of the other. But though keeping aloof he did not want to go far away, especially while Turlough was still in the country. He had seen the young man's soaring hopes and their sudden fall, regretting that the disturber of the peace had not been removed from his family by marriage with a wealthy lady, who would have taken him away and provided for him. He had also caught a glimpse of Turlough's fury, and heard a good deal about it from Judkin, who continued to sympathize with the manly young Papist, bound to suffer for the Papistry of a foolish old father.

Hugh surrounded himself with books in his library, and took

long rides in an opposite direction from Castle O'Loughlin, was out by dawn in the woods, where small hardy flowers were already breaking from their green sheaths, rose-veined wind flowers and their blue-frocked sisters, and the white violets that in their pale chastened faces and their mysterious fragrance reminded him inexplicably of the personality of Brona. Never before had he noticed the movements of nature in the resurrection of life after the long winter's death-like sleep. There had been for him the changes of the seasons, with their corresponding changes of pleasure and occupation. Each had its practical use for the earth, on and by which men lived, and it was a matter of course that summer did her duty in embroidering man's path with flowers, and autumn in filling his granaries and providing him with the luxury of her fruits. For the rest there were the beauty and awfulness of landscapes, and the discomforts and pleasures alike of heat and cold. But the sweetnesses and tendernesses of spring in her close companionship with humanity were a revelation, threatening to soften his heart into the weakening of a hardy purpose.

The first pipings of song birds were a new kind of music to him. He had usually spent this time of the year abroad or in London, and the nest building, and courting, and exultant jubilation of married thrush and blackbird had been less known to him than the ways and voices and triumphant world-wide fame of the human singer in concert or oratorio. Now he listened in amazement as to minstrels bearing messages from another world. What did the blackbird talk about when he whispered to his mate just before the first cloud-lift of the dawn? What was that long sweet clarion cry that echoed, reverberating down all the bud-leaved choirs of the yet half-bare sycamores and chestnut trees? How could a bird, a small creature with a small heart and a mouth that was nothing but a tiny gold beak, utter such a shout of joy, merely because another feathered creature was close beside him, and there were eggs in the nest? How different these from the turbulent birds of the cliffs, who shrieked forth defiance of all tender influences, and whose discordant notes voiced the inevitable cruelties of conscience! The woods became haunted for him by ghosts of all the foregone joys of life, whose existence he had never realized till now when he saw them vanishing out of his reach. And one night when the wind sobbed at his windows, and soughed among the distant trees, he heard again the tolling of the mysterious bell from its unknown belfry (the trunk of some mighty oak or elm that had weathered the storms of centuries), and the eerie notes sounded like a stroke of doom, signalling the futility of all human hopes, and the folly of the jubilant existence of perishable wild flower and song bird.

Then he began to realize that he was not leading the life of a

healthy and sane man, and that he must make some effort to change the course of his thoughts, and to give himself some kind of companionship, were it to prove ever so uncongenial and even irksome. He delighted Judkin, who was feeling time heavy on his hands, by directing him to see to the state of the cellar, and to provide several new packs of cards, as he intended to invite a dinner party of masculine friends, such as love good wine and the excitement of a little gambling.

XX.

On the evening of his dinner party Hugh felt like himself again. The men bidden were all his peers in religion and politics, professed haters of Popery and lovers of common sense. On his arrival in the country he had been welcomed among them as one more golden pillar of the Ascendancy. His round of visits had made him popular, more perhaps with the men than the women, who found him a little cold, the latter impression a good deal modified by his house-warming hospitality under Miss Jacquetta's management. In the hunting field he was popular, and now that he was inaugurating bachelor dinner parties, his reputation as a giver of good wine was no way in his disfavor. Already some of the guests were in the drawing-room, when Judkin signalled that he wanted to speak a word to him privately.

"Well?" said Hugh, having followed the man out of the room, "has anything awkward happened?"

"It's young Mr. O'Loghlin, sir, come to ask for the loan of one of your best horses to ride to Dublin."

Hugh gave a little laugh. "Cool," he said, "upon my word! What does he mean by it?"

"Well, sir, from words he has dropped, I think he is off to discover on his father and take the property."

"The scoundrel!" said Hugh.

"I don't quite agree with you there, sir," said Judkin. "I confess I'm glad he has got the pluck."

"Stay!" said Hugh. "Where is he? I must ask him to stop and join us at dinner, and remain the night. Set another place at the table, and have a room prepared. And, Judkin, let my best horse be got ready by daybreak and breakfast on the table at the same moment."

He found Turlough in the library carefully dressed under his riding coat, and assuming airs of assurance and self-satisfaction. Having formed his plan and thought his means of working it, Turlough relied on Ingoldesby for sympathy, if not for admiration like

to Judkin's, seeing that he was naturally taking a step in the right direction.

"You are riding to Dublin?" said Hugh.

"Yes, I am going to arrange the affair of my family at last, to put things on a solid basis. It ought to have been done long ago, but I am only just of age, and so—"

"You mean to discover on your father and take the property?"

"I intend to do it."

"Ah, I see. Well, meantime, stop and dine. I happen to have a few bachelor friends to dinner. It's weary work traveling the roads by night. Stay and have a pleasant evening, and in the morning you can have the pick of my horses for your journey."

Turlough hesitated. He felt restless till the deed was done. And these men who had seen him thrown over by Lady Kitty. He was not inclined to face them till he could do so as a respectable Protestant, and the legal owner of a property in the county.

"You are a judge of wine," said Hugh. "I have some that I would like you to test. And you have no dislike to a game of cards."

Turlough was conquered.

"Come to my dressing-room," said Hugh. "I will give my orders to Judkin for the morning."

As dinner proceeded Turlough forgot his objection to antedating his success and popularity with the gentlemen of the county, and dropped many hints apologetic for father's old-fashioned obstinacy, and suggestive of his own more wise intention of taking up a proper position at the earliest opportunity. By some of the men present he was approved and applauded, by others distrusted and disliked. Wine flowed, and Turlough's self-conceit grew and burst into flower. He already saw himself entertaining such a party as this, with Lady Kitty (who would certainly listen to his next proposal) at the head of his table. Cards were discussed, and he won some money. Wine flowed again, and when all was done Turlough was intoxicated and had to be put to bed. Ingoldesby sat down to write letters, after which he went to breakfast at the hour of dawn as ordered.

"The horse is ready, sir," said Judkin, "but the young man is asleep, and the last trump wouldn't awaken him."

"Let him be," said Hugh. "When he comes to his senses give him what he wants, and the mount he came for. I am going myself to Dublin to prepare the way for him. You can tell him so if he asks for me."

As he rode out in the fair dawn, Hugh's thoughts were with Brona. Indignation at the ruffianism he was outwitting, gave place to pleasure at the opportunity for serving her and hers even in a

manner so remote from his own more intimate desires, as the saving of her father's property from the covetous grip of her father's son. Before rounding a certain curve of the road, obliterating the more familiar landscape, he turned in his saddle to take a long look across the bog he was leaving behind him. At that very moment Brona might be hying by intricate and hardly discoverable paths out to the Mass rock, where she might be tracked on any morning by Slaughterhouse or his men when they happened to make a raid on the country. Nothing, he told himself, but the urgency of his present mission, ought to take him out of reach in case of her distress; but after a few minutes of bitter uneasiness he remembered that Slaughterhouse was in his own way a gentleman, and that he had given a sort of promise not to harm the family at Castle O'Loughlin—even to forbear to hunt the priest so long as he kept within the walls.

It was near noon when Turlough, still stupid and red-eyed, arrived in the breakfast-room. The other night-guests, victims of the bottle, had breakfasted and gone their ways, and the table was arrayed for service of one only. Turlough rang for Judkin, and asked to see his host.

"Gone to Dublin, sir, since daybreak. Left a message for you in case you wanted him."

"He said nothing last night about going," growled Turlough. "He promised me a horse. I was a confounded ass to wait here for his dinner party."

"Well, sir, I heard him promise you the horse, and my master never goes back of his word. He gave me his orders that you were to have everything you want. And if you were curious about his going off so sudden, I was to say that he had just gone on to Dublin to prepare the way for you. You will find him at Daly's."

Turlough stared. He was still stupefied by his experience of the quality and variety of Hugh's wines from an old and well-stocked cellar.

"I think, sir," said Judkin whose manner had become more deferential to O'Loughlin since he was about to become a legalized gentleman, "I believe my master thought he could make matters easier for you."

A cup of strong coffee cleared Turlough's brains a little, and he proceeded to make ready for his journey. The fact that Hugh had given orders about the horse, and that it was ready for him, restored his satisfaction with the present state of affairs, and Judkin having mounted him in superior style, saw him ride off in super-excellent spirits. As he pricked along, his brains restored to their normal condition by the invigorating airs of spring, Turlough congratulated himself on his pluck in this adventure, and especially on having

gained the countenance of Ingoldesby, who had of late so shown disfavor by avoiding the rest of the family. He saw his future as O'Loghlin of Castle O'Loghlin opening before him in shining light and in glowing colors. His father and Brona were to be provided for somewhere, and Aideen was to be sent back to her friends in Paris. Lady Kitty's money was to rebuild the Castle and to improve and extend the lands. He would bring the fellows who had despised him to their knees, take a high hand over them, and probably obtain a title in recognition of his services to the king in conforming to the established religion, and planting one more loyal family in the county. It was perhaps with intention of representing all this to the Lord Lieutenant who was a friend of his, that Ingoldesby had preceded him to Dublin at this crisis. If he had not been an idiot to allow himself to be overpowered with wine, he might have enjoyed the companionship of the master of Ardcurragh in his ride, but Ingoldesby was a man of the world, and no doubt had arranged the affair with a view to the most satisfactory results.

In high good humor Turlough halted at the first stage of his journey, and entered the inn, calling for refreshment of the best that could be afforded him. The money won at cards the night before enabled him to swagger, and to dazzle the innkeeper's eyes with a sight of gold, and continuing the same course all along the way, his journey was prolonged beyond his first intention. Finding the journey so pleasant, he slept at hostelries two nights on the way, and only on the third day arrived in Dublin. After refreshing himself and arranging his dress at a hotel he proceeded at once to the Castle, and after some delay he obtained an audience with the authorities and made his errand known.

The reply to his application stunned him.

"We are sorry to say you are late, Mr. O'Loghlin. Mr. Ingoldesby of Ardcurragh has been before you in this matter, and is already registered as the legal owner of the O'Loghlin property."

XXI.

A few days later Hugh went to breakfast at Delville.

"Well?" said Mrs. Delany. "What has become of him?"

"I have shipped him off to France," said Hugh. "He made a shocking scene, cursed me for having robbed and ruined him, said he had written to his father to denounce me as a treacherous friend, more hateful than an open enemy, warned his sister and aunt that they were to be left without a roof over their heads, and that he himself was obliged to take refuge in Paris."

"They will soon learn the truth," said Mrs. Delany.

"In time they will understand that I have made myself nominally owner of the property in order to hold it safely for Morogh O'Loughlin, the suspected and proscribed. But the lie will get a start of the truth. I cannot write to denounce the scapegrace son of his worthy father. The young rascal has misrepresented the real state of things, describing himself as having rushed to Dublin to try to hinder my unneighborly act in taking advantage of the law."

"He can certainly pose as an admirable person," said Mrs. Delany. "Of that I have had some experience. But at home they must know him."

"I am not sure whether they would believe him capable of such thoroughly rascally and dastardly conduct," said Hugh, thinking of Brona's shame and grief for her brother's vices. "But at all events I must allow things to take their course for the moment. Truth will out, but it has a way of choosing its own hour."

"Was the young man willing to go?" asked Mrs. Delany.

"Pretending to be unwilling, but unable to hide his impatient eagerness to be off. Lamented his inability to move for want of means."

"You gave him money."

"Enough to start him in some kind of new life in Paris. I fear it will be spent on his pleasures, but further I cannot follow him."

"What are you going to do with yourself, Hugh? You hinted sometime ago in a letter that you thought of a return to your old life of wandering."

"The truth is I am like a fish out of water in Ardcurragh. I am out of touch with the sympathies of those who interest me, and I have no inclination for the society of those who claim me as one of themselves. It is mere perverse humor that makes me wish to sit at the fire with Morogh O'Loughlin, and smoke and talk books with him, and that takes me to potter about the bog where the mysterious Mass is said, rather than attend wine and card parties with my neighbors approved by the law."

Mrs. Delany looked a little troubled. She thought he avoided her eye while he spoke.

"I suppose," he went on, "I may be coming to a time of life when a man's tastes change, or when experience gives his preconceived or educated views a shake, and he feels an interest in seeing further into things he has despised, and putting things he has sworn by on their trial."

"It may be so. It is a phase I can imagine. Even the woman of thirty-five is often a more large-minded creature, though she may feel her wings clipped, than the girl who thinks she sees illimitably and feels her wings growing. I have always believed in liberality of

judgment myself, and I am not sorry you should feel that change you describe, as an opening up of wider sympathies. But I hope you will cultivate the growth of new views anywhere rather than in the loneliness of Ardcurragh. You are too warm-blooded a man to live like a fish, in water or out of water as you put it. As for haunting the Mass-bog and sitting at the fire with Morogh O'Loughlin, I have already warned you against both."

"I think I have proved myself sufficiently prudent to require no warnings. I avoid Castle O'Loughlin and smoke in solitude. As for the bog—I confess the religion of these people fascinates me—I mean the idea of it. I no longer want to hunt and hang. I would let them pray their own way, and even hope that God may hear them. They have taught me to believe that there is really a God, seeing their ardent devotion and unshakeable fidelity. The religion of common sense as I have known it, as I find it still among legalized religionists, dwindles before it like a candle before the sun. It is the shadow of the substance."

"I have heard men who have lived in the East speak in the same way of Buddhism, of Mohammedanism."

"No, no. Contrast their women with—"

"Brona O'Loughlin?" said Mrs. Delany. "Ah, Hugh, your prudence has not yet saved you. Don't turn Papist even for such a woman. You could only injure yourself as well as her. Forgive my bluntness. A minute ago I could not have believed that I should give you such a blow in the face."

"I am not hurt. I love Brona. It harms no one that you should know it. But having said so much I have said everything, except that she has utterly rejected my appeal to be allowed to take her out of so sad a home and make her happy."

"It has come to that?"

"Some time ago. Latterly I have not seen her. As to turning Papist, I am not a man to pretend to worship my Creator while conscious of nothing in my heart but worship of a woman."

"No."

"It is simply that I am unfortunate in this, being a man who loves only one woman in his lifetime. Only for the barrier of proscription she would be my wife. Seeing her living faith I have ceased to wish to force her to abjure it. The change has come to me in absence from her, in days and nights of thought. It seems there is nothing for us but the sadness of separation. God made us man and woman for each other, but the dissension of creeds has parted us."

"I wish I had never asked her to come here!" said Mrs. Delany impetuously.

"Don't regret it, dear lady," said Hugh, smiling. "We should have met on the bog. My fate was drawing me to Ardcurragh, and that movement you had nothing to do with. My good aunt is the only person to blame besides myself for bringing me to Ireland. How scared she would be if she could hear me say it! But do not be uneasy about me. I am happier in loving Brona, even in separation than I could have even been without knowing her."

"You are a very strange man, Hugh," said Mrs. Delany.

"Odd?" said Hugh. "The world is full of odds and evens, and I suppose some of us are bound to take the odds."

"Well, go to the East and study Buddhism, and don't frighten me with your admiration of Papistry. Liberality can go a little too far. You know I am a friend of Catholics, and always take their part. But the Dean—"

"Is also liberal, but draws a line, and his line is yours."

"A safe and reasonable line. I have always wished that you could hear him often at St. Werbergh's."

"Before or after going to the East?"

"Now you are ceasing to be serious and beginning to tease. I am afraid you are bent on going back to Ardcurragh."

"I shall probably feel in a few days that I must go back and explain my conduct to Morogh O'Loghlin."

"Will not writing do?"

"A cold means where so much may depend on warmth of assurance. Next to crimes, misunderstandings are, to my mind, the very worst evils of life."

XXII.

There was some talk in the servant's hall about Turlough's sudden departure and prolonged absence, no notice given to his family, only a casual remark to Thady Quin that he was riding to Ardcurragh to spend the evening.

"That he may stay away!" said Thady Quin. "He has the two eyes cried out of the Marquise's head (and more's the pity, for there's no finer eyes in the world for their time of life), and Miss Brona wore as thin as a sally rod, and the masther starin' at the wall over the edge of his book, right at the mistress' picture (the light o' heaven to her!) as if he was sayin' to her, 'Why did you let the devil get a houl't of him, an' you at hand so convenient to put in a good word for him in the ear of God?'"

"I've heard there's a black sheep turnin' up in every old family some time or other," said Mrs. MacCurtin apologetically.

"Not in mine," said Thady, "as old as any of them, the Quins of Quin Abbey that was called for them and for Quinchy, the arbutus

tree. Father Aengus explained it to me. His own order lived in it before it was wrecked an' ruined. What's older than the trees, barrin' the mountains? "

"Bother you and your family!" said Mrs. MacCurtin. "What do I ever say about the MacCurtins? I'm as old as yourself any day, Thady Quin."

"Faith then, ma'am, you haven't the appearance of it," said Thady gallantly.

"Don't try to be more of a fool than you look, my good man! There's the Marquise ringin' for me! Bother the bells in this house that's all broke!"

"If they weren't Catholic bells they'd be ringing," said Thady. "But if all the Marquises in Christianity, bells or no bells, were on the stairs, I will say Honor MacCurtin that anybody seein' the pair of us this minute would give y' ten years younger by your looks than Thady Quin."

"I don't think Mr. Turlough will be at home for dinner," said the Marquise as she gave her housekeeping orders for the day. "Mr. Ingoldesby usually keeps him for a week or two when he goes to Ardcurragh."

"True for you, my lady," said Mrs. MacCurtin, "and we needn't be unneighborly in refusin' to lend a loan of him. The best in the world can be done without, whiles—"

"He needs a change sometimes. 'Tis a dull life here for one accustomed to Paris," said the Marquise with a lift of her chin. "See that his bed is kept aired."

"Oh, and that he may not be sleepin' in the same bed for long enough to come!" muttered Honor MacCurtin to herself, as the lady turned away, holding her handsome white head unusually high for one who was ever genial and "homely" with the humblest of the retainers of the family.

"My lady, Mr. MacDonogh's in the library with the master," said Thady meeting her in the hall.

Aideen breathed a sigh of relief that was almost contentment. Turlough returning to his usual ways, and MacDonogh coming on the scene, were two good happenings after weeks of misery. The bluff, good-natured MacDonogh was always welcome for his leal fidelity to the unfortunate, and for his optimistic cheerfulness which was like an invigorating breeze blowing the miasma out of stagnant places. A daring lawbreaker, and of a nature somewhat coarse in the grain, neither smuggling nor a plain spoken word was a crime in his eyes, and those who had proved his worth were fain to take him at his own estimate, warming themselves at the glow of his very human virtues.

Aideen finished her household business, and arranged her dress for lunch with the accustomed care of a French woman, and took her way to the morning-room. She paused in the doorway with a sudden sense of shock. The pleasant looks of welcome always accorded to MacDonogh were not to be seen. Her brother sat with his head drooped, his hands grasping the arms of his chair. Brona stood behind him, gazing at MacDonogh with an expression in her eyes of fixed denial of belief in what he was saying. MacDonogh stood erect on the hearth, one arm extended denouncing something or someone, an angry frown on his good-natured countenance.

"Turlough again!" she thought with a rush of impulse to defend him at any cost.

Morogh and Brona took no notice of her entrance. MacDonogh bowed low over the hand she extended to him.

"This is a sad business, my lady. Ill luck to me to be the bearer of bad tidings."

"Is Turlough dead?" gasped Aideen.

MacDonogh almost smiled at the question. It would not have pained him much to announce such a catastrophe as the removal of the graceless young man from the possibility of further tormenting his family.

"As far as I know your nephew's health is excellent," he said.

"Tell me what is wrong," said Aideen. "What are your evil tidings?"

"Evil enough, madam. It grieves me to tell of the treachery of one who has passed as the friend of this family. Ingoldesby of Ardcurragh has formally "discovered on" Morogh O'Loghlin as a proscribed and obstinate Catholic, persisting in Popish practices, encouraging Romish superstitions, and known to harbor a priest. And as a reward for his zeal he is now registered as the legal owner of the O'Loghlin property of Burren, as well as the Ingoldesby property of Ardcurragh."

"Impossible," said Aideen. "He is a gentleman and has shown much sympathy."

"More scoundrel he!" cried MacDonogh. "It is the talk of Dublin. The bribes offered by the government are too big to be resisted. With two such properties he will be a magnate in the county. A title will probably be his reward."

"It has always been possible," said Aideen, "but not even Stodart—and Ingoldesby of all men."

"Nothing so likely as the unexpected," said MacDonogh grimly.

"It has not happened. It is not true," said Brona, firmly, the denial in her face growing more intense as she flatly contradicted the ill-omened messenger.

"If it were not true I should not be here with an alarming lie, my dear young lady. My anxiety has been to know what my friends intend to do, and to offer them any help in my power. Rumor says the robber intends throwing the two properties into one, rebuilding the Castle, and that he is promised an earldom for his services to the king."

"Falsehood every word of it!" said Brona, leaning her elbows on the back of her father's chair, her chin in her hand, and her eyes flashing indignation at MacDonogh.

"That's how he did it," was MacDonogh's thought, startled by the steeled expression of those tender eyes. "Wormed himself into the family confidence and the girl's affection, that he might learn all about their affairs, and be able to sell the whole of them, root and branch—the ruffian!"

Morogh had not spoken. "Where is Turlough?" he said now, raising his bent head with an effort.

"Oh, he's in Dublin, or was when I saw him. Said he followed Ingoldesby to try to stop him. He may be in Paris now for all I know. Ingoldesby was shipping him off with money in his pocket, to get rid of a likely row from his interference."

Here the door opened, and Thady announced himself with a little modest cough.

"It's a word I have for the Marquise," he said. "If it's a thing that she's expecting Mr. Turlough, she needn't. Myself met Judkin on the road, and he says his master went off to Dublin a week ago for the extinguishment of Papishes, and Mr. Turlough hot foot after him, and neither of them has come back. I didn't wait to hear more, for fear I would throttle the rascal for the grin he had."

"Thank you, Thady. That will do," said Morogh, and Thady retreated, standing outside in the hall, and shaking his fist at the solid door, that had no chinks to enable him to learn something more of the misfortune that had fallen on the family.

"If this is true it must be borne," said Morogh. "We have lived in expectation of it. At the present moment all we have to do is to await more positive information. Some kind of official notice will be given to us. So far as we know," he added with a faint smile, "I am still, for to-day at least, O'Loghlin of Burren. Let us live accordingly, as if nothing had happened. Have you other business on hands, MacDonogh? You did not come down to Clare merely to bring us this news."

"Only the usual business of the brigade," said MacDonogh ruefully. "I am sorry, O'Loghlin, to be the first to rush this on you."

"No, my friend. You have prepared us for what may be to come. You will return to sup this evening. On your next visit we

may not be able to offer you hospitality. You know the saying—'seize life's glad moments when you can'—they are ever on the wing."

"To-night or to-morrow," said MacDonogh, and took his departure, downcast.

"Now, no tears, no repining!" said Morogh looking at his sister and daughter with calm eyes, "and leave me alone for a while to arrange this affair with God. Such an event does not arrive without His knowledge. If we are Christians and Catholics, we must be prepared to receive with welcome all that He sends."

"You are not natural, Morogh!" burst forth Aideen.

Brona knelt and buried her face in her father's shoulder for a moment.

"It's impossible, father. Don't believe it," she whispered. "Ingoldesby is our friend."

She kissed his hand and stood up.

"Come, Aideen!" she said and the Marquise, half-suffocated with suppressed wrath and grief, followed her from the room.

They put their heads together over the wood fire in Aideen's chamber.

"Is this revenge for your rejection of Ingoldesby as a lover?" asked Aideen. "If you had conformed, and married him it would have been a pleasanter way for him to attain his object, though not so direct or so rapid."

"Hush, Aideen," said Brona. "Whoever has done this thing it is not Hugh Ingoldesby. As well tell me that the hills of Burren have taken a walk to Killarney, and that this moment our sky is void of them."

"Ah, you care for him! You love the traitor. Be loyal to your father, Brona!"

"Am I not loyal to him? Shall I not travel the world with him?" said Brona. "As for lovers I have often told you that such are not for me. But I would be just. Can you not be loyal to anyone but Turlough?"

"What has Turlough to do with it?" asked Aideen angrily. "Why must he always be the scapegoat?"

Then they were both silent, remembering Turlough's threat of some months ago. Brona believed that her father had been remembering it when he sat so silent.

"It were better that any stranger should do this thing than that a Catholic should forswear his religion to do it," whispered Brona, "even if he were not the son of the man he wronged."

Aideen groaned. In her heart she feared that it was Turlough who had done it. So did Brona.

The two women could talk no more for their tears.

XXIII.

Some time later came the official announcement to Morogh O'Loghlin of the confiscation of his property in the County of Clare, which had been transferred to Hugh Ingoldesby of Ardcurragh in that county. Almost at the same moment came Turlough's letter written on the eve of his sailing for France, denouncing Ingoldesby, and misrepresenting the circumstances of his own departure from home.

The letter was to Aideen. With all his callousness and audacity and his recklessness of truth, he had not the temerity to address a tissue of falsehood to his wronged father, whose strength of character inspired him with awe while he despised his resignation and fortitude. He had gone (he said) to dine with Ingoldesby, and found him on the eve of starting for Dublin to discover on his Catholic neighbor, Morogh O'Loghlin. He had tried to dissuade him, but without avail. Ingoldesby had set out at daybreak on his journey, and Turlough on finding him gone, had borrowed a horse from Judkin to ride after him, to make another attempt to save the property. Before he could make any such attempt the deed was done.

"I had gained some money by cards," he wrote, "and I am getting away to Paris, where I must try to live by my wits as best I can. I don't know what is to become of you and father and Brona. Perhaps the new master may allow you to remain as tenants at will, unless he wants to pull down the old house and build, when perhaps he would grant you a hovel somewhere. When I think of his prosperity and style, and his cool superiority, and my own miserable existence, I could poison him! Perhaps you will all forgive him, and dutifully accept him as your master since the law has given you to him; even Brona who didn't think enough of him to save us through his favor! This is his revenge."

Turlough's raving continued to much greater length. The truth of the gist of his communication might have been doubted but for the cold official document which accompanied and corresponded with it.

There followed at Castle O'Loghlin a spell of the silent endurance of undeserved affliction, known to many souls who suffer this life in large degree as purgatory. To Morogh this deprivation of all his earthly possessions was as a call to the inner courts of spirituality, and invitation to closer union with his God. *I will draw thee with the cords of love.* These cords were cords of chastisement. With a severe countenance he set himself to consider what steps to take for the future of himself and his daughter, undaunted by the knowledge that indigence and penury awaited them.

"Don't be uneasy about me, father," said Brona. "If we must go to France, I can teach English in a convent school, and you and

I can live happily together on a pittance. Aileen has her own little income. It will only be the pain of leaving the dear old place, the home, the hills and the sea."

She did not venture to breathe her suspicion of the truth, that Turlough's treachery somehow lay at the base of their misfortune. Though her faith in Ingoldesby's honor and rectitude were akin to her trust in Providence, she was keenly aware that it was easier for Morogh to suffer from the avowed ill-will of a stranger than from a stab in the dark from his unworthy son. She spoke no more in defence of Hugh, even to Aileen whose occasional angry denunciations of the enemy sometimes seemed to her to cover the same unacknowledged suspicion as her own. And so the days went on, the cloud of suspense and uncertainty intensifying as no further intimation reached them of the intentions of the man who appeared to have so basely injured them.

"He will not come back to the country at present," said Aileen, "not till we are gone. He will be ashamed to look on the ruin he has made. Nor will he write. How could he find words to give a plausible reason for his conduct? Probably the next thing we shall hear will be an official warning to get out of our premises before a certain date."

To all this Brona said nothing. She was praying for Turlough. Asking forgiveness and amendment for her brother, she offered thanksgiving for Hugh, the friend whom she felt sure he had calumniated. But of this no word could be said, neither to her father to increase his sorrow perhaps beyond his endurance, nor to Aileen, whose scared eyes betrayed her fear of worse news to come, and her desperate determination to fight for one wrongdoer, no matter to what depths of degradation he might have sunk. The suspicion in the women's minds was turned to certainty in a moment by a sudden outburst of the feelings of Thady Quin. The Marquise found him stamping his feet with passion in the garden.

"Sure flesh an' blood can't bear it, my lady! Mrs. MacCurtin says I'm to hold my tongue, an' I can't. Bad as he was I couldn't ha' believed it of Turlough—no more will I mister or master him. Hadn't we him here like a bird in a nest, and all of us makin' much of him?"

Aileen stood pale and speechless.

"I'm not lookin' at you, my lady, for I couldn't bear your eyes. I've spoke now and on speakin' I'll go. It was Judkin that I met on the road ridin' one of his master's horses an' he stops and says he:

"'Hello! when yez goin' to clear out o' yonder and let decent law-abidin' people get their own? My master's your master now,' says he; an' can sell the whole of y' root an' branch, and a good

riddance of Papishes out of the country! And your own young rascal,' says he, 'that wanted it for himself done out of it for all his tricks. And well it is, for one that would rob his own father and make a beggar of him is no good for honest Protestants to have to do with.'

"'What do you mean, you ruffian?' says I. 'Mr. Turlough tried to stop your master's robbery grabbin'.'

"With that Judkin let a laugh and an oath that I couldn't repeat to your ladyship, and then he let another not so heavy—second-course-like, and says he:

"'By King George that's a good one! Didn't he come beggin' the best horse to take him to Dublin Castle to discover on his father for a Papish, an' take the property for himself as an honest Protestant? And not the first time he said it to me, but the first my master heard of it. An' didn't Ingoldesby fill him with wine an' put him to bed, and go off at break of day an' take all for himself? And better it is for yez all to be at the heel of Ingoldesby than the mercy of yon Turlough!'

"O good Lord, my lady, my blabbin' tongue has killed you!" cried Thady, breaking his narrative short, and rushing to support the stricken lady, who after a fit of trembling recovered her presence of mind, and gave him her hand with a piteous movement, allowing him to lead her to the house.

"I told her the truth, bad manners to me!" he cried to Brona, "and sure it had to be known, though it needn't have come out so suddint!"

Aideen had a headache that evening, and remained in her room. The truth, though hardly a surprise, had fallen on her, as things silently known to the mind will strike at the heart when put into words, and hurled unexpectedly from the unsparing tongue of another. It was agreed between her and Brona that nothing should be said to Morogh of this fresh sting added to the bitterness of the moment. He remained devoted to the effort of winding up his affairs, with a view to relinquishing the ownership of his house and lands as required by the mandate of the law. Only a week had elapsed since the blow had fallen, and to the family at Castle O'Loughlin it seemed to have been months in passing.

XXIV.

Hugh was still detained in Dublin by formalities of the law, unwilling to write to Morogh O'Loughlin, seeing the difficulty of explaining his own action without informing him of the evil behavior of his son. To Mrs. Delany's entreaties that he would write a plain statement of his own act and intentions, and avoid the society of the

O'Loghlin for some years to come, he persisted in replying that he felt urged and obliged to see Morogh and talk to him on the matter. The thought that they must meanwhile see him in the light of a treacherous friend was intolerable to him. When he said, "they," Mrs. Delany knew that he was thinking of Brona.

"If you really want to benefit them, go away," said the sensible woman. "If you turn Papist or Brona marries you, remaining obstinate, you and they are all brought to ruin together."

"Your woman's imagination is at work now," said Hugh. "I am not likely to turn Papist, nor, I grieve to say, is Brona likely to marry me. We are both as firm as the Burren Mountains."

"I hope you will remain so, and with a view to that, I again advise you to make your visit short, and go to Burmah or Egypt to learn more about Eastern religions. They will be a safer study for you at present than the follies of Popery."

"That is a less liberal speech than I ever heard from you before," said Hugh smiling.

"I want to save you, and I want to save Brona," said Mrs. Delany warmly. "You are not the only person to find her a lovable creature. I can love without harming her."

"So can I," said Hugh boldly. But Mary Delany shook her head.

"As soon as you are out of the British Isles," she said, "I will have her here again, and try to give her a little peace and pleasure."

"She will not leave her father. Less likely now than ever," said Hugh.

"Then Morogh must come with her. The aunt will be bent on following Turlough to Paris."

"You speak as if I were going to turn them out," said Hugh.

"Perhaps you may have to do so. Who can tell how all this is going to end?"

"No, no," said Hugh. "I am seeing this matter solidly arranged. If I am owner of the O'Loghlin property I can do what I please with it. And I please to leave Morogh O'Loghlin as undisturbed in it as though I had no existence."

"Then write and tell him so and depart to Egypt," said Mrs. Delany.

"I intend to go and tell him so, and afterwards to live where I may find it convenient to live," said Hugh.

"You had better give it up," said Dr. Delany when his wife complained to him. "As well try to turn the mill stream by shaking a switch at it, as persuade Hugh Ingoldesby against his judgment."

"I want to save them both," said Mary Delany.

"You can't, my love, unless they want to save themselves. Every man has to dree his own weird, as the Scotch say, and every woman

too. You have given good counsel, and have no further responsibility."

Meanwhile Hugh had received an audacious letter from Turlough in Paris, demanding more money.

"You have robbed my father of everything," he wrote, "and you are bound to make a provision for me, his heir. Please to let me have a remittance as soon as convenient to you."

Hugh threw the letter in the fire, and felt more than ever sure of the necessity for his visiting Clare, and of having a thorough understanding with Morogh O'Loughlin, let come what might.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO ALICE MEYNELL.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

THE winds came home to your singing;
They whispered me this, on the way;
But would not stop, who were bringing
Fair gifts for your choice of a lay.

They carried twilight and shimmer,
And dreams for the bloom of a thought,
And stars too distant for glimmer,
Strong things out of gossamer wrought;

White moonbeams, caught for your pleasure;
White bird with a nest in a shrine;
White speech, turned silver for treasure;
White music to rhythm each line;

And gold for silence that ponders
O'er thoughts still unshaped to a word;
Faint gold for luminous wonders,
Felicities never yet heard.

The winds came home to your singing;
One song was too small for their heed.
But take, what they scorned in their bringing,
The wish that is almost a deed.

JEAN HENRI FABRE.

A GREAT CATHOLIC SCIENTIST.

BY JOHN DALY MCCARTHY, PH.D.



THE opening years of the twentieth century disclosed two giants in the field of natural science—both Catholics—Mendel, the Augustinian Prior, whose experiments on peas laid the foundations for the formulation of the laws of inheritance that now go by the name of Mendelism; and Fabre, the great entomologist and natural philosopher. Unfortunately for natural science, the full value of their work was not appreciated until long after much of it was accomplished; Mendel lay in his almost unmarked grave, near his beloved cloister gardens, twenty years before the report of his work was discovered in the *Abhandlungen* of the Natural History Society of Brün; and the plaudits of the whole scientific world find Fabre a nonogenarian, his energy spent, living in a humble peasant's cottage in his beloved France.

A thorough understanding of the work fifty years ago of either of these men would possibly have led Darwin to modify his theory of the mechanism of descent, and it would most certainly have had a disciplinary value for those followers of Darwin, who have made Natural Selection a word with which to conjure. But if Mendel's and Fabre's great work was unknown for so long a time, it is the fault of those materialistic philosophers of the latter part of the nineteenth century who formulated theories of origins and descent from a study of dead animals in a laboratory. We should be proud of our Catholic biologists who have been so conspicuous in the study of nature by means of living plants and animals in their natural habitat—of the English priest, Father John Gerard; of Mendel; of Fabre, and of Father Eric Wassmann, the famous student of the animal brain.

The Church has been graced by many other patient and all too humble scientific workers, but none greater than Jean Henri Fabre. This little old man, who has been called the "Homer of the Insect World," was born in Saint Léon's in 1823, and is consequently now in his ninety-second year. His family had as a neighbor¹ the Catholic poet, Mistral. When Fabre was twelve years old his

¹*Fabre, Poet of Science.* By C. V. Legros.

parents moved to Rodez where his father opened a café. It was here that Fabre came into intimate touch with the parish priest, assisting him in many ways and² serving as an altar boy. Concerning his duties at Mass, Fabre tells us in a chapter of autobiography, that he was in a constant state of trepidation during the Holy Sacrifice, never certain when to ring the bell or move the Missal. At the intonation of the "*Domine, salvum fac regem*," he was so distrustful of his own powers that he usually mumbled to himself, leaving the intonation to his associates.

Once, when wandering about in the woods on a mountain nearby, he came upon a finch's nest containing six eggs, and boy like took one away in his hand, carefully guarded by pads of moss. At the bottom of the slope he met the parish priest's curate reading his breviary as he was taking a walk. Here it was that Fabre received his first lesson in Latin, and learned of the value of the finches as destroyers of insects, for the curate was no mean naturalist himself, telling the boy of the feeding habits of the bird whose egg he had stolen, and giving him its scientific name.³ Fabre relates that it was only long afterwards that he learned the value of his first lesson in the classics received at the hands of the kindly curate.

In these days of universal education, so called, when universities and private schools are receiving incomes amounting to billions of dollars, and when boys and girls are tortured by a graded system of education extending in some cases over a period of fifteen or twenty years of forty weeks to the year, it is profitable and astonishing to see how really great scholars have acquired an education with the most meagre facilities. Fabre says⁴ that he received just three formal lessons in science during his lifetime—one in economic zoölogy given him by the village Curé with a finch's egg as illustrative material; one in chemistry when he saw a laboratory assistant make oxygen, and nearly blind the whole class in the process; and one in anatomy, which was given by Moquin Tandon, who showed him the structure of a snail in a plate filled with water. He never received a lesson in mathematics above the problems of simple arithmetic, got a smattering of Latin from a copy of *Æsop's Fables*, learned Greek by procuring a copy of the *Imitation* with parallel columns in Latin and Greek, and translating the latter by means of the former.⁵ Yet Fabre later became a successful

²J. H. Fabre, *Life of the Fly*, p. 150.

³J. H. Fabre, *Life of the Fly*, p. 390.

⁴J. H. Fabre, *Life of the Fly*, pp. 427, 428.

⁵*Ibid.*, p. 433.

teacher of geometry and chemistry, read Latin and Greek as a mental tonic, earned a livelihood for a time from applied chemistry, became a botanist of considerable reputation, and is to-day the truest and most poetical student of insect life the world has ever known. Fifty years⁶ ago Darwin referred to Fabre as the "incomparable observer," and yet he was little known outside of France until the last ten years.

Fabre is above all a student of animal life, not a dissector of the dead animal body.

To know thoroughly the history of the destroyer of our vines might perhaps be more important than to know how this or that nerve fibre of a cirriped ends; to establish by experiment the line of demarcation between intellect and instinct; to prove by comparing facts in the zoölogical progression, whether human reason be an irreducible faculty or not; all these ought surely to take precedence of the number of joints in a Crustacean's antenna.

It has been repeatedly pointed out that the really great workers in science have been neither agnostics nor atheists, but instead very reverent men. And Fabre is no exception. In speaking of what many persons would consider a very simple matter—the germination of a seed which most of our soap-box orators would feel quite capable of explaining with a sentence and a few gestures, the "incomparable observer" says:⁷

What does the root know of the earth's fruitfulness? Nothing. Theories are put forward, most learned theories, introducing capillary action, osmosis and cellular inhibition, to explain why the caulicle ascends and the radicle descends. Shall physical or chemical forces explain why an organism digs into the hard clay? I bow profoundly, without understanding or even trying to understand. The question is far above our inane means.

It is interesting to know that Fabre takes⁸ issue with many of the modern expounders of Mendelism who maintain that "genius" is inherited, and that it can be "bred" as swine with twisted tails or cattle with long horns are bred. After pointing out that the love for insect life that permeates his own being, and the genius for observation attributed to him by Darwin, are to be found in none of his ancestors, he says:

After the details which I have already given about my an-

⁶*Ibid.*, pp. 160, 161.

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 108.

⁸*Ibid.*, p. 160.

cestors, it would be ridiculous to look to heredity for an explanation of the fact. Nor would anyone venture to suggest the words or example of my masters. Of scientific education, the fruit of college training, I have none whatsoever. I never set foot in a lecture hall except to undergo the ordeal of examinations. Without masters, without guides, often without books, in spite of poverty, that terrible extinguisher, I went ahead, persisted, facing my difficulties, until the indomitable bump ended by shedding its scanty contents. I was a born animalist. Why and how? No reply.

We thus have, all of us, in different directions and in a greater or less degree, characteristics that brand us with a special mark, characteristics of an unfathomable origin. They exist because they exist; and that is all one can say. The gift is not handed down; the man of talent has a fool for a son. Nor is it acquired; but it is improved by practice. He who has not the germ of it in his veins will never possess it, in spite of all the pains of a hothouse education.

It has been repeatedly observed that the profoundest thoughts are usually clothed in the simplest words, and all that Fabre has written bears this out. He tells us that if he writes for scientists and philosophers, he writes above all for children. A child could read his chapters in *The Life of a Fly* and delight in them. They are so simply and so beautifully written. And older folks will find Fabre no less delightful than children.

In the volume just referred to, Fabre contributes some problems in instinct that will be rather difficult for the followers of the doctrine of "chance" to explain. For instance, on one occasion⁹ he observed that the female fly lays her eggs on the eyes or in the corners of the mouth of a dead animal, and that when the head is covered by a paper bag, and there are no wounds in the body, no eggs are deposited on the carcass. What is the reason? Fabre can answer. The maggots worm their way through the flesh by digesting the protein tissue ahead of them by means of an enzyme, probably much like the pepsin in our stomachs. The skin is made up very largely of a horny material—keratin—which cannot be digested by the maggot's secretion. With her maternal foresight, the bluebottle knows to perfection the choice surfaces, the only ones liable to soften and run under the influence of the reagent dribbled by the new born grubs. The chemistry of the future is familiar to her, though she does not use it for her own feeding. Can chance

⁹*Ibid.*, p. 347.

solve this? Is it by chance that a fly knows the chemical action of ferments in grubs, that she never sees and never will see? The advocates of the doctrine of chance are in the minority these days. Scientists are coming to realize that there is purpose over and above the chemical and physical laws of the universe.

It is interesting in this connection to note that the possibility of explaining biological phenomena by means of physical and chemical forces had occurred to Fabre, and had been thoroughly examined. In fact it was none other than Darwin who suggested to Fabre¹⁰ that the homing instincts of insects might be explained by the action of terrestrial magnetic currents. It seems that Fabre's work had come to Darwin's attention, and he had written Fabre a flattering appreciation of it. And Fabre states that "though facts, as I see them, disincline me to accept his theories, I have none the less the deepest veneration for his character as a man and his candor as a scientist," and Fabre decided to follow Darwin's suggestions for further experimentation on mason bees. It seems that Darwin felt that the insects' homing-sense depended very much on their perception of gravity and air currents while they were being carried away from their nest, and that if instead of being taken in a direct line from their nest a circuitous course was followed, and the bag containing them was rotated several times, it would so confuse them that they would be unable to find their way home. Fabre determined to give this suggestion a thorough test since it came from so great a scientist, and also because, according to the peasants of Provence, cats if put in a bag and thoroughly rotated would not return to their old homes. And so one morning Fabre started off with several mason bees in a bag. He went around hills and through woods until he was two miles from home, and had come to a wayside cross. This would be an excellent place to liberate his bees. But they must be rotated first! Taking the bag in one hand he swung it around his head in a horizontal plane, and then in front of him in a vertical plane, and then between his legs, and finally wound up the performance by a series of fantastic gyrations calculated to destroy any memory of distance or air currents that the bees ever possessed. Then taking his insects out one by one he put a drop of colored glue on the back of each and liberated them. Darwin's directions were followed out to the letter.

But so attentive had he been with his experiment that he had not noticed an old woman standing a short distance up the road.

¹⁰*My Relations With Darwin*, 1.

She had seen all of his antics before the cross! Straightway she made for the village to tell the gossips that Fabre had gone crazy, and that she had found him going through the most diabolical actions at the foot of the cross. Of course, her audience was glad to believe all she said, for only a short time before had he not been detected digging bones out of some old graves in the cemetery! Embarrassed as he was by the old woman's presence, he did not let this interfere with his experiment, and immediately set out for home. When he arrived there he found some of his bees before him and others later returned. He immediately wrote to Darwin of his observations, and the latter replied that he was surprised and not a little disappointed. There was still another line of attack left open, however. Darwin suggested that the insect's homing-sense might be partly due to terrestrial magnetic currents, and advised Fabre to make a very thin needle into a magnet, "and to attach this needle to the insect's thorax." "I believe," Darwin said, "that such a little magnet, from its close proximity to the nervous system of the insect, would affect it more than would the terrestrial currents," and that the insect would lose its sense of orientation.

Concerning this suggestion, Fabre observes, "I have but little confidence in our physics when they pretend to explain life; nevertheless, my respect for the illustrious philosopher would have made me resort to induction coils, had I commanded the necessary apparatus." And Fabre followed out the second suggestion as conscientiously as the first, but with no better results, and he was in the midst of a letter to Darwin acquainting him with his experiment when the news came of the death of the Sage of Down. "The excellent man was no more; after fathoming the majestic question of origins, he was grappling with the last murky problem of the hereafter."¹¹

Although Fabre has the greatest admiration for Darwin the scientist, he has little patience with the latter's philosophical views. He ridicules the theories of Natural Selection, of the evolution of species, and the survival of the fittest. And Fabre not only is a "grand"¹² old scientist, but also a fine old Christian gentleman, who ascribes the various manifestations of insect life and instinct to the direct act of Providence. I have noticed that he is never happier than when he lights upon a fresh argument against the 'Theorists.'

¹¹*My Relations With Darwin. The Forum*, October, 1913.

¹²Marmaduke Langdale, *London Daily Mail*. Quoted by *The Literary Digest*, August 24, 1912.

That Fabre's views have a great deal of weight, is attested by many thinkers and scientific workers whose own views may incline them to materialistic interpretation. Maeterlinck says of Fabre, "He is one of the most profound and inventive scholars, and also one of the purest writers, and, I was going to add, one of the finest poets of the century that has just passed." It has been said of Fabre that "he loves man and he loves animals; and above all he loves the wasp, the bee, the beetle, with a love that approaches that of St. Francis of Assisi for 'his little brothers the birds.'"

One wonders how all the marvels of the insect world that Fabre describes have been so long unrecorded. He tells of the firefly who administers an anæsthetic before devouring a snail, and says:¹⁸

Human science did not in reality invent this art [of anæsthetics] which is one of the wonders of modern surgery. The firefly's knowledge had a long start on ours; the method alone has changed. Our operators proceed by making us inhale the fumes of ether or of chloroform; the insect proceeds by injecting a special virus that comes from the mandibular fangs in infinitesimal doses. Might we not one day be able to benefit by this hint? What glorious discoveries the future would have in store for us, if we could better understand the "insect's secrets."

He writes of the marvelous anatomical knowledge of the sand wasp, which, according as it wishes to paralyze or kill its prey, knows precisely which nerve centre to sting; again he tells of *Leucospis*, a parasite of the mason bee, which "puts on a horn helmet and a barbed breastplate," when preparing to slay his brothers and sisters, and which he takes off immediately after the murder; and of the leaf cutter which cuts out ellipses and circles with mathematical precision from the leaves of trees. How does she do this?

What ideal pattern guides her scissors? What measure dictates the dimensions? One would like to think of the insect as a living compass, capable of tracing an elliptic curve by a certain natural bending of the body, even as our arm traces a circle by swinging from the shoulders. A blind mechanism, the mere result of her organization, would in that case be responsible for her geometry. This explanation would tempt me, if the oval pieces of large dimensions were not accompanied by much smaller, but also oval pieces, to fill the empty spaces.

¹⁸*The Glow Worm.* By J. H. Fabre. *The Century*, November, 1913.

A compass which changes its radius of itself and alters the degree of curvature according to the exigencies of a plan, appears to me an instrument somewhat difficult to believe in. There must be something better than that. The round pieces of the lid [of the honey pouch] suggest it to us.

If, by the mere flexion inherent in her structure, the leaf cutter succeeds in cutting out ovals, how does she manage to cut out rounds? Can we admit the presence of other wheels in the machinery for the new tracing, so different in shape and size? However, the real point of the difficulty does not lie there. These rounds, for the most part, fit the mouths of the bottle with almost exact precision. When the cell is finished the bee flies hundreds of yards farther, and goes to make the lid. She arrives at the leaf from which the rundle must be cut. What picture, what recollection, has she of the pot to be covered? Why, none at all. She has never seen it; she works underground in profound darkness! At the utmost, she can have the indications of touch; not actual indications, of course, for the pot is not there; but part indications, insufficient for a work of precision. And yet the rundle to be cut out must be of a fixed diameter; if it were too large it would not fit in; if too narrow it would close badly; it would smother the egg by sliding down upon the honey. How shall it be given its correct dimensions without a pattern? The bee does not hesitate for a moment. She cuts out her disc with the same swiftness that she would display in detaching any shapeless lobe just useful for closing; and that disc, without further care, is of the size to fit the pot. Let who will explain the geometry, which in my opinion is inexplicable, even when we allow for recollection supplied by touch and sight.

Fabre has estimated that one thousand and sixty-four of these figures are cut out by the insect in a life of a few weeks.

When Fabre was told that¹⁴ "now you have reaped a plentiful harvest of details, you ought to follow up your analysis with a synthesis and to generalize the genesis of the insects in an all-embracing view," he answered:

Because I have stirred a few grains of sand on the shore, am I in a position to know the depth of the ocean?

Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be struck from the archives of the world before we possess the last word of the gnat.

Success is for loud talkers, the imperturbable dogmatists; everything is admitted on condition that one makes a little noise.

¹⁴Quoted by Maeterlinck. *The Forum*, September, 1910.

Let us cast off this fancy and recognize that in reality we know nothing about anything, if things are to be searched to the bottom. Scientifically, nature is a riddle without a definite solution to satisfy the curiosity of men. Hypothesis is succeeded by hypothesis, the theoretical rubbish heaps up and the truth ever escapes us. To know how not to know, might well be the last word of wisdom.

As Fabre is an out-of-door biologist rather than a laboratory one, he perceives in all life a portion of what he calls "the universal harmony of things." Neither is he blind to the One Who establishes the harmony. Reverence and humility are the usual accompaniments of real naturalists, and are the qualities that are frequently absent from the recent crop of laboratory products from Huxley or Haeckel. Fabre speaks of God as¹⁵ "Le Pilote Souverain," and if there is one lesson above others to be learned from his studies of the mental life of insects, it is "be humble!"

It is related of Fabre that one day being asked by the Curé of Seignan, who had possibly been spurred on by those who are never able to perceive the perfect unity of God and nature as to whether he believed in God, he answered,¹⁶ "No, I see Him everywhere." For him the very lives of his "pretty insects," the blossoming of the flowers, the cadence of the sweet-throated feathered creatures in the trees above, and the delicate coloring of the fungi below are the handiwork of One greater than any creature, the Painter of the flowers, the Tuner of many cords, the "Eternal Harmonizer of all things."

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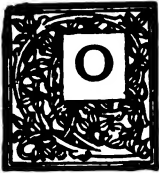
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¹⁵Revue de Lille, 1910. Article on Fabre by M. de Benoît.

¹⁶*Ibid.*

ON THE STROKE OF THE HOUR.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.



ONE summer morning, at so early an hour that few save the poor were abroad, a man, whom the most casual observer would have dubbed both rich and distinguished, walked distractedly through the streets of Chicago, drifting at length into one of the most squalid of its many squalid quarters. On every side of him were evidences of extreme poverty: hubbub, dirt, rags, misery. Ill-dressed, half-intoxicated men brushed against him; ill-kempt women scurried past him, some scolding; others, tired and meek, hurrying silently to a long day's work; sickly babies whimpered in the arms of girls all too little older than themselves; boys quarrelled, swearing, in the gutters.

Unfamiliar as such surroundings were, the man was hardly conscious of the dirt and the sad humanity until, at last, sheer fatigue forced him to pause in his mad walk. Then, only, did he look about him. Sympathetic but aloof, he stared at the people and at the wretched buildings. The world in which he found himself was not his world, and he had begun to feel strangely out of place, when a glance to his right revealed the fact that he was standing at the door of a small Catholic church. He seemed startled, and his white face became, if possible, whiter than before; but after a moment of indecision, he entered it, genuflected awkwardly, as those do who are not "to the manner born," and sank into the nearest seat. At that instant the clock in the tower of a nearby school building was striking seven.

Mass was about to be said. Scattered here and there in the semi-darkness were men and women, shabby and toil-worn, but reverent, and children whose grimy faces were sweet and innocent, as well as reverent. Intense stillness reigned there; deep peace. It was hard to believe that a few yards away fumed the turmoil of rebellious poverty. The silence and the calm rested the man's tired body and soothed his weary soul. As the Mass proceeded, solemn, awesome, for him the things of earth faded into insignificance and heaven showed her face; and there, in that old church,

among the poorest of God's poor, he reached his goal after years of reluctant journeying toward it.

The last prayers had been said, the lights extinguished, the last worshipper had limped away long before he stirred from his place to go in search of a priest. He found the parochial house with little difficulty, a tiny place, only less dilapidated than its neighbors, and after he had waited for a few minutes in a barn-like parlor, the pastor came to him.

Father O'Malley had for many years lived among the wretchedly poor, close to their hearts, working for them, protecting them, loving them as his children, and had, all unconsciously, grown to think the rich frivolous, proud, selfish; so, though the kindest man in the world, his manner was gruff and intolerant towards men of the upper classes on the rare occasions that any such crossed his path.

When he appeared his visitor rose, saying courteously, "I ventured to call, Father, though I have no right to infringe on your time. I am—"

Father O'Malley interrupted him with a gesture which signified that his name mattered not at all, and seating himself, he motioned his guest to the best of the chairs, asking in a business-like way, "What can I do for you?"

The man was taken aback and a little humiliated. Under any circumstances he would have found it difficult to state his case; it was doubly so now; nevertheless, he replied, haltingly:

"Well, Father, I—to begin at the beginning—I was raised with no religious faith except a shadowy belief in a far-away God. After I was grown I lived much in Vienna, and there fell into the way of going frequently to your churches; not that I believed, only because their grandeur and the beauty and solemnity of your ceremonial attracted me. I heard sermons; often they were learned, sometimes eloquent as well. I was interested and—and entertained. I admired the evident faith and sincerity of the preachers, but marvelled that they *could* believe it all!"

He paused, not knowing how to explain what must come next. All this time Father O'Malley had been gazing out the window, feeling little interest and showing less. His visitor, glancing at him, found no encouragement. Had he not been so deeply in earnest he would have cut short the interview and gone his way with his story untold; as it was, before the silence had grown long, he found courage to continue:

"So much is simple enough. I hardly know how to make clear the rest. I want to be a Catholic, Father. I have fought against the light month after month, but it's no use. I made up my mind at Mass this morning. You see—that is, Father, during the past three years I have been pursued—*hounded*—by thoughts about the Catholic Church. Proofs of its truths have forced themselves upon my mind, and into my heart have come longings, intense longings, for its Sacraments, especially for the Greatest of them all."

He stopped again, caught his breath sharply, and stammered: "Father, I know you will think I have been imagining it. I have often tried to think so myself, though all the time I have known, in my heart, that it was not so; but—but—it has been happening now for nearly three years that these inspirations come to me exactly on the stroke of the hour. Often—literally, in hundreds of instances—when I have heard no clock chime, and have not known the time, a holy thought has crowded itself into my mind, and looking at my watch I have found, invariably, that it was exactly two o'clock, or six, or ten. Day and night it has been the same. I—I can't explain it. I can't imagine an explanation. I know that it sounds like an hallucination, but it is the simple truth!"

Again he found courage to glance at Father O'Malley, expecting to meet an amused smile. Instead he saw that the priest's rugged face, still turned toward the window, had softened into wonderful sweetness. After a moment he looked directly at his visitor.

"You say that it has been on the stroke of the hour that God's grace has come so forcibly, so tangibly?"

"Yes."

Father O'Malley beamed on him now, as warmly as if he had been the dirtiest and most disreputable of his parishioners. "Then—then *you are Jacques de Roux!*" he exclaimed. Jacques de Roux was world-famous, acknowledged to be the greatest singer of the age.

"Yes, Father, I tried to introduce myself in the beginning. You gave me no chance. But how—"

The priest cut short his query to ask him a few questions on points of Catholic dogma and practise, all of which M. de Roux answered easily. He was silent, then, for a long minute, during which he once more stared at the dreary panorama outspread before his window. The smile still hovered about his lips, and his eyes were shining, but suddenly, with hardening face, he turned sharply.

"No doubt," he said, "no doubt, you think this great grace has come to you because you have led a life rather better than that of many who, like you, are surrounded by temptation."

M. de Roux blushed. He was always frank, and so he answered, "Some such thought has occurred to me. I *have* kept straight, Father."

Father O'Malley sneered slightly. "'Keeping straight' is all well enough. You have merited no miracle of grace!" Then he did what seemed to M. de Roux entirely unaccountable. He rose, and moving toward the door, said, "Come!" I am going now to see a poor child who will soon be in heaven. I want you to come with me."

Meekly M. de Roux followed him into the street, through an alley-way, up numberless rickety tenement-steps that creaked under them. Afterward, he was astonished that he had obeyed; at the time he did not hesitate for a second, although he considered the priest a little erratic.

On the fifth floor of the building Father O'Malley knocked noisily at one of the doors, and when a sweet little voice called, "Come in!" he entered the room, motioning M. de Roux to follow him, and well inside, with another gesture, bade him sit on a chair in the corner. He himself then went to the side of a girl who lay in a narrow bed near the only window. She was fifteen years of age, but looked younger, being very small, and her white face very childlike. To the most inexperienced eye it would have been evident that she was slowly dying.

"I knew your knock, Father," she said, faintly but brightly.

"That's a sign, Mary, that I come often to see you, so don't scold me because I didn't get here yesterday!" he rejoined laughingly, and added, "I brought a friend with me to-day."

Mary seemed not to understand that there was a stranger present.

"I'm very glad you came! Grandma has gone to the grocery, but she'll be back soon," was all she said.

Father O'Malley talked to her for a minute or two, gently and kindly, and she lay among her pillows and smiled up at him, quite content. At last, speaking more seriously, he asked, "And what did the doctor say yesterday?"

The girl's face grew radiant.

"O Father, such good news! He said that I can last only two or three days more!"

It seemed to M. de Roux a full minute before Father O'Malley broke the silence that fell between him and the child.

"And Mary, that is not all. I, too, have a joy for you!"

She laughed softly.

"O Father, what is it? Do tell me! Your joys are such a nice kind!"

"Mary, Jacques de Roux—Jacques de Roux is about to become a Catholic!"

As soon as his name was mentioned M. de Roux leaned forward to watch the girl, but almost instantly looked away, feeling that he was seeing what was too sacred for his eyes. But Mary's voice was as ecstatic as her face.

"O Father!" she cried; and after a moment: "Isn't God good!"

"You told me long ago about your interest in him, Mary, and all your prayers for him; but tell me again, unless it will tire you too much. I like to hear the story."

"It isn't much of a story, Father. It began three years ago soon after I got sick. I was in the Children's Hospital, then, and he came one day to sing for us. I was so bad that they had put me in a room by myself—and it was in the wards he sang—and I couldn't hear a sound. I felt very sad about it; I—I cried a little; but as he was going away he passed my room. The door was open and he saw me, and he came in and sang *three* songs for me, just for me! O it was all so beautiful! Almost like heaven! I thanked him as much as I could, but afterward I kept wishing I could do something for him, because he had done something so very nice for me. One day I heard a nurse say that he had no religion, so I began to pray that he would become a Catholic. I've prayed every day since then; and after a little I got into the way of reminding the dear God of him, and of offering the pain in my back for him whenever I'd hear the school clock strike, and—and I've been awake so much that I've heard it nearly every hour day and night."

She paused for a while before she concluded faintly, "O Father, it's too much! This great joy—and only a few days more until I shall see *Him!*"

For the first time since they entered the room Father O'Malley looked at M. de Roux. He was no longer sitting. He had fallen on his knees and his face was hidden in his hands.

New Books.

THE CHURCH AND USURY. By Rev. Patrick Cleary. Dublin :
M. H. Gill & Son.

One hundred and seventy-seven of the two hundred and seven pages of text in this volume are historical in subject matter. They sketch the doctrine and opinions on usury from the ancient Hebrew times, through the Græco-Roman era, the Gospels, the early Christian Church, the Middle Ages, the Reformation period, and the later developments of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This part of the book is well done, and is not improbably the best thing that we have on the subject in England. The remaining thirty pages, the critical and expository section, are not nearly so satisfactory. In the first place, the treatment is far too brief. This defect is, indeed, admitted by the author in his introduction. Apparently, it is due to the fact that the work was written as a thesis for the doctorate in theology at Maynooth, and had to be ready for presentation at a date too early to permit adequate discussion of the many complex and important questions touched upon in the concluding section. In the second place, the author's views on several contentious subjects, such as just price, the justification of interest to-day, and the harmonizing of present with past theological opinion in this field, are more original than convincing. Nevertheless, they are well presented and defended within the too-brief limits which the author has allowed himself. On the whole, the book is a distinctively creditable performance.

THE CENTURY OF COLUMBUS. By James J. Walsh, LL.D.
New York: Catholic Summer School Press. \$3.50.

Most of the subject matter in the present volume has been delivered in lecture form to the Knights of Columbus in different cities of the United States. It deals in popular fashion with the Renaissance-Reformation period, 1450-1550, or, as Dr. Walsh, writing primarily for Americans, calls it, *The Century of Columbus*. After Ruskin, he divides the century into three parts, namely, The Book of the Arts, The Book of the Deeds, and The Book of the Words.

Book I. gives a brief sketch of the Century's painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, and engravers; Book II. has some interesting chapters upon the work of social reform, hospitals, the Jesuits,

the Reformers, the explorers and empire-builders, the education of women, and the progress of medicine and surgery. Book III. treats of the Latin, Italian, English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese literatures of the period.

Dr. Walsh does ample justice to the artistic, intellectual, and humanitarian achievements of the Catholics of that time. He says truly: "In the midst of such a century, the discovery of America, instead of being a surprise, is the most natural thing in the world. Everywhere men were doing things that for centuries men had been unable to do, and they were achieving triumphs in every form of human effort. Given the fact that there was a large undiscovered portion of the world, it was more likely to be discovered at this time than at any other time in the world's history."

THE UPPER ROOM. A Drama of Christ's Passion. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 80 cents net.

Some time ago Monsignor Benson, in his mystery play of *Bethlehem*, depicted for us the first scenes that grouped themselves about the manger of the Word Made Flesh, and now that the writer himself has closed his eyes on life, he has left us this portrayal in dramatic form, of those last hours of love and anguish in the earthly life of the Redeemer.

"There is no reason," says Monsignor Benson in the stage directions, "to shrink from anachronisms," for in this, as in the older mystery plays, precisions disappear before eyes that look with limpid freshness on the body rather than the raiment, the symbol hid beneath the form. And it is to this attitude toward the mysteries of faith that Monsignor Benson leads us.

The Person of the Redeemer does not appear, but His voice is once heard, and His Presence felt throughout. The Upper Room where Love emptied Itself, is the scene preserved through the entire play, and a fitting simplicity is observed in every feature of its presentation—costumes, setting and accompanying music. Effective and beautiful as must be its actual dramatization, the scenes group themselves in the mere reading as figures beneath the artist's brush. We lay by for an hour the complexities of the world, to find the "simplicity of the Gospel." We, too, became one among those dignified, sorrowing figures that we know so well, and who enact a tragedy, not of yesterday merely, but of all time.

The introduction supplied by Cardinal Bourne is a glowing and

beautiful tribute to the zeal and genius of the writer. We cannot refrain from quoting its closing lines:

Those who read, and those who see, will alike think of him who in so short a time accomplished so much; who was taken from us so suddenly, and, from the human point of view, so prematurely; who has left so many to mourn his loss and feel his absence; and together they will pray that, if any veil still hide from him the Light on earth invisible, it may be speedily removed, and that his eyes may gaze with full contentment upon the Way, the Truth, and the Life, Whom by so many methods it was his joy, during his sojourn in this world, to make known to all who were privileged to listen to his words. May he rest in peace.

THE SPIRITUAL MESSAGE OF DANTE. By Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

As the author himself admits, these lectures, delivered at Harvard University a few years ago, are not intended as a contribution to the critical study of the *Divina Commedia*. "They are simple thoughts on religious experience as exemplified in Dante's poem."

We are told a great many things that are not so in this rather commonplace book. For example that canon law reflected the view that "woman was the door of hell, and the mother of all human ills;" that Dante disagrees with St. Thomas' teaching on confession, "taking the earlier and more ethical view;" that theology in the Middle Ages had become "rationalistic, satisfying the logic of the mind, and forgetting the syllogisms of the heart;" and that Dante's great poem is "the Pilgrim's Progress of the fourteenth century."

The real student of Dante will not profit much by Bishop Carpenter's work. The author's viewpoint is so alien to the Catholic spirit of the Middle Ages that he is incompetent to interpret either the spiritual or the intellectual message of one of the greatest of mediæval teachers.

MUSTARD SEED. Some Pungent Paragraphs. By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. New York; P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 60 cents.

Father Donnelly's book will be read gratefully by people who like to listen to a witty, kindly, entertaining man, gifted with keen insight, a delicate touch, and a big human heart. Paragraphs, or

sketches, or essays, or sermons—call them what you will—the chapters of this book will instruct and please and aid and edify. We shall look eagerly for another book from the same pen.

THE BEAUTIFUL. By Vernon Lee.

MYSTICISM IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By C. F. E. Spurgeon.

The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 40 cents each.

In his manual, *The Beautiful*, Mr. Lee has tried to explain æsthetic preference, particularly as regards visible shapes, by the facts of mental science. He tells us that he has based his explanation of the problems of æsthetics as much as possible upon mental facts familiar, or at all events easily intelligible, to the lay reader. We doubt whether the lay reader will find this book easy to read.

The following sentence will give a good idea of both the author's method and style. It comes at the end of the volume:

Meanwhile all we can venture to say (of the genesis of æsthetic preference) is that as satisfaction derived from shapes we call beautiful, undoubtedly involves intense, complex, and reiterative mental activities, as it has an undeniable power for happiness and hence for spiritual refreshment, and as it moreover tends to inhibit most of the interests whose super-abundance can jeopardize individual and social existence, the capacity for such æsthetic satisfaction, once arisen, would be fostered in virtue of a mass of evolutionary advantages which are as complex and difficult to analyze, but also as deep-seated and undeniable, as itself.

After telling us in her introduction that "mysticism is a term irresponsibly applied in English," Miss Spurgeon, in *Mysticism in English Literature*, proceeds to add to the confusion by defining mysticism as "an attitude of mind founded upon an intuitive or experienced conviction of unity, of oneness, of likeness in all things." Again she tells us that "the mystic bases his belief, not on revelation, logic, reason, or demonstrated facts, but on feeling, on intuitive, inner knowledge." It is easy to prove "that the English race has a marked tendency towards mysticism," when you include under the mystics Shelley and Browning (love and beauty mystics), Vaughan and Wordsworth (nature mystics), Emily Brontë, Burke and Coleridge (philosophical mystics), and Crashaw and Blake (devotional and religious mystics). The only two mystics that we discovered in this volume were Richard Rolle of Hampole and

Lady Julian of Norwich, although we are confident that neither of them ever dreamed of writing "symphonies of feeling against the exaltation of reason and logic in scholasticism."

We were pleased to find our author calling Crashaw's hymn to St. Teresa "one of the great English poems," and giving due honor to Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson. We do not, however, think that Patmore would have relished the title of "erotic mystic."

KEYSTONES OF THOUGHT. By Austin O'Malley, LL.D. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.00 net.

"These aphorisms," says Dr. O'Malley in his preface, "are disconnected thoughts, hoarded at intervals, wherein exactness of truth is not seldom whittled away for the sake of point. That point should be a prick to attention, a stimulant to reflection and memory, a glint of wit for the amusement of the reader and the maker."

This excellent collection of aphorisms gives many of the favorite theses of Dr. O'Malley; it shows his likes and dislikes, his wit and humor, his cynicism, and his out-and-out Catholic spirit. One cannot review a book of aphorisms; one must needs quote them.

Northern European people in America become American in mind, not in body: families that survive, do so in spite of the impossibility of acclimatization under a southern sun.

Physicians do twice as much work for nothing as any other class of men, including the clergy, and much of it is for nothing in every sense of the word.

Boards of public charity were invented by the devil to prevent, real, individual charity.

If you are without an enemy in the world, you may be a lamb or an ass, but you are not a man.

The man who never makes a mistake never makes anything.

It is convenient religious ecstasy that prevents you from seeing the passing collection box.

Most virtues and flowers bloom best on poor soil.

THE POET AND NATURE AND THE MORNING ROAD. By Madison Cawein. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co. \$1.00 net.

Quite fittingly these pages are dedicated to John Burroughs, whose successful activity in directing attention to nature's wonders and beauties, Mr. Cawein emulates in a fashion all his own.

The first division of the book is selected from previously published verse; but most of the poems appear in book form for the first time, and they sharpen just now our sense of loss at Mr. Cawein's recent death.

Quick to see simple beauty, and wonderfully well able to depict it in words reflecting the same simplicity, he has been of those poets who leave a pregnant memory at their passing. He has helped many to learn wisdom.

WHAT THINK YOU OF CHRIST? By Francis H. E. Cahusac, M.A. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents.

In this clear-cut volume the author proves that there is no opposition between the Christ of the Catholic Church and the Christ of the Gospels. Catholics, he tells us, are most earnest in their devotion to the Person of Christ, and believe firmly that their Church's teachings and practices set forth plainly the spirit of the Gospel. In a few brief chapters Mr. Cahusac proves that the priesthood is a divine institution, that the New Testament is full of ritual, in its ordinary sense of rites and ceremonies, that the Communion of Saints is perfectly understood only in Catholicism, and that the Personality of Christ is perfectly represented in the life of the Catholic Church. It is an excellent book to put in the hands of an earnest seeker after the truth.

LATER POEMS. By Emily Hickey. London: Grant Richards, Ltd.

It is rare, and it is scarcely less than enchanting, to find in a book of confessedly *later poems*—a book with more than a quarter-century of scholarship and artistic creation back of it—the freshness of this work from Miss Emily Hickey. It is not only fresh, it is varied. It gives us legends of Ireland's heroic pagan days, sacred ballads with a naïve mediæval flavor, and modern poems of nature, of faith, and of problems which, like the truths of God, are ever ancient and ever new.

One wonders if it be part of the "Celtic paradox" that the longer poems, notably the one long Celtic poem, should be of a fragmentary beauty; while the short poems should be, without exception, of a notably complete and finished beauty. The temptation is strong to quote from these slight yet weighty pages. Perhaps no one poem will more suitably illustrate Miss Hickey's note of pure spiritual passion, and the old, rich color-fullness which she

seems to have handed down to us from the Pre-Raphaelites, than *Ye Have Not Known Me*. It sings of so ubiquitous a tragedy—this of the vehement soul who walks the long road of darkness, crying all the while for “Light, more light!”

For beauty his soul is athirst;
And he will not look and see
Thy beauty, O Last, O First,
Old, new, for eternity:
For music his being is fain;
And he will not hearken and hear
The notes of Thy deathless strain
That are sounding great and clear:
And love he seeks with a heart
All sore for its passionate need;
And knoweth Thee not, Who art,
Thou only, Love indeed:
On Thy blood-purpled Rood,
On Thy white Throne above,
We hail Thee, O Light, O Food,
O Beauty, O Music, O Love.

It is a commentary upon Emily Hickey's persistent consecration to Catholic literature that most of the present collection has already been published in religious (not secular!) magazines both in the States and overseas. Two of the best, the noble *Act of Faith* and the haunting *Ballad of the Judas Tree*, received their baptism of print in our own CATHOLIC WORLD. Quondam readers will welcome them and their companions in this more permanent form.

GIDEON'S BAND. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.

Gideon's Band is a tale of boat life on the Mississippi River in the early fifties. It describes the first trip of the steamer *Votaress* from New Orleans, and the love of its owner's son for the fair daughter of his rival. No living American writer knows more about the South in the days before the war, or is more accurate and exact in his portrayal of types and his descriptions of scenery.

The interest of the story centres around the gallant captain and his son, who are determined to make the trip up the Mississippi despite the fact that cholera is raging in every part of their vessel. We do not think that private theatricals at such a time would prove

sufficient to allay panic, but the hero and heroine think otherwise—and hence the story. The negro question crops up again and again, and is solved in the orthodox Southern way. The religion of the Methodist bishop and the vulgar, noisy exhorter is not of a very high type, but, sad to say, it is still existent in the Southland of our own day.

CATHOLICITY. *Conciones ad Clerum.* By T. A. Lacey, M.A. London: A. R. Mowbray & Co. \$1.00 net.

Like most Anglican treatises, Mr. Lacey's lectures to the clergy of Birmingham on Catholicity are illogical, vague, and unsatisfactory. If you are so unexact as to ask him for a clear-cut definition of Catholicity, he answers you: "I shall not set before you a cut-and-dried definition by means of which you may determine whether this or that Church, this or that person, this or that doctrine, is rightly to be called Catholic. There is no such thing. The Church is Catholic precisely because it is too large for that sort of particularity. If you attempt this kind of definition, you will find you have merely defined a sect." If again you dare ask Mr. Lacey what the Christian revelation definitely is, he will again answer vaguely: "It is not contained in a scheme of words, clear-cut and precise. It is not a code of morals or a metaphysic. It is in Jesus Christ Himself, in His life among men, in His words and actions."

As he calls Catholicity "a temper, and a practical temper, which seizes and holds the way to unity," he makes the Church comprehensive enough to embrace men of contradictory views. They are Catholic, he insists, if they have "the temper which seizes and holds the ordered way of unity, whatever that way may be."

The entire volume shows the utter impossibility of the attempt of earnest and devout men to be Catholic, and at the same time to deny the supremacy of the Roman See, the only guarantee of a true and perfect Catholicity.

SPAIN UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By E. S. Bouchier, M.A. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Bouchier divides his book into three parts, History, Antiquities, and Literature. Part I. treats of the history of Spain from prehistoric times down to the seventh century. Part II. deals with the native races of Spain, her natural products, her mines and commerce, her arts, architecture, coinage, and religion. Part III.

discusses the Spanish writers of the early Empire, the influence of Christianity on Spanish literature, and the characteristics of the Latin language.

The writer seems very fond of a thesis much in vogue among French unbelievers, namely, that the reverence given to saints and their images in the Catholic Church is but a revival, in another form, of pagan idolatry. His bibliography on Spanish antiquities is excellent, but it is utterly deficient when he comes to discuss Christianity of old-time Spain.

THE CHARM OF IRELAND. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 net.

Mr. Stevenson has written a chatty and sympathetic account of a trip he took with his wife through Ireland last year. Most of his route is well known to the regular tourists, although he also visited such out-of-the-way places as the Irish Stonehenge overlooking Lough Gill, Ossian's Grave on one of the Antrim hills, the Holy Wells of Struell, and St. Molua's Oratory on an island near the left bank of the Shannon near Killaloe. The author is familiar with Irish history, poetry, and legends. He writes excellent descriptions of Ireland's green fields, its fuchsia hedge rows, its island-dotted lakes, its rugged mountains, and its rock-bound coasts. He speaks in kindly vein of the Irish people, and knows how to tell a good story.

Mr. Stevenson is fully convinced that the Orange opposition to Home Rule was simply the playing of the game of politics, and that Ulster's threats of civil war a year ago were mere bunkum. England, he tells us, has never been able to govern Ireland well because she has never really understood the Irish people. Of course our author is utterly at fault when he speaks of a Celtic Church independent of Rome before the Norman conquest, but he really seems to think that St. Patrick was a good Catholic. One of his best stories refers to the proof given by an Irish jarvey that the Round Towers were built by the English Government. "The proof is easy enough, your honor. Seein' they're no manner of use, and cost a lot of money, who else could have built them?"

FROM DUBLIN TO CHICAGO. By George A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

The Irish novelist and playwright, Canon Hannay, has written a bright, humorous account of his American visit a year ago. In

this interesting travelogue, he praises everybody and everything in the United States so enthusiastically, that we feel confident he must have kissed the Blarney Stone just before he left Ireland. He found our women singularly charming and attractive, our men alert, hopeful, and "marvelously hospitable," our reporters, well-educated and intelligent, our merchants friendly, our political bosses kind-hearted, our hotels superb, and our bookstores perfect. He speaks highly of the cleanliness of New York City, and is deeply impressed with "the sublime self-confidence" of Chicago.

He is certainly utterly mistaken when he dares tell us that the Irish in the United States have never been thoroughly Americanized. In making such a statement, however, he is giving not his own estimate, but merely repeating some after-dinner gossip heard at the table of some of his non-Catholic friends in New York.

THE IVY HEDGE. By Maurice Francis Egan. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35 net.

This novel gets its title from the fact that the exclusive Mr. Morton, the Can-King of Orvisville, has fenced in his home from the gaze of impertinent villagers by a solid hedge of poison-ivy. The hard conditions of the workers in Morton's factory give rise to a strong feeling of discontent, which culminates in the election of George Trevanion, the people's Socialistic candidate, as mayor. The characters in the novel are well drawn, but a half dozen of them might easily be omitted for the better development of the main story.

No one will fall in love with the despicable Trevanion, who on marrying wealth forgets quickly his former strenuous advocacy of the claims of the poor. To our mind he is converted too quickly towards the end of the novel by his wife Molly, the Can-King's daughter.

ACHIEVEMENT. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35 net.

Mr. Thurston has written three novels—*Achievement* is the third of the series—to prove his pet thesis that an artist's best work is due to the influence of the women he knows and loves. His masterpiece, *Romance*, may be traced to his love for the intelligent, beautiful, rich, and immoral Lady Diana, who is married to the good-for-nothing Lord Charteris. The hero tells his good old-fashioned father "that religion is for the minds and souls of people

who do not work with their minds or souls." We are not surprised then to find our agnostic artist falling in love with another man's wife, killing her husband in a fit of rage, and calmly committing suicide when about to face arrest.

This novel which appeared in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, is well written, but pagan and immoral to the core.

THE PROPHET'S WIFE. By Anna C. Browne. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.

The Prophet's Wife is a story of two orphan boys, one of whom succeeds in marrying the heroine, while the other is utterly spoiled by his adopted parents. He finally is brought to his senses by a severe blow to his pride. The story is entertaining. A severe critic might point to some slight faults, but altogether the author has done a good piece of work that promises well for the future.

THE ABSOLUTION OF RECIDIVI AND OF OCCASIONARIL

By Rev. David Barry, S.T.L. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 35 cents net.

Father Barry has written this little treatise of moral theology to assist young confessors in their dealings with penitents who are in the habit of relapsing into sin, or who trifle persistently with the occasions of sin. The writer states fairly the strict and lax views of various theologians. Such a book will prove a great help to the newly-ordained priest.

THE HOUSE OF DECEIT. Anonymous. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

The House of Deceit is a picture of the England of to-day looked upon as the fighting ground of capital and labor, and of the forces of radicalism and conservatism in Church and State. The author recites in detail the adventures of a modern liberal demagogue, the son of a country store-keeper, who, by his alliance with anti-Roman nonconformity and his advocacy of "down with the Lords," attains a seat in the English cabinet. He marries a daughter of a solicitor from his native town, who at the outset is far beyond him in social status, although later on she hampers him in his political ambitions by her stupidity and lack of culture.

The only Catholics in the story are two modernists, who deny the Divinity of Christ, the Virgin birth, the Resurrection, and a miraculous Christianity. One of them is an Anglican clergyman

who becomes a priest, and forthwith advises prospective converts to remain outside the Catholic Church; the other, Ruth Kingsford, of old Catholic stock, is an utter unbeliever who influences the hero to be untrue to his faithful wife.

As a political pamphlet this novel is a bitter satire upon the hypocrisy and nothingness of modern English liberalism. Its picture of Catholicism is an unfair and stupid caricature.

WHERE NO FEAR WAS. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

In these genial essays, Mr. Benson discusses the motives, shapes, and uses of fear in childhood, boyhood, youth, middle age, and old age. We find him entertaining, save when he ventures out of his depth by daring to discuss such problems as sin and hell. We smile at his absurdity, when he dogmatically asserts that "hell is a monstrous and insupportable fiction, and simply inconsistent with any belief in the goodness of God."

The best essays of the volume are the character sketches of Dr. Johnson, Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Charlotte Brontë, and John Sterling.

THE SHIELD OF SILENCE. By Mrs. M. E. Ruffin. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35 net.

Mrs. Ruffin has written a thrilling tale of murder, which a stupid detective tries in vain to account for, and a faithful priest covers with a shield of silence. It contains an excellent picture of the anarchist riots in Barcelona a few years ago, and of the devout, simple life among the Basques of Spain. The story brings out the Scriptural idea of the sins of the parents being visited upon their children. The author sustains the interest throughout, but why did she not relieve the gloom by a little glimpse of joy at the end?

THE HEART OF THE ANTARCTIC. By Sir Ernest Shackleton. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

This is a new and popular edition of Sir Ernest Shackleton's larger work, the price of which—\$10.00—was far beyond the reach of the ordinary reader. It is a stirring tale of courage, energy, and perseverance. The writer and his companions spent the winter of 1908 in McMurdo Sound, twenty miles north of the Discovery Winter Quarters. In the autumn the party ascended Mount Ere-

bus and surveyed its various craters. In the spring and summer of 1908-1909, three sledging parties left Winter Quarters.

The southern party planted the English flag in latitude eighty-eight degrees and twenty-three minutes, the most southerly latitude ever reached by man; the northern party reached the South Magnetic Pole for the first time; the western party surveyed the mountain ranges west of McMurdo Sound.

THE DEMOCRATIC RHINE-MAID. By Franklin Kent Gifford.

New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.25.

The Democratic Rhine-Maid is a bright, frolicsome romance, centring about an impossible German baroness and a sentimental American war correspondent. Alfred, the hero, woos, with great spirit, the poor Etelka, not for a moment dreaming that she was the wealthy baroness in disguise. The reader, of course, knows it from the very beginning. Indignant at his love's deception, Alfred departs in dudgeon, only to be brought back to her feet by a duel with the terrible Graf von Rohr.

PIERRE VINTON. By Edward C. Venable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.

Pierre Vinton is an improbable story of a "superfluous husband" in love with his ex-wife, whom he woos a second time and wins by an unsuccessful attempt at suicide. His rather worthless wife married him in the first place for his money, and divorced him "because he was a bore." She is on the verge of being married again to an immoral man when the news of her ex-husband's "accident" in Switzerland awakens her to a sense of his goodness and worth. We ourselves fail to see his good qualities, for he deems divorce an excellent institution, race suicide a matter of option, and religion mere externalism and emotion. He tells us himself: "I am a Protestant, and Protestantism is greatly a matter of behavior, which has nothing to do with the love of God." Mr. Venable is continually striving to say smart and flippant things, and like most of his school fails at times miserably.

ONE AMERICAN'S OPINION OF THE EUROPEAN WAR. By

F. W. Whitridge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents net.

Mr. Whitridge has written a pro-English tract on the responsibility of Germany for the present European War, her treatment

of Belgium, and the alleged atrocities of German officers and men. The English agnostic Cramb's book, *Germany and England*, which our author finds "admirable," is a repudiation of the Christian ideal on a par with Bernhardt's, and deifies force as the inevitable *sine qua non* of progress. The fewer of such books in America at present, the better.

THROUGH THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

Mr. Roosevelt's adventurous trip through the Brazilian wilderness was first undertaken in the interests of the American Museum of Natural History of New York City. But on his arrival at Rio, the Brazilian government, through its Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Muller, requested Mr. Roosevelt to combine his expedition with one it was about to send out for purposes of exploration under Colonel Rondon. This Brazilian officer had been a most intrepid and successful explorer of Western Brazil for over twenty-five years.

Mr. Roosevelt has written a book more entertaining than the most exciting novel. Our many-sided ex-President reveals himself in these pages as explorer, hunter, naturalist, and littérateur. He collected over twenty-five hundred birds, about five hundred mammals, and a number of reptiles and fishes new to science. He put on the map a river nearly one thousand miles long, the River of Doubt, since named in his honor the Rio Teodoro by the Brazilian Government.

His forty-eight-day journey down this river is a story of hardships sufficient to daunt the most daring of explorers. The party suffered extremely from the terrific heat and the pelting, torrential rains. They lost seven of their canoes in the rapids, and were forced after a time to abandon most of their baggage. They traveled for days on half rations, weakened by jungle fever, and almost dead with the fatigue of the difficult portages. One of the natives was drowned in the rapids, and another native was murdered after a quarrel with one of his companions.

Mr. Roosevelt initiates us thoroughly into the life of the Brazilian wilderness. He describes the customs of the Brazilian Indians, the whole-hearted hospitality of the ranch owners, the ferocity of the insect pests, and the man-eating fish, the piranha, and introduces us to a number of strange birds, like the guan, veery, hoatzin, and nunlet.

The indefatigable energy which Mr. Roosevelt displayed in both his African and South American trips ought to serve as a good example to the young men of the nation. Very few men at his age could spend a whole day hunting, from early morn until dusk, and then sit down in a tent, combating innumerable insect pests, to write so complete and so entertaining a volume.

THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM. By Mary Adelaide Garnett. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.00 net.

Of course there are many books that bring to young Catholics the stirring appeal of these earlier little ones who now fill "the nurseries of heaven." But no matter how great their number, Miss Fernekees' volume, *The Children of the Kingdom*, has a worth and a charm all its own. It has often been said in these pages that we neglect the great treasury of the *Lives of the Saints* in the instruction of our children. Their Lives have a fund of incident, of high ideals, of heroism, and of devotion that are of the best pedagogical value in the education of the young, and the moulding of their Christian characters.

The author's particular gift is her power of visualizing the scene, so that one sees the little martyr, the cross, the body hanging upon it and hears the last words. Such pictures must impress themselves upon the mind of any child who reads; become fixed in his memory, and play their part in the formation of those ideals which will save him for a loyal, Catholic life.

We, therefore, strongly recommend the book; and close with a quotation that gives some evidence of its appeal:

Strange rumors began to be spread about against the Christians, and the boyish prayers grew more earnest. For the last time Louis rang the altar bell, and for the last time, though they knew it not, they received our dear Lord in Holy Communion.

Scarcely had Mass ended when a band of Japanese soldiers tore down the frail bamboo wall, and bound the priest and his comrades, to bring them before the Mikado.

As the gray light deepened at the close of that long day of trial, they were condemned to be crucified on the little bare hill they had seen from their schoolroom door. Quickly the crosses were prepared, and with more of gladness than of sorrow, the lads held the rough wood to their breasts. "Jesus listened—Jesus heard," they cried joyously.

With a last blessing for the lads he loved so dearly, the priest gave his life for God. Then through the sharp hours of pain, Louis, Thomas, and Anthony encouraged each other, by repeating aloud the prayers the priest had taught them. One by one, the soldiers left the hill, and at last in the still, cool twilight God called His little martyrs to Himself.

A HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN PAGEANTRY. By Ralph Davol. Taunton, Mass.: Davol Publishing Co.

"Modern pageantry," our author tells us, "aims to increase the world's store of happiness by interpreting the meaning of human life and by bringing art and beauty into the minds of all the people." There are two types of standard pageantry now in vogue, the academic pageant, given in schools and colleges as a means of visualizing history, and the community or anniversary pageant, which presents dramatically in the open fields some event of importance in the history of a city or State. The various chapters of Part I. discuss pageantry as one of the fine arts, as an educational factor, as a nursery of patriotism, and as a moral agent. Part II. treats of the technique of pageantry, namely, the choice of a subject, the selection of a site, the formation of committees, the method of advertising, the costumes, music, and dancing. Mr. Davol is right in calling the pageant the cleanest form of the drama.

VEXILLA REGIS. A Book of Devotions and Intercessions on behalf of all our Authorities, our Soldiers and Sailors, our Allies, the Mourners and Destitute, and all affected by the War. Arranged, Translated, and Compiled by the Very Rev. Monsignor R. H. Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents net.

In this slim little volume, Monsignor Benson has gathered together, for the use of those who follow the war with anxious eyes, a number of beautiful and appropriate prayers in which, as he observes in his preface, he has "followed more or less the lines indicated by the Offices of the Church, believing that so venerable and orderly a system must surely guide the soul more skillfully and effectively than can any spasmodic or emotional method." At times we feel, however, the tender, personal touch of the writer himself:

I know that Thou dost love my beloved with a far greater tenderness than I myself can feel; that Thou art strong when I am weak and patient when I am fretful; that Thou canst do all

things and that I can do nothing without Thee; that the shadow of Thy wings is over all the earth, and Thine Everlasting Arms beneath it.....

O Shepherd of the sheep, hold him safely on Thy shoulder and against Thy Heart.

O Shepherd of the sheep, have pity upon this little darkened soul of mine.

O Light of the World, shine upon him.

O Light of the World, shine upon me.

Dear Jesus! be to him and to me, not a judge but a Saviour.

The prayers are arranged for each day in the week, with an accompanying intention: For a Happy and Just Issue; For the Dead; For the Dying and Wounded and those who Tend them; For Prisoners, Widows, Orphans, Hungry and Homeless, Sinners and Enemies. There are additional prayers for particular intentions, "suggestions for intentions on the Rosary," the Stations of the Cross, and Mass Prayers "In time of War."

Convinced of the justice of England's cause, he has prayed outspokenly for the success of her arms. But beneath political and national division, there is, in the writer's own words, "A great unnational Church," and all of her children can adapt these prayers to their own use, providing help to others and peace to their own souls.

MEN AROUND THE KAISER. By Fred W. Wile. Indianapolis, Ind.: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25 net.

Mr. Wile, European correspondent of the *New York Times* and the *Chicago Tribune*, has written a series of brief and clear-cut sketches of the chief statesmen, army and navy officers, scholars, dramatists, artists, musicians, and business men of modern Germany. The tone of the book, which was written long before the Great War, is fair and impartial, although the introduction, dated August 28, 1914, takes severely to task Germany's military overlords for the present conflict.

THE CONTINENTAL DRAMA OF TO-DAY. Outlines for its Study. By Barrett H. Clark. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

In this volume Mr. Clark discusses some fifty plays of over twenty modern continental dramatists. Among others he summarizes *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* of Ibsen; the *Sea Gull* of Tchekoff;

the *Father* of Stringberg; the *Weavers* of Hauptmann; *Magda* of Sudermann; the *Crows* of Becque; the *Pardon* of Jules Le Maitre; the *Labyrinth* of Hervieu; *Cyrano de Bergerac* of Rostand; the *Blue Bird* of Maeterlinck; *Giaconda* of d'Annunzio, etc. He shows how these dramatists constructed their plays, planned their various dramatic effects, and dealt with the various dramatic problems. The book must be used in connection with the reading of the plays themselves, or most of it will be utterly unintelligible. Each chapter contains a complete bibliography of the various editions of the plays mentioned, with side references to works of dramatic criticism and magazine articles. The author promises shortly a companion volume on the British and American drama of to-day.

MODERN THEOLOGY AND THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL. By W. A. Brown, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Dr. Brown complains bitterly of the decline of personal religion and of doctrinal preaching in the Protestant Churches, the general ignorance of the Bible, and the alienation of the multitudes from the Church. He endeavors in these six lectures to show the modern clergyman how to obviate these evils, and to preach the Gospel effectively. Of course we are treated to the usual commonplaces of Protestant fiction. The Bible is the book of freedom, which led men out from the yoke of a Church which had grown corrupt and tyrannous into the liberty of the sons of God; Luther was facing a Church that taught salvation by works; Protestantism stands in a peculiar sense for religious freedom.

He tells us that in the past the Protestant idea of the Bible "instead of uniting, divided men into different sects," but to-day he declares, in the delightfully vague manner of modern theology, a standard has been provided. Christ is the key to the Bible. To Him we are to come as the final test, when any question arises of interpretation. This is one instance out of many of his "new" discoveries in theological science.

CELTIC MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS. By N. J. O'Connor. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.00 net.

Mr. O'Connor has given us a charming volume of simple, musical verses. The Celtic memories are to our mind the best, for the love of Erin breathes in every line. Every father with Irish blood in his veins will gladly have his children learn such verses

as *The Emigrant, From Kerry, Saint Patrick, and King Muirdach*. A member of the Gaelic League might change his mind, however, when he finds Mr. O'Connor enthusing similarly later on over the green grass and the fresh-cheeked girls of England. One of the best of "the other poems" is the beautifully expressed sonnet, *My Prayer*.

LOURDES. By the Very Rev. Monsignor R. H. Benson. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net.

It was a happy thought of the Editors of the Catholic Library that led them to preserve papers on Lourdes. Monsignor Benson approached Lourdes a "reverent agnostic," but left it a firm believer, convinced and enthusiastic. We like the comparison of Lourdes to the marriage feast of Cana—it is the Blessed Mother who sees that the water is provided, but it is Jesus of Nazareth who passes by, and lo! the sick are cured, the lame walk, and the blind see. The writer does not see, nor do we, what more could be done to sift the real from the unreal miracle by the Bureau des Constatations. The book is bright, interesting, and bears on every page the impress of a devout love of Mary.

THE TOURIST'S CALIFORNIA. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25 net.

Every tourist who intends to visit the San Francisco Exposition this year will find Mrs. Wood's volume an excellent and comprehensive guide to California. She tells us of the history of the State, its hotels, its native dishes, its theatres, its festivals and sports, its automobile routes, railway trips, and mountain climbs. She describes in the most entertaining fashion many historic and picturesque scenes whose trail leads from the Sierra to the desert, from Shasta to Coronado, from the Yosemite to Monterey. An appendix contains a list of the tourist cities and resorts of California, and the chief hotels of the State.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHURCH. By Ernest F. Scott, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

This volume consists of ten lectures delivered in January and February, 1914, at the Union Theological Seminary in New York City. The lecturer tells us that his object has been to investigate "the aims and beliefs of the Christian community at the time preceding the advent of Paul." Dr. Scott is so very broad in his teaching,

that we hardly see how he can claim a right to the name of Christian. We are told that Jesus had no thought of founding a society that would perpetuate His work; that Acts i.-xii. is in great part legendary; that in the first days of Christianity the missionary motive was entirely absent; that the rite of baptism was not instituted by Jesus; that the immediate interest of the primitive Church was not in the person of Jesus; that there was no thought in the beginning of identifying Jesus with the ineffable God; that the Apostles had no formal authority.

What can we expect of the future teachers of Christianity in this country, when such rationalistic denials of the fundamental dogmas of the Gospel are allowed without question?

THE PASSING OF THE FOURTEEN. By Ransom Sutton. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.25 net.

This stirring novel tells the story of the overthrow of Maximilian in Mexico. Juárez's victory is ascribed to the help given by the Brethren of the Road, a famous bandit society. These outlaws—in reality a most contemptible set of scoundrels—pose as patriots, although, like all thieves, their patriotism consists chiefly in getting their share of the loot. As an historical novel, it is a rather poor attempt at picturing the Mexico of the sixties, and Catholics will object to having "the Church close at hand to condone the cussedness committed in the (bandit's council) chamber."

HINTS ON PREACHING. By Rev. J. V. O'Connor. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

This is a reprint of Father O'Connor's well-known little treatise on sermon delivery. Every young priest should read this book. How true is the writer's saying that actors often put priests to the blush by the care they take in making their every word effective.

NOTES ON NOVELISTS. With Some Other Notes. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

The present volume is among the most interesting of the works of Henry James, expressing, as it does, his views on certain big figures that loom up in modern literature. "James is James," of course, but whether one agrees or disagrees, his opinions are always worth weighing. Stevenson, Zola, Flaubert, Balzac, Sand, d'Annunzio, Srao, Dumas *filis*, are the subjects of his study. Perhaps none of the criticisms is better than the brief one on Stevenson.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

We have received from the office of the *Irish Messenger* in Dublin the following one penny pamphlets:

A Drink Handbook which contains over one hundred quotations from bishops, statesmen and doctors on the evils of drink; Father Martin Corbett's boy stories, namely, *A True Boy* and *Rogers of Seafortis*; Father Peter Finley's *The Church and Anti-Clericalism*; Father William Doyle's *Vocations*; *A Teacher's Apostleship of Prayer in Schools*; Rev. J. MacDonald's devotional tracts on *Daily Mass*, *Daily Communion*, *The Nine Offices of the Sacred Heart*, and *Our Lady of Dolors*.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society of Melbourne has just published the following one penny tracts:

National Education, by P. S. Cleary, President of the Catholic Federation of New South Wales; *Pius X.*, by the Bishop of Salford; *Benedict XV.*, by Father Benedict; *The Blessed Sacrament and Catholic Unity*, by Bishop Hedley of Newport.

The United States Bureau of Education has sent us the following pamphlets:

Music in the Public Schools, by William Earhart; *Rural Schoolhouses in the United States*, by F. B. Dresslar; *Danish Elementary Rural Schools*, by H. W. Foght; and a *Bibliography of the Relation of Secondary Schools to Higher Education*, compiled by R. L. Walkley.

The Russell Sage Foundation has just published a *Credit Union Primer*, by Arthur R. Ham. It is an excellent elementary treatise on coöperative banking.

The Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia has published a forty-page pamphlet on the *Indians of the Yukon and Tanana Valleys, Alaska*, by M. K. Sniffen and Dr. T. S. Carrington. The authors give a brief account of the work of Father Sifton among the Indians and Eskimos of Holy Cross. The same Society sends us the Thirty-Second Annual Report of their Executive Committee.

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has just issued its 1914 Year Book, which contains the reports of the Executive Committee, the Secretary, the Auditor, and the Directors of the Division of Intercourse and Education, of Economics, and History and International Law. It has also sent us two brochures on the *Limitation of Armament on the Great Lakes*, and *The Intellectual and Cultural Relations between the United States and the Other Republics of America*, by H. E. Bard.

The Negro Year Book, an Annual Encyclopedia of the Negro, 1914-1915, by Monroe N. Work. (Tuskegee Institute, Alabama: Published by the Negro Year Book Publishing Co. 25 cents.) This year book provides in a cheap form a succinct, comprehensive, and impartial review of the events of the year which affect the interest and indicate the progress of the negro race. It is a permanent record of current events, an encyclopedia of historical and sociological facts, a directory of persons, and a bibliographical guide to the literature of the subject discussed. About one-half a page in a volume of four hundred and fifty pages is devoted to Catholic work among the negro.

The Case Against the Little White Slaver, published by Henry Ford, Detroit, Michigan. This little booklet of forty pages discusses the evils of cigarette smoking. Like most tracts of the kind its denunciation is so vehement that it fails of its effect. Take for instance Maxim's statement: "The yellow finger stain is an emblem of deeper degradation and enslavement than the ball and chain;" or "Connie Mack's" view that "No boy or man can expect to succeed in this world to a high position and continue the use of cigarettes."

Foreign Periodicals.

Count Albert de Mun. By Léonce de Grandmaison. Albert de Mun, grandson of the "philosopher" Helvetius, would have furnished an excellent example of how one may escape a materialistic and voluptuous heredity even if his mother had not been the sister of Albert de la Ferronnays, described in Mrs. Craven's *A Sister's Story*. Born in 1841 he was a cavalry lieutenant in the war of 1870, taken prisoner at Metz and made, after his release in 1871, an ordnance officer during the second siege of Paris. During these experiences he became intimate with Captain Count (now Marquis) de la Tour du Pin, and together they meditated upon the causes of France's sad experiences, together they began to study the definitions of the Church upon the errors of that distracted time. Maurice Meignen came then into his life, asking aid for a "Catholic Association of Young Workmen," recruited and maintained in the Montparnasse district, and de Mun responded to the appeal by giving not only money but himself. He became an ardent propagator of this social work. In response to objections, a real course of studies was organized, which elaborated gradually a system of Christian sociology, with a monthly review called *l'Association Catholique*.

De Mun's entrance into politics forced him gradually to lessen his labors in this direction, and many causes led the Association to stagnate and lose ground. In 1885-1886 he tried to "feed" its growth by an association of young men on a model seen in Catholic Switzerland; the new society, the Catholic Association of French Youths, grew and prospered, but never affiliated with the older and less effective group. In Parliament he spoke, amid almost universal applause, on social questions, such as the Sunday rest, the organization of trusts, and labor among women and children. In politics a royalist, supporter of the Count de Chambord, he even attempted in 1885 to found a Catholic party on German and Belgian lines; the effort was opposed, and the matter being carried to Rome, was judged by the nuncio, Monsignor di Rende, to be, at the least, inopportune, so that the Catholic Union died still-born. The Boulanger affair and the fact that de Mun had never made politics his primary concern, led the latter to receive with genuine joy the directions given by Leo XIII. to accept the republican form of

government, and to defend religious interests along constitutional lines. The Dreyfus affair caused him to break his ordinary silence in defence of the army and of France herself.

Elected member of the French Academy in 1897 in place of Jules Simon, he began to reveal himself as a brilliant journalist after 1900, when a severe cardiac weakness prevented, except on rare occasions, extended oratorical displays. Tall, distinguished looking, with a sonorous voice, he resembled Lacordaire as an orator; as a leader he lacked the supple persistency, the far-sightedness, the geniality of a Windthorst or an O'Connell. A loyal and outspoken Catholic, he charged his eldest son in his will to express to the Holy Father his absolute obedience to the Apostolic and Roman See. Devoted to the people and to the welfare of France, he spent himself deliberately, writing to the end his daily articles in the *Echo de Paris*, and was mourned, upon his death, October 6, 1914, with genuine and personal grief in a time of universal sorrow.—*Études*, October 5 and 20.

Count de Mun's Last Work. By Geoffroy de Grandmaison. The decree of May 5, 1913, had agreed to four chaplains for each army corps, but it had been a dead letter. When war broke out, a hundred were appointed, but the number was insufficient. Various priests volunteered. M. de Mun took up the matter with the civil authorities, promised that the priests would ask no salary, and obtained from the Minister of War permission for two hundred and fifty of them. The lists, both for enrollment and for subscriptions, filled rapidly. In two weeks a hundred thousand francs were put at his disposal. So many priests offered themselves that choice had to be made, with special reference to health; the first thirty set out on August 27th. When the Government removed to Bordeaux, M. de Mun also went thither, to preserve his freedom as a writer, and to be near the Ministers of War and of Foreign Affairs. He had, himself, obtained the "Ministry of Public Confidence." Pope Benedict XV., an hour after his election, spontaneously sent the great Catholic patriot his blessing. M. de Mun's last telegram, which reached M. de Grandmaison only when the writer was dead, announced the nomination of eighteen chaplains. Numerous letters from chaplains in the field are given, showing how rightly M. de Mun called his efforts in their regard the finest work of his life.—*Le Correspondant*, December 10.

The Centenary of Servian Poetry. By Félicien Pascal. The literature of a people is really formed into a living whole only when printed, and this took place for Servian poetry in 1814 when Vouk Stephanovitch Karadjitch published a *Collection of Slavic-Servian Popular Songs*. In the same year he issued a *Grammar* and in 1818 a *Dictionary*. In 1770 Abbé Fortis, an Italian naturalist, had included in his *Voyage to Dalmatia* two poems; of these, *The Sad Ballad* has given rise to a whole library of translations and commentaries. It is a tragic picture of the oppression of Servian wives and mothers. Justine Wynne, Mme. de Stael, Charles Modier, Jacob Grimm, and Goethe drew attention to Servian literature. The most famous of the four cycles of heroic poems is that of Marko Kraliévitich, a rather legendary hero like the great Roland.—*Le Correspondant*, December 10.

The Month (January): W. Randolph describes the former glories of churches and public buildings in Belgium and northern France before their sad fate in the present war.—Rev. Herbert Thurston writes on *Germany's Original Plan of Campaign*, as revealed in a document found by a French officer in a railway carriage, December 15, 1913, where it had been left behind by a German officer.—John Ayscough contributes a sketch from the battlefields, called *A Parenthesis of War*.—Rev. Sydney Smith analyzes *The Pope's First Encyclical*.—The Editor makes further comments on the war, hoping that it will lead the world "into the way of peace."

The Irish Theological Quarterly. Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P., replies to an attack by Dr. Skinner of Westminster College, Cambridge, on Father Pope's article in this review (October, 1914), on Pentateuchal criticism, renewing his assertion that the "higher critics" must pay more attention to the Vulgate, and must prove that their Massoretic text is worthy of the supreme confidence which they place in it.—Rev. David Barry reviews the opinions of theologians as to the right in justice of making profit, when buying or selling, in virtue of some special knowledge.—Rev. J. MacRory writes on the title *The Son of Man*, applied to Himself by our Lord over eighty times in the four Gospels, but never applied to Him by the Evangelists themselves, and met with only once in the rest of the New Testament, that is, in St. Stephen's discourse

to the Sanhedrin. Dr. MacRory thinks that this title did not have among the people at large a Messianic significance, and that it was adopted for this reason by our Lord for the sake of prudence. Though it emphasized His humanity, and the uniqueness of His Personality, it veiled His claims until He had educated His disciples regarding the true rôle of the Messiah, and the spiritual nature of His Kingdom. The phrase may, and most probably does, mean "The Son of Mankind," and, as used by Christ, sets Him forth in immediate relation, not merely with one family or one nation, but with all mankind, as *the* type, *the* ideal representative of the human family. Christ did not adopt this title from Daniel (vii. 13), where the language is somewhat different, though He may have used it in allusion to the prophet's words to show to the Jews that in this passage a Messiah had been foreshadowed, and that these foreshadowings were by Him fulfilled.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (January): Very Rev. James MacCaffrey records the experiences of the Catholic Church in 1914.—Rev. Peter Byrne, C.M., relates the causes which led to the passing of the act to improve intermediate education in Ireland in 1878. Previous to that time the endowments had been shamefully mismanaged, a fact exposed by a Royal Commission of 1854-58, but not brought effectively before Parliament until 1874. Mr. Richard O'Shaughnessy, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain favored the new act. It instituted a system of public examinations for which prizes, exhibitions, and certificates were provided; included Irish language and history as subjects of examination; and its benefits were soon extended to girls.—Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan writes on *The War and Divine Providence*.—Rev. M. Eaton gives a history of the Responsories of the Divine Office.—A Missionary Priest writes on the difficulty of teaching Catechism, particularly with such a manual as the Maynooth Catechism, which he believes too advanced for the child's mind.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (December): Abbé Th. Delmont pays tribute to the late Comte Albert de Mun.—Th. Mainage quotes at length Max Nordan's very bitter opinion of Richard Wagner, to show how foolish those French music lovers are who idolize this German composure.—In a long review of Cardinal

van Rossum's new treatise on the Sacrament of Holy Orders, Joseph de Guibert defends the contrary thesis (that of Cardinal Billot), which holds that the Church has been able to determine the essential elements in certain Sacramental rites otherwise than by a formal and precise decree.

Revue du Clergé Français (December): J. Bricout endeavors to discount "the intellectual superiority of Germany" by showing that France in every field possesses names no less renowned than those from beyond the Rhine.—L. Cl. Fillion discusses many recent works by the radical German Protestant school upon Jesus Christ, and primitive Christianity.—G. Planque reviews the situation of the Anglican Church in connection with the disestablishment of the Church in Wales.—Conclusion of an address by Abbé Jouin on the late Abbé Lesêtre, showing his love for our Lord, his work among children, and his thoroughly priestly spirit dominating all his activity. Three other men, Monsignor d'Hulst, Abbé de Broglie, and Abbé Huvelin, like Abbé Lesêtre, notable in many ways, were, like him, first and always priests.

Études (November 5 and 20): Lucien Roure begins a study of St. Catherine of Siena with a description of her native city, based on a recent work on this subject by Langton Douglas.—Yves de la Brière concludes an exposition of the Catholic doctrine on war.—Louis Laurand shows how far astray some modern scholars have gone in their views of classical antiquity, through an excessive suspicion against ancient historians and an equally excessive credence in plausible, but unfounded hypotheses.

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.

France.

The opening of the year 1915 found the French people facing the enemy with an unbroken and undaunted spirit. The national ministry of which M. Viviani is the head, and which includes representatives of all the Republican parties even of the most extreme of the Socialists and of the Anti-Militarists, remains in power without any change. General Joffre's position as the Generalissimo of the army remains unchallenged. In fact so great is the satisfaction felt at his success that a proposal has been made to revive in his honor the old title of Marshal of France. More than half of that portion of France which at the beginning of last September was occupied by the Germans has been recovered, while with the help of the British and Belgian forces a small part of Belgian territory has been saved from occupation by the Germans, and in Alsace the French have for some time secured possession of certain districts. The return of the Government to Paris indicates the confidence felt by France that the worst is over, and although a large extent of territory, and some important cities and towns are in the hands of the enemy, no doubt is felt that his expulsion is only a question of time.

According to the Premier, the efforts of the French are not to be limited simply to the liberation of their own territory. These efforts, the Premier declared, with the unanimous consent of all parties and factions of the Chamber, "will not be discontinued until outraged right has been avenged, the provinces taken from France in 1871 regained, nor before to heroic Belgium the fullness of her material prosperity and her political independence have been restored, and Prussian militarism broken." This declaration of M. Viviani shows that France's aim is almost identical with that of Great Britain, as set forth by Mr. Asquith, the British Prime

Minister. Great Britain, he declared, "will never sheathe the sword until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression; until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed." If Great Britain's proposed aims are somewhat more extensive than are those of France, Russia's go even farther, for her avowed objects include "the freeing of the Poles and the Danes, as well as of Alsace-Lorraine, from the oppressor's yoke." The French Premier renewed his adhesion to the treaty of September 4th made with Great Britain and Russia, by which it was agreed that no peace should be made with Germany except with the mutual agreement of the Three Powers. Not merely was there hope, the Premier declared, but an assured certainty of victory, an assurance based upon the determination of the people and the army. The severity of the task was fully recognized, nor was it expected that it would be accomplished in a short time: the country, however, was prepared for every sacrifice. No less an object was at stake than the fate of the world, whether it was to be dominated by a military absolutism of the character so recently disclosed, or by nations which have self-government as their ideals. An interesting feature in the meeting of the Assembly was the presence in the gallery of two members of the German Reichstag—Herr Weh, Deputy for Metz, who is now serving in the French army, and the Abbé Wetterlé. Herr Blumenthal, the Mayor of Colmar, was also present.

The Chamber passed unanimously the vote on account for six months, and, as a sign of the sacred unity which now exists, an inquiry into two contested elections was abandoned. The vote included a sum of sixty millions to be applied to the rebuilding of the ruins made by the Germans, and so great is the recuperative power of the French that already in the devastated districts many of the signs of the enemy's march have been obliterated. The French engineers have rebuilt the bridges within a few miles of the territory still occupied. The churches, however, are not so easily restored, and their ruins remain, as well as the graves of the dead. The reconstitution of the life of the peasants in the ruined villages is the hardest task of all. This has been undertaken with the help of our fellow-countrymen, who have formed a committee and have raised funds for the purpose, and have undertaken to provide implements of agriculture and food and clothing until the next harvest.

Many changes have already been the result of the war. One of these is in the character of the French soldier. Of old he has chiefly been distinguished for dash and *élan*, but has at times proved to be lacking in endurance: if not successful at first, he has been prone to give up in despair. This war has demanded the exercise of perseverance under defeat, and of patience even when on the aggressive. From the necessity of the case the French soldier has developed these very qualities in a high degree, and to his old-established virtues of initiative, bravery, and fearlessness, he has added endurance, patience, and stoicism.

Another important change is in the attitude of the French people, and even of the authorities, towards religion. For many years past the participation of French officials in religious services has been abandoned. It has now in several instances been resumed. The hitherto widespread unbelief in every form of religion is beginning to give way to an opposite tendency. Unprejudiced observers testify to a growing movement in an opposite direction, and declare that a strong vein of religious feeling is running through the nation. Moreover, at the beginning of the war military chaplains were appointed for the troops, a thing which has not been done since the separation of Church and State. These chaplains are recognized by the State and the army as regular functionaries liable only for clerical work. They constitute an outward and visible sign of the partial closing of the breach between Church and State, and form another indication of the "sacred union" which has been brought about by the war. In addition to the chaplains a large number of priests are serving in one capacity or another in the army, some as simple soldiers. Even these, however, say Mass from time to time, and minister to the spiritual needs of their fellow-soldiers. Their devotion, as well as that of the Sisters in nursing the wounded, has been influential in turning the tide. The Comte de Mun, on his deathbed, was cheered by these signs of a religious revival, and died with full confidence in the victory of the "New France" which has arisen.

Another result of the war, which is more important than it looks at first sight, is its effect upon the fashions. Paris has for long been the ruling influence determining the dress of women, and it cannot be denied that the dress of women is a potent influence the world over. Of late that influence has been in the highest degree pernicious. The war has made a great change. Self-denial, sober raiment, and good manners are the ruling factors in Paris now.

Elegant sobriety has become the dominating characteristic. Large numbers of the women of Paris, and indeed of the whole of France, are unceasingly engaged in making garments for the army, or in contributing to its comfort. The soldiers at Christmas were literally overwhelmed with the presents which were sent to the fighting line.

The news which comes from Germany is so exclusively official that it will meet with the full acceptance of those only who are strong German sympathizers. Other statements that leak out may or may not be true, and are, therefore, scarcely worthy of note. One thing, however, seems certain, and that is that the Chief of the Staff, General von Moltke, has either resigned or has been relieved of his office—a thing which indicates either his own dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war or that of the Emperor. The resignation just announced of the Minister of Finance would point (if true) to an even more serious embarrassment for the German Government. Another thing that may be noted as fairly well established is that Great Britain is looked upon as the chief enemy of the German Empire. Victory over her is the thing of all others to be desired.

The beginning of the year found Germany in possession of what on a very rough estimate may be looked upon as a tenth of French territory. All but a fraction of Belgium also was in the military occupation of German troops as well as the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. On the other hand, France has secured a small lodgment in Alsace, and Russia has in East Prussia occupied a district of uncertain extent. The war between Russia and Germany has swayed backwards and forwards in Poland, where the sufferings of Catholics have been so great as to be comparable to those of the Belgian Catholics, although there has not been the same destruction of buildings, religious and secular.

The unanimity of opinion in support of the war seems to be maintained, although Herr Liebknecht voted at the last Sessions of the Reichstag against the credit asked for by the Government; he was, however, the only one who thus acted. He is said to have explained the apparent unity of the Socialists by the fact that martial law existed throughout the Empire. In Bavaria the violation of Belgian neutrality has been criticized not on the ground that it was wrong, but because it has alienated neutral nations

from Germany's cause, and made them distrustful of its conduct in the future. The confidence in ultimate success has, however, by no means abated; even the fact that in the Western Campaign Germany has for the past six weeks been acting almost entirely on the defensive, has not shaken this confidence.

Austria-Hungary. Like the German Empire, the Dual-Monarchy is almost a sealed book, and but little reliance can be placed upon the accounts which have been given of the events which have taken place within its limits since the war commenced. It is certain, however, that a large part of Galicia has been lost, and is now in the possession of the Russians. Bukowina, too, has been invaded, as well as Hungary, but the enemy has not succeeded in establishing a permanent foothold. Austro-Hungarian attempts on Servia have been disastrously defeated, but the efforts of the latter, assisted by Montenegro, to take possession of Bosnia have not proved successful. A clear indication that things are not going well with Austria-Hungary is the resignation of Count Berchtold, the author of the ultimatum to Servia which was the occasion of the war. The author of a policy which is succeeding is not likely to resign or, at all events, to have his resignation accepted. The precise grounds for the resignation are, of course, more or less a matter of speculation; but as he has been succeeded by a Hungarian, it may be surmised that the dissatisfaction of Hungary with the conduct of the war, which has for some time been manifesting itself, has grown strong enough to find this way of securing a change. Subservience to Germany is said to have been a marked feature of Count Berchtold's policy. The new Foreign Minister, Baron Stephan von Burian, is reputed to be a masterful Magyar, who deeply resents what he looks upon as the sacrifice of the interests of his country to those of the German Empire. A "veteran diplomat," writing in the *New York Times*, sees in the change the first step in the secession of Austria-Hungary from Germany, with a view to her withdrawal from the war. According to the same authority, the influence of the new Foreign Secretary with Rumania and Bulgaria may be strong enough to remove the bad feeling caused by the policy of Count Berchtold. It may even prevent these two nations from ever taking part in the war.

Belgium.

Belgium still maintains her heroic resistance to the assault upon her liberty and independence, and in this she is supported by the highest ecclesiastical authority in Belgium—Cardinal Mercier. In a Pastoral he has, as follows, defined in the clearest and most unmistakable terms the duties of Catholics with regard to the question of their civil allegiance:

I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligations of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore in the soul and conscience you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience.

The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission.

Thus, the invaders' acts of public administration have in themselves no authority, but legitimate authority has tacitly ratified such of those acts as affect the general interests, and this ratification, and this only, gives them juridic value.

Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces. Belgium is no more a German province than Galicia is a Russian province. Nevertheless, the occupied portion of our country is in a position it is compelled to endure. The greater part of our towns, having surrendered to the enemy on conditions, are bound to observe those conditions. From the outset of military operations the civil authorities of the country urged upon all private persons the necessity of abstention from hostile acts against the enemy's army. That instruction remains in force. It is our army, and our army solely, in league with the valiant troops of our Allies, that has the honor and the duty of national defence. Let us entrust the army with our final deliverance.

Towards the persons of those who are holding dominion among us by military force, and who assuredly cannot but be sensible of the chivalrous energy with which we have defended, and are still defending, our independence, let us conduct ourselves with all needful forbearance. Some among them have declared themselves willing to mitigate, as far as possible, the severity of our situation, and to help us to recover some minimum of regular civic life. Let us observe the rules they have laid upon us so long as those rules do not violate our personal liberty, nor our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country.

The sufferings of the Belgians have excited sympathy in every part of the world; and not a sympathy which has been merely sentimental. In our country especially has this been felt, and it has manifested itself in a way never equalled before. The enormous sum of fourteen millions has already been subscribed for the support of the needy and famishing, and assurances are given that help will be continued until the Belgians are restored to their own. "Words fail me," says Cardinal Mercier in a letter to Mr. Hoover,

the Chairman of the American Committee for Relief, "to express my deep appreciation of the bountiful generosity of the American people."

If anyone still doubts the terrible sufferings inflicted upon the Belgian people, the Cardinal's personal and direct evidence must be found convincing. In his recent pastoral the Cardinal says:

I have traversed the greater part of the districts most terribly devastated in my diocese; and the ruins I beheld and the ashes were more dreadful than I, prepared by the saddest of forebodings, could have imagined. Other parts of my diocese, which I have not yet had time to visit, have in like manner been laid waste. Churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, convents in great numbers, are in ruins. Entire villages have all but disappeared. At Werchter-Wackerzeel, for instance, out of three hundred and eighty homes, a hundred and thirty remain; at Tremeloo two-thirds of the village are overthrown; at Bucken, out of a hundred houses, twenty are standing; at Schaffen one hundred and eighty-nine houses out of two hundred are destroyed—eleven still stand. At Louvain the third part of the buildings are down; one thousand and seventy-four dwellings have disappeared; on the town land and in the suburbs, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three houses have been burned.

Many a parish has lost its pastor. There is sounding in my ears the sorrowful voice of an old man of whom I asked whether he had had Mass on Sunday in his battered church. "It is two months," he said, "since we had a church." The parish priest and the curate have been interned in a concentration camp.

Thousands of Belgian citizens have in like manner been deported to the prisons of Germany, to Munsterlagen, to Celle, to Madgeburg. At Munsterlagen, alone three thousand one hundred civil prisoners were numbered. History will tell of the physical and moral torments of their long martyrdom. Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology; but I know that there were ninety-one shot at Aerschot, and that there, under pain of death, their fellow citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes one hundred and seventy-six persons, men and women, old men and sucklings, rich and poor, in health and sickness, were shot or burned.

In my diocese alone I know that thirteen priests or religious were put to death. One of these, the parish priest of Gelrode, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. I made a pilgrimage to his grave, and, amid the little flock which so lately he had been feeding with the zeal of an apostle, there did I pray to him that from the height of Heaven he would guard his parish, his diocese, his country.

We can neither number our dead nor compute the measure of our ruins. And what would it be if we turned our sad steps towards Liège, Namur, Audenne, Dinant, Tamines, Charleroi, and elsewhere?

And there where lives were not taken, and there where the stones of buildings were not thrown down, what anguish unrevealed! Families, hitherto living at ease, now in bitter want; all commerce at an end, all careers ruined; industry at a standstill; thousands upon thousands of working men without employment; working women, shop girls, humble servant girls without the means of earning their bread; and poor souls forlorn on the bed of sickness and fever, crying, "O Lord, how long, how long?"

There is nothing to reply. The reply remains the secret of God.

Great Britain.

No changes have taken place in the Cabinet since the war commenced. The example of Belgium and France in favoring a Cabinet embracing all the various parties, was not followed. The Cabinet remains a strictly Party Cabinet. It is, however, supported whole-heartedly by both the Unionist and Irish Nationalist leaders. This has not stood in the way of friendly criticism, the object of which has been chiefly the censorship and the disasters which have befallen certain ships of the navy. The censorship of the press is so alien to British habits that the endeavor to exercise it has led to much heartburning. Even the principles by which it was to be ruled were undefined. One of the censors was understood to claim the right to suppress the news of any disaster. Criticism in Parliament forced a disavowal of such a practice, and limited the right to the concealment of only such news as might be of advantage to the enemy. The practical application of this principle has not, however, been entirely satisfactory. In consequence too great a degree of uncertainty prevails about the actual situation.

It seems clear that Great Britain is practically master of the seas, with the possible exception, strange to say, of her own shores. Mines and submarines endanger the safety of her ships at her own gates. The hourly expectation of the Great Fleet of Germany making a supreme effort to destroy that of Great Britain, keeps her people in a state of anxious waiting. The possibility of an invasion and of an attack by a fleet of Zeppelins, adds a further element of disquietude, but so far at least as an invasion is concerned, it is looked upon merely as a possibility—a possibility for which they are fully prepared.

With the results of the war in France and Belgium, a fair degree of satisfaction is felt, when account is taken of Great Britain's unpreparedness for warfare on the Continent. The estimated war strength of the regular army of Great Britain at the time immediately preceding the outbreak of the war was only 275,000 men, while that of Germany was 2,250,000, exclusive of the 810,000 that Austria-Hungary could bring into the field. By voluntary enlistment—a thing unparalleled in modern history—Great Britain now possesses an army of between two and three millions of men, who are on the point of devoting themselves to the service of their country.

With the progress of the war in other parts of the world,

greater satisfaction is felt by the inhabitants of Great Britain. This satisfaction, however, is provisional, for the result depends upon the issue of the conflict in Europe. Up to the present, the entrance of Turkey into the war has led to the adding of Cyprus to the list of British possessions. Another part of the Ottoman dominion, Egypt, has not been annexed, Great Britain's action having been limited to the declaration of a Protectorate. This was done with the avowed purpose of preparing the country for an increased degree of self-government. This, however, does not apply to the Sudan, which has not, since its re-conquest by Lord Kitchener, formed any part of the Turkish dominions. An expedition from India has taken possession of Basra near the head of the Persian Gulf, and has advanced far up the Euphrates. It may be that Baghdad itself may fall. Of the German Colonies, Togoland surrendered to the British in the first weeks of the war; Cameroon is being attacked; places in Southwest Africa have been seized, and the German effort to raise a rebellion in the Union of South Africa defeated. In East Africa the Germans have been successful in resisting a British attack, while, on the other hand, British East Africa has succeeded in repelling the Germans. German New Guinea has been seized by an Australian expedition, as well as the Prince Bismarck Archipelago. The Samoan Colony has fallen into the hands of New Zealand. Japan has taken possession of Kiao-Chao, with the town and fortress of Tsingtau after a siege of a few weeks. The Marshall Islands have also been occupied by the Japanese. What has become of the Caroline Islands and a few other of the island possessions of Germany has not transpired.

Among the results of the war so far attained may be enumerated not merely the adjournment of the struggles between political parties which were assuming an extremely bitter, not to say, venomous character, but also the fact that a really heartfelt union has grown up between the upper and lower classes which were normally separated by divisions somewhat resembling the castes of India. The devotion to a common cause, and the sacrifices all have been making for its sake, have led to a mutual esteem and even affection never felt before. Another indication of a greater degree of national unity is the provision made by the Government at the beginning of the war for the distress which it was expected would be caused to the poorest of the working classes—those whom it was thought would be thrown out of employment. The Government in asking of Parliament the necessary funds for the carrying on of

the war, made provision for special grants to those likely to suffer in this way. As a matter of fact, in the course of events, it has not been found necessary to make use of this provision, for unemployment instead of increasing has steadily diminished since the war began. No emergency measures have been required.

In other respects the tendency characteristic of our times to enlarge the bounds of state control has been accentuated and developed in ways too numerous to mention. It will be interesting to see whether, when the war is over, it will lead to reaction or development. An unexpected result of the war has been not indeed a complete resumption of the diplomatic relations between Great Britain and the Pope, which have been suspended for centuries, but the sending of an open and fully authorized Envoy to the Holy See, with the Pope's full approbation and consent. According to the instructions of the British Foreign Office, the Envoy's mission was to congratulate His Holiness on his election, and at the same time to lay before him the motives which compelled his Majesty's Government, after exhausting every effort in their power to preserve the peace of Europe, to intervene in the present war, and to inform His Holiness of their attitude towards the various questions that arise therefrom. The Envoy was received by the Holy Father with great cordiality. Whether the mission is of a permanent character, or only for the duration of the war, is uncertain.

With Our Readers.

THE ever-increasing demand for Catholic reading is an encouraging sign. The pamphlet racks which have been installed in so many of our churches have brought the tract and pamphlet and book within easy reach of our people. They have become acquainted with the variety, the extent, and the worth of such reading matter, and the repeated orders for renewal of stock is the best evidence of the good work which these pamphlet racks accomplish.

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MANY of our Catholic societies are taking up the work of the distribution of pamphlets, particularly in localities where the Church is attacked and misrepresented. A most effective answer to the calumnies of the Church's enemies is a plain statement of her doctrine, dogmatic and moral; of the standards of Christian living which she demands of her children; of the virtue of her sacraments, particularly of Penance and Holy Communion; of the lofty ideals and unselfishness of the priestly and the conventual life to which many of her sons and daughters are called.

To make known her unique title as the mother of civilization; her unequalled record of service to humanity; her consistent and complete philosophy which saves science from bankruptcy and mankind from despair, will win to her many souls. Before, they knew her only in caricature; now they know her as she really is.

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THE effective means of carrying on such a propaganda is the short pamphlet. That form of publication is particularly suited to our day, for it is undeniable that people, as a rule, will not read lengthy books.

So extensive is the work to be done that the wide circulation of pamphlets is a necessity. Catholics, themselves, need to keep alive to the teachings of their Faith; to the problems that the Church must actively meet; to the exhortations which the Holy Father sends out to the faithful. Catholics should be at least fairly well-informed on the general points of Church history, so as to be able to give a satisfactory answer to common objections. These pamphlets ought to be circulated in every part of our country, for in every part is there misunderstanding of the teachings of the Church; in every part there are souls to be enlightened and converted.

THEREFORE, to meet the demand the supply of pamphlets must be large and varied. Moreover, the cost of these pamphlets must be kept as low as possible. The pastors, the societies that purchase them, have not large funds at their command; they are doing a missionary work, and every aid should be given them in the work that can possibly be given. Indeed, some pastors, very zealous for souls, some organizations that are alive to the need, and some individuals who must meet a particular demand, are unable to pay for pamphlets and reading matter which they see would do much good. It should be possible for the good of souls, and the welfare of Holy Church, to meet these demands.

The extent of the body of Catholic truth—all the questions to which it gives rise, all the objections with which it meets—means that the number of pamphlets with regard to subject matter is practically unlimited. The Catholic Faith covers every question that can come before the mind of man; its doctrine and its philosophy are constantly unfolding to meet new problems and new conditions; its history knows no end, it is always a living, active and aggressive force. Therefore, until the end of time it will need its defence and its exposition. Truth is one; error is multiple; and while error is endless in its objections and its perversions, truth must never rest in showing itself one and consistent and all-satisfying.

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EVEN though our pamphlets of defence and exposition number to-day into the thousands, we have not begun to meet fully, much less exhaust, the demand. Nor can we ever exhaust it, not only because of what we have said above, but also because each particular generation, and each nation, has its particular needs; its racial differences, its own genius which no other generation or nation adequately meets. Zeal of the house of the Lord should devour us. His dwelling place is truth which by its beauty would win the souls of all men and all generations. That zeal should sustain and inspire us so that we will be prepared to meet any and every demand made upon us.

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FOR the building up of a thoroughly capable and comprehensive pamphlet defence, as it may be called, The Paulist Press was organized many years ago, and carries on its missionary work to this day. The demands made upon it for every kind of Catholic reading matter are becoming greater and greater. The clergy and the laity from districts that are poor, and yet wherein the Catholics need instruction, or where the Church is subjected to misrepresentation and calumny, appeal to us frequently to come to their aid. Hospitals, army and navy chaplains, institutions of every kind send us requests for Catholic books and pamphlets, devotional, historical, biographical.

WE desire to be in a position whereby we may answer all these demands. And, therefore, we have organized The Paulist Press Association. The purpose of this organization is to continue in a most extensive and efficient way the work of The Paulist Press—to publish at a very low price Catholic literature that is above all else a capable and popular defence of the Catholic Faith and all questions touching upon it; to distribute such literature, freely, in cases of necessity where it will do good; to increase this treasury of Catholic defence by the constant publication of new pamphlets; to cultivate in as far as it is possible an American Catholic literature so as to bring out in this way the missionary spirit, through the press, of our own priests and sisters and laity.

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS corrects the article, *Protestantism in Cuba*, published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of November, 1914, on three points. It avers:

First: The religious body which it represents is not spending \$100,000 annually in Cuba, but only \$63,000.

Second: Protestantism is not a failure in Cuba.

Third: No effort is ever made by this organization to proselytize.

To the first of these contentions the writer of *Protestantism in Cuba* answers that he did not write that article from official Church reports—with which he was, of course, entirely conversant; they are open to all—of money appropriated for Cuba. He wrote from actual, first-hand knowledge of money spent in Cuba. He studied those reports to which *The Spirit of Missions* refers, and found that they did not represent one-half the money actually expended.

To the second. His article was careful not to say that Protestantism was a failure in Cuba. It merely said that Protestantism had done its best in Cuba, under most favorable conditions, with no appreciable results. A good many people would call this failure, but the article did not do so.

The third is a question of words. *The Spirit of Missions* apparently holds that the attempt to make Protestants out of careless Catholics is not to be called an attempt to proselytize. The writer of *Protestantism in Cuba* thought that this was the exact meaning of proselytism.

ONE of the most far-reaching evils of modern life, particularly in our larger cities, is the "bankruptcy" of the home. Many influences and tendencies have contributed to this sad condition, the inhumanly crowded tenement and the family hotel; the growing passion for amusements and the increased facilities for gratifying it;

the increase of creature comforts, and the means that make house-keeping lighter or practically unnecessary; the insinuation, to say the least, of much of the radical talk of the day that a mother in her home occupies a rather mean and low position; the officiousness of the reformer and the incipient socialist who, because some homes are not what they ought to be, plan to rob home altogether of its province, and supplant it by some state organization or state government that will do much better the work for which the home is destined.

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ONE might as well try to make bricks without straw, or build a house without a foundation as to try to make a nation of strong happy men and women without the home.

It is the corner-stone, and the only corner-stone, of human society. The individual who does not recognize that the influence of his home is the best and most potent factor in the development of his character and his spiritual worth, is the rare exception. No institution has ever succeeded in doing the work of the home. An institution is not a home, and never can be.

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IT should be the foremost concern of Catholics to protect the interests of the home; to champion its unique rights; to preach its responsibilities; and to work above all else for the betterment of the home or the improvement of conditions that will make a better home possible. In seeking to better conditions that are the result of ill-conditioned and ill-directed home-life, it must never be forgotten that it is better to seek the improvement of those particular homes than to lift all responsibility from them and seek new agencies that will accept it.

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TO those who look deep enough, one of the most unfortunate characteristics of many otherwise admirable reform measures, is this widespread shifting of responsibility. Much of our legislation tends to relieve the individual of that high sense of moral responsibility by which he should be governed, and to replace it by impersonal, legal enactments. True, democratic government must be the expression and the result of an accumulated personal consciousness; it can never impose that consciousness. Justice, temperance, honesty are born of a just people; no government can impose them, and if it tries it will meet only with failure.

The tendency to force the State into assuming the duties of parents and supplying the deficiencies of home, may seem a short-cut to the cure of very evident evils; but it will be seen by experience that such a course leads only to greater and more far-reaching evils.

IN the work of reform and of social betterment it is always well, even from a purely humanitarian point of view, to study those institutions that historically have been the foundation of civilization and of progress. To preserve them; to raise their efficiency; to make the individual and the community more and more alive to their supreme importance, is one of the most effective works to which measures of social reform can be directed.

WRITING in *The Month* for January, 1915, Father Keating discusses those things that lead nations into the way of peace.

Where nationality is so emphasized as to obscure the common origin and destiny of all the human race; when patriotism is cultivated without reference to the just rights of other nations, or even to the laws of God, then such nations are led away from the paths of peace.

So many of the nations concerned have thrown off the guidance of the one institution ordained by Providence to curb the excesses of nationality, and to direct the aspirations of patriotism that sound views on these fundamental points are likely to be at a discount. Nowhere are the limits of national aspirations so clearly and definitely traced as in the teaching of that Church, which embraces all nations and stands for the maintenance of a bond far stronger and more permanent than the forces which favor disunion. Consequently the disintegration of Christendom in the sixteenth century, by setting undue emphasis upon the principle of nationality, added a new disruptive influence, religious antagonism, to the already existing sources of international hostility. Then there arose in northwestern Europe those negations of the Christian ideal, "national" Churches. The civil power invaded the domain of the spiritual and the Cæsarism of pagan times was restored. The higher unity of all mankind as children of the one great Father was obscured. The State presumed to guide the consciences and religious practices of its subjects, and the common law of Christendom no longer availed to check tyranny at home and aggression abroad. Catholicism in undivided Europe had not, indeed, prevented war, but it had gradually mitigated its horrors, and, in so far as its influence went, tended to remove its causes. After the Reformation, these causes got a fresh accession of vigor. Protestantism, which had no principle of unity in itself, has done nothing to unite those who profess it. It has destroyed, not only the common canons of belief, but also the common standard of morality. With no logical basis or coherent development, non-Catholic Christianity falls an easy prey to aggressive rationalism, which, as a matter of fact, has already infected it to an alarming extent.

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CHRISTIANITY by subordinating the temporal to the eternal puts in their proper place material well-being and political freedom—the legitimate objects of the secular state. It condemns wars or demonstrations of forces which are made by the State, not to protect rights already acquired, but to promote the commercial interests of any of its subjects. The aim of every government is to secure for all its citizens those conditions of order and material plenty which will best enable them to fulfill their destiny here and hereafter, and for

that reason it should set itself against the inordinate accumulation of wealth in a few hands.

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THERE can be no compromise between Christianity and this, which Father Keating calls "the Darwinian conception of human life and purpose." Yet so deeply and terribly has the world outside the Catholic Church suffered by that conception that it has almost forgotten what Christianity really is. The shock of this war upon the nations is calling them back to a better Christian sense, but with the end of the war will there come also the end of those theories destructive of the Divinity of Jesus Christ; of the authority of the Bible; of so-called naturalistic ethics; of race suicide; of the denial of personal responsibility, yea, the denial of God Himself as the Creator and Ruler of the Universe.

Only the humble and devout acceptance of the definite truths of Christianity can lead men out of the evils to which they have given themselves. The Christian spirit alone can make the right and just national spirit.

The great basic fact of the common brotherhood of men must control the adjustment of international interests that will follow the war. The recognition of a common Fatherland beyond this earth must keep our patriotism sound and reasonable and sweet, and banish that loathsome swaggering perversion of the virtue which is largely manifested in contempt and hatred of the foreigner, and empty boasting.

* * * *

WAR is not a necessity of human nature. War is by no means a Christian tradition. Indeed our very profession of Christians means that we are pacifists. "The whole aim and object of Christianity is to get rid of war by destroying the spirit that engenders it."

That the Church has by her power combated, weakened, and finally destroyed great abuses in the past, should give us hope that under her guidance and in obedience to her spirit war also will disappear, because its causes will have disappeared.

IN *The Constructive Quarterly* for December last, Dr. Edward A. Pace of the Catholic University writes of "the relations between philosophy and belief as these relations are held and carried to practical results by the Catholic Church."

As the problem of the Catholic Church is to-day, in its work with the world, at bottom a philosophical one, the paper by Dr. Pace is of more than ordinary importance. For theories of life outside Catholic philosophy must necessarily press upon that philosophy at many points. The Catholic Church must preach its gospel to all nations. Its Faith is not merely emotional—unconcerned with reason. It is a "reason-

able service " and must appeal to the intelligence as well as to the feelings. But considering the opposition, the vagaries, the ever-new demands of reason, any system that would successfully challenge and win it over must have within itself a power of adaptation whereby it can deal, energetically and prudently at once, with the various and varying results of human inquiry and human speculation.

It will not surrender its faith at the sound of alarms from without, nor will it be deaf to the words of a new truth, however strange the voice of the herald. Rather will it seek to make that truth a part of its own strength and therefore an added means of influencing the world.

* * * *

THE power to achieve reconciliation and absorption will be the test of the vitality of the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church is a divine institution. Its commission and its authority are from Christ Himself. The Church is preserved from error by the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Such guidance is to continue to the end of time.

It is evident, therefore, that for such a divine institution as the Church to have some relations with philosophy is out of the question. For example, the Church cannot submit her teachings "to the judgment of philosophy and abide by the latter's verdict." It is, first, beyond the competency of philosophy to say whether a doctrine is revealed or not; and secondly, philosophy has no means of securing a universal assent for any proposition bearing on religion.

Some modern philosophies have advised the individual to separate his belief and his philosophy, and hold them safely away from each other. They have emptied truth of its objectivity; giving it only a subjective value, dependent on the mental phase which happened to be uppermost at a given moment in the individual.

The Church does not and cannot sanction any and every scheme that is put forward as an adjustment of philosophy and belief. The proposed conciliations, however shrewdly devised, may labor under some inherent weakness which is easily detected even without the test of actual results. But the Church has the advantage of a long experience in dealing with theories and systems; and the Catholic position in this matter can be best explained by pointing to what the Church has done, or by noting at least some of the historical phases of the question.

* * * *

DR. PACE then speaks at length of the work of the early Christian writers, who wrested from unjust possessors the gold and silver of truth, eliminating whatever was spurious and base. As time went on and the spirit of inquiry grew, a more rigorous method than that of Plato was demanded. In the Scholastic system the attitude of the Church towards philosophy is most plainly seen.

The method of the Schoolmen was simply the outward form in which the vital and directive principles of their system found expression. God, they held,

is the source both of the truths which can be known by the light of reason and of those which are given through revelation. He has impressed upon the intellect those first principles which lie back of all reasoning and which are, or should be, the ultimate test of the processes of thought in the natural order. When He reveals truth of a higher order, there can be no contradiction between it and reason, since God cannot be at variance with Himself. The ultimate ground of unity, then, is not the natural ability of the mind to know, nor its natural tendency to seek, the truth; it is the divine wisdom in its necessary, absolute consistency.

* * * *

IN conclusion, Dr. Pace answers the objection of why the Church maintains towards philosophy an attitude taken long before the present era of intellectual "freedom." What is called "progress" is no sure or fixed standard of truth. Departures from the existing order or the accepted belief are not necessarily really progressive; they may be grossly erroneous. Every erroneous theory hinders the search after truth. By rejecting them the Church contributes to the protection and the furtherance of man's best interests.

From another point of view it can be shown why the Church is so vigilant in regard to error and so resolute in condemning it when silence would be the easier method. Mankind can wait patiently while science and philosophy get rid of the errors by which they are hampered in their respective lines of progress. But the doctrines of faith are doctrines of the salvation for which the individual must strive here and now. They are given not merely as truths to be known but also as directions for the moral life. Obedience to the divine law presupposes the recognition of the law contained in revelation. Consequently, erroneous views regarding matters of faith have practical results which sooner or later must rob Christian life of its foundation. And though the Church cannot compel any one to accept the truth or to live according to its moral teachings, these must none the less be upheld in their purity and integrity. Failure to condemn error would be equivalent to failure in duty on the part of the Church.

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THE

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A RETURNING CAVEMAN.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.



N early caveman, should such a prehistoric being again appear in the flesh, and count this uneasy planet among his scenes revisited, would be apt to find, in some of our present ways of thinking and acting, not a little to remind him of his former visit; though much would seem to him so new, improved, and truly glorious, he might rub his eyes for wonderment and find it hard to believe his ears.

Consider, for instance, the economic theory of history—a way of explaining things that sees no more behind life, nor before it, for that matter, than the instinct of self-preservation and the quest of food, raiment, and shelter. Only a few years ago, comparatively speaking, this theory was broached in the quiet of the class-room, and now behold it appealing from pen to sword on the battlefields of Europe. Would it not have a familiar ring to our fancied visitor, this economic interpretation of life, and seem like a page torn from his own early experience, written much larger, if you will, and enacted on a far more stupendous scale, but in principle the same?

And how would a cave-dweller's intelligence stand up under the shock of its crass materialism? Even he, dim as were his lights and dark as were his days, had his unclouded moments of perception

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when the world appeared as more than brilliant dust in motion, progress as something other than the bludgeoning of one's fellow-men, and life as a thing potentially higher than a general scramble for the means of livelihood. A majesty more than human spoke to him through the surrounding veil, filling his mind with thoughts unwonted and his heart with secret stirrings, until he knew himself born to a better destiny than lay in this world's compass. His first surprise would be to find how much had matter, and how little had spirit, counted in the years that had flown between. And this surprise would last until, by some great good stroke of fortune, he discovered—that wisdom is now supposed to consist, not in nursing sacred lights into a flame, but in snuffing out their gentle radiance, lest they lead us kindly on, in an age that has said to boldness, Be thou my brother, and to might, Be thou my brother's keeper.

And if, perchance, our prehistoric visitor happened into an assembly where the meaning of progress was under discussion by some of the free-lance philosophers of the day, would he be led to think that the latest view of it differed so very much from the one he himself used to entertain in the childhood days of humanity before the race had gone to school? How familiar it would seem to hear the statements made, that progress is the sloughing-off of formal restraint; the cult of the bold; the call of the wild; the doffing of the old and the donning of the new; a return to the primitive; a spirit of adventure brooking no interference from morality or convention; in a word—the doing of what no man dared do before, because custom shook her menacing finger at him and bade the docile, fearsome dog lie down! Hearing all this—the very latest, freshest outpouring of the mind human—would not our returning caveman think, and rightly, that in some respects, at least, however greatly it may have changed in others, the world in its old age is pretty much as he first knew it in its prime?

Imagine him catching the drift of the following excerpts from recent literature, as they are being read to the spellbound public of the assembly, into which, for the sake of literary convenience, we are supposing him to have wandered. His strange appearance has drawn many an eye in his direction, as one of the attendants bows him into a seat and with a kindly smile takes down his name.

I look out upon a futurist world of strife and tempest and struggling crowds—a world of revolt and rebellion, smitten by the acute angles and crimson bars of rage, a world risen in violent reaction against weakness and sentimentality, invalid-

ism, comfort, softness, luxury, and effeminate excess—against the toy woman, the worship of precedent, of research, of rules, of uninspired morality. Such a world shudders at the monotony of regulated habit and established reputation. That a thing has been done once is for it a sufficient reason why it should never be done again. And moving about in that world of hard and dangerous life that is full of rapid contrasts, and calls out the highest human capacities from hour to hour, I appear to see magnificent and adventurous men, tempestuous and proud, fighting their way side by side with magnificent and adventurous women, virile, gigantic, devoid of shame, loathing effeminacy, giving the breast to superb and violent infants, turbulent as Titans of the earthquake and volcano.

Our motto: Be bold, be bold, there is not the smallest fear that anyone will be too bold.¹

Offensive license has seemed to be the only meaning of to-day's rule of nature. But emphatically, now as five hundred years ago, there is another side, and all people who are not blinded by being either hopelessly bad or too drowsily good can see it. Why forget history? Violence even at its worst, I venture to say, has always been so much cost of a well-nigh priceless treasure. Often it is true, breach of the law may have been the law's undoing, but also it has been the only way to the law's fulfillment in independent life and character. Moreover, Christendom has not come to her present license precipitately, whatever the casual observer may be inclined to suppose. Back of to-day's Protestantism, radical as it certainly is, there is the deliberation of centuries. Only gradually as precise dogma has been tempered by art, St. Augustine, for example, by Fra Angelico; and as art, so bound at first to creed and institution, has been in its turn freed by naturalism and science, and these, finally, by the still greater breadth and the still greater depth of recent anti-rationalistic philosophy, and its wandering, but also penetrating, informality of life and thought—only gradually, I say, has Christendom come to her present state. Her license, slowly and deliberately developing, is thus, as may be reasonably supposed, quite as truly the lawlessness of her best life, of her great spirit at last in the fullness of time set free from formal restraint, as that of a mere material violence. The material violence may indeed be, as was said, the cost, but not less also the opportunity. Throughout history has not cost, or price, been at once the root of all evil and the medium of all good?

¹*The Impulse to Futurism.* By Henry W. Nevins. *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1914.

Could the spirit ever be truly free, if the flesh were bound? Not more certainly did Jupiter belong to the thunder and the lightning that the freed spirit of Christendom belongs to the present license and destruction.²

The caveman rises to address the assembly. The usual courtesy of being asked to express his views has been extended to the stranger. We may suppose our visitor not unacquainted with the genius of the English tongue, and that this is not his first experience in public speaking. Having been for some time in America, where the sons of Boanerges all seem to have settled early and in great numbers, he has long since had his "first experience," or been more nimble than most of us in escaping. A thrill of expectancy—his name has been announced—is on the sea of upturned faces as he rises. Out of the past is to be heard a voice, and the hearers are all futurists. Could a more dramatic situation be imagined?

"Gentlemen," he begins, "I have felt very much at home to-night, more so than has fallen to my lot since I came back to the haunts of men. At the splendors of your material civilization, at the glorious world of comfort in which you live, at the buzz and whirl of all your avenues of industry and arteries of trade, I stand aghast. Under the sea, above it, and upon it you ride in ships. The forces of nature that to me were enemies are your domestic servants. A single throb of the cable puts you in touch with what is happening at the other end of the earth, and even the tremulous air has latterly become the winged messenger of your thoughts. To all this I have come back a more astonished stranger than Rip Van Winkle to his native village, after a far less eventful sleep. I am appalled by it, abashed, overwhelmed.

"Nothing of common interest seemed to exist between the ways of the prehistoric world and the ways of the modern until, wandering into this hall to-night, weary-worn with my search for points of contact, I heard ideas expressed which seemed to me echoes of that olden time when the woolly rhinoceros and myself divided the world between us, and the stars in their courses looked down upon a world less steady than theirs. The policy you advocate is one I put into effect myself, too many years ago to be counted, and for this reason I feel all the more encouraged to discuss its feasibility in the presence of this learned gathering. Nothing could be more instructive than an exchange of experiences.

²*The Power Behind the Throne.* By Alfred H. Lloyd. *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology, and Scientific Methods*, December 3, 1914, pp. 674, 675.

"As I understand the proposition—advise me, please, if I have not caught your meaning fairly—you would make living and thinking thoroughly informal, pull them both completely out from under the domination of reason and all vested authority. Of the three great social laws—impulse, suggestion, and imitation—you would let but the first remain, lest future men should continue to be 'made to order' and human nature suffer from being forced to conform to type. Your contention is that art, industry, civilization; law, order, science; institutional morality and competition; the open war of the battlefield and the secret war of diplomacy, have so developed man's character and overcome his instability, that a deeply spiritual self-control, harmony, power, or whatever else you may choose to call it, has now become the splendid *inner* inheritance of mankind.

"Nature, like love, can now afford to laugh at locksmiths, you think, and bid the whole pack of external law makers begone and seek a useful occupation. Loose nature from its leading-strings, let it wander over green fields and pastures new, to seek its own expression to the fullest, and add untold riches of experience and achievement to its gathered store. Having fought its way to freedom and control, by means of the several agencies mentioned, nature—your idea is—should now be allowed to disport itself at will, without asking leave of anything or anybody. Naturalism, you claim, is a very different thing at the end of a civilization, from what it was at the beginning. Then it would have been dangerous to live the life of nature, because man's spirit still needed the chastening influence of restraint; but now, when character is no longer to be acquired, coming to us ready-made by way of heredity, and freedom is an asset, not a liability—an unrestrained naturalism will pour a new elixir into life and send the staid old world giddily forwards with a quickened pulse.

"Gentlemen, I wish to disagree with you. I am certainly qualified to speak of the joys of informal living and thinking, having tasted them myself to an extent which none of you ever shall, and found them stale and palling. No doubt, life has become for you so overrun with artifice and sham, the toy woman and the wooden man, that a little less assumed emotion, and a little more of the emotion that is real, would keep you from snapping at concert pitch, like an over-taut string, or perishing from over-coddling. But I am sore afraid, gentlemen, that in making relaxation a general principle, instead of an intermittent policy, you do but fly

from evils that you know to others which you wot not of. Character or no character to steady him, a man cannot for long seek liberty for its own sake—freedom being a means, not an end that is worship-worthy in itself. Seeking new thrills, and getting them, soon ceases even to be thrilling. Nothing wears off so quickly as a sharp edge, and all our appetites, save the higher ones of the spirit, know but short moments to their sating. Your new-sought freedom will not bring you anywhere but back again to your point of starting. It is idle to think that by tapping at the rock of the unknown, you will one day see it pour forth a rush of refreshing waters for a wandering race that prefers a mental wilderness of doubt to the promised land of faith and surety.

“In the ancient world before history began, gentlemen, I had the fullest freedom imaginable to explore experience, and I swung aimlessly round the whole circuit of its thrills. In the pleasure-pain process I was, so to speak, brought up. And yet, comparing the restraints of your existence with the informalities of mine, I would not for an instant wish the old conditions reestablished. The principles of restraint under which the race now lives represent, it seems to me, so much dearly won wisdom and beneficial experience on tap. For, history is experience, gentlemen—the experience of others recorded and thrown into propositional form, positive or negative; just as faith is the knowledge of others appropriated and made our own, that we may be strong with the strength of the more knowing and illumined with their lights. So far from diminishing true liberty, the positive dogmas of religion and the restraining influences which flow forth from them, serve rather to define a course of thought and action, marking off at the same time many wrong directions which we might otherwise, and to no profit in the end, be inclined to take. You seem to think that the only way to come by wisdom is to try all the roads of folly first. It is this general policy of adventure, based upon a confidence in untried things, to which you would commit yourselves and the world with you, in the hope that good may come of it and the face of the earth wear a fresher look.

“Gentlemen, in endeavoring to rid life of all its directing and restraining principles, take heed lest you ‘empty the baby out with the bath,’ as they say in German. Of course, I am well aware that an individual does not necessarily stop being good the moment institutional authority loses its hold upon him. Acquired momentum is not lost so readily as that—at least, not in all cases. Force

of habit, force of custom keep men in appointed grooves, especially in a civilization like the present, where public opinion is Christianized, and the dead faith of the nations still haunts the memory of the wayward and dogs their steps. Through the medium of public opinion, visible authority still lays its restraining hand upon the unbeliever—in effect, if not in principle. So that, for all their boasted freedom and independence, these disciples of indifference still feed upon the letter of a law, of which they have lost the spirit. Parasites! Is this the right analogy? I dislike calling anybody out of name.

“But how long is it going to take public opinion to lose its Christian character and the restraining influence which it now has, in consequence? Only so long as it will take the private policy advocated here to-night, to become general—no longer. You do not suppose, do you, that the momentum acquired from previous disciplining is going to last forever, like perpetual motion, and be transmitted to posterity as an indeclinable heirloom? When public opinion—now the only medium in which visible authority still survives for many—has lost its power to lash and sting the venturesome, think you that private opinion will still continue to discharge the functions of public; and that, if the latter beat the wayward with whips, the former will scourge them with scorpions? How can you even imagine such a contingency when you regard conscience as merely another name for custom—a weathercock for every wind to blow upon, instead of a magnetic needle trembling ever to the pole?

“Gentlemen, you confidently expect that man will maintain his present levels, and from these move steadily starwards, as the years roll on. I might pause for a moment here to show that science lends no countenance to your dreamy flights of fancy, but I prefer to remark, instead, that, even should your dream of man’s stability prove real, and pass over into the thing that men call history, it will have been through no assistance from philosophical plungers like you, living and thinking at the top of society, but from the saner, less adventurous underbody of mankind at the middle and the bottom. The ‘foolish’ will again save us from the ‘wise,’ and it will not have been the first time in history. And while I am on this point, let me tell you what I think is a fallacy that cannot be too soon corrected and discounted. You labor under the false impression that discipline and development are two opposite tendencies, the one headed towards stagnation, the other towards

development—between which we have to choose as between standing still and moving. Gentlemen, would you believe me if I ventured to say in this august presence that restraint and development, so far from being two distinct and separate tendencies, as you imagine, are really constituent parts and contributory factors in one and the same forward movement—related to it as soul to body, as means to end, as rudder unto ship.

“In all the walks of life man chooses, you will find restraint an accompanying factor of his progress, not an outside, alien influence running counter. Self-development, when you examine the matter closely, is the foregoing of some things to get others—it is no vain reaching-out for the moon. The getting and the foregoing are both there simultaneously—it all depends on what you want to get, how much you shall have to lose for its obtaining. And that man is most capable of attaining the highest development, in principle, if not in practice, according to my way of thinking, at any rate—who does not lose sight of the ultimate good in his seeking of the proximate. Let us suppose, for example, that a divine heritage is held out to him in addition to the human, and that he sees the necessity of exercising a certain amount of restraint and selection, if he is to win the two developments offered, and not content himself with one. Would you not say that his restraint, on such a supposition, was vital and not formal—inside his will as an inspiration, and not wholly outside it as an external rule or law? And were he to bind himself with inward joy and freedom to the law’s fulfilling, rejecting lower things for higher, lesser life for more—would you think him in stagnation’s pit, because he treaded not the paths that lead nowhere, but chose those, rather, that offered him the best possibilities in sight?

“You would have to condemn all life on this principle of yours, gentlemen, if you put it into general practice. Has not the physician to renounce the chance of becoming a great soldier, and the man of wars, in turn, must he not give up thinking that he will grow into a second Blackstone? The same companionship of culture and restraint presents itself wherever you may look—from a scientist in his laboratory to a philosopher in his den. A jack of all trades is master of none. Sacrifice is the soul of development, its appointed means, its vitally informing principle, its condition of obtainment. He who would make progress must do so with restraint constantly for his companion, and continuous sacrifice for his attendant spirit. Too much restraint may indeed dwarf nature

and stifle its growth, but what assurance have you that no restraint at all—save that which comes entirely from within—will expand it? There is a golden mean, above which and below which should we venture, we shall return with hands either soiled or empty, perhaps both.

“So that, in the last analysis, whether in religion or in life, the end and aim of restraint, *when reasonable*—and it is always reasonable to seek an absolute in preference to a relative good—is not to restrain, but to develop—the exact reverse, gentlemen, of your conception of its nature and effects. No man practices repression for repression’s sake, and you are on a false trail if you think Christianity stands sponsor for any such false motive. Unrestricted opportunity—a good thing before we make our choice of some particular line of work, view of life, or way of living—would make a bedlam of the world, did not the spirit of free, restraining choice keep ever urging us, like the proverbial shoemaker, to stick unremittingly to our last. The indefinite is charming until we try to grasp it, or eke out a subsistence by its means; and so is the rainbow until we make a mad journey to the point where the foot of its arch of splendor is supposed to touch the earth.

“There has been a thought in the back of my mind all evening, gentlemen, wondering, I suppose, if its turn for utterance would ever come, and I may as well out with it here, to stop its importunings. Early in the course of my present visit—we are still exchanging earthly experiences, gentlemen—I learned that many years before your time and centuries, if not ages, after mine, there appeared among men a Gentle One Who taught a larger view of life than any I have heard from the lips of moderns. He said, if I remember rightly, that the meaning of life is to be sought, not in any relation to the present environment, but in a fuller life to come. And He laid down the principle, did this Gentle One—that the only way to see things in their proper light, true perspective, and full bearing, is to keep the thought of the kingdom of God and His justice uppermost and central. Am I not right in quoting the great Teacher to the effect that He came, not to destroy, but to fulfill?

“Imagine, my surprise, therefore, when I heard one of the speakers of the evening declare that as sure as Jupiter belonged to the thunder and the lightning, just so sure did the present license and destruction belong to the freed spirit of Christendom. I noticed at the time that he said Christendom, not Christianity. He wisely

chose the more hospitable term—one that leaves ample room for herding the sheep and the goats within the same enclosure, as if each were equally representative and imbued with the same spirit and nature. The thing that struck me forcibly, as I heard the speaker unbosoming himself of this strange utterance, was that the amount of Christianity now surviving in certain parts of Christendom must be infinitesimally small, and of a brand not easily recognized for genuine. Stress was laid by this same speaker, on the fact that the breaking of a law leads in the end to its fulfillment quite as often as it does to its overthrow or complete rejection. By which he meant, I take it, that experience itself contains all the restraints needed for a law's observance, without our bothering about reason, conscience, or external authority of any kind.

"A burnt child's dread of fire, I know, is worth more than a thousand admonitions. More disciplining the blistered finger of a babe than the monitory finger of nurse or parent. What is external authority, or rational rules, as compared to a sore and bandaged digit, with its accompanying tribute of tears to nature's rough mishandling? How much better to entrust a child to the tender bosom of mother ocean, than to bid the young adventurer hang his clothes on a hickory limb and not go near the water? Who could declaim on the merits of temperance, like an old toper, whose alimentary canal had known its blissful moments of irrigation, before the long drought came, and a guard had been set upon his lips?—truly a case of 'inspired' morality, not only in the futurist sense, but also in another. And who might discourse of sin, like the sinner, with ways long since full mended? Or who of murder, like the man who had actually brought about another soul's dispatching? All experts these who know whereof they speak; and none better expert testimony than theirs this side of kingdom come; also none worse, or more superfluous. 'This is certainly going to be a lesson to me,' said a poor unfortunate, as he stepped upon the gallows-trap and under the dangling noose for execution. Poor wight! He could have anticipated by knowledge what he so bitterly learned from experience."

At this point the old caveman, thoroughly aroused, went straight to the heart of his theme, not faltering once. "This experience-business is being carried too far," he declared. "The man who does not fall knows more about the nature of temptation, feels more keenly its allurements and sees more vividly its advantages, than the man who does. The yielding victim gives way before

he recognizes the whole of the attractiveness, and the result is that his actual experimenting with evil leaves him with less real knowledge of it than is gathered by the man who experienced the full force of the temptation without succumbing. The victim thus comes up from experience with really less advantageous knowledge than the man who refused to go down. Other sides of the temptation, not considered by its victim at the time of the first experiment, will intrude themselves on a later vision, and he will make a second investigation, just to see if things really are as imagination paints them; and he will make it with the same results. From which I would infer, gentlemen, that your contemplated self-riddance of all 'formal restraint'—by which you mean *thinking* as distinct from *experiencing*—will really result in less knowledge than in more. And that is the curious cross-purpose, to my mind, involved in your prospective return to nature. You seek the more, but it is the less that comes.

"Experience is a costly school, gentlemen, and some will learn in no other, but I do not see why these some should pose as the type, and sit for the composite photograph, of all their kind. I will go further and say that experience is *too* costly a school in which to seek an education. That is why nature has provided what might aptly be called the less expensive, more economical method of looking before we leap—of thinking before we speak or act. 'Natural selection' is at work, you say, and there is no need to care what reason thinks, so long as law, sleepless, untiring law, is in charge of human destiny. Your confidence is my doubt, gentlemen, and what appears to you the strength of the natural selection theory seems to me its weakness. Why, gentlemen, if that theory were at work in the primeval world out of which I have come to revisit this whirring planet; if the bee, for instance, in his first efforts at honey-gathering, had to try a thousand wrong ways of tapping a flower's petal before discovering the way that was right, he would have perished before he got his education, and so would all the gilded members of his tribe. There would have been no survival of the fittest, because there would have been no fitness to survive. Would you condemn all men, similarly, and at this late date, always to be experimenters, never knowers, on the authority of a theory that breaks down even in its own field of biology, and, according to latest reports, has nothing to do with the phenomena of heredity?³ No, gentlemen. Knowledge—not necessarily experi-

³See extract from London *Nature* in *Current Opinion*, January, 1915, p. 32.

mental knowledge—is the prime requisite of life, freedom, and progress. To appreciate values, it is necessary to understand them, it is not necessary, in addition, to experience their opposites. That would but make assurance doubly sure, which is a poor economic policy for race or individual to adopt. One does not have to explore a vice to appreciate the opposite virtue; go to war before realizing the blessedness of peace; or rush madly out to a deed of violence, in order to become acquainted, by contrast, with the purr of domestic felicity. Knowledge keeps down the price of needful information; experience raises it, to no purpose, in things already known and sufficiently discounted beforehand.

“No wonder you talk about the ‘cost’ of progress, though I think you should be more exact and say: the cost of doing away with ‘formal restraints;’ in other words, the cost of useless experience to the contrary. License is no necessary step in the development of liberty, nor price to be paid for its securing, however much you may cry from the housetops that it is. You are writing history in accord with your own theory, gentlemen, when you say so, and this is not a method which the muse herself approves. There are two tendencies in history—the one downward, the other up—and the two are as irreducible as day and night. Man deviates, he does not always go straight forwards, and you cleverly cover up the deviations under the metaphor of ‘costs.’ It is quite true that man pays for wrong directions taken—nature punishes us equally for our mistakes as for our crimes—but the mistakes and crimes are not constituent parts of the movement we call progress; rather are they, and at most, but indirect, oblique factors, and not always even that. Good may come of evil, and often does—not, as you imagine, because evil is a direct means unto good, but because it is so violent and distinct a departure from it in another direction, that the evil-doers and the world with them are finally shocked back into the straighter paths, from ways that had been better left untried. Unless we proceed upon the optimistic assumption that whatever happens for the best—an assumption, by the way, which underlies all that has been contended here to-night, and to my mind begs the whole question in debate—we must employ the word ‘evolution’ for the course of wrong and error, reserving the word ‘progress’ for the paths of truth and right.

“When, therefore, one of the speakers claimed, in the course of his remarks, that the present license of Christendom was a part of the ‘lawlessness of her best life,’ the freeing of her great spirit

from the formalities of restraint, I think he confounded evolution with progress—the evolution of the disintegrating principles of the Reformation with the original genius of the Christian religion itself. I cannot, for the life of me, understand, gentlemen, why any man should divorce the restraints of the Christian religion from the positive truths and inspirations in which these restraints are rooted and have their being. They are a part of that liberty to go to the Infinite, of that freedom to seek the Absolute—which is another thing altogether from the license inherent in the search and worship of the indefinite. You cry out against the light yoke and burden sweet of the former, simply because you will brook no master, and want a world all to yourselves in which to live without direction. You would inherit the past without inheriting the faith and spirit that created it, you would make the things you depend upon the guarantees of your independence. And so you declare the days of disciplining man's spirit ended and bid him kick from under his feet the ladder of his elevation.

“Let me say, too, gentlemen, how surprised I am at the over-stress you lay on the dynamic aspect of religion, life, and history—on effortful action as distinct from intellectual thought. One would imagine, from your impassioned utterances, that the rational aspect, equally belonging to all three, had no right to be there at all, and that civilization suffered untold loss in allowing it to develop. Did you ever reflect on the seriousness and responsibility of this statement, especially since the present war burst out of the blue to stun thinking humanity back to its senses? Are we complex human beings made so wholly for acting, and not at all for knowing, as you suppose, and would you, in the light of present happenings, resolve all men into independent centres of activity without a rational principle of any kind to bring them together and coördinate their aims? Is Western civilization, think you, to be built up anew in that misguided fashion? Must we rid ourselves of reason—the great commoner—and accept the leadership of his two blind companions—action and emotion—instead? Is great Pan dead, and who slew him, for die a natural death he never did.

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up,
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand;
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And home-bound fancy runs her bark ashore.

"What kind of salvation is this you would bring us?—salvation by works without either faith or knowledge for their informing principle; nothing but experiencing, and all too much of that, I fear, in some directions. Activism you call the new view, piping to it with your reeds as if time's noblest offspring were its last. Is not knowing a kind of action? And if from action our cue must evermore be taken, why not from this—the more redeeming—as from other sorts. Plainly it is a member of the same family, unless you should confound agile intuitive reason with discursive reasoning—its slower-paced, more meditative cousin, one degree removed. Why may we not have light and heat and motion—all three together—from the mental dynamo, as from the electric one that bears us onward in the night? Why the hindlights of action in preference to the headlights of reason? Because, forsooth, all codes are cold and formal! But so is starlight till the mariner warms it in his heart and conscience to get direction. Poor Tom's a-cold, and has so many fellow shiverers, you would light an independent fire for each, and let it fiercely burn—taking out insurance policies beforehand, however, in the Darwin Heredity and Variation Company, Limited.

"I sore misdoubt, gentlemen, if the 'beautiful children of the future' will all be heirs apparent, as you suppose, to the present heights and levels. You fly to prophecy just when I am led to expect the prose of science. Would not a little of that restraint which you call 'formal' help to tighten up your thought? Character, it seems to me, is earned, not wholly inherited like a lump of gold or a family portrait. Then there is such a thing as squandering one's inheritance, after the fashion of the prodigal son; and not all prodigal sons return to the father's house to continue the family traditions, as I have had occasion to observe. In fact, I think you do not half-believe this 'natural inheritance theory' yourselves. You have recently established a new science, called 'eugenics,' for the bodily improvement of posterity. This shows that you recognize the necessity of *human* selection, and that *natural* selection is not considered sufficient even by you, its doughty champions and defenders! Perhaps, as the French say, this will prove to be the 'point of insertion' for still further admissions, and we may yet hear of a movement having for its object sound souls as well bodies.

"Gentlemen, your general philosophy of adventure, based upon over-confidence in things untried, is not itself *a result of experience*—have you noticed that? There is no proof that a progressive evo-

lution is occurring at this moment, though no moment in the history of the world was ever so crowded with the varieties of change and adventure as is this. And lest you think me far too bold in thus challenging your main assumption—one of the speakers recommended boldness earlier in the evening, if you remember, and I am acting on his suggestion—let me quote Doctor William Bateson, more qualified than any man living to speak on the subject of heredity. Says the Doctor: ‘Those who would proclaim that whatever is, is right, will be wise henceforth to base this faith frankly on the impregnable rock of superstition, and to abstain from direct appeals to natural fact.’⁴ I have done, gentlemen, and I thank you for the interest with which you have heard me through.”

When the caveman finished, a patter of excited comment resounded through the hall. Some thought the uninvited guest a rude barbarian still, with no response in his sodden soul to the freshness and beauty of futurism. Others, less disposed to judge him harshly, took the milder view that in an assembly of philosophical adventurers an ancient member of the profession was entitled to a hearing. One old gentleman, dignified in garb and mien, with a smile that sought to unite its spreading ripples with the crow’s tracks under his eyes, was observed to chuckle audibly, and more than once, at the thought that a modern audience should be bearded in its den by one of the ancients and accused of superstition. This appeared to him a joyous morsel, and he rolled it under his tongue with undisguised relish. Those nearest him in the press of the receding throng dismissed his unsolicited comments as an old man’s maunderings. Yet somehow when the “children of a larger growth” were all out again under the bejewelled heavens, and on their way homeward through the night, the thought kept coming back, unbidden, that the old caveman had remained unspoilt by contact with the more knowing and less wise. For wisdom sees things in all their relations; science only in some.

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 32.

CARDINAL MERCIER, PRIMATE OF BELGIUM.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.



AFTER the rulers of the belligerent nations and the military chiefs now engaged in a titanic struggle for the mastery, there is no man more in the eye of the public or more talked about to-day than Desiré Joseph Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium. With his glorious cathedral a ruin, his palace violated and injured by the soldiery, his magnificent diocese reduced almost to a desert, he stands before Europe to-day as Belgium's most outraged, and at the same time most valiant, citizen. The world at large, who knows him only by his public utterances, may be interested to obtain a nearer and more intimate view of him through the spectacles of a former pupil of his, who lived under his roof, tried to imbibe his spirit and methods, and has never ceased to remain in close correspondence with him.

Desiré Mercier was born sixty-four years ago in the little village of *Braine l'Alleud*, almost touching the historic field of Waterloo and in sight of its monuments. For the village of Waterloo is a good three miles from the battlefield, but *Braine l'Alleud* only a few minutes walk. Young Mercier completed his preliminary studies at the college of Saint-Rambaud of Malines, and although a good student he evinced no exceptional brilliancy; in the graduating class he obtained seventh place. He was sent to Louvain to make his theological course, and profited by his intercourse with foreign students to acquire English and German, both of which languages he can speak and write fluently. Ordained priest in 1874, he was appointed Professor of Philosophy at the *Petit Séminaire* of Malines. There he remained eight years, gaining a perfect knowledge of Flemish, the mother tongue of northern Belgium; a good working knowledge of Italian and Spanish, and laying broad and deep the foundations of that immense philosophical erudition which was afterwards to make him the boldest and most successful leader of the Neo-Scholastic or Thomistic movement.

In the Belgium of forty years ago Thomistic philosophy was not in honor. Cartesianism in one form or another was the dominant theory; while at Louvain the ontologistic theories of Ubaghs,

Laforet, and their school still held sway. In 1879 Leo XIII. called on all Catholics to rally round the philosophy of St. Thomas; the following year he asked the bishops of Belgium to found a special chair of Thomistic philosophy at Louvain University. In deference to the Pope's wishes the new chair was established and confided to Abbé Mercier, who began his lectures in October, 1882. Young then and unknown, there seemed small likelihood of the new professor ever making the world ring with his name or becoming known outside the narrow circle of a quiet university town. But his influence over his pupils, his power of exciting effort and arousing ideal, his extraordinary knowledge of thinkers from Aristotle to William James, the amazing clarity and charm of his exposition soon gave him a unique reputation in the city on the Dyle; while his first lectures published simply in *Cours Autographié*¹ excited quite a furore by the new critical theories advocated and their searching examination of Kantism. Success inspired him with higher ambitions, and urged him to seek a wider field of action. Why not in place of one professor establish a Faculty of Thomistic Philosophy at Louvain? Why not be thoroughly abreast with the science of our day as St. Thomas was with his, and conciliate the unchanging dogmas of Christian metaphysics with the evolution of modern ideas? Why not have a Catholic philosophical review perfectly well able to hold its own with *The Metaphysical Review*, *Mind*, *Kantstudien*, or any other? Why not establish a seminary for the young clerics attending these courses which might be a nursery of Catholic philosophers, and from which they might go forth as from a hive to carry Neo-Thomism to the ends of the earth? Abbé Mercier was summoned to Rome, received in private audience by Leo XIII., and asked to sketch then and there a programme of his proposed institute. In a few moments he outlined to His Holiness his glorious dream. The Pontiff was delighted, authorized him to begin at once, and made him a domestic prelate.

In 1892 the new faculty began its work, and the following year the *Revue Neo-Scholastique* was launched. Science went hand in hand with philosophy, the observation of the laboratory with the erudition of the lecture hall; the aim of the new institute was "to complete by association the insufficiency of the isolated worker,"

¹*Cours Autographié* meant lectures hand-written by a good penman, then multiplied by some mechanical process, and distributed in fascicules amongst the students. The *Cours Autographié* cost very little, and it gave the professor the opportunity of testing and correcting his work by actual teaching. At Louvain it was usually the first step towards definite publication.

and its desire "to create an establishment suitable for the harmonious development of both science and philosophy." The beginnings were small and humble—for a time only eight pupils attended the seminary—administrative difficulties too hindered the work, but Monsignor Mercier persevered, and little by little his institute grew and prospered. From all parts of the world pupils came, foreign bishops emulated the example of the Belgian hierarchy in their respective dioceses, and even the religious orders sent members to be trained at the *Ecole Saint Thomas*. The upward and onward march of the institute was admirably sketched by Abbé Deploige in the toast he offered Monsignor Mercier the day of his consecration to the see of Malines.

Professor Mercier conceived the idea of an institute of higher philosophy from the very first years of his teaching. The daily study of St. Thomas had revealed to him the splendor, unknown or despised, of a marvelous period and the glory of the mediæval Church, which then led the vanguard of intellectual progress. To reconquer for the Church this lost place by creating a new centre of higher studies, a new focus of scientific activity, such was the ambition of Monsignor Mercier and the inspiring idea of his institute. Utopia, they said, some twelve years ago, when the project having been encouraged by Leo XIII. was just being put into execution. A Utopia? gentlemen. At this very moment an ardent and gifted youth from all our provinces and dioceses throng the halls of the institute. And they fraternize there with the youth come from beyond our frontiers; for the institute has become an international centre; the works of Monsignor Mercier have been translated into all the languages of Europe; his review, the *Neo-Scholastique*, has readers in all the countries of the world. French, Germans, Spaniards, Sicilians, Austrians, Italians live side by side at the *Seminaire Leon XIII.* united in the same desire of scientific apostleship. Ireland and Holland send to be trained at the institute the professors of their future Catholic universities. Poland.....confides to it the *élite* of her young clergy. Washington, Fribourg, Paris, Rome copy the plan of studies pursued at the Mercier institute. The young and brilliant Bishop of Bergamo, Monsignor Radini-Tedeschi, informed us but yesterday of a similar intention. From the laity and the clergy the movement is passing to the religious orders, who in their turn borrow from the institute its teaching methods. The movement is general. It is a veritable philosophical renaissance which astonishes and fills with admiration the Picavets at Paris, the Morsellis at Genoa, and the

Doerings at Berlin. Twenty years ago, Monsignor, Providence brought us into your path. Curiosity, sometimes a well-inspired friend, brought us to your lectures. Your teaching, clear, living, modern, given with conviction, won us. Your kindness charmed us. We gave ourselves up to you. Thanks, Monsignor, for all the good you have since done to our souls. Thanks above all for having given to our lives an object in associating us to your work. We shall continue to serve your institute with the same docility, the same joy, the same eager energy, happy to be able under the leadership of an apostle of Christ, to contribute to realizing the desire of Pius X., the chief of the apostles, *instaurare omnia in Christo*.

In the early summer of 1899, I first met Monsignor Mercier, the following September I entered *Seminaire Leon XIII.* as his pupil. He was then in his fiftieth year, an extraordinarily tall man with iron-gray hair, and as thin as a lath. His features were irregular but kindly; the forehead extremely wide, and domeshaped with arching brows; the teeth large, white, and prominent; the eyes of light brown, glorious, inspiring, with a strange glowing brilliancy that I remarked also in the eyes of Leo XIII.; the prevailing expression of his face was a pensive melancholy. His voice was pitched rather high, and did not possess a note of music; when preaching or lecturing in a large apartment, he was inclined to maintain a uniform key which sounded somewhat monotonous. His character was kindness personified, and about as perfect as it is given to mortal man to become here below. In three years I never heard a harsh word from him; I never saw him angry or impatient. I was privileged to be his guest at Malines for a few days in 1909. I looked forward to the meeting with some trepidation, remembering that power tries men and eminence changes them. But his glad smile of greeting at once reassured me; the Cardinal was the same fatherly friend I had known in my student days. Truly indeed,

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gow'd for a' that.

Cardinal Mercier is pure gold through and through, twenty-four carat every ounce of him without any alloy. Nor has he lost his courage or resignation in his present crushing trials. Writing to me October 5, 1914, while the investment of Antwerp was progressing, his Eminence said: "At the very moment I am tracing

these lines, Antwerp, our last refuge, is threatened with bombardment.....May God protect us!.....Above all, however, my predominant feeling is a constant admiration for the valor, faith, and endurance of our country." But not one word of blame for the enemy who brought his country to such an awful pass. And I am perfectly sure that when on January 2d and 6th German officers violated his domicile, forced him to submit to an interrogatory, and tried to compel him to withdraw his famous Pastoral, not one angry or even impolite word did he utter; all he said was one firm *non possumus*, and then was ready to lay down his life rather than budge from that position.

Although Monsignor Mercier usually dined and supped at the seminary, and assisted at the religious exercises of each day, he did not live under its roof. He lived in a curious old Flemish structure at the entrance of the grounds. His working powers were enormous; he rose punctually at five A. M., said Mass for us at six, and all day long, and up to a late hour at night, he wrote his books, or studied old and new philosophers in view of coming lectures and review articles. Over the mantelpiece in his study, was inscribed in artistic Gothic characters, "*labora sicut bonus miles Christi Jesu*," and he certainly fulfilled the admonition to the letter. His study was on the second story of his house, a large bare-floored room lined with books from top to bottom. His writing table was of ordinary varnished pine, exactly the same as those supplied to the seminarians; a small crucifix always lay before him on this table, and when hearing confessions, or giving us a spiritual conference, he invariably carried this crucifix in his hand. Another table, large and square, and laden with books, also stood in the room; two or three common wooden chairs, a small armchair, an oil-painting of his mother, a plaster bust of St. Thomas, a *pricedieu* and nothing more. There were none of those pretty knick-knacks, none of the comfortable lounges or elegant desks with which we of the New World are accustomed to cheer and beguile our loneliness. It was the workshop of a hard student, and the cell of an ascetic as well.

Monsignor was a man of one subject—all his studies and aims centred around philosophy. He had the utmost contempt for diletantism; and he was certain a multiplicity of interests and studies barely touched on could end only there. Of course the works of St. Thomas were the mainspring of his creed; and these with their chief commentators, Capreoli, Cajetan, John of St. Thomas, Sylvester Ferraris, he knew perfectly. Aristotle's works too he knew

extremely well, and quoted the Stagirite frequently. Nor was his knowledge of Kant and the numerous commentators of the thorny sage of Königsberg less complete. Indeed it would be difficult to find anywhere a more searching criticism of Kant's various theories than in the works of Monsignor Mercier *passim*. The most crabbed, impossible sciolists, who ever befogged Kant's speculations by a misnamed *Einleitung*, Monsignor could reduce to order and method; and express what they meant, but failed to say, in two or three simple propositions. Indeed I fancy that like Coleridge fathering his poetic flights and philosophic musings on "Bell and Ball, Ball and Bell," so too Monsignor Mercier sometimes in his charity credited these Kantian gentry with his own ideas, and read into their tortured and involved circumlocutions what he might have said himself had he been speaking from their viewpoint. The most difficult subjects he could render easy and attractive, the most barren, charming, so admirable was his exposition, so rigid and painstaking his method, so apt his powers of illustration.

He might have been a notable man of letters had he not preferred to devote his life to philosophy. But he did not seek literary graces, nor did he ever read authors whose main recommendation was style. I do not believe he ever read a line of Shakespeare; I never heard him speak of Goethe or Schiller; Newman he knew only through his *Grammar of Assent*. Monsignor's copy of this work was blue-pencilled in a hundred places. The American poets Longfellow, Poe, Whittier were utterly unknown to him; but he had studied all William James' works and quoted them frequently. One day at table a discussion arose among the students on the merits of the Roman historians and orators; Monsignor said he rather liked Tacitus, the rest he dammed with faint praise. The only two great writers, great in other ways as well, read assiduously by him were St. Bernard and Dante. An enormous edition of St. Bernard in huge folio volumes, considerably the worse for wear, stood in the hall just outside his study door. Dante he knew very well, and used to quote him with much apropos. The whole secret of his literary craft was to express his ideas as clearly and simply as possible; he possessed no other.

The long vacation at Louvain lasted more than three months. Monsignor would have considered it criminal to devote so much time to recreation. Was not recreation-time meant to enable professors to amass new materials, and elaborate new academic schemes? His usual amount of holidays was three weeks; some-

times as a deplorable yielding to human infirmity he granted himself a month. He divided this time between the old homestead at *Braine l'Alleud*, where a maiden sister resided, and the houses of his brother, Dr. Leon Mercier, a medical practitioner of Brussels. Both this brother and sister have been dead some years, and there remain to the Cardinal of his immediate family only one other sister, in religion Sœur Salisia Mercier, and three nephews, sons of the late Dr. Mercier. One of these nephews, Master Paul Mercier, always spent a part of the vacation with his uncle at Louvain. When I knew him he was a little boy of ten or twelve; a little lamb was always brought to act as a playmate for him, and Paul and the lamb romped about the lawn of the institute all day long enjoying themselves immensely. As death removed the members of the Cardinal's family, he buried himself more and more in study and professional duties, but he still attended occasionally the Catholic congresses held in the various cities of Europe. He had been in England several times, and while staying at Oxford had received attentions from Dr. Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol College; Ireland he had visited once and participated, I think, in the celebration of some Maynooth anniversary; America he always intended to see, but unforeseen events postponed the journey; he has not yet seen the New World, he will scarcely see it now.

Though Monsignor Mercier eschewed and disliked controversy, he had the talent of launching crushing replies, barbed with a polite irony entirely French, and some journalists who attempted to poke fun at him and his religion found the laugh turned against themselves. One of his neatest answers in this connection was to the editor of the Belgian socialist sheet, *Le Peuple*. This paper printed (without authorization of course) a letter of Cardinal Mercier's, and added to each paragraph spicy comments of its own. His Eminence replied:

You have had the kindness to publish my letter, and I thank you for it. Certainly I could not expect it to be published without comment. You should justify yourself in the eyes of your readers, and make them think you were in perfect good faith. And I do not blame you for this bit of special pleading. A public confession without the least excuse is beyond human weakness; nor does the Church require so much from her children. She would like them certainly to have perfect contrition, but she is satisfied with imperfect contrition, and a secret promise to relapse no more. The request for absolution that

you are good enough to make to me contains implicitly these two essential conditions. I absolve you then with all my heart, but I urge on you in conclusion this advice of my divine Master, "Go and sin no more!"

On February 8, 1906, Monsignor Mercier was appointed Archbishop of Malines. The news of his appointment became known at Louvain early in the morning, and produced a veritable explosion of enthusiasm amongst the students. On that and the two succeeding days more than a thousand telegrams of congratulation reached the Archbishop-elect. His past and present pupils wished to have the pleasure of giving him a pectoral cross; a subscription opened for that purpose soon exceeded eight thousand francs. The prelate refused to devote this large sum to the purpose mentioned; he said he wanted only an ordinary pectoral cross; with the remainder he would found a prize for the best philosophical essay presented at the institute. His consecration, performed by Monsignor Vico, Papal Nuncio to Belgium, took place at Malines, March 25, 1906.

During the eight years of his episcopate, the energy formerly devoted to scientific apostleship has been given just as unstintingly to pastoral work. His retreat to his seminarians was honored by a special brief of Pius X., in which His Holiness says:

I accept with the greatest pleasure the dedication of the conferences, which Your Eminence has given to the pupils of Malines' Seminary. In accepting it I wish above all to give, if possible, more authority to the teachings and exhortations which they contain, and which good seminarians will consider henceforward as being specially addressed to them by the very Vicar of Jesus Christ.

After such commendation any further praise would be a mere impertinence. The foregoing work was published in 1907; the following year Cardinal Mercier published a retreat for his priests, of which it is sufficient to say that it has already been translated into three languages. In addition to these books his various pastorals and other discourses up to 1913 have been published in three large volumes, both at Brussels and Paris.² The Cardinal has made the most uncompromising pronouncements on the temperance question. While recognizing that Belgium is not yet ripe for teetotalism, he

²*Œuvres Pastorales*. 3 vols. in 8vo. Dewit à Bruxelles; Gabalda à Paris.

urges by many means and methods war on drink, and is particularly anxious to have gin, absinthe, and similar poisons utterly banned. His very long and learned conference on this burning topic, pronounced at Liège in December, 1908, is a model of its kind, fairly bristles with facts and references, and diluted with the usual commonplaces, would furnish the ordinary temperance lecturer with a dozen discourses.

In a very beautiful conference on art the Cardinal speaks with patriotic pride of the masterpieces of Belgium.

Do not the ravishing homes of our old Flemish cities, of Bruges, for instance, embellish and perfume family life? The town halls of Audenarde, of Louvain, of Brussels; the halls of Ypres; the belfrys of Bruges, of Ghent, of Tournai, of Courtrai, are they not living witnesses of the civic pride begotten in our ancestors by their municipal liberties?

Further on he says:

Travel through Italy—Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples, Assisi, Siena, Perugia; visit the great museums of Europe; besides the museums of Italy, those of Amsterdam and The Hague, of Antwerp, of Dresden, the National Gallery of London, the Prado and Seville, and suppose that, in a moment of madness irreligious vandalism should destroy, both in sculpture and painting, everything inspired by religious, Christian and Catholic ideas, tell me how much of really true and great art would remain.

Seeing his people's sufferings, and powerless to help them, Cardinal Mercier is to-day crowned with a sorrow's crown of sorrow. Cruel and crushing as his trial is he does not despair; he is essentially a man of prayer; and in his desolate palace of Malines, under the shadow of his ruined cathedral, he spends long hours in devotion. The Epistles of St. Paul were always his favorite subject of meditation, and no doubt every day he realizes more deeply the truth and beauty of the Apostle's words: "God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above your strength; but will make also with temptation an issue, that you may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. x. 13).

THE UNDYING FLAME.

*BEING A LETTER FROM LUCIUS ÆMILIUS CÆCINA, AT ROME, TO
HIS SISTER, CORNELIA, AT LONDINIUM IN BRITAIN,
ANNO DOMINI 163.*

BY HAMILTON BOGART DOX.



AM writing so soon again, my dear sister, because my friend Quintus Gracchus, who sets out for Britain to-morrow, offered to be the bearer of a message home, and because I have had a strange experience, in which I feel you will be interested. Our cousin, Publius, has been indefatigable in showing me the wonders of this mighty city, the home of our ancestors for centuries (till it pleased the gods to make our grandsire a British merchant), but to-day came the climax of all. It was nothing less than—but I will begin at the beginning, and try to tell you everything in its proper order, a feat of which you say I am incapable.

Upon the last day of the moon, then, as Publius and I were returning from the baths—where everyone spends half his time, and where on this particular occasion a vilely awkward slave so scraped me with his strigil that I was raw from shoulders to waist—I say, as we were coming from the baths, Publius stopped short in his walk, and struck his fist into his palm.

“By Bacchus, I have an idea!” he cried.

“If that is the case, O my Publius,” I replied, “let us have a cup of wine in honor of the event.”

“Poor wit!” said he. “Cease your barbarous British clowning while I instruct you.”

“Willingly,” I answered. “So rare an opportunity should not be lost.”

“Briefly, it is this. I will take you to a Christian service in one of the underground cemeteries—a curious sight.”

“I should greatly like to see it,” I made answer. “I know some few Christians, but I have never seen their incantations and sorceries at close view. Is there not some danger? I thought the Emperor wished to destroy them.”

“You are somewhat mistaken, cousin mine. Our good, kind,

pious ruler"—Publius openly sneered—"will not hunt them down, and therefore cannot wish to destroy them, but if any are brought to trial, woe be unto them. There lies the danger, and it has grown greater of late, since Justin has denounced the city administration for its treatment of the Church."

"Who is Justin?" I asked.

"A Christian of great repute, who at present carries his life in his hands because of his fiery speech and writings."

"One would think these places of worship would be broken up," I remarked.

"No," he told me, "according to our Roman law the places of burial are inviolable."

An obstacle to our expedition occurred to me.

"You are no Christian, nor I. Will they admit us to their mysteries?"

"I am no Christian, Lucius," said he, "but I am known to them as a friend, having rendered some of their number a slight service. Moreover, there is—ah—a certain maiden—" and here my good cousin swaggered in a very lofty manner.

"Oho, my Publius! A Christian virgin has trapped you! The mighty are come down!" I hoped to irritate him, but he only laughed.

"A daughter of patricians is my Livia," he explained. "Her mother is what we call a New Woman, who reads the classics, cultivates politicians and literary men, and allows her children liberty to do as they please. Hence, Livia becomes a Christian. But we must make haste, or be late at home," and he hurried me along, telling me of his Livia, her charms and her graces, till my head spun.

I fear you will be growing impatient at my wordiness, so I will pass quickly over the time that brought us to the day of the sun, when the Christians hold their love feasts, as they are called. I will not tire you with accounts of the banquets and games we attended, because they were exactly like those I have described in other letters. At the banquets were the same endless courses—do these people ever think of anything but food and drink?—the same young dandies changing their gorgeous robes a dozen times during the feast, the same vulgar actors to amuse us with the same dreary recitations and coarse jests—I am sick of it all! The games grow equally monotonous; these gladiators! how one wearies of hearing of them, their prowess, their skill, their age, the sums won and

lost upon them! My greatest pleasure at the banquets is to listen to the tales of old Gaius Manlius, father of Publius' mother, who can remember the terrible proscriptions of Domitian seventy years ago, and whose own father had often told him of the awful times of Nero, when the Christians wrapped in pitch served as torches for the Emperor's garden, and hundreds of men and women were crucified in the arena to give entertainment to the rabble. I wish you could hear him.

The day after our conversation, Publius took me to see Livia. I know you will want a description of her, and am sorry I cannot paint her for you. She is a small, slender girl, not quite seventeen, dark hair and eyes, pale skin, sensitive mouth, but firm chin and jaw, height something over seven palms, not so pretty as a certain sister I know; sweet, gentle, and tremendously in love with Publius. There you have her—not a bad portrait for a mere man—is it? She was all enthusiasm when Publius told her he intended taking me to their ceremonies, and only smiled when I informed her I was a skeptic who had lost faith in all the gods. I make no doubt that Publius will unite himself with her Church; yesterday he refused to dice with an officer of the guards, and when the soldier laughingly accused him of being a Christian, Publius warned him, with an evil look, not to meddle in his affairs.

If you will pardon a last digression—I saw a very great man close at hand two days since. As we stood at the entrance of the Forum, a group of men on horseback dashed by us at a canter. Their leader rode well in front of them, silent, pale, full-bearded, thoughtful of face, his rich purple cloak flung back from his shoulders—there he was, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Emperor of the Romans!

Publius scowled after the cavalcade.

"The curse of the gods be on him!" he muttered. "The snivelling hypocrite! The Good! The Just! The writer of pious books! The purest of mankind! Faugh! Look you, Lucius, because of him, at any moment my Livia may be dragged before the prefect, and scourged—scourged, man, like the foulest criminal—at the will of Marcus Aurelius! May he rot in the place of the damned!"

I drew him away, fearful lest the Emperor's spies should hear us.

You will be wondering what all this has to do with the mysterious rites of the Christians. Patience, little sister, we have come to that at last.

The morning sun, climbing above the Esquiline, was gilding the highest domes of the city, as Livia, Publius, and I wound our way through the narrow streets toward the north. Our walk led us among the dwellings of the poor, and at length brought us to the edge of the city to a low hill, the top of which had been levelled for a sand pit. In the side wall of the excavation, a black opening yawned grimly at us. I looked at Publius; he nodded.

"There is the port of entry," said he.

Ankle deep in sand, we floundered down to this strange gateway. We entered, Publius leading, with Livia next. The passage was barely wide enough to allow two men to pass each other; I could touch the roof with my fingers. We walked forward some six paces in the dark, turned sharply to the right, then almost immediately to the left, and halted before a man with a flaming torch in his hand.

"Who comes?" he challenged. The flare of the torch cast shadows on his thin face till he looked like a death's head. Publius stepped into the circle of light.

"A greeting, Cleon," he made answer.

"A greeting, Publius, I knew you not," responded the sentinel. "A greeting to you, my sister, and to your friend."

He lit another torch by means of his own, and gave it into Publius' hand; we went on down the gallery. Presently we began to descend a flight of steps, carved out of the rock; down we went—I counted seventy steps, which must have brought us more than a score of cubits below the surface of the earth. Then we doubled back and forth in a veritable labyrinth; I lost all sense of direction, but Publius led the way with perfect confidence. Once only did he hesitate, before three diverging galleries, till Livia touched his arm and pointed down the left passage. We descended more steps, the roof above them so low I knocked my head against it thrice. At last the passage took a final turn, and widened into a broad chamber sufficiently large to contain perhaps a hundred persons. At the end opposite us, as we stood in the doorway, rose a low platform, upon it a flat altar of stone, in appearance like a great white chest, as long as a man's height. Publius whispered that it contained the bones of martyrs who had perished under Nero. Along the walls slabs were set in, where those who had died in the faith were interred, for this chamber was a great burial vault. Above some of the sarcophagi semi-circular recesses had been hollowed out, denoting the grave of some particularly holy—or wealthy

—Christian. Between us and the altar were rows of benches, occupied by a score or more of people of both sexes and every age, most of them praying devoutly. The soft glow of many candles along the walls and on the altar showed every detail of the solemn scene. I marked among the worshippers a superb old man with a majestic head and face, and long, flowing white beard. Publius followed my gaze, and whispered:

“It is the great Justin whom you see.”

I looked with added interest at the man who had defied the government, and hurled his indignant scorn at the prefect of the Imperial City. While we watched, other Christians entered, till the chamber was more than half full. Livia went forward to pray; Publius and I seated ourselves in the farthest corner, in order to give no annoyance. Presently the priest, or president, as he is sometimes called, came and stood behind the altar, facing the people. You must try to imagine the spectacle, little sister—the white-robed priest, the kneeling worshippers, white clad also, save for a few flashes of red or blue or green among them, the carved, graven-lined walls, behind which lie the silent dead, listening, it may be, to the murmur of the prayers, and the yellow light of the candles over all.

The priest first read from an ancient book stories, legends of this Jesus Whom they call the Christ, strange tales of how He walked upon the sea, and healed the sick, and even raised the dead. You will smile at these myths, yet could a myth, a fable, spread as these tales have spread and convince thousands of its truth within less than a hundred and fifty years after its birth? We boast of our scientific learning—can it explain the mystery of life or death?

Soon the priest laid aside the book and began to preach. He was no orator, he spoke in the simplest terms, with no attempt at rhetoric or eloquence, yet his words held my attention. He told how their Lord had died upon the cross, as a malefactor; how He had done this as a sacrifice for every human soul, for those who had sinned, even for those who had condemned Him; how He had lain dead in a sepulchre till the third day, and then had shattered the prison of death in triumph, and shown Himself as God indeed. The priest spoke of the Lord's promise to return and refresh them with His holy Body and Blood under the form of bread and wine—a marvelous thing if it be true. He spoke at length upon this mystery, its wonderful power, its surpassing sweetness; he told them they should approach God's table with pure hearts, bearing in mind

the commandments of the Almighty, and humbly adoring the Christ for the miraculous Feast.

When he ended, all knelt once more and prayed, the priest leading them, offering petitions to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. They prayed likewise to the Mother of Jesus, called Mary, whom they believe to have remained a virgin despite her motherhood. Then came the "kiss of peace," each saluting his neighbor in grave and solemn fashion. Two men called deacons, as Publius informed me, brought in loaves of bread and a broad cup of wine. The priest again prayed, offering up the food to God as a sacrifice; there followed a general thanksgiving. Then the priest bent over the altar and spoke certain phrases I could not hear, while the congregation bowed down in adoration. It is at this instant that they believe the Christ enters into the bread and wine. There was a moment of utter stillness—I thought I heard, far off, a muffled clang, as of iron on stone—then the priest prayed and the people answered "Amen." After this final prayer, the worshippers went forward; the priest broke the bread, ate a portion, sipped the wine, then gave both to the deacons who presented the holy food to the people. When all had partaken, the congregation began to disperse; the ceremonies were over.

That ominous clang sounded again, much nearer. I heard the harsh jingle of armor, a sharp military command, and high over every other sound a woman's piercing scream. Above the heads of the Christians at the doorway gleamed the burnished helmets of the prætorian guard. The people shrank back before them in dreadful terror; we were trapped. Publius sprang to Livia's side; I followed him. I thought we were to be butchered like beasts, but the officer in command, beside whom cowered the frightened Cleon, held up his hand and spoke in a loud voice.

"We shed no blood here if it can be prevented," he said. "I am come to arrest certain among you. I am informed they are present. I will read the list, and those named must be given up to justice. If they come not of themselves, I have means of finding them out. A little torture will wring their identity from your sentinel here." He gave a savage scowl at Cleon, who shook under his gaze. The officer began to read: "Justin"—the old man stepped out from the crowd as calmly as if going to a feast; "Liberianus, Pæon, Evelpestos, Hierax"—the four men, one decrepit with age, two in the prime of life, one a mere stripling, answered with perfect readiness; "Chariton," a tall young Greek came forward, and

a smothered sob was heard; "Charito," a groan from the people, and a woman with a boy clinging to her dress appeared before the officer. She gently released herself from the clutch of the child, and gave him into the arms of another woman, who was weeping silently. Charito took her place beside the tall Greek, her face as cold and still as stone.

"May I ask what our fate is to be?" asked Justin of the officer.

"You have been denounced as Christians. You will be taken before the prefect. If you admit the charge, you will be compelled to choose between sacrificing to the gods and death by the scourge and the headsman."

The old hero drew himself up.

"There is no choice there," he answered. "We do not fear to die."

At this instant Publius flung off my detaining grasp, leaped with a single bound into the centre of the room, and confronted the guardsman.

"Who dares commit this outrage?" he cried. "Our law has held the places of the dead sacred for centuries. By what authority do you violate it?"

The officer laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"Here is my authority," was the stern answer.

Publius was not awed.

"By all the gods, I will accuse you to the Emperor himself!" said he.

"Perhaps the Emperor already knows of this affair, young sir!" There was no mistaking the officer's meaning—Marcus Aurelius the Good had commenced the persecution. Publius, pale with impotent rage, fell back beside Livia.

One by one the seven prisoners were led away. The woman's turn came last. As the soldier seized her wrist the boy who had clung to her cried shrilly. The woman wrenched herself free and rushed back to her son. She raised him in her arms and kissed him, holding him to her breast for a long moment. She set him down and turned again to the soldier with a smile, her head proudly erect. Then she too passed through the doorway, and the footsteps and the clank of weapons grew fainter and fainter, till at last they died away in the distance, leaving only the piteous sobbing of a child to break the stillness.

After a space the priest again led the weeping people in prayer,

and when that had been done, Publius drew Livia away. We went out into the dark passage, but most of the Christians remained kneeling before the stone altar, sending upward supplications to their God.

We three walked through the long galleries, up the stairs, out into the sunshine, without a word. Not until we stood on the crest of the hill, overlooking the city, was there speech amongst us. Publius burst out with:

"Forsake it, dear one! Forsake your faith! It can only bring death and suffering to you—to me. Abjure it! Let us have our life together. The Church is doomed. The Emperor himself has set his heel upon it. Forsake it, before it is too late!"

For answer, she raised her hands and took his face between them.

"Beloved," she whispered, "no death can ever part us. The life we shall have together will last for all eternity. Can you not understand? If I must die for the Church, that is a small matter. I will die gladly, and, dying, wait for you, but the Church will live forever, for our Lord Himself has promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it!"

He put his arm around her; it trembled as she nestled against him. Then we three, in silence, went down into the city.

As I sit here in the dusk, writing to you, my sister, I am asking myself which of those two is the true prophet. It needs no over-keen vision to see that we are on the eve of another dreadful conflict between the faith of the Christians and the power of the Emperor. What resistance can the Church make against that power, against the finest armies the world has ever seen, against the might of an Empire extending from the shores of Caledonia to the banks of the Euphrates, wielded by a hand determined to blot out the religion to which she clings? Another generation, and the name Christian may be but a memory of the past, and yet—I cannot but feel there is something in the Faith—though I know not what it is—that will not succumb to the Emperor and all his legions, that may outlast the Empire itself in spite of all, that may live on, unconquered, when Rome, the mistress of the world, shall have crumbled into ruins. I know not what it is, yet I have seen it—in the face of the priest, as he told the message of the Christ; in the faces of the worshippers, thanking their God for His presence among them; in the face of Livia, as she raised her eyes to her lover; in the faces of Justin and

his companions, going unafraid to a shameful end; most of all, in the face of the woman who kissed her child farewell, then walked to her death with no faltering in her footstep, and on her lips a smile of victory.

Enough of the Christians! I have come to the last of my parchment and have no room to tell you my adventures in search of the Egyptian carpet our mother desired, or of my meeting with your old playmate, Marcia, who is become fairer than ever. She asked me to send you a thousand kisses when I wrote, but I told her that kisses should be sent only by bearer, whereupon she blushed very prettily—and then her father must needs appear with a long tale of politics and trade which wearied me unspeakably. The gods forgive him—I shall not!

Quintus is shouting that I might have written six letters in this time, and that he is certain I am addressing someone else's sister. No one writes such long letters to one's own, he says.

Embrace our mother for me, and greet our friends in my name. Farewell, dear little sister.

Thy brother,
LUCIUS.

IS HAMLET AUTOBIOGRAPHY?

BY VINCENT MCNABB, O.P.



It is a fair though a far-reaching question. We will deal fairly by it with a plain answer, "Yes." But to agree or even disagree with the answer it becomes necessary to reach a definite point of view, open only to those who will supplement history with psychology and look on both in an atmosphere of art. What follows in these pages should not be taken as mere argument appealing, mainly, to a sense of logic, for logic is not usually at home in art; but as directions for reaching a supreme, artistic, and historic point of view, where the writer of *Hamlet* is seen to have been at least once his own peerless biographer.

The difference between Milton and Shakespeare might, of course, be summed up in the two centuries wherein the greater part of the life of each was passed—the sixteenth and seventeenth. But, on the whole, the two poets are wider apart than two neighboring centuries. The elder dramatist is objective; the younger, subjective.

Milton belongs to the poets and philosophers who are fearless onlookers of their own soul. Yet it may be questioned how far the poet of *Paradise Lost* is a soul speaking to itself in the native language of the soul; and how far in an acquired tongue. Some of his readers would have worshipped him still more had he spoken more of his own heart's tongue, and had spared us the school psychology translated sometimes sublimely and sometimes turgidly into a metric grammar of theological concepts.

Paradise Lost and *Paradise Regained* are not an epic on the historic heaven and hell; but on the historic John Milton of Cheapside, and of the hell and heaven that lurked within his epic soul.

Although his later home at Holborn was too near the heart of London of the Revolutions, that he should forget the men and movements of his time, the all-important man to John Milton was John Milton; and the most absorbing movement of his age was what was befalling himself. If he describes things and men, they are things and men not in themselves, but in John Milton. His art is not a

mirror of nature, but a picture of nature. No historian or artist would go to Milton to see things, but to see a poet's impression of things. In his works you will find a great part of the seventeenth century drawn and colored, perhaps over-drawn and over-colored, by that singularly interesting product of the seventeenth century, the mind of Milton.

If he reflects or paints the motley world to which he sang his sombre music or thundered his fierce war cries, it is because, with no pretense to consistency, he himself had played almost every part. The man who began life as a High Churchman and ended as a deist, the writer who gave English verse its Dante and English prose its Demosthenes, could not fail to epitomize for all time every phase and thought of his own age. Thus you will find here and there in his works portraits of friendship drawn by a High Churchman; of solitude and seriousness by a Cambridge mystic; of Royalty by a Roundhead; of marriage by an embittered husband and father; of High Churchmen by a Puritan; of hell and heaven by an Arian Calvinist. But everywhere John Milton is not only the artist who is giving portraits of the parts played, but is himself the player whose restless mind had in turn played every part.

Shakespeare, the player, is in this matter of art a world away. England of Elizabeth was worthy of a great objective dramatist, and begot the writer of *Macbeth*. The age of Shakespeare was an age of acting. Perhaps the most accurate synthesis of it is the deathless line:

.....All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players.

This age was so drilled in acting that it hardly knew when it was living the reality. Seeming had taken the place of being. Whole careers were acted. Kings became not philosophers, but actors. Diplomacy which had begun as the art of arriving at justice through self-explanation, had ended as a fine art of self-concealment. The Field of the Cloth of Gold was but a gorgeous stage-play—a gaudy interlude in the shifty drama of European politics.

There was a cry of political freedom for the people; but it was not sincere. There were a hundred war cries against “foreign invasion;” but the kingdom's worst enemies were those of its own household. There was a profession of intellectual liberty, which handed the libraries of Oxford and Cambridge to the rag sorter. There was an outburst of religious zeal, which a wily aristocracy

converted into broad acres. There was a cry for moral reformation which prepared the way for the orgies of the Restoration. And thus life was but a pastime, during which men in the theatre of art found distraction from the pomp and circumstance and the untruth wearying them in the theatre of life.

Beneath all this mask there was a reality, which gave the lie to what was on the lips and cheeks of this play-acting century; a reality of vice which made outward seeming a hypocrisy; a reality of virtue which almost redeemed the mask of vice; a reality of art which has contrived to pass on portraits of vice and virtue in a language that can never die.

Of that tumultuous stage-play world, Shakespeare is, what Milton could not be, the perfect mirror. He glasses his age with flawless truth. There is, of course, an outstanding flatness. Yet there is form, color, life. No one would seek from the writer of *Comus* or *Paradise Lost* for a true portrait of a High Churchman, or a Catholic, or a king or a Pope of his day. But Shakespeare's plays are our earliest and most authentic national portrait gallery. All his sketches are portraits. All the deathless figures his art has bestowed on posterity, sat to the artist. He might have hated the sitter; but he loved his art too well to tell an untruth. He gives the flesh and blood, the height and form, the mien and gait of the king and his courtier, the knight and his groom, the tyrant who aims at a crown and the cut-purse in search of a meal. We know almost everything about his contemporaries, from the clothes they wore to the prayers they prayed, and the sins they wrought.

So masterfully has he played his poet part of mirror that like a true mirror he shows everything but himself. He makes everything live, by himself becoming invisible. Thus he has hidden himself so utterly behind his portraits, that we seem to know none of his opinions. The merest novice at criticism could tell at first sight that the writer of *Paradise Lost* was a theologian of no uncertain color. But not even the most accomplished scholar of Shakespeare could tell from internal criticism alone the religious opinions of the writer of *King Lear*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*.

To every serious student of Shakespeare, therefore, the question of questions is not "Who is Hamlet, and who Macbeth?" but "Who and what is Shakespeare? Is he comedy, or melodrama, or tragedy?" Behind the rouge of the Globe player, and the pen of the playwright—behind the mask of the dramatist whose mind was once

in travail with the plutonic glooms of Hamlet and Macbeth—there lurks the man. Which is the greater tragedy—the mask or the man—Hamlet or Shakespeare?

A few points of personal history give a key to the man:

- 1590. *Essex* marries widow of Sir Philip Sidney. Shakespeare writes *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for the wedding.
- 1593. *Venus and Adonis* dedicated to Southampton.
- 1601. February 5th. Southampton sends 40/- to Globe Theatre to play Shakespeare's *Richard II.* on eve of Essex's rising: Shakespeare was concerned in it. Up-
rising of Essex fails. Essex prisoner; tried and con-
demned.
February 25th. Essex beheaded—Southampton con-
demned, reprieved, kept prisoner.
- 1602. *Hamlet*.
- 1603. March 26th. Elizabeth dies.
April 10th. James I. releases Southampton.
May 17th. James makes Chamberlain's Company the
King's actors.
- 1606. *Macbeth* (only Scottish play).
- 1613. *The Tempest* (probably) written for wedding of Eliza-
beth, daughter of James, to Frederic: Elector Palatine.¹

It will be seen that Hamlet was written in the darkest period of the poet's life. The Essex uprising had been hatched and sent forth from the house of Southampton, Shakespeare's dearest friend. On the eve of the rising the stage of Burbage's theatre, the Globe, saw Shakespeare's play, *Richard II.* But this incident throws such a light on the poet's life that we must set down a few details.

1. Lingard says that in 1600 "Hayward, a civilian, published his history of Richard II., and *dedicated it to Essex*.....The Queen ordered him to be imprisoned." She felt, no doubt, that the precedent of deposing an English sovereign would not be thrown away on Essex, who was commonly thought to be plotting either to give the throne to James or to secure it for himself.

2. I. Y. Monroe, writing in *The Athenæum*, December 26, 1908, says, "A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earl of Essex, published in 1601.....contains a valuable reference to the playing of *Richard II.* at the request of the rebels, the reluctance of the players, and the extra sum of forty shillings given them as an inducement to act."

¹Hist., vol. viii., c. 7, note 15.

3. "The Queen in a conversation with William Lambarde on August 4, 1601, complained that this tragedie had been played with seditious intent forty times in open streets and houses."² It is then quite clear that the stage was a way of reaching the people and teaching sedition.

A former paper of the present writer has elaborated the thesis that *Macbeth* is a study on Queen Elizabeth. This first and last Scottish play written almost immediately after England's first and last purely Scottish sovereign, has too many points of identity with Elizabeth, the rival and slayer of Mary Queen of Scots, not to be transparent to the theatregoers at the Globe. A welcome confirmation of this thesis comes from a critic of no mean worth, Richard Garnett.³ *The Spectator*,⁴ reviewing his work, says, "We should be inclined to give the first place to the paper on the date of *The Tempest*. The theory that this play was written and acted on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince Palatine to Elizabeth, daughter of James I., is not Dr. Garnett's own invention; but it is defended in a most convincing way. Now and then we are startled—the identification of King James himself with Prospero takes away our breath—but on the whole it is a very subtle piece of Shakespearean criticism."

It was easy for the poet to hold the mirror up to the English Court in 1613, when the Jacobite party to whom he had so long belonged had come into their own. But in 1602, when Elizabeth was still smarting with the disloyalty, and still more with the loss, of Essex, any attempt to criticize the Queen, or justify her victim, was like risking a lion's den.

Yet the poet was brave-hearted enough to put upon the Globe stage a worthy fellow-play to *Richard II*. *Hamlet* is the poet's "Defensio" of Essex, the soldier-friend whose unsuccessful rising had but delayed the day when James should come like Fontenbras from another land to replace the fratricide sovereign. The hour when *Hamlet* came into the poet's mind, was perhaps the darkest he had yet known. Essex, his patron, was dead. Southampton, his friend, was a prisoner, under sentence of death. The poet's power was not with the sword: they who had taken up the sword had died, or were to die, by it. But he who twelve years before had begun his marvelous career of poet by writing *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for the wedding of Essex, could still wield a mightier

²Nichols, *Progresses of Elizabeth*, III., 552.

³*Essays of an Ex-Librarian*.

⁴October 26, 1901.

weapon than the sword of Essex. The pen of Shakespeare, even in those midsummer days, was almost the most powerful weapon in Europe. It had grown older, more tempered, more assured since then. Twelve years of service in the England of Elizabeth had given it rank with the sword of Arthur, or the pen of him who first conquered *Il Paradiso* for the ears of men. That faithful pen poured out its deeps of sorrow and loyalty in a tragedy which held not the mask, but the mirror, of art to the troubled soul of Shakespeare and of England.

There are so many confirmations of this point of view that we can give only a few:

1. Hamlet's madness is but acted, in order to mask his intent of revenge. It is agreed that the person of Hamlet is the most masterful creation of Shakespeare. It will further be agreed that no little part of the subtle psychology of the masterpiece is the show of madness. As a piece of dramatic invention, the acted madness is consummate. It lends itself naturally to swift paradoxical situations, which easily strike an audience and are the soul of drama. It may be asked if this daring dramatic invention was not borrowed from that quarry of great things, the Hebrew books. There we read how "David.....was exceedingly afraid of the face of Achis, the king of Geth. And he changed his countenance before them.....And Achis said.....You saw the man was mad."⁵ It may even be allowed to recall how another court saw madness in the silence of a greater than David.

2. There are no evidences of a mind unhinged. At most, the mind at times creaks painfully as it shuts or opens. How often does Hamlet dwell on "discourse of reason" as, for example,

O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason would have mourn'd longer.⁶

On this account Hamlet is not mad. Never for a moment does he lose his reason. Every emergency finds him prepared. He is the most finished practitioner of his own advice. "In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of your passion you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."⁷

It is psychologically impossible that a mind deranged could reason as Hamlet reasons with his mother; or could add to the world's classics such sovereign literature as the soliloquy, "To be

⁵ Kings xxi. 12-14.

⁶ Act I., Scene 2.

⁷ Act III., Scene 2.

or not to be: that is the question." His own plea of sanity almost settles the matter.

Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music; it is not madness
That I have utter'd. Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from.⁸

As if to prove his point the dramatist gives us a most careful study of true madness in Ophelia. The daughter of Polonius never recovers from the shock of her father's death. Never once does she show even a glimmer of "discourse of reason." Her mind is changed. She is found singing fragments of songs. Death comes without further shock:

.....Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes
As one incapable of her own distress.⁹

There could hardly be a more dramatic situation than this contrast between the mental state of these two children, Hamlet and Ophelia, whose fathers had met a violent death.

3. If Hamlet's madness is not madness, it is design; if it is not borne, it is acted. The following lines are to the purpose:

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.¹⁰

His words to Horatio, after the apparition of his dead father, are conclusive:

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
*To put an antic disposition on.*¹¹

⁸ Act III., Scene 3. ⁹ Act IV., Scene 7. ¹⁰ Act I., Scene 2. ¹¹ Act I., Scene 5.

This is at the very outset of the play. There is a like avowal to his mother towards the close of the play:

Queen. What shall I do?

Hamlet. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:

Let the bloat king.....

.....for a pair of reechy kisses,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,

That I essentially am not in madness,

*But mad in craft.*¹²

4. From this there is but a step to the unique feature of the drama; the play within the play. This is a creation of Shakespeare's own genius. It was the player's instinct to bring his play-acting into the drama.

The dramatist has almost rent his plot asunder to bring in the play. It does not spring out of anything. It practically leads to nothing. That it helps Hamlet to believe the words of the ghost is but "great cry and little wool."

But it gives occasion to the man whose *Richard II.* incited the conspirators on the eve of the uprising, to say the same dagger truths under cover of a play within a play. We are here getting close to the heart of Shakespeare, the player and playwright, the friend of the dead Essex and imprisoned Southampton.

In Act II., Scene 2, there is an allusion to Elizabeth's order that Blackfriar's Theatre should be handed over to a troop of child players:

.....There is, sir, an ayrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of the question and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

We must be careful to throw ourselves into the circumstance of the play. We must imagine ourselves one of the rapier-men, Jacobites mostly, who dare come to the Globe—the leader dead, their second leader under sentence of death, and she whom they looked on as an illegitimate usurper nearing death, yet still able to kill. Only when mingled with the Jacobites in the pit of the Globe can we feel the force of

.....The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.¹³

¹²Act III., Scene 4.

¹³Act II., Scene 2.

Or again:

..... Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?
Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract
and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were
better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.¹⁴

No dramatist has ever canonized his Muse in worthier words
than

..... Suit the action to the word, the word to the action;
with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty
of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of
playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to
hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own
feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the
time, its form and pressure.¹⁵

Amongst the most daring efforts to show the age of Elizabeth
"its form and pressure" must be set *Hamlet*.

5. Lastly, we see the soul of the dramatist nowhere so clearly
glassed as in this offspring of his hour of deepest sorrow. Students
of Shakespeare have not overlooked the remarkable outburst of
tragedy in the poet's Muse:

The brilliant circle of young nobles whose friendship he had
shared was broken up by the political storms which burst in the
mad struggle of the Earl of Essex for power; his friend and
Shakespeare's idol, Southampton, passed a prisoner into the
Tower; Herbert, Lord Pembroke, a younger patron of the poet,
was banished from the Court. While friends were thus falling
and hopes fading without, Shakespeare's own soul seems to have
gone through a phase of bitter suffering and unrest. The change
in the character of his dramas gives a surer indication of his
change of mood.¹⁶

Students have been particularly struck by *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*.
Brandes compares *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. Speaking of the super-
natural in both he says, "One feels that the two tragedies must
have been written close upon each other."¹⁷

Acute and well-informed writers have detected a likeness be-
tween Hamlet and the historic Richard II.

Hamlet..... is fond of quibbles and sword-play and of
conceit and turns of thoughts such as are common in the poets

¹⁴ Act II., Scene 2.

¹⁵ Act III., Scene 2.

¹⁶ *Short History of the English People*, by J. R. Green, vol. ii., ch. vii.

¹⁷ *William Shakespeare*, by George Brandes, p. 422.

whom Johnson called metaphysical. Though Romeo shows this tendency, the only tragic hero who approaches Hamlet here is Richard II.; who, indeed, in several ways recalls the emasculated Hamlet of some critics, and many like the real Hamlet have owed his existence *in part to Shakespeare's personal familiarity with the weakness and dangers of the imaginative temperament.*¹⁸

This same writer is near the heart of the Hamlet mystery in these and the following words:

Otherwise what we justly call Hamlet's characteristic humor is not his exclusive property; but appears in passages spoken by persons as different as Mercutio, Falstaff, and Rosalind. The truth probably is that it was a kind of humor most natural to Shakespeare himself, so that, *here as in some other traits of the poet's greatest creation, we come into close contact with Shakespeare the man.*¹⁹

Passages scattered here and there in the play have a point and poignancy which could hardly be less than the dramatist's self-expression. Even the tragedian's mask that hides the face does not quench the heart or quiet the lips. From time to time, the patriot, the friend, the mourner, the man must speak from behind the mask. There was a day when, like Essex and Southampton and the young Jacobite bloods, the writer of *Richard II.* trusted to the sword. Now even the pen has to be wielded with restraint in the withering days when few men can call their life their own.

A new light is thrown upon such a masterpiece as the following "form and pressure" of that gloomy time:

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!²⁰

The same subtle soliloquy on the state of things and its accom-

¹⁸ *Shakespearean Tragedy*, by A. C. Bradley. Second Edition, p. 150.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 153.

²⁰ Act I., Scene 2.

panying state of soul breaks out in words worthy of the Divine Dialogues:

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.²¹

His soul was still stunned with the loss of the leader who had by opposing his ill fortunes ended them.

No doubt Shakespeare, the playwright, often envied the men of the sword who had followed Essex to insurrection and, some, to death. Many an hour of bitter self-reproach may have lain behind such phrases as:

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.²²

His own inner soul stands almost unmasked before us in the verses:

.....Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there.²³

Or in the no less poignant prose:

.....I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?²⁴

Since the sword of Essex had been broken, the dramatist had to cover his own thoughts with the mask of art or silence.

²¹ Act III., Scene 1. ²² Act III., Scene 1. ²³ Act I., Scene 5. ²⁴ Act II., Scene 2.

But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!²⁵

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.²⁶

Hence the poet whose part it is to

.....take upon 's the mystery of things,
As it were God's spies,²⁷

becomes himself a mystery, whom light-headed worldlings like Guildenstern cannot fathom.

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me!
You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops;
you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would
sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and
there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet
cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier
to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will,
though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.²⁸

We have not sought to identify any one character of the immortal play with the writer of the play. A hundred arguments make it easy to see in Hamlet the person of Shakespeare. Yet if any historical identification of this master-character is needed, it should fall upon the young Earl whose fate was the turning point of Shakespeare's Muse.

Yet, though no one character in *Hamlet* is Shakespeare, the tragedy itself is less the poet's work than the poet's life. It is the most authentic and surviving child of the poet's soul. It is a child of sorrow, born at the midnight of his almost broken heart.

Great poets as Dante and Milton have ever felt upon their brow the pressure and enmity of a world that could not offer them understanding. Dante has allowed his anger at this opposition to deepen the hate of hell, and even to discolor the glory of paradise. Milton has given us in *Samson Agonistes* a superbly proud masterpiece of a strong man bearing alone the hatred of mankind.

But the soul of Shakespeare had too often heard and reëchoed the laughter of the world not to have received a little of its essential humility. Even such a word as humility is in its place when describing the complex simplicity of the soul that meditated Hamlet. He does not represent himself in the night of his sorrow as a

²⁵ Act I., Scene 2.

²⁷ *King Lear*, Act V., Scene 3.

²⁶ Act I., Scene 2.

²⁸ Act III., Scene 2.

Samson Agonistes facing uncowed the hatred of his people. If we take *Hamlet* as the one play in which this peerless mirror of man reveals the man within him, it is a revelation of humility. He could not represent himself, like Milton, as a strong man struggling with adversity, but as a weak man struggling with himself.

In saying these things we have not dared to give the lie courteous to the poet's denial, that anyone had hitherto been able "to pluck out the heart of his mystery." We have but sought to recognize, with a soul quietly thankful, that he himself in the night of sorrow has taken posterity into his confidence, and has shown us how with the key of Hamlet,

Shakespeare unlocked his heart.

LYRE-NA-GEEHA.¹

BY ALICE M. CASHEL.

LYRE-NA-GEEHA, Lyre-na-geeha, little hollow in the heather,
 Little shelter from the world in the West,
 May God smile down upon you, be it wild or sunny weather,
 For it's you that holds the heart of things—Life's best.

Lyre-na-geeha, Lyre-na-geeha, sure the hills that hold you, borrow
 All the loveliness that our dear land can show,
 And the lark that flutters heavenwards, can sing away all sorrow,
 And the winds that sigh within your arms, are soft as winds that blow.

Lyre-na-geeha, Lyre-na-geeha, little combe within the mountains,
 The very fairies whisper as they steal within your fold,
 For its magic that you shed there, from the waters of your fountains,
 And the air is heavy-laden with the scent of whin's pure gold.

Lyre-na-geeha, Lyre-na-geeha, little hollow in the heather,
 Little shelter from the world in the West,
 May God smile down upon you, be it wild or sunny weather,
 Little corner of the world my heart loves best.

¹Lyre-na-geeha means in the Gaelic a "palm of the hand full of winds." It is the name given to a little hollow lying at the foot of the barrier-ridge of mountains separating Counties Cork and Kerry.

PARIS AND THE WAR.

BY CHARLES BAUSSAN.



OW perhaps more than ever before, Paris deserves our attention. The Germans did not take it, nor will they take it. They did not need to enter; at their mere approach, on the very day war was declared, or rather on the day the government moved to Bordeaux, a new Paris was born which bore no resemblance to the Paris that was. The Paris that was, the Paris of before the war, the noisy, commercial, active, and excited Paris, very many of whose citizens lived for pleasure only, is no more. The Paris born of the war, brought suddenly into existence at the beat of a drum, is almost mute, and its activity is, for the most part, stilled.

Automobiles have been mobilized like common soldiers: they are doing military service, they are at the front bearing supplies to the combatants. In Paris one hears no longer the throbbing of the motors or the blowing of horns; the noise of their passing no longer echoes through the house. Few owners of autos have returned to Paris, for almost all private cars have been requisitioned. Those seen passing are in the employ of some department of the intrenched forces: the commissary, aviation, or telegraphic service, etc.—and the chauffeur is a soldier. On the great boulevards one sees conveyances resembling the old-time horse-busses that plodded between the Madeleine and the Bastille. But these are not omnibuses; they are excursion wagons; the small placards attached to them read: "Twenty centimes. Will stop on request." From time to time a tram-car or a taxi passes, or a cab, its old nag shambling along at an uneven gait.

Formerly the streets belonged at certain hours to the news venders. Swarming out of the *rue du Croissant* or the boulevards they took possession of Paris running, crying their papers, often with the added zest of a "special edition; third edition." This crying of newspapers in the streets has been prohibited by General Galliéni. The news venders have gone to the front; women and children replace them and fill the *rue du Croissant* in the afternoon. Your newspaper is sold you by some little urchin or a woman with a baby in her arms, who addresses you in quite a conversational

tone: "*La Liberté! La Presse! La Intransigeant!*" The news is brief, seldom exceeding two sheets, for there is a shortage of paper. The cries of the street-venders are now heard again. Before the war they were swallowed up in the hubbub of traffic, the wail of sirens and all the varied noises of the great city. In the all but deserted streets where silence is broken by the hoofs of a solitary cab-horse, rises the cry of the fish merchant and the carrot vender.

Paris has grown provincial, silent, calm! The silence and calm increase as night comes on. Only a very few of the street lamps are lit. The streets, the boulevards, the quays are shrouded in semi-darkness. There are few pedestrians and no vehicles. Across the sky great searchlights flash, patrolling the night in search of the German *taubes*. At times this profound and unaccustomed quiet is broken by the dull distant boom of cannon. Now it is the target practice; in September it was the battle of Compiègne. Nothing is more striking, nothing more impressive than this silence and tranquillity. It is, perhaps, the greatest lesson of the hour. Paris is silent! Paris is calm! War has not failed to inflict suffering; there is not a family without someone on the firing line, few without dead to mourn or wounded to grieve over. Business is practically at a standstill; the situation is felt in every grade of society. The people suffer from the war, but they accept it courageously, without panic or excitement.

The Germans, who thought they knew France so well, must find themselves utterly puzzled. The Parisian scarcely knows himself for the same man, so radically has he changed. Once engrossed in the trivialities of life, he has now but one thought: the war! Moreover those whose only aim was pleasure have fled from Paris, and nothing has proved so health-giving and fortifying as the departure not of useless mouths to feed, but of inactive souls. Now all are of one mind.

In the streets the war atmosphere prevails. At every step soldiers and refugees meet; those who wage war and those against whom it is waged. Military automobiles come and go in all directions. Along the sidewalks pass soldiers and officers, alone or in groups. On Sundays the soldier in active service, the reservist, the territorial, may be seen strolling with his family, his wife beside him, a child clinging to his hand; soldiers of every rank and every uniform; the aged frock coat, relic of the old French uniform, fraternizes with the youthful short jacket of bright blue. Paris is

a camp, the camp of the Allies; the flat cap of the English soldier, the polo cap of the Belgian, are seen side by side with the French *képi*. Other little groups, followed by pitying glances, wander sadly here and there. These are the refugees from Belgium and northern France; old workmen, thin and haggard and bareheaded women with four or five youngsters clinging to their skirts. Their villages were in flames yonder when they fled; they had no time to save anything.

The very houses speak of war. The tricolor on closed shops—and there are many—explains the absence of the proprietor and his employees. Sometimes a small printed or written placard bears some such announcement: "*The proprietor and his assistants are at the front.*" "*Closed on account of the war.*" "*Two sons are with the colors.*" "*The proprietor is now quartermaster of artillery at Verdun.*" On the Boulevard Raspail a small shopkeeper has posted the following sign: "*This humble shop is left to the protection of honest people, the citizen to whom it belongs having gone to do his duty as a Frenchman.*" Many shops display in their notices the confidence shared by all: "*Business will be resumed after the victory.*"

From many shop fronts, from the windows of every story, float French flags of every variety, some of them tiny enough for children's playthings and others patched together by awkward hands. There are flags also of the Allied Powers, of England, Belgium, and Russia; flags, too, of friendly nations, among which the Stars and Stripes predominate. France has lost nothing of her traditional sympathy for the United States. Lately, she was glad to confide to them the interests of her citizens in Turkey, and she is grateful for all they do for herself, her wounded and those affected by the war. The Parisian greets with affectionate glances the stars on their blue background rippling from the front of an auto-ambulance; it bears to the American hospital a comrade fallen yonder on the banks of the Aisne or the Yser.

Even the gossip of Paris—for Parisians have not utterly changed overnight—even Parisian chatter finds war the only topic of interest. Theatres and concert halls are closed. Paris has ceased to amuse herself: how could she have the heart for it? But she looks and listens. There is time enough and to spare for hands that have no work to do. Street singers draw little groups about them in the courtyards who listen devoutly to the "*Marseillaise*," "*La Brabançonne*," "*God Save the King*," and the "*Rus-*

sian National Hymn." The new patriotic songs find place among the others: "The Child With the Wooden Gun," "The Letter from the Trench," etc. Some linger along the streets and boulevards looking at the post cards. They are on sale everywhere. The picture trade, lithography, engravings, enlargements, outrival the post card. Artists of talent, such as Rabida, Ibels Jean Veber, who is at the front, and Radiguet, do not think it beneath them to join in the campaign against the Germans pencil in hand.

An engraving from an illustrated periodical, demonstrates the sentiment of the whole of France; of the France which did not wish war, but which now is resolved upon it to a man, because she feels its necessity, and because she desires for the future—peace. A white-haired laborer, his gun on his shoulder, carries a child in his arms, and the little one asks him: "Grandpapa, why do you go to war?" And he replies: "So that you, little lad, need never go." In front of the stationers, beside the post card stalls, in the open streets, one may buy maps of the war zone, with sets of tiny flags to follow day by day the march of the armies.

For those who wish to purchase a new and inexpensive bauble, there is the "four-leaf-clover of the Allies," with the colors of France, Belgium, Russia, and England on each leaf. Ranged along the pavement to attract little purchasers are entire armies of toy soldiers, sets of horses, aëroplanes, and red-cross nurses. There is the Alsatian doll with her coif or broad, black ribbon brightened by a tricolored cockade, the same Alsatian whom one sees on post cards trying on a pointed cap, and who flings it aside, saying: "Decidedly, this cap is not becoming." There are other toys, too, most popular, perhaps, cannon in all sizes.

The crowds gaze but buy little. It is no time to squander money. They pause before shops which exhibit Prussian, Bavarian, and Wurtembergian caps, German shells in their basket sheaths, bullets, bits of shrapnel, etc. They pass on to the chapel of the *Invalides* to view the flags taken from the enemy, and three o'clock in the afternoon finds them thronged about the newspaper offices which post daily the official bulletin, the three o'clock bulletin. There they await patiently the appearance of the placard or black-board with its bold chalked letters, visible at quite a distance.

When on the street, the Parisian has now acquired the habit of frequently scanning the clouds. It suffices for one head to be raised for a hundred to follow it. A *taube* is a matter of interest rather than of dread. If the Germans hoped to create a

panic in Paris by killing a few women and children, they succeeded poorly. Besides the French aviators have for some time past policed the sky excellently well. At the outbreak of the war, the most extravagant reports were circulated. Now a German army corps and its general-in-chief were captured; again, a French army corps was utterly destroyed. Paris no longer pays heed to these flights of imagination. Fever and perturbation have died out. It is no small sacrifice to have news thus doled out, and to be deprived of all details, but Paris recognizes the need for silence and has adjusted herself.

Although the public does not enjoy the confidence of the military staff, private news from the front feeds conversation. On every side one hears incidents of the battlefield, of the trenches. Too often, alas! there is news of the death of a relative or friend, or of the wounding of someone dear. So go where you will, by the fireside, in the street, the one thought of Paris is the war. It has effaced all other thoughts. It has suppressed miraculously prejudices and political parties.

The Germans, and not without reason, must have counted on the political disunion of France; against every expectation, even of the French themselves, she found herself confronting a united France solidly massed to meet her. There exists, at the present, a fellowship so real and unaffected that strangers accost one another in the streets; workmen and bourgeois exchange news and personal impressions of the war like old friends. All are engrossed by one problem: to expel the invader. Not only does Paris follow the course of events from a distance, but, by cheerfully accepting the military discipline imposed, she joins in the actual defence. In time of war civilians have a part to play, a post to fill. Nervous excitement at the heart of the nation could easily demoralize the army. The first law to observe is calm. Paris is calm. The excitement of those first days of August when people rushed to the stations to take train for the provinces has died out, and to-day, and for some time past, these panics have been a subject of amusement to the Parisians. They are completely reassured, and fear the advance of the Germans as little as they do a famine.

The population of Paris has considerably decreased. The army has drawn a goodly number of men, and although many families returned at the end of October, most of the wealthier class have not reopened their homes in the *Faubourg Saint Germain*, the *Champs Elysées*, *l'Etoile*, and the *plaine Monceau*. These

absentees are not all blameworthy. To be sure some have deserted Paris because of its dullness, its lack of theatres, its dearth of social amusements, but by far the greater number, even of those not at the front, have been obliged to remain in the country by war conditions, the care of the wounded, the mobilization of their servants or the shrinkage of their incomes.

The diminution in the population of Paris can be estimated at one million—about one-quarter of the total population. This decrease, although unfavorable to business, especially of dealers in luxuries, has lowered the cost of living in Paris. Provisioning progresses under normal conditions, and if the buyers be less, the supply of commodities is almost as great as in previous years. As a result, food supplies, with the exception of sugar, are sold at the usual prices; vegetables and fruit are extremely cheap, even cheaper than last year. There was anxiety for a time with regard to coal, but there is now no shortage, and the price has not risen. Articles of luxury have, it is true, dropped considerably in price, and shopkeepers announce “war prices” to tempt customers.

If, under present conditions, with several provinces still invaded, with such a number of men in the ranks, with so many channels of communication reserved for military service, it is still impossible to interfere with commercial activity, it is safe to assume that the normal life of the great city will continue unimpaired. This is guaranteed, not by the presence of government officials whom the public regard with a certain degree of skepticism, and of whom it is inclined to say “interned,” but by the general goodwill.

Each one seeks to fill some place left vacant by men at the front. Old men, women, and children do the work of men. Pensioners on the retired list have resumed active service, apprentices have been promoted to the place of workmen. The conductors in the subways and tram-cars are women. Above the racket of the subway one hears them chatting of their husbands, or discussing the price of butter as they punch the tickets of the passengers. The work is done, and well done.

But it is not enough that life should go on as usual. Paris is eager to work in the cause of the war; to repair as far as possible the evils consequent upon it, to take an active part in the nation's struggle for existence. Those who are fighting need have no anxiety for the material welfare of their families. A daily allowance of one franc, twenty-five centimes, is made to the wives of poor soldiers, which amount is increased in proportion to the number of

children. In all quarters of the city there are supply depots. On certain days groups of women and old men congregate about the doors to receive the food and clothing distributed gratis. There are soup kitchens everywhere—sometimes as many as five or six to a district—and these furnish a meal for twenty centimes. Workshops for women out of employment have been established to manufacture warm clothing for the soldiers. In the factories and workrooms a portion of the salary of the employees is set aside for the mobilized; for the families of those who have laid aside their tools to take arms.

Nor are the refugees forgotten. The municipal government provides them with shelter; private charity feeds and clothes them. On Sundays and holidays it is customary to seek them out, to bring them home and give them place at the family board. Everyone strives to restore to them, if only for a brief moment, the lost joys of home. But the heart of Paris goes out especially to the soldier, the wounded soldier and the soldier in the thick of the fight. Its prodigious activity centres around him. Ambulances and hospitals number in the hundreds; the large shops, the big hotels, the medical clinics, all have their hospitals, and many private dwellings fly the red-cross flag.

Thousands have volunteered as nurses. The three societies of the French Red Cross—the “Society of Aid to Wounded Soldiers,” directed by the Marquis of Vogue of the French Academy, the “Association of French Women,” and the “Union of the Women of France”—were organized to insure better service to the wounded and rival one another in energy and devotion. Everyone cannot care for the wounded, but all can and will help the soldier in the field. Paris stands by him to provide not food nor ammunition, of these he has a plenty, but warm clothing so necessary to preserve health in the chill and dampness of the trenches.

All honor and merit to the women for this work! They are all purchasing wool. The price has gone up. A long waiting line stands before the door of a wholesale merchant in the *rue Saint Denis*. Wool, as well as salt and the Belgian cake or *couque*, is peddled on the sidewalks, on the streets, on the boulevards. Knitting for the combatants is the principal and favorite occupation of the women. Those experienced in the use of knitting or crochet needles ply them busily making mufflers, belts, vests, wristlets, socks, and gloves, and the inexperienced have set themselves to learn. The best patterns are copied and passed from hand to hand. From the

poorest, who earn with difficulty a scanty living and must steal time from her sleep, to the little child just beginning school, all are eager to work for the soldiers. And by thousands, under the rain of shot and shell, the little packages journey to north and east. This is the ammunition Paris provides against the winter.

Paris has always been patriotic, has loved the *cocarde*, the *clairon* and the flag. The Parisian followed enthusiastically the passing regiment, but he seldom found the way to a church. The war has taught him the way. It, and it alone, by the grace of God, is responsible for many a conversion.

The awakening of religious sentiment is general throughout France, not only in the cities and the villages, but even in the army. The newspapers publish daily on this subject items that are most significant. The presence of priests about the standard helps on the movement, and anticlericalism flings its rancorous taunts at the "soldier curés," only to find they have missed the mark.

Not to go beyond Paris, the practice of religion is much more universal; confessions and Communion are more numerous. Even among those who have not as yet returned to these practices, many are drawing nearer; they are on a new tack. Hostility and indifference have given place to respect and sympathy. Prayer goes up unceasingly for France and her soldiers, both living and dead. Devout and recollected throngs file continually in and out of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, and of the Church of Our Lady of Victories. In every parish church Masses are celebrated at least once a week for France and her combatants, and daily, afternoon or evening, the rosary and litanies are recited for the same intention. The supplications never flag. The chapels dedicated to St. Michael, St. Maurice, and the Blessed Jeanne d'Arc are especially popular: the people have confided to their care the French colors which are placed beside their statues.

This union of patriotic and religious sentiment is apparent not only in the churches; one meets it even in the street; the post cards and popular engravings reflect spontaneously the emotions of the workman and the Parisian shopkeeper. The picture of Christ, of Our Lady of Consolation, the prayer for the soldiers, the prayer in the trenches, St. Michael, Jeanne d'Arc, and a dozen others of a character indisputably and avowedly Christian and Catholic, even litanies for France and for the soldiers, are found side by side with pictures of the war and the generals. No one thinks of laughing. No one seems surprised. France is not like its government, nor is

Paris either. An eight days' stay, and a little observation, will be sufficient to convince anyone of this fact.

Recently, Paris learned of the death of a young and talented writer, M. Ernest Pischari, killed at the head of the battery of which he was lieutenant. He was the grandson of Renan. He was a Dominican Tertiary, and had just resolved to enter a religious order when the war broke out. In the midst of his occupations, even in the army, he never neglected the daily recital of his Breviary. The book his grandfather, Renan, had flung away he picked up and used faithfully. In the words of his own hero in *The Call to Arms*, "he stood with his fathers against his father." We have here, it would seem, a picture of France herself, the France of to-day returning to her traditions, the Paris that rivets our attention, a calm Paris, a Paris no longer frivolous, no longer skeptical, a Paris that believes.

A new Paris? Yes: but the old one too. The sudden outbreak of war has not created a new nation, nor new spirits. It has only recalled to their duty of defence those ancestral traits of initiative, of intelligent courage, of endurance and patience, of common brotherhood, of discipline and confidence in God by which, in the long ago, little by little, piece by piece, France was made. All say: "The war will be long;" many add: "It is going to be hard." No one doubts ultimate victory. No one desires peace at the price of defeat. The thought is unthinkable!

The race lives again, rejuvenated. Faith was not dead but sleeping. It has risen, it has taken its place to lead the nation's soul. At the call of race and faith the moral forces have mobilized. Gaiety is of their number: it stands in the first rank and sounds the clarion for the charge. Such an army is invincible!

LAST GIANTS.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.



WHEN time shall have adjusted the reputations of our English writers of the Victorian era, clipping a little here, and, it may be, giving in some belated tribute of conscience-money there, it will, when all is done, remain true that the group was splendid, and numerous enough to be called a crowd. The age of the last Queen Regnant will bear, at least, comparison with that of Elizabeth or Anne. The second Mary never reigned alone, or was in anything but name a queen regnant at all, as indeed there was no reason why she should have been even a queen consort: the first Mary held too brief a page, too filled with sombre event, to leave room for literature upon it.

Some unborn champion of the Victorian age may claim for it a literary eminence even as great as that of the age of Elizabeth: and, if Shakespeare gives him trouble, he will urge that Shakespeare belongs to no age, as the Teutonic critic already refuses to allow that he belongs to any country. As for the present new-born era, no one in England seems about to be delivered of any immense literary reputation; a mountain or two may have announced itself in labor, but only mice have been, so far, brought forth. And twelve years of the new century are nearly gone. England is, indeed, occupied with other things than literature: and they are noisy things, contentious, and blustering, whose jostle is not favorable to the urbane affair of letters. It may be a relief, perhaps instead of scanning the horizon for a reputation to come, to cast a glance or two backward on those that stood over from the late reign and century that ended so nearly together. There were three great figures, not really belonging to this age, except by survival, but leaning over into it, as trees may into a garden where they do not grow. Of these three, two already have gone to join the great majority: Swinburne and Meredith are here no more; Mr. Hardy is the last of the giants.

Future generations may wonder why Swinburne was never Laureate: for to them a great part of what he wrote will be unknown. And they will, perhaps, conclude that it was because he was a great poet. They will hear that Shadwell, Nahum Tate,

Nicholas Rowe and Eusden, Colley Cibber and Henry Pye were Laureates, and see no reason why Swinburne should be their successor. Spenser, Ben Jonson, Wordsworth and Tennyson were Laureates, but their fame almost makes it forgotten: it made no difference to them. Samuel Daniel wore the laurels of Court Poet, and he never had any others.

The truth is there was as much reason why Queen Victoria should not make Swinburne Laureate as there was for Queen Anne's refusal to make Swift a bishop. He wrote much that he should not have written, as well as writing a great deal more that he need not have written—and that nobody wants to read. Of the former there is no need to speak here. Of the latter we may say this, though it does not follow that better critics will agree—but it is our own opinion that no very long poems are likely to be all poetry, and, except among the ancients, the fact is that they are not. Shakespeare's plays are long, but they are not all verse: the poetry is never lacking, but it is in a broad setting of unversed drama.

Swinburne's metrical plays are certainly not all poetry, and they who admire him most may be as incapable of reading them as those who frankly dislike poetry, and like Martin Tupper.

As Swinburne was largely contemporary with Browning and Tennyson it must be his fate to be compared with them. Browning was a thinker first, and a poet afterwards. He cared too much for his thoughts, more perhaps than other people will continue to care for them. Anyway, he thrust them on his poetry over-roughly, over-copiously, so that the tightly-packed chariot of his Muse had not always room enough for the Muse herself, who got squeezed in corners, and overlaid by a crowd of ideas that might as well have walked. It was hard on her, for she was large and fine, and deserved to show alone.

Tennyson had not the same congestion of ideas, but he was all for expounding them, even when he had not quite so much to expound as he fancied: when he had something in particular to say, he was apt to oversay it. Poets should mind their own business, which is, not to say, but to sing.

Both great poets have paid their penalty. Some readers accuse Tennyson of being shallow, because his profundity is not invariably alarming, and of being verbose because he did sometimes write poetry when there was no real occasion for him to write anything at all. If Browning had often too many ideas for his words, Tennyson had at times too many pretty words for his pretty ideas.

No one accuses Browning of being shallow: but he is commonly accused of being incomprehensible, malignantly involved, willfully difficult, and repulsively dry. So that many who are not really stupid are shy of the trouble of reading Browning: whereas Tennyson's punishment is that the stupid are ready to read him out of a smug conviction that he is just the poet for them; and they do not change their mind till they stumble into some of his best work, nor necessarily then, as they are always capable of mistaking it for his worst. Thus do these great men pay for *Sordello* and *The May Queen*: one of which, though undeniably "hard," is full of great and rare beauty, while the other is only insufferably pretty.

Swinburne had not much to teach and on purpose. There was a lady once who declared that her politics were dislike of Mr. Gladstone; Swinburne's philosophy and theology appear to have been equally simple: dislike of Christianity and of Christian civilization and ethics. But nobody cares sixpence for the poet's philosophy and theology. When he preaches he ceases to sing, when he sings he teaches in spite of himself by the sheer beauty of his song which is witness of a beauty higher than that of any song. He only resembles Balaam in doing what he had not meant to do. In all that is most specially his own he is a singer and nothing else: he opens his lips, and music, almost perfect, pours from them. It is the melody he fills our ears with, and it is for the song he really cares. The words are enough, and their loveliness is their real power. They could not be translated into prose any more than the throstle's song, or the nightingale's could be rendered in score. Nevertheless the bird's lyric teaches, though he pour it forth "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art," with no care at all of teaching, and though we ourselves would never analyze his lesson, nor dissect it into phrases, nor resolve it into themes. God's sublimest messages may be without lettered speech; and he who wrote of Wisdom knew that the circle of the stars, the sun and moon and the great water are also among the prophets. Every teacher is not conscious of his own teaching, or master of it; it is often deeper than himself and stronger, with a significance he but half divines. Yet God has sent him, as He sent Balaam.

The sea and sun, the reverent woods and blandly smiling meadows, green and gold, storm and summer shower, have more to tell of God than all the preachers have ever drawn from them: thus every song that is lovely sings of Him, whatever its willful

theme may be; every instalment of beauty a hint of the splendor of His raiment; every sweet odor but some reminder of the fragrance of His feet.

No great poet can help being a great teacher, though he strike no pose of instruction, and may mean none. He is a maker, and must witness of the Maker Whose function he follows afar off. He gems the neck of time with lovely things, and reminds us, willy-nilly, that the First Author of Beauty made all those things.

What Swinburne wrote amiss, and thought amiss, lies between his own sad conscience and God: the exquisite things his mouth uttered must teach all who have ears to learn how lovely must be His Hand Who made it. We do not mean to say that Swinburne has nothing but his words; that, beyond their vocal perfection, they voice nothing. They are never empty. No poet ever had more to say than Dante: but one needs no knowledge of Italian to be swayed by his glorious, sublime sonance; and, perhaps, an Italian with little English might, had he the ear for music, be moved by the stately rhythm of the *Triumph of Time*. Language is Swinburne's pipe, on which he plays, through the ear, to the heart of everyone who can listen. Words are his angels, and every syllable in his song is a feather from their wings. He gives color to sound itself, and weaves pictures of arras out of harmony. Expression in him is not merely a faultless knack, but an innate, inevitable function of life, like breathing. It carries him out, on a swollen tide, into the irresistible clean ocean of poetry, where his themes are themselves but islets, jewels in a greater sapphire sea, where one may land and linger, or, just as well, gaze, leaving their gemmed beauties uninvaded. Swinburne, like Shelley and Keats, is a poet because he cannot help himself. Some, in this sort too, are born great, some have achieved it, and some have had it thrust upon them. These three were born poets, had it thrust on them by a fate that would not be gainsaid, and achieved it.

The other two giants, standing over from the last century into this, Meredith and Hardy, no one would compare: and only the factious would contrast. One is essentially English, though great English writers are not always massive as Thomas Hardy is. He takes us out of doors, where Thackeray would pull us by the elbow upstairs (the back-stairs often) to sneer at the fine folk in the drawing-room. Dickens was usually indoors, too, making us laugh delightedly, hanging about kitchens, and not always know-

ing the difference between the kitchen and the housekeeper's room. Not that it matters. He prefers parlors behind shops or in mean lodgings, or debtors' prisons. He made his kingdom there and rules it, immortally, without ministers or courtiers. Hardy never wants to go near town-houses at all, his folk would be out of drawing in them, almost as agonizing as perfect Joe Gargery in Pip's London lodgings; they need wide spaces, free chill airs, and broad sombre distances, large foregrounds and deep, woodland-smelling backgrounds.

Of what people eat and drink, he has not much to say, nor of what they wear; the life to him is more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment. He has no keen nose for a snob, and is no truffle-dog of subterraneous vulgarities, or piteously disguised manœuvres. His common people are not apt to be vulgar, nor do vulgarities find in him their censor, or their torturer. His humor is the back-front of pathos. He is not so comic as Dickens, nor malignantly witty like Thackeray. He is not profane with humanity, at all events, nor flippant with it. He does not love to see the image of God in plush, nor care to watch how it over-eats itself. He is not a burly Pope, nor a slim Congreve. Thackeray and Dickens can never die, supreme genius is not immortal else, but their creatures will become monumental and archaic. Hardy's will not, for his men and women are neither local nor temporary, but of the eternal sort, like Shakespeare's. They owe none of their interest to fashion, nor their oddity to the lack of it. No fool pretends that Thackeray had not genius to portray human beings, or that he failed to portray them: but he did not care for the most human part of them; the adjective was more irresistible to him than the substantive; he knew very well that the spots on a man's face were of less significance than the man, but he loved to mention them. The fake accents in a voice were made more of by him than the voice, especially if it minced or had a brogue in it: and he dressed mankind in its blemishes with a gusto none the less cruel because it was inimitably successful and remorselessly instructive. Blemishes were not his stock-in-trade, but he dealt largely in them: while absurdities were Dickens', and he retailed them *ad infinitum*. Whether Dickens could draw real portraits and make them interesting his critics are not agreed: it is certain that what he liked best was caricature, and we much prefer his caricatures to his portraits. Of course the absurdities of his folk are irresistible, and we could never bear to be disinherited of them

now: his oddities are revealed and inimitable, and people have given over trying to imitate them.

In spite of their unapproached mastery in their own realm, both these giants leave us with a protest in our minds: in spite of Thackeray and Dickens, life is not mean, nor even wholly ridiculous.

This is no paltry attempt to belittle unequalled greatness, nor even a silly pretense of measuring it. Hardy is no more a rival of these two colossi than he is their imitator. Nevertheless, in his own way, he is larger than they, though far less dazzling than either of them. He is more humane than Thackeray commonly was, more human than Dickens. Mankind is not the point of his joke, nor the butt of his sneer: he is a creator, not a *costumier*, nor a devilish-sharp detector of sordid motives. Nor is he a rollicking mimic of queer tricks and habits. Above all, he is a creator, without dependence on second thoughts or after-touches. Dickens seldom created offhand; his people are mostly evolutions, at so many stages a month. Out of a bibulous, semi-imbecile protoplasm evolved the amiable, almost venerably paternal, Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Hardy's people are as big as himself, and would be too big for the pages of *Barry Lyndon*. They are not all respectable, but even the disreputable are not apt to be despicable, or made to seem so by the pitiless cruelty of their creator. In a sense they are archaic, but they are less obsolete than most of Thackeray's snobs, or even Dickens' cads. It is not for a moment pretended that they are more amusing: though the merciless wit of parts even of *Vanity Fair* draws tears from the heart of any decent reader, and the pathos of Little Nell is enough to make a cat laugh. Hardy is not much in pursuit either of our sobs or of our grins: life is not so jocular, according to him, nor so sentimental and *banale* as that comes to.

George Meredith is as unlike Thomas Hardy, as either of them is unlike Dickens or Thackeray. I can never understand his being popular: he is too amazingly clever. The word dazzling is often used, but to Meredith it is really appropriate. His genius does actually make the reader's eyes blink: but it never makes him unreadable. The author of *Pelham* and the author of *Alroy*, *Coningsby* and *Contarini Fleming* also pushed brilliance to the dazzling point: but they pushed it almost beyond reading point. It is not impossible to read Lytton or Disraeli when they are most pyrotechnic, but it ends in a surfeit. And, throughout, our common-sense is warning us

that it is all on purpose. They are simply trying how clever they can be: and we know it, and they know it, and we long that they should know that we do know it. Nothing is more tedious to the reader than a writer who is very clever on purpose, except a writer who is very stupid without in the least intending it. In reading Meredith we are dazzled, but never bored: his cleverness is quite amazing, but it is not flashy nor posed. He is never cleverer than he can help: it is nature, not malice prepense that forces him to be brilliant. That he is so much more clever than ourselves we do not resent, for it is not his fault; the gods made him so. We rejoice in his gift without envying it, or dreaming of copying it. With Disraeli and Bulwer the reader is tempted to wonder whether champagne and assiduity could make himself equally glittering. Still it seems to me that Meredith is too clever for popularity: the English public is not apt to be widely attracted by extreme brilliance. Of course it buys him, and of course it talks about him, but whether a very large number read him is quite another question. Whether any large number will go on reading him is another question again.

To read him is a delightful occupation, but it is not the easiest form of recreation. It requires an alert attention, and a ready admiration for sheer intellectual proficiency. He writes a good story, but the sort of reader who tears the story out of a book, and finishes the book in an hour or two, might as well read *East Lynne* as read *Evan Harrington*. Meredith's stories are the least part of him: and of some of his books a chapter at a time is enough unless one is willing to miss half there is in it, and indifferently appreciate the other half. He crams an essay into a sentence, and a complete character-study into a phrase. But, though strongly concentrated, he is never dry, as concentration is liable to seem. And he is extremely amusing, which is not an invariable feature of extreme intellectualism. His characters are, perhaps, too amusing—*O felix culpa!* They would not have been in real life: it is all because they have an unmitigated genius to their father. To tell the truth, they do not belong to real life, but to George Meredith: though they are intensely vital, animated and active. They have, too, great variety, and their family likeness is not to each other, but to their highly gifted parent. To him the likeness is strong and invariable: as a father he is, perhaps, too prepotent. Nor will they do anything of their own accord, every gesture is dictated by him: they are not only his creatures but his puppets. To every limb, as to every tongue, of each of them is a string, and you can never fail to see

Meredith pulling it. Of course, he knows how. Still it is all exactly Meredith, and not all exactly real life. One cannot have too much of an author when he is first-rate: if one could, there would be too much of George Meredith in his works. This is never felt in the case of Hardy: having created, he leaves the beings he has created to Fate: and it deals brutally with them. His folk are by no means a gallery filled with portraits of himself.

Meredith is too powerfully parental. He arranges even the jokes of his numerous and singularly brilliant family. So far from suffering fools gladly, he insists that the fools of his house shall be uncommonly clever: and the slightest disposition to become a bore, in any of its members, is deftly converted into a capacity for greatly amusing the public. Even Dickens could not always go so far: when his Arthur Clennams make up their minds to be tedious he has no idea how to stop them.

Sir Walter, too, kind man that he was, was over easy in this: he let Helen MacGregor and Norma of the Fitful Head indulge their heroic propensity to splendid boring to a faulty extent. Of course it does not matter; it is more interesting to be bored in some company than to be made grin in some other.

In a single instance, I, for one, do resent Meredith's interference with his own characters: and it has nothing to do with their cleverness. His Diana of the Crossways was made by him to betray her friend's confidence: she would never have done it of herself—not the Diana he created. The explanation may possibly be this: that there was, in real life, a Diana who did the thing: that he was telling her story, and put it in merely because in her case it had been done. But that does not condone the injury to his own Diana. He had re-created her: and, having made her a finer creature than the mere prototype, he had no business to pretend her capable of a fault that belonged not to her but to the prototype. The great creations of a great writer are not his absolute property to do what he chooses with any more than a man's life is his own, to ruin or mar according to his own whim and freak, any more than a father has the right to bring into being a son of finer quality, it may be, than himself, and then, by some sudden flout, twist away the fair course of his development.

O'LOGHLIN OF CLARE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

XXV.



INGOLDESBY was met at the last stage of his ride home by Judkin with the news that Colonel Slaughterhouse had arrived at Ardcurragh.

"He's anxious to congratulate you, sir. He didn't know the whole story, though he got a sketch of it at Ennis, till I told him how you got up early and circumvented Turlough."

"The less talk about it the better," said Hugh, and he felt that he did not want to be congratulated by Slaughterhouse on the covetousness of which he would think him guilty.

He found the Colonel watching for him on the doorsteps, and was greeted by him with loud laughter, and an unusually ardent grip of the hand.

"Well done, Ingoldesby! Did your trick cleverly when you kept me out of the business you were doing for yourself!"

"No," said Ingoldesby.

"What?"

"You know I acted by surprise—to prevent the ruin of my friend by another. I need hardly say I do not intend to take advantage of the law to disturb the O'Loghlin's."

"Hum. You tell me that? Dangerous, isn't it? What are you going to do with the priest?"

"Nothing."

"You leave all the nasty part of the affair to me? Don't you know that I can oblige you to act up to the spirit as well as the letter of the law?"

"If you can I know you won't," said Ingoldesby, smiling.

"You ought to take possession of your new property. Marry that charming Miss O'Loghlin, and let all keep house together."

"She would not accept me," said Hugh, trying to speak lightly.

"Then I shall try to persuade her, myself."

"She would not listen to you," said Hugh. "She is a nun, and her father's house is a convent to her. I intend that it shall remain so as long as it pleases her. For that purpose I have ventured to take an extreme step. I may be in her eyes a godless man, but I am not an inhuman monster."

"I'm afraid you would consider me as a monster if you knew all my views of this matter. I don't urge you to marry the girl, because I have a fancy for her myself. The old man can be provided for in France, where all these rebelly gentry have plenty of friends. The rascal Turlough has been got rid of already, and his precious aunt is getting ready to follow him, lest a hair of his head should come to further grief. I don't know that I can suggest anything more to help you to clear off the encumbrances on your property."

Ingoldesby's eyes showed fire.

"Look here, Slaughterhouse!" he said, "your tone is flippant, but I believe you are at heart an honest and honorable soldier."

Slaughterhouse gave a short laugh.

"At all events," continued Hugh. "I have placed these people safely out of your reach. The law is hard, but it is not always intentionally wicked in the way of working, and I intend to make just such uses as I please of the property it has unjustly awarded me."

"Take care," said Slaughterhouse, "or you may find yourself under suspicion, even you, some of these days, and of all things beware of connecting yourself with the priest."

"Don't trouble about me," said Hugh; "come in and have some lunch. Try to believe that you are not half as bad a fellow as you amuse yourself by pretending to be."

Later in the day Hugh went to Castle O'Loughlin, bent on the interview which he felt to be necessary for reassuring Morogh, and for the clearing of his own character in the eyes of all the family. Thady gave him black looks as he led him to his master's library.

"You have come to look on the ruin you have made," said the old servant's stern eyes as he threw open the door; after closing which Thady stood outside in the attitude of listening, though he could hear nothing.

"If it was a thing that there would be a row," he murmured, "I would not like to be out of hearin' of the first of it. The arms on me are strong yet, though Hugh Ingoldesby's a sight younger than Thady Quin; an' if my blood was up I wouldn't swear but I might punish him."

Morogh, writing at a table, turned his head when the visitor entered, and Hugh was struck by the change already made on him by sorrow and anxiety. But his dignity was equal to the occasion.

"How do you do, Mr. Ingoldesby?" he said, rising and holding out his hand.

Hugh took the hand reverently and bent over it.

"You do not look on me as an enemy?" he said.

"No. Why should I?" said Morogh. "You acted according to the law. I have persisted in living lawlessly, and have no one to blame for what has happened but myself."

"All honor to the man who bravely lives by his conscience, Mr. O'Loughlin. I came, sir, not to apologize for my act, for my motive needs no apology. You will believe I am sure that the claim I have put on your property is a mere form, which will make no difference whatever to you or yours. An unjust and irrational law has made it easy for any non-Catholic to rob one of your religion, and without knowing it you have lived in immediate danger of dispossession. To avoid such a catastrophe I have assumed the hateful attitude of a treacherous friend in order to ensure your safety. You will believe me." Morogh looked at him piercingly.

"I will not ask you if you are in earnest in making this statement," he said, "I cannot disbelieve you, though I confess I am amazed. I have always lived on friendly if not intimate terms with my neighbors of the county. I have not known that anyone among them harbored a desire to injure me. By a little prudence I have escaped too much attention even from the emissaries of persecution. It has surprised me that such a calamity as being ruled out by the law should have been prepared to drop down on me, and that it should have so fallen."

Hugh was struck by something in the old man's tone even more than his words, an under-note of inquiry—a suggestion of desire to know who the enemy might be whose plot had been defeated by the effort of a man now before him, whom the law had made his master. He had felt unsure of whether or not Morogh was aware of Turlough's evil behavior in the matter. Now, seeing that evidently the father knew nothing of the true source of his misfortune, he resolved that from him he should never hear of it.

"We walk in the dark, all of us, Mr. O'Loughlin," he said. "We are surrounded with the unknown and unguessed. Even in the full noonday light what we see is not always what we are looking at. All we can do is to help each other to the best of our ability—my intention towards you—and to be charitably-minded towards others—which I trust is your own intention with regard to me."

"I believe in you and I trust you," said Morogh. "An hour ago I could not have credited you with so much unselfish devotion to me and mine, who must appear mere abject outcasts in your eyes and in the eyes of your world. But I will ask you to believe me also, when I say that at my age a man must take all blows as not from unkind fate, but from the hand of God Who knows by what strokes He means to hammer us best into the shape in which He intends us to leave this world. It matters little to me after all where I may have to spend the last years of my probation before He calls me into His presence. Nothing is of consequence except His countenance. St. Francis says, 'What a man is in the Eye of God, that he is and no more.'"

The listener was silent. For a moment Morogh seemed to have forgotten his presence. When the rapt look passed off his face (noted with a certain half-shame as if something sacred were intruded upon, by Hugh), he said gently,

"You have others to care for. You have children, Mr. O'Loughlin."

"They, too, have the hill to climb," said Morogh. "My daughter, who is my chief care, will always have harbor with her aunt, or failing that, in a convent. My son—"

Hugh held his breath.

"My son had little prospect here. France suits him better. He has gone there, and I shall not allow him to misunderstand your benevolence in protecting us."

"Well, sir," said Hugh, cheerfully, "I am glad you are assured that no changes are to be feared because of a formality which an unreasonable law has required. It is a law that may not always stand. In the meantime rest satisfied that Providence does not mean to deal you the particular blow that was threatening you, and that you are to remain securely fixed in your home."

"Thank you. I am indeed grateful, though I have not said enough of that."

The two men stood up and clasped hands; and then Ingoldesby took his leave. He had hoped to catch a glimpse of Brona, but she was nowhere to be seen, and he went on, comforting himself with the reflection that she would soon learn the meaning of his conduct and believe in his determination to protect her father, even if she had not put a blind faith in him before. As he rode on he slacked his rein, and let his thoughts drift back to the old man, Morogh, and his courage in adversity. Not alone courage, he admitted, but a something indefinable which defied ill fortune and made capital out of destitution.

"Where do these Catholics get their strength to endure—and not alone that, but their absolute callousness to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune? How and why is it that what appears folly to me and crime to Slaughterhouse is to them illimitable wisdom? The gate closed on them by the law opening on the other side to friends of Asphodel basking in the smile of God! Had I been the treacherous friend condemned by the eyes of the old servant, who admitted me as if I were the ancient dragon, and he a powerless Michael the Archangel, if I were that traitor Brona would simply exchange her mountains and cliffs for the walls of a convent; her prayers would go on ascending, and the name of Hugh Ingoldesby would not be forgotten in those prayers. She, in her youth, values this world as little as does her father in his advancing years. With her aunt's friends and con-

nections, and her own beauty, Paris would accept her as one of its queens, and yet she would rather scrub convent floors, or gather flowers to crown a statue of her heavenly Mother, than stoop to pick up the laurels that Parisian society would throw at her feet. Aye, and teach the little children to hate sin and bless Supreme Goodness in their Maker! Why, I wonder, was I not born with this faith, that I might have lived with her, were it only in a garret? Why, why, and why? Life is one endless 'why' to me. But these Catholics will have nothing of such questioning. To them all life is a path that, however tortuous, will one day, not very distant, end in God."

He shook off his thoughts with a shake of his rein, and reached his house feeling for the moment like his usual self, and pleased with his morning's work for many reasons, one of which was that the result of it would certainly make for his own future peace of mind.

XXVI.

Hugh now tried to settle down to some kind of practical living at Ardcurragh. He must find occupation and make his existence of use to his fellow-creatures, feeling sure that his presence as well as his name was necessary to continue protection of Morogh, he resolved to stay in his own place, keeping watch. Slaughterhouse was not by nature altogether cruel, but bribes were large and temptation was strong, and the men under his leadership were not always manageable. On the morning after his visit to Morogh O'Loughlin, he set his mind to consider how best he might spend his time. A ride over his property, with eyes open to facts, showed him that a good deal could be done to improve the condition of the most wretched of the poor. Hovels could be made more habitable, land more productive, industry encouraged, and the materials for it provided or sought for. Judkin totally disagreed with him on these points.

"What have you got to do with them, sir, but to let the heathens die there? It's what the law and the King lays down for them. You're Ingoldesby of Ardcurragh, but you can't be counted better than the law and the King. Everything done to help them is flyin' in the face of civilization and the Bible."

Ingoldesby laughed.

"How much of the much-maligned Bible did you ever know, Judkin?"

"I learned my taxes when I was at school, sir, and I got a prize for them, and I know a lot of them yet."

"For instance."

"You take me up a little short, sir," Judkin cleared his throat, coughed, and ransacked his memory.

"Here it is, sir! 'That their lands might be given up to desolation, and to perpetual hissing—as a burning wind will I scatter them before the enemy.'"

"Jeremias!" said Ingoldesby.

"Who was he, sir? I don't remember much about him, only the name, but I know he was cursed for a heathen idolater."

"I'll buy you a new Bible, Judkin, if you will read a little more of it."

"Well, sir, I'm not a man for books, and I didn't know you were a gentleman to hold much by that one."

"I hold by knowing something of what I talk about," said Ingoldesby, wincing at his own words; for were they true?

Ingoldesby proceeded with his investigations and his plans, and Judkin wondered whether he ought not to give notice to the authorities that his master was either going mad or turning traitor. But innate fidelity restrained and kept him steady. To Slaughterhouse he would have sworn that the owner of Ardcurragh was as big a persecutor for the King's sake (if he had the opportunity) as any in the country. And the curious obverse of the situation was that the people who were getting a chance of benefit, distrusted the hand extended to them as the hand of the man who had discovered on and grabbed from the O'Loghlin.

As the spring days lengthened Hugh thus made occupation for them abroad, and also found it at home. A much-neglected library engaged his attention. The books that were there and the books that were not there caused him to wonder. He was aware that his forefathers had not been bookish people, and it was with some pleasure that he set about supplying wants and filling gaps, making out lists to be sent to booksellers and publishers. In the midst of this work, he was interrupted one morning by an intimation that the winter rain had come through the roof to the ceiling of part of the attic story of the house, and that probably slates were off, but that he had better come up and see. He went and he saw. There was a slight drip in the highest passage, and he gave orders at once for workmen to be summoned from Ennis to make the necessary repairs. And then a few words were said by one of the servants, such words as utterly common-sounding in themselves are destined to become as keynotes of a new strange music in a soul.

"The worst spot of all is in the Papist's room, sir."

"Where is the Papist's room?" asked Hugh, surprised.

"Oh, sir, the Papist lady that was shut up there long ago," said the old housekeeper who had been in the house as caretaker for many years.

"I never heard of her," said Hugh.

"I suppose not, sir. Miss Ingoldesby wouldn't think of telling it to you. But she bid me leave the room just as it was, for a curiosity. Nothing in it was worth making use of in any other part of the house, sir."

"Who is the lady, and how did she come to be here?" asked Hugh.

"She was a friend of your good mother in her young days, sir; that was in England, and she went into one of their convents there, and was a nun. And when the Papists were hunted and the nuns turned out, the lady was given a hiding place here by your father and mother, who were then young married people and were sorry for the unfortunate."

"What became of her afterwards?" asked Hugh.

"She was got away to France, and I believe she lived the rest of her life in one of their convents. The times were even harder on Papists then, than they are now."

"Let me see the room," said Ingoldesby.

The housekeeper led the way down a narrow passage, and threw open a door at the end of it, and Hugh went in. It was a small room, under the eaves, an attic room, sparsely furnished like the cell of a nun.

"Your good mother had a great pity for her, sir, and she never disturbed anything she left here, Papist or not, for she said there's no harm in anybody's prayers, and that poor creature sure enough was always praying."

Hugh was strangely affected by the story also by the knowledge that its happening had been in his house, and that he had never heard of it. Stranger still was the faint stirring of memory, suggesting now that in his childhood he had caught some whisper of the tale. His mother evidently had not cherished the absolute hatred of Papistry, which perhaps was due in himself to the early instruction of Miss Jacquetta Ingoldesby.

"It is very interesting," he said to the old housekeeper, and dismissed her. But he lingered some time longer in the room, examining everything that was to be found in it. If he had never known Brona there would have been little charm for him in such a place, but the aspect of the room and the character of the woman who had lived in it forced him to think of one he knew who was her sister in faith. He imagined that in such a room and with such surroundings Brona was living and praying in Castle O'Loghlin, and he felt a rush of heart warmth towards his dead mother for her charity in harboring the hunted soul whose only crime was her "praying," her invincible fidelity to her own conception of God and of what He required of her. A small bedstead, a desk table, a chair, and a few shelves were all the

furniture of this cell of the spirit of an anchorite. On the highest shelf, pushed far back, out of sight, against the wall, he found a few books in worn leather bindings, two in Latin, the others in French, and the books being much in his mind at the moment, he gathered them up and took them with him to the library.

"How did she happen to forget her books?" he thought as he wiped the dust off them and opened them. "They may now prove an interesting addition to my store as samples of old Catholic literature."

The first he examined was a book in two small volumes, the text crude and old-fashioned, the pages stiff and yellow. The title was *The Living Flame of Love*, and the author was St. John of the Cross. Neither the author nor his book had ever been heard of by Ingoldesby. Who was the man? A note deciphered with difficulty told that he was a Spanish Carmelite priest, a laborious server of God who lived in the sixteenth century. What had he to say?

The Living Flame of Love was the title of a poem of only four stanzas, read eagerly now by Hugh, so attractive were the mystical words to him who knew nothing of any love that was not merely natural to the human heart of man.

O Living Flame of Love
That woundest tenderly
My soul in its inmost depth!
As thou art no longer grievous.
Perfect Thy work, if it be Thy will.
Break the web of this sweet encounter.

Hugh was startled. Was not this the human love of which he himself had knowledge? What had the old sixteenth century priest to do with it? He read and re-read, "*thou art no longer grievous.*" That were sweet indeed if one could take it as one's own experience.

After some pondering he passed to the second stanza.

O sweet burn!
O delicious wound!
O tender hand! O gentle touch!
Savoring of everlasting life,
And paying the whole debt.
By slaying Thou hast changed death into life.

"Everlasting life! Death into life!" Then it was the love-song of a Catholic to his God and Redeemer!" Further:

O lamps of fire
In the splendor of which
The deep caverns of sense,
Dim and dark,
With unwonted brightness,
Give light and warmth together to their Beloved.

How gently and how lovingly
Thou wakest in my bosom,
Where alone Thou secretly dwellest;
And in Thy sweet breathing
Full of grace and glory,
How tenderly Thou fillest me with Thy love.

Ingoldesby put his finger in the book to mark the place, and sat staring at nothing, or rather at something he could not see. This raving mysticism—what did it mean? Did this strange song give the key to the enigma of the Catholic's indifference to material goods of this world, his absorption in things to come in the life eternal? Was this the love that held Brona in bondage, which neither law nor loss could break, of which human love could not ease the durance, not effect the ransom. The words

As Thou art no longer grievous

recalled Morogh's saying that the pains and injuries and losses of life no longer troubled him. He was traveling fast towards the great Elsewhere, in which abode that mighty all-sufficient Love of the enraptured saint and poet.

Reading further into the book he found that it was all written in explanation of this curious mystical song of the bond between earth and heaven, time and eternity, the created heart of man and the Being creating it. For some hours he continued this novel and strange study, more and more amazed and enthralled by the fervor of the writer of the little brown book, and his incredible realization of spiritual things beyond the ken of thoughtless man.

Examining the other volumes he found the name of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Augustine on the title-page. From one to another he turned, reading a little, and assured that he must read the whole. So the night passed like one hour, and seeing the spring dawn looking in at the window he put the books aside, and threw open the sash to gaze at the waking earth and the opening heavens, with a vague unacknowledged feeling that some kind of a spiritual light was at the dawn in his soul. A breeze lifted his hair and stirred the tree tops. At the same moment a few clear notes of the mysterious bell hid in the wood came on the wind and swung across his ear. Was it a warning or a summons? It sounded like an echo of the eon

O living flame of love.

He shook off his fancies and tried to call himself a fool for dwelling on the dreams of a possible madman. But the words of the poet, as they came back again and again, were all too wise and sweet to savor of anything but sanity.

XXVII.

Morogh's interview with the supposed grabber of the property had brought relief to troubled souls at Castle O'Loughlin. Morogh was unutterably thankful that his son was innocent of the evil threatened by him in his sullen mood, and that heaven had sent a protector from enemies unknown and unexpected. The others of the household who knew exactly all that had happened were glad of Ingoldesby's silence as to Turlough, which left the father in ignorance of the ingrate's guilt. There was also for all the return of peace occasioned by the absence of the restless spirit whose angry discontent had embittered their days, and for Brona there was over and above a secret joy in the fact that her undoubting trust in the good faith of Ingoldesby had been justified, and that the disinterested generosity of his conduct had been made evident to all. Before many days this peace was broken for Aideen by her intense desire to know what had become of Turlough, and she resolved to follow him to Paris.

"I know where to look for him," she said, "and I will save him from destruction."

No one tried to prevent her. Brona knew that if anyone could save her brother it would be Aideen, who could give him a little money along with her good advice. And Morogh said,

"God bless your motherly solicitude, my sister. Now that he is free from a haunting temptation it may be possible for you to influence him."

"Yes," said Aideen cheerfully; ignoring her better knowledge, and she went on her lonely journey with all a mother's forlorn hopes and cruel fears pent in her adoring heart.

She had not been long gone when MacDonogh came again to Castle O'Loughlin, returning from his recruiting visitation of the county. He arrived one morning, blowing wrath from his nostrils, and strode into the library where Morogh sat reading.

"So we wronged a good neighbor," he said. "Instead of putting the saddle on the right horse! I always suspected the rascal. We may thank heaven that Ingoldesby's wine put him under the table, and that Ingoldesby's horse did not let the grass grow under his feet till he landed his master in Dublin Castle yard."

Morogh's face had turned white.

"What do you mean, MacDonogh?" he asked.

"Mean? Do you think that if Turlough had had his will you or I would be sitting here this morning. You would have had a Protestant O'Loughlin hunting the Papists out of his house, and handing over the priest to be shot at the altar. That's what."

"Cease hinting, and tell me the truth of what happened," said Morogh controlling his trembling voice and limbs.

"I thought you knew all the particulars," said MacDonogh; "would be the first to hear them. You expected it long ago. Long threatening came at last. But do you tell me that Ingoldesby took the action on himself? Oh, good Lord, Morogh, have I hurt you? How could I—"

Morogh had risen up, staggered and fell forward.

MacDonogh stretched him on the floor, and ran to the door shouting for Thady.

"Oh, then the troubles has murdered him at last!" cried Thady in tears, and big MacDonogh sobbed like a baby as they hung over the old man, applying restoratives. The worse was feared, but after some time Morogh recovered from what proved to have been a dangerous fainting fit, and was carried to bed, where Brona and Father Aengus watched beside him. The doctor from Ennis, who knew the story of the "discovery" and the cause of the illness, was sympathetic with Brona.

"The heart is weak," he said, "and you must try to save him from anxieties and shocks. He will recover from this attack, but you will have him in a weaker state of health. Let him not leave this room till the season is more advanced and the weather milder, and cheer and amuse him as much as possible."

Brona needed no urging to careful nursing. While her father's life was in danger, all other fears and sorrows seemed to grow shadowy and unreal. And of earthly comfort there was none except the genuineness of the friendship of Ingoldesby. There was a little satisfaction in the absence of Aideen, and the feeling that if anything could be done to save Turlough from himself, Aideen was on the spot, and was the person to do it.

As days went on Morogh gained a little return of strength, and became more like himself. Once he spoke of Turlough, and then mentioned him no more.

"We must forgive him," he said, "and leave him to God and to Aideen. You and I can do nothing."

Brona felt with a chill dread that the patient was turning his face more and more away from this world, and directing it towards the mysterious East where the sun of his hope was rising. Father Aengus spent many an hour alone with him, while the girl took some rest or breathed the open air, hours in which no one might hear the conversation that passed except God and the angels in waiting. Ingoldesby learned of the illness of O'Loughlin from MacDonogh, who stopped him on the road to pour out his thanks for the protection given to O'Loughlin, to confess his own mistaken judgment, and to denounce his rash-

ness in rushing a bitter truth on the man who had been saved from such knowledge by his own household.

"I must go back to France now," he said, "and my only consolation in leaving these afflicted friends is that you have taken them under your protection."

"May I come to see Mr. O'Loghlin? Is he permitted a visitor?" asked Hugh.

"I believe he will be glad to see you," said MacDonogh. "He has absolute trust in you."

Hugh had many reasons for accepting the invitation to visit the house as a friend. He wanted to see Brona. It seemed a lifetime since he had looked on her face or heard her voice. Not since the evening when he fled in disgust from the presence of the friar who had talked to him like a madman on the moor, had he approached her. He had after that sought the society of sensible persons, and tried to forget the follies of Papists and the fatal bewitchment of the woman he loved. He had persuaded himself that he cared for her no more, and that he wished her to forget him. Since then he had mixed in the society of people of common sense, talked with the worldly wise, and listened to condemnation by good men and women of the extravagances of Popish idolatry. Yet he had not found entire satisfaction in the hearing of it. He had set himself to admire charming girls, whose natural gaiety of heart was not overcast by too much thoughtfulness or by supernatural dreams, and still his mind had persisted in swinging back to Brona as the one woman to be revered and adored by him, despite her provokingly conscientious obstinacy. Then, when he still held long absence as the one plank to save him and her from disaster, had come the evil movement of Turlough to throw him into her life again by obliging him to act as her champion. He wanted to see her now if only to assure her of his unabated friendship, to know from her that she believed in his worthiness of trust, and to see with his own eyes how she had borne the heavy blows that must have tortured her heart. There had also been in his mind for some days past a latent desire to tell her of his discovery of the little brown books in the Papist's room at Ardcurragh, to know if she was familiar with such books, and to hear her opinion of them. With a feeling that fate, or whatever else men may call the inevitable force that drives them into grooves or leads them by strange paths where it will, was again fingering his bridle rein, he rode to pay yet one more visit to Castle O'Loghlin.

XXVIII.

Hugh was shown into the library. The place had a deserted look, Morogh's chair empty, books all in their places, no litter about, the writing table pushed aside as if no longer in use.

"The master does be always in his own room now, sir," said Thady, deferential and communicative to mark the change in his feelings towards Ingoldesby, who on his last appearance had been received as a traitor, but was now to be accepted as a friend.

"And Miss Brona does be always with him there, and the Marquise has gone to France. But I will tell Miss O'Loghlin that you are here, sir."

"What would he say if he knew the priest was with the master this blessed minute?" said Thady as he went up the stairs. "Friend and all as they say he is, sure don't I know the whole of us is in Ingoldesby's power? To keep us where we are or to throw us out of the windows as the humor takes him!"

Brona met him with a simple and friendly welcome. There was no embarrassment in her manner to remind him of other meetings and partings. She had put all that out of mind among the dead things that have no resurrection. The value of this man's loyalty to her father was all that she allowed herself to realize concerning him, when she gave him her hand and frankly thanked him for coming to a house of sorrow and sickness.

"I wanted to hear from your own lips that you have understood my action, and to get your promise that you will always trust me," said Hugh.

"We trust you. If proof of your friendship were needed, you gave it by your screening my unhappy brother to save my father the worst of the blow. He knows all now," said Brona.

"Is he willing to see me? If not I will come again," said Hugh, almost hoping that he might spend all the hour of his visit alone with Brona.

"Father Aengus is with him," she said. "I tell you frankly because I trust you for him, as for ourselves."

"As this is now supposed to be my house he is safe within its walls, though outside of them I have no more power to protect him," said Hugh. "I would wish to warn him of this. I was rude to him a few months ago when I met him on the moor."

"He will not remember it, nor will it be of any use to warn him. Father Aengus takes heed of neither insults nor injuries, nor of warnings. He will go on doing his duty till God has no more work for him to do."

Hugh drew a book from his pocket.

"This," he said, "I found in a room in my house which I hear has been known as the Papist's room."

"I have heard of the room and its story," said Brona.

"This book contains a poem which I have been poring over ever since I found it. I want you to explain its meaning to me."

"St. John of the Cross!" cried Brona in surprise.

"Do you know him? Here are two closely-printed books in one volume. Their titles have affected me strangely: *The Dark Night of the Soul*, and *The Living Flame of Love*. I want to know more about them. You can tell me."

"What can I tell you of a Saint and his teaching and his experiences? If you have read his works and they have told you nothing, how can I hope to explain them?" said Brona.

"You know the poems?"

"Yes."

"Do you understand them?"

"They are not difficult to understand for one who believes in a supremely loving and lovable God. Our approach to Him may be through a dark and dreadful night—when we reach Him He is the Living Flame of Love."

"I have gathered that in this is the pith of the Catholics' faith," said Hugh.

A light flashed on him from Brona's eyes.

"Don't mistake me," Hugh hastened to say. "You must not suppose that my interest in what I have read has been more than an intellectual apprehension of the workings of a very beautiful mind. But I am rid of my suspicion of idolatry—for which I ask forgiveness of your tolerance and patience."

"I knew you were suffering from ignorance," said Brona, "and for all who suffer we are bound to have compassion."

"I must tell you how these poems affected me," said Hugh. "First I was caught in the Living Flame—a sudden flash of light dazzled me. But it soon went out; and I turned to the Dark Night which seemed more symbolic of my rayless state. 'If I have a soul it is truly existing in darkness,' I thought.

In a dark night
With anxious love inflamed
O happy lot!
Forth unobserved I went,
My house being now at rest.

This, with the exception of the one line 'O happy lot!' seemed to be for me. Going further in the strange poem, I was soon lost in its mysticism. Yet here and there were words that applied to me forcibly. I could not resist their fascination. I altered and substituted words for myself. For 'In that happy night' I read,

In that lonely night
In secret seen of none
Seeing naught myself
Without other light or guide
Save that which in my heart was burning.

"What it means I know not, but something of a strange light has been burning in my heart ever since. I return to the poem again and again, uncertain whether to take John of the Cross as a mystic poet, or as one inspired—what you call a saint."

"I have no such uncertainty," said Brona smiling, "but that does not affect you. I can only advise you to read further and ponder more deeply."

"I want help. Another mind to show me the way and to point out meanings that I fail to see."

"You have only to read the poems," said Brona. "The books were written to explain their meaning. If you need more light upon them Father Aengus—"

Hugh shrank from the thought of seeking aid from the priest he had scorned. Brona saw it.

"I will not urge you into danger," she said. "This fancy of yours may not be more than just a fancy. You may have already endangered yourself by your sympathy with us. Even these books in your house, in your hands, may do you harm. Leave them with me. I will keep them in a safe place—with other books of the kind in the priest's cell."

"No," said Hugh, "I will keep them and study them as you bid me."

And then the door opened, and Thady announced that the master was ready to receive Mr. Ingoldesby. Hugh returned the book to his pocket, and they went together to Morogh's room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"MEXICO FOR THE MEXICANS."

BY DUDLEY G. WOOTEN.

[The writer of the following article is particularly well qualified for his task. He practised law in Texas for over twenty years; was judge; representative to Congress from Dallas; President of the Texas State Historical Association, and is author of *A Comprehensive History of Texas* and *The Land System of Mexico and Texas*. He has spent much time and traveled extensively in Mexico, and is one of the few Americans who have been admitted to practise in the high courts of that country. We may add that Mr. Wooten is not a Catholic.—Ed. C. W.]



THE second year of President Wilson's administration draws to a close, conditions in Mexico seem to render more doubtful and difficult the ultimate execution of the "policy" towards that country foreshadowed in the early part of his term of office. That policy has been popularly designated in the President's own words, as one of "watchful waiting," but that expression was descriptive of his mental attitude towards the situation at the time he used it, rather than definitive of the policy itself. Clearly, it was contemplated that the vigilant patience of this Government would be rewarded by the happening of a contingency in which it would be possible and advisable to carry into effect a decisive and influential plan of action by the United States; else our position would not be different from that of any other interested nation beholding with natural solicitude the spectacle of Mexican disorders.

Perhaps the nearest approach to a statement of the President's purpose is contained in his address in New York, on the occasion of the bringing home of the bodies of the American marines killed at Vera Cruz, in these words: "We have gone down to Mexico to serve mankind, if we can find the way. We do not want to fight the Mexicans; we want to serve the Mexicans if we can, because we know how we would like to be freed and served, if there were friends standing by ready to serve us."

It will be observed that this presupposes that there is sufficient similarity in the character and conditions of the people and institutions of the two countries to render the task of "freeing and serving" them practically the same. In what purported to be an authentic interview with Mr. Wilson by Mr. Blythe, published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, there was given an outline of the methods

he had in mind for carrying out his benevolent purpose in the sister Republic. Summarized, those methods contemplated that our Government should seek to establish in Mexico a constitutional government founded upon lawful and orderly authority, and having its sanctions in the free will of the Mexican people; the reorganization of Mexican political, social, and economic institutions so as to secure equality, justice, liberty, and peaceful prosperity for the masses of the people; and the rehabilitation and pacification of the country, so as to afford the opportunity for this regeneration of Mexican affairs to accomplish the end in view. These objects include practically all the ends that any civilized government seeks to attain, and our enterprise, therefore, involved nothing less than the establishment and maintenance in a foreign land of institutions as nearly like our own in form and effect as possible; with, however, it was intimated, some improvements and ameliorations not yet susceptible of adoption even in the United States, such as the destruction of land monopoly and a distribution and regulation of land-holdings after the communal and socialistic system of New Zealand.

It never has been made plain just how our Government is to perform this extraordinary service for our neighbor, but it is clear to most men's minds that the successful execution of such a plan of reformation must perforce depend upon the adequate coöperation and sympathetic response of the people to be benefited thereby. The forcible imposition of the plan by extraneous compulsion would be the height of despotic domination over another nation, a thing of course incompatible with the philanthropic nature of the service. It is not now apparent whether this policy has been abandoned as impracticable in itself, or has been merely suspended to await further developments in Mexico; but for the present at least it remains in abeyance.

The argument in favor of this movement usually proceeds upon one or the other of two premises: either that, in the course of time and by the operation of adverse influences and unjust methods, the masses of Mexico have been deprived of their ancient freedom and equality of citizenship, which we can and ought to aid them to restore and protect; or that, in the process of national evolution, the Mexican population has reached a stage of aspiration and capacity for self-government and popular institutions in which they would realize their own destiny for liberty and safety, but for the interposition of malign agencies which it is incumbent upon us to help them remove.

Those who have known Mexico longest and best, and who are sincerely attached to her welfare and earnestly solicitous for her advancement, firmly believe that both of the foregoing premises are historically and fundamentally false, and that any fabric of theoretical humanitarianism constructed upon them, or either of them, is an unsubstantial dream of impossible achievement, destined to disaster and disappointment.

They base this belief upon the history of the Mexican nation during its existence as such, and upon the known character, capacity, and inherited traits of its people as demonstrated by their past development and present constitution. They find support for it in the wisest conclusions of political philosophy and practical statesmanship. More than ten years ago, in one of his carefully composed political essays, Woodrow Wilson used the following language, exactly and peculiarly applicable to the situation in Mexico to-day: "Such government as ours is a form of conduct, and its only stable foundation is character. A particular form of government may no more be adopted than a particular type of character may be adopted; both institutions and character must be developed by conscious effort and through transmitted aptitudes. . . . Monarchies may be made, but democracies must grow."

It has been ninety-three years since Mexico gained her independence from Spain. Throughout this period her experience has been one of almost incessant civil commotion, political revolution and internecine warfare. The longest space of peace and apparent stability of government was that of the rule of Porfirio Diaz, who was continuously President from 1884 to 1911. During the more than half a century prior to his election, in 1884, only two men can be said to have come into the office of President without a violent struggle, accompanied by the disorders, tumult and often bloody conflict characteristic of revolutions in the Latin-American countries. The election of Juarez in 1861 was comparatively a peaceful one, but it had been preceded by his long struggle against Comonfort, Zuloaga, and Miramon, extending from 1856. His succeeding administration, to 1867, was consumed in the war of the French invasion and the overthrow of Maximilian, and his reelection in the last-named year was the signal for repeated revolts and continuous insurrection. His last election in 1871 was attended with such indications of waning strength and loss of popularity as to foreshadow serious uprisings, had not his sudden death the following year cut short the impending strife. His successor, Lerdo de

Tejada, became President without open opposition, although Diaz threatened an outbreak, and when he was reëlected—or claimed to be—in 1876, the warrior of Oajaca did lead the revolt that drove him from the country and put the latter at the head of the government. At the close of Diaz's first term in 1880, his Secretary of State, Manuel Gonzales, came in quietly, and ruled peaceably during his four years. With the exception, then, of Gonzales and the dubious case of Lerdo, all the other Presidents of Mexico, including Diaz himself, came into office or went out—usually both—as the result of intrigue, treachery, turbulence and civil war.

A morbid course of national development so persistent and of such duration must have its genesis in causes and conditions that are fundamental and more or less permanent; which is easily demonstrable by a slight review of the record.

Spain's method of conquest and colonization was borrowed from Rome, and she had learned the lesson well in the days of her own bondage. It was the method of subjugation, annexation and enslavement, not of assimilation, absorption, and emancipation.

To the original features of the Roman method, Spain added the complications and corruptions of feudalism, with a curious mixture of civil, military, and ecclesiastical authority that afforded amazing temptations and opportunities for tyranny and cruelty, and for unlimited graft, venality, and official malfeasance. The impress of this debasing system rests upon the institutions and official relations of Spanish America to this day. Mexico's political and social inheritance is in fact a dual one—native and imported, and its ineradicable taint is stamped on the character of the Mexican people, constituting those "transmitted aptitudes" which underlie and must control the capacity of the nation for such governmental reforms as are sought to be effected from the outside. The influences that have retarded her prosperity and distorted her nationality are prenatal and congenital—hereditary in the composition of the population and organic in the constitution of Mexican society.

It must be remembered that before the Spaniard came to Mexico there existed the rudiments of the fundamental vice of her institutions, which he perpetuated and aggravated by a more elaborate system of caste and privilege based upon the autocracy of the Spanish crown and the oppressive oligarchy of the Spanish nobility. The Aztec empire itself was a despotism, bottomed on conquest, supported by the military supremacy of the ruling class, strengthened by a powerful religious hierarchy, and but lately regarded as an

alien domination by the masses of the native inhabitants. The aristocracy that surrounded the dynasty which Cortez overthrew, was just as haughty and every whit as much detested as the *Gachupins* of the later Spanish viceroyalty.

Under both the old and the new order of things there were and could be but two classes in the community—the small minority of titled and wealthy over-lords, and the great body of the common people subject to them. The majority of the latter were a peaceful peasantry, docile, semi-civilized, skilled in many branches of industry, and pursuing for the most part the avocations of stable and orderly residence on the soil—wholly unlike the savage hunters and nomadic nations met with by the colonists in the more northern portions of the continent. They furnished the productive energies of the country, both before and after the Spanish invasion, as agricultural laborers, toilers in the mines, herders on the ranches, "men of burden" in the transportation of internal traffic, workers in the various crafts, petty tradesmen, domestic servants, menials and dependents of the rich; but always practically *peons*, in a position of bondage to the ruling nobles, the landowners and privileged holders of governmental concessions. That was the situation at the time of the Conquest; it had not essentially altered at the time of the Mexican Revolution of 1821, and for all practical purposes it remains the same to-day. We measure progress by decades, forgetting that in a land like Mexico, and among a people like those who constitute the body of her population, centuries make little or no change towards substantial advancement, especially under a system of social and political institutions as old almost as the country itself. It is the difference between "fifty years of Europe" and "a cycle of Cathay." True, the grosser forms of the old Spanish tyranny have disappeared, and there is a measurable approximation to modern methods of life and thought, but the great inert mass of the natives is as yet untouched by the spirit of progress or the "conscious effort" for real freedom and social justice.

Outside the domesticated class above described, there has always been a smaller one, consisting of the *unreduced* Indians, semi-savage tribes living in the mountains and remote regions, hating the invader by whatever name known, never submissive to Aztec or Spaniard, royalist or republican, ready for revolution, rapine and revenge under any formidable uprising by a warlike leader. There is not and never has been a middle class. Those whom visitors to the country are apt to consider such are a detached and negligible factor

in the vital forces of the national life, not the sturdy, capable, homogeneous, self-respecting citizenship that makes the foundation for a self-governing commonwealth.

The agrarian problem, which assumes such large importance in the view of those who seek to manage and remake Mexico, is indeed a basic difficulty in all movements for reform, as it always must be in countries where the distribution and holdings of real estate have their origin in feudal tenures and monopolistic control. The Mexican land question, like every other issue presented by the actual situation in that country, cannot be dealt with out of hand or upon altruistic principles. It has its roots in fundamental facts that cannot be ignored with dogmatic dictation or wiped away by the vagaries of socialism.

The explorers and conquerers of Spanish America made their expeditions at their own risk and expense, under a compact with the Spanish crown that they should be permitted to partition the lands among themselves, and reduce the native inhabitants to a state of vassalage, the sovereignty of the soil remaining of course in the king of Spain, to whom they must render due allegiance, and pay a liberal royalty for their holdings and privileges. Under this agreement the valuable lands, mines and other sources of wealth and revenue were divided among the military chiefs and Spanish nobles who occupied Mexico in the sixteenth century. The native laborers went with the land by a system of predial slavery that imposed untold privation and oppression upon the Indian population. That was the odious method of the *repartimientos* and *encomiendas*, the most injurious influence in the Spanish colonization scheme. It fitted well into the preëxisting Aztec ownership of the soil and of native labor, but it was infinitely more cruel and exacting, because enforced by an alien race of arrogant invaders. Although modified and relaxed under the later viceroys, and theoretically abolished under republican rule, the essential features and inevitable results of the system are embedded in the present prevailing organization of landlordism and land monopoly in the hands of the few. Bad and indefensible as the condition may be, it is the basis on which rests the whole fabric of Mexican civilization, and to destroy it by wholesale confiscation and compulsory distribution of the land among an indolent, incapable, and servile race of ignorant Indians such as the great majority of Mexicans are—albeit they were made so by this very system—would be a stupendous mistake, rising almost to the gravity of a crime against Mexico. It would produce a disorder

approaching anarchy, it would degrade and deprive of usefulness the only class in the country that has any qualification for government, and if accomplished by the external pressure of the United States, it would engender an implacable hostility that must paralyze all our efforts and embitter the relations of the two countries for an indefinite period.

Immediately following the voyages of Columbus, the Papacy, through Alexander VI. and Julius II., divided the lately-discovered and afterwards acquired territories of the world by a "line of demarcation" running around the globe from north to south, three hundred and sixty leagues west of the Cape de Verde Islands, and granted to Spain the right of royal patronage in Church affairs in all lands lying west of that line, and to Portugal the same power east of that line. The effects of this arrangement were more far-reaching than could have been anticipated, for their influence has shadowed and shaped both the political and the religious development of Spanish America throughout every succeeding age. This plenary power of patronage on the part of the government over the institutions of the Church placed the entire machinery of the latter's organization and extension in the hands of the temporal authorities. The eminent Jesuit scholar, Camillus Crivelli, who is Professor of History in the "Instituto Científico," at Mexico City, says: "It is hardly possible to conceive a more absolute system of control than that exercised by the kings of Spain, whether in person or through the Council of the Indies and the viceroys and governors, in all the ecclesiastical affairs of the Indies."

This was not merely a union of Church and State—it was almost a complete absorption of the Church by the State, so far as the external agencies and activities of the former were involved. It was an alliance not altogether compatible with the historic attitude of the Catholic Church in reference to the relations between secular and ecclesiastical powers, and it necessarily contained potentialities and possibilities for both good and evil consequences. It was impossible for the Church to execute her mission of evangelization and education among the natives of the new country without the support and protection of Spain's armed forces, and she could not properly establish and maintain her many institutions of religious, charitable and educational enterprise without the bounty and benevolence of the Spanish government. She received and enjoyed both of these aids in the fullest and freest liberality, and to them she owed her marvelous growth and enduring influence in the provinces of

the New World; but at the same time she incurred more or less responsibility, directly or indirectly, for the abuses and corruptions of the temporal authorities. Being herself a Spanish institution in the estimation of the conquered races, she fell heir to all the odium and racial hatreds that finally overthrew Spain's supremacy in her American colonies and clamored for the destruction of everything tangible that represented the domination of the alien invader. In spite of the fact that the Spanish rulers of America in the main administered their functions in an able, faithful, and benevolent manner, considering the temper of the times, the prevailing standards of morality and government and the inherent difficulties of their task, there was ample room for abuse and corruption, and the opportunities and temptations of the situation were not lost among the men who came across the seas, many of them from none too exalted motives. Catholicism, as a part of the system of Spanish colonization, inevitably suffered from whatever penalties befell the conquerors in their final account with the conquered, and, once aroused in the bosoms of radical revolutionaries, the spirit of proscription and persecution has pursued the Church with increasing malevolence, because her dominion is founded in the hearts and hopes of the people, and cannot be overthrown and banished by any mere political transformation.

Nearly all of these people are Catholics—ignorant and groping it may be in their perceptions of the Faith, willful and passionate in their sins against morality and good order, children in the ways of self-control and intelligent initiative—but fundamentally devotional by natural disposition, and firmly fixed in their loyalty to the simple truths of Catholic Christianity. No one who has known the Mexicans in the intimate relations of their domestic life, in their daily round of toil and temptation, in the gentle offices of home and the tender consolations of religious intercourse, but has been profoundly impressed with the almost miraculous hold that Catholicism has upon the minds and hearts of the common people of that country. Scoffers at religion and enemies of the Church have spared no pains to prove by their superficial writings and sophistical arguments that the masses of Mexico are Catholics only in name, and that, in so far as the Faith of the Church is professed and practised by them, it is merely an idolatrous substitute for the ancient religion of the Aztecs; but the facts of the actual situation give emphatic disproof of these prejudiced views of non-Catholic critics. It is true that among the ruling class, among the educated leaders

of revolutionary sentiment in Mexico, there is a widespread and desolating spirit of rationalism, infidelity and iconoclastic Modernism—the same spirit that has destroyed the religious integrity of Spain and Italy, and made France a decadent and discredited nation of intellectual degenerates. But this is not true of that great body of the Mexican population, whose ultimate welfare and freedom should be the prime objects of all movements in that Republic. With this preponderating element the Church is, and for three hundred years has been, the only stable, uniform and universal source of moral, educational and racial unity and strength. She furnishes the only means for solidifying, elevating and guiding the aspirations and capacities of the great majority of the Mexican people. There is no other tangible or influential basis of appeal and incentive in the Mexican bosom. Catholicism is the only religious power in the country, and thereby the only avenue of reaching and regulating the immature and often lawless impulses of the population. Protestantism is a negligible factor in the composition of moral forces, for there are less than one hundred churches of all the sects whose missionary efforts have been so strenuous and stentorian, while there are nearly fifteen thousand Catholic congregations. Most of the adherents of the non-Catholic organizations have been drawn into the movement by the national habit of mendicancy, and are held to their conversion by the impelling attraction of "the loaves and fishes."

The existence of the above-mentioned religious conditions in Mexico, renders it nothing less than a calamity that the laws of the land and the temper of the dominant factions during the last sixty years, have practically outlawed Catholicism and paralyzed the usefulness and mission of the Church. By the same strange process of development that has obtained in many of the European countries, the movement for popular freedom and republican institutions in the southern Republic latterly has been identified with and controlled by the radical leaders of rationalism, materialism, and infidelity, and logically it has set its face with bitter antagonism against the conservative doctrines and popular influence of the Church. The result has been that, in the revolutionary tumult and incessant discord that have attended Mexican progress for many years, and that are now flagrant in that country, the steadying, salutary, and universal moral restraint that was to be found alone in the influence of Catholicism has been lost to the people, and has been actually prohibited from performing its proper functions in securing peace,

stability, and ordered freedom. Mexico owes all she possesses of civilized institutions and humane culture to the Church. She even owes her independence and nationality as a Republic to the spirit of Catholic freedom, and to the courage and constancy of the sons of Mother Church.

As the years went by, the burden of Spanish rule bore ever heavier upon the enslaved races of New Spain, and nobody knew their sufferings and wrongs so well as the Catholic clergy, who mingled in their daily tasks and heard their tales of woe in the confidences of the cloister and the confessional. The noblest representatives of the hierarchy had long realized the degrading effects of the alliance between the government and the Church, and their fidelity to Catholic principles seconded their sympathy for the natives. Hence the first leaders of the revolt against Spain came from the bosom of the Church. They braved many terrors, they risked the payment of the full penalty of treason, in order to emancipate the masses of Mexico from their age-long bondage. Hidalgo, the patriot of 1810, who first raised the standard of independence, was a village priest of Dolores. When he was shot at Chihuahua in the following year, Morelos and Matamoros, both of them priests, took up the struggle, and when they too suffered the same fate, Negrete and Bravo, likewise priests, carried forward the great movement, until in 1821 the last viceroy was driven from the country, and in 1824 republican Mexico joined the family of nations. So it may be truthfully said that the cause of popular freedom and constitutional government in Mexico had its birth in the Catholic Church, and was baptized in the blood of Catholic heroes. But the growth of radicalism in the ensuing years has obscured that fact, and since 1857 the organic laws of the Republic have ostracized the Church, confiscated her property, forbidden her rites, degraded her clergy, desecrated her shrines and destroyed all of her agencies and influences for promoting the good of the people and the peace of the country. These things were not done by the Mexican people, but by the small coterie of self-constituted revolutionary chiefs who have made their will the law of the land and their personal ambitions the curse of the nation. Every existing law against the Church is the arbitrary decree of some president or council for the time being holding supreme power; but in the end it may be expected that the ancient moral forces and religious impress of Catholicism will be restored, not by a union of Church and State, but by the proper course of that republican freedom and toleration which is at once the glory and safety of this Republic.

The nameless crimes and incredible cruelties against the priests and nuns of Mexico by the so-called "Constitutionalists" in the present revolution, and the needless destruction of Church property and institutions by the brigands who pose as patriots, are the joint product of savagery and socialism, encouraged in no small degree by radical revolutionaries from this country, and countenanced to a considerable extent by the frenzied bigotry of American "missionaries," who for years have preached proscription and persecution against Mexican Catholicism. If this Government feels such a responsibility for the destiny and welfare of Mexico as to warrant the assumption of a disciplinary tutelage over her domestic affairs, it is difficult to understand how it can negative its duty towards the Church that represents a vast majority of the Mexican people, and practically all of their civilization.

A mistake that colors with error all of the deductions based thereon is, that the Mexican Revolution of 1821 was prompted by the same motives and achieved like results as our own Revolution of 1776. The struggle of the Mexicans to secure separation and independence from Spain, was not due primarily or mainly to any widespread desire for local self-government, nor to any invincible devotion to inherited standards of liberty and justice. Its efficient causes were inherent in the methods of the vice-regal government, and in the changes which were taking place in Old Spain at that time, none of which touched very nearly or necessarily the masses of the Mexican people. The most potent and immediate cause was the loss of loyalty among the Mexican royalists, due to the French invasion and usurpation, followed in 1820 by the deposition of Ferdinand from the Spanish throne. Those events weakened the confidence and affection of the ruling class in Mexico towards the mother country. Then the Spanish creoles—the pure-blooded descendants of the *conquistadores*, born in the country—had long resented the discrimination by which they were forbidden to hold any office of power or emolument under the viceroyalty of New Spain. To them were added the half-caste offspring of intermarriages between Spaniards and natives, who felt the humiliating bar of their mixed birth, and were completely disfranchised under the Spanish dominion. The Church, for the reasons before explained, was ready for revolt, and her missionaries were rendered disloyal by the recent *secularization* of the missions, that is, the withdrawal of State aid and protection. But the cry of "Mexico for the Mexicans," raised at that time and so often repeated in subsequent revolutions, was a racial watchword and call to arms, not inspired by any

sense of popular sovereignty or any conscious effort for freedom and self-government. It was the outcry of a proscribed and enslaved race against the foreign invader, the same as any people under like circumstances would voice and vindicate by desperate resistance. The spirit of hatred and rebellion against the Spaniards and against alien domination in general, is the strongest passion in the Mexican bosom, and it culminated in the outbreak under Hidalgo, although it required another decade of continual warfare to accomplish its purpose. If it had depended for success upon the masses of the population it never would have triumphed. During that struggle the poorer classes of the natives, when called to the test of battle, did indeed fight with a desperate fanaticism and courage that were as pathetic as they were admirable; for, then as ever since, they simply served the purposes of their hereditary masters and oppressors, who took advantage of the race prejudice and rebellious hatred of the common people to throw off the yoke of Spain, merely to substitute for it the turbulent and lawless reign of a pseudo-republicanism in which the same tyranny of caste, class, and privilege would hold supreme place.

The leader of the final campaign for freedom was himself a royalist of the most pronounced type, but lately the captain of an army against the patriots. As soon as he had procured the recognition of Mexican independence and expelled the last viceroy, Iturbide proceeded to carry out his political platform as embodied in the *Plan of Iguala*. This contemplated a constitutional monarchy, the throne to be offered to the royal princes of Spain, or, in default of their acceptance, to some other European prince. This proposition demonstrated how little the Revolution had meant as a step towards free republican government or national sovereignty. The very evil for the destruction of which it had been waged since 1810 was to rid the country of foreign domination, and this plan to put a Spanish sovereign on the throne of Mexico evinced the visionary and superficial conception of real independence that obtained in the minds of the men who were at the head of affairs. The suggestion of a monarchy, however, was not so unwise, if limited by constitutional safeguards and guarantees. Thomas Jefferson, whose radical democracy and hostility to most things British have never been doubted, advised the revolutionary leaders in France to adopt for that country a constitutional monarchy after the English model; for the reason, as he stated, that such a form of government was better suited to the character and inherited temper of the French people.

But no Spanish prince could be induced to accept the perilous post at the head of the new nation, and in the confusion of conflicting factions Iturbide declared himself Emperor of Mexico, with substantially the Constitution outlined in his "plan." A republican revolt broke out under the leadership of Santa Anna, who for the first time appeared in the drama of Mexican revolutions, to retire only after fifty years of varied and vicious activity. Iturbide was forced to abdicate within ten months, was outlawed and exiled, and returning the next year was summarily shot. A republic was formed with Guadalupe Victoria as its first President, and the Federal Constitution of 1824 was framed and adopted, drawn as to its broad features after that of the United States, but otherwise containing incongruous and arbitrary provisions wholly at variance with American principles and methods of government. It professed to establish a government "the form of republican representative, popular federal," whatever that mysterious combination of attributes may imply.

Almost immediately there ensued that state of disorder, violence and capricious misrule that has continued with more or less constancy ever since. The annals of the Republic for the next sixty years furnish only a calendar of calamity and strife. During those years more than fifty different persons exercised or attempted to assert the supreme executive authority, invariably by revolution and arbitrary acts. There were two emperors, both of whom were shot. Curious students have calculated that there occurred more than three hundred *plans*, *pronunciamientos*, and tentative experiments for reforming and liberalizing the institutions of the country. No president, during all of this record of political and military tumult, paid the slightest respect or obedience to the Constitution and laws of the land. The Constitutions of 1824 and 1857 have both been suspended many times and for long periods. In 1835 Santa Anna abrogated the Constitution entirely, and changed the form of the government from a federal republic to a centralized nation, with himself as supreme despot. It is entirely accurate to say that the constitutional government of Mexico is and always has been just what the ruling class want it to be, through the man or the faction in power at any given time. An examination of the two instruments that have been in force since independence will excite the enthusiasm of the student of political institutions for their exceeding exactitude and apparent wisdom and justice; but a closer scrutiny will disclose that the whole fabric may be dissolved by the arbitrary act of the president, or set aside by autocratic decree embodying changes that

become part of the organic law by force of executive proclamation. This peculiar vice in Mexican political methods is the historical and logical sequence of the legal and governmental system that has prevailed from the days of the Spanish colonial system.

When the Spaniards destroyed the native civilization of the Aztecs, they wiped away all the laws and agencies of civil and political rule in that country, substituting no legislative authority in their stead. On the contrary, New Spain was governed solely by the arbitrary, occasional and separate decrees, orders in council, and royal regulations issued by the Spanish monarch, supplemented oftentimes by the more unjust and unequal edicts of the local authorities in Mexico. The government for the colonies was thus a system of executive rules and irresponsible orders framed to meet special instances, and to confer individual rights and privileges. The *Recopilacion* will no doubt command the admiration of the legal student for its wonderful minuteness of definition, and its ostensible justice and equality of rights and remedies. He will perhaps conclude, as is generally done, that it is a *code* of Spanish laws applicable to the New World. As a matter of fact, it is merely a compilation of the "Laws of the Indies," which were made up of royal decrees, orders of the Council, special rules for special cases, and arbitrary regulations for given controversies, ordained from time to time during the administration of affairs in Spanish America; and it was not published until the latter part of the seventeenth century, too late to be of service as a general code of laws for the country. Except for the Roman or Civil Law, which is the basis of Mexican substantive law, but is a sealed book to all but lawyers and the learned, there never has been known to the Mexican people of any class a body of common or statute law, or a system of organic principles and precepts, such as constitute the heritage and safeguards of the English and American commonwealths.

Trained in this school of arbitrary and artificial jurisprudence, if it may be called such, the result is that the sense of *law*, as that term is used and understood among English-speaking peoples, meaning a uniform, universal, and stable rule of conduct applicable with equal force and exact justice to all who are subject to the authority enacting it, never had and has now no adequate or intelligent lodgment in the Mexican mind.

The best test of a nation's character and rank as a self-ruling constituency is the quality of its public men. Mexico has always had many men of distinguished ability, accomplished culture and abundant skill in the *art* rather than the *science* of government.

In diplomacy they are peculiarly adept and agile, but their conceptions of political principles and constitutional methods are highly technical and artificial, essentially mediæval, and fundamentally undemocratic. There have been in republican Mexico four dominating personalities: Santa Anna, Comonfort, Juarez, and Diaz. The first of these was a very remarkable character. He was the evil genius of the independent government in its inception, and his influence, always bad, did much to defeat the possible success of the Republic by destroying public confidence in its practical merits. He was a military adventurer, audacious, resourceful, not without talent as a strategist and commander, but withal a physical and moral coward, cruel, crafty, and infinitely ambitious. In spite of repeated reverses and expulsions from the country, he was able to retain a strong prestige and a strange hold upon the popular imagination, and he was recalled by his countrymen at every critical emergency. He led eleven revolutionary movements, was President three times, dictator by his own usurpation as often, suspended and abrogated the Constitution on four several occasions, and finally died in poverty and obscurity just fifty-two years after he overthrew Iturbide, and established the Republic against which his whole life was a discreditable warfare.

Ignacio Comonfort and Benito Juarez were of a wholly different type. Like Santa Anna, they were both military men, as indeed all successful rulers in Mexico have been; but they were also patriots, statesmen, and jurists. They had both been Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, learned in the laws of their own land and in the jurisprudence of continental Europe, but despite this conservative training they were radical reformers, and when they came to the presidency, as contemptuous of constitutional restraints and the principles of free institutions as ever Santa Anna had been in his maddest defiance of liberty and law.

They were at first friends and coadjutors. Together they framed the Constitution of 1857, but later they quarrelled over the presidency, and Juarez spent six years in a savage war to overthrow Comonfort and his successors, Zuloaga and Miramon. Both of them did not hesitate to suspend the Constitution when it ran counter to their designs, and to amend it by executive decree when necessary to carry out their radical reforms.

Porfirio Diaz, as shown by his long administration, was still another character of man. He too was a trained lawyer, but more especially a natural soldier, and a fiery revolutionist in his early career. When elevated to the presidency he became a self-centred,

inflexible and indefatigable exponent of his own fixed policy of statesmanship; which was to crush out all opposition with implacable severity, and to increase the material wealth and prosperity of his country. He had no political theories or social reforms to exploit, no visionary ideals to be enforced, but he conceived that the way to make Mexico strong and peaceful was to subordinate every other interest and principle to the one end of developing her internal resources, by inviting foreign capital and investments and promoting the construction of railroads, the operation of mines, the building of factories, the opening of ranches and farms, and the installation of that vast machinery of incorporated enterprise by which trade and industry have been controlled in other modern nations. It was a wise and patriotic policy, provided its purposes and results had been sure of a stable foundation in the social and political character and capacity of the people.

But Diaz had no more reverence for popular sovereignty and no greater respect for the limitations of the organic law than his predecessors. In fact, his entire thirty years of dictatorial dominion was a deliberate violation of both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution. Nor did the peace and apparent prosperity which he brought to the country change or elevate the comprehension of the populace for self-government and lawful liberty. The ultimate and indirect effects of the Diaz régime were calculated rather to produce an unfavorable aspect of national affairs. The introduction of capital from abroad and the consequent activity in industries of all kinds, did indeed raise the scale of wages and the standards of living among the masses, dispensing a measure of comfort and contentment to the poor peasantry and laborers; but that did not radically affect the preëxisting and traditional status of the people as a whole.

The era from 1884 to 1911, so much extolled as the period of the "making of a nation," witnessed the importation into Mexico of new and dangerous forces hitherto comparatively unknown, and their influence has added enormously to the complexity and difficulty of the problems already inherent in the national situation. Foreign capital brought with it corporate organization and monopoly, the curse of the commercial spirit, syndicated and predatory interests, the intricate and insidious corruptions and despotisms of legalized avarice and selfish lust for power and privilege—in short, the forces that are testing the statesmanship and disturbing the peace of the most enlightened governments in Christendom. Along with these and incident to the influx of a considerable foreign immigration, came also a nondescript horde of agitators, fanatics, professional

uplifters, anarchists, apostles of the economic cult that seeks the reorganization of civilized life, socialists, and not a few reckless adventurers and desperate outlaws. The Diaz administration, already tottering to its fall by sheer limit of age and popularity, was confronted with a situation it could not control and only vaguely understood. Like some political *Frankenstein*, it had created a condition dominated by spirits mysterious to the Mexican mind, and all too masterful for the waning strength of the elder statesmen.

The Madéro revolution was mainly instigated and sustained by the joint efforts of foreign monopoly and American socialism. Madéro himself was a visionary, a fanatic, and a weakling, and his temporary success was due to the failing power of Diaz rather than to any merit or mastery in the movement itself.

Huerta belonged to the same school as Diaz, the régime of the chiefs and oligarchs of Spanish Mexico, in which arbitrary power, executive autocracy and governmental exclusiveness were the characteristics of established authority. It is the system to which the country and its people have been subject since the Conquest and before. It is the only one they know how to obey or have shown any qualification for maintaining.

The present chaotic condition in Mexico is substantially the same that has previously existed many times during the past seventy-five years, and the military and political chiefs who are struggling for supremacy are in all respects typical of the revolutionary leaders whose careers of intrigue, treachery, cruelty and crime have constituted the major part of Mexican history since the separation from Spain. There is nothing in the character and capacity of any of them to promise a stable settlement of existing disorders. Meantime, what is to happen to the country, and what shall be the attitude of this Government pending the development of a solution? Humboldt spent much time in Latin America and part of it in Mexico. He was a philosopher as well as a scientist, and he had studied the Mexican Republic at close range, in contact with its ruling class. In 1858, shortly before his death, he was asked what he considered to be the future of that government. His laconic reply was: "These United States of Mexico will divide and fall to pieces." Whether or not we accept at its full value this gloomy prediction, it is very certain that the elemental forces in Mexico are the same to-day as they were in Humboldt's time.

The other great countries of Spanish America have passed through very similar experiences, to emerge, most of them, as peaceful, prosperous, and permanent nations, possessed of all the essential

qualities of self-governing statehood. If it were sought to know why the progress of the Mexicans towards a like destiny has been so slow and stormy, a close scrutiny of the facts would lay some of the blame at our own doors; for it cannot be denied that ever since the Texan Revolution of 1835-36, there has been a persistent and pernicious influence exerted from this side the Rio Grande towards fomenting and forwarding revolutionary strife in Mexico, especially in the northern states of that Republic. Formerly this was due mainly to the spirit of adventure and filibustering, but latterly it has been greatly augmented by the selfish schemes of commercial and corporate enterprises; and the movement has met with secret but substantial encouragement from the business interests of Mexico, which have readily understood that their safety and development would be vastly promoted by the stable protection of a government like ours. The details and ramifications of this movement are little known on either side of the border, but they are none the less real, and their recital would prove an interesting chapter in international intrigue.

In the same Message to Congress in which he announced the "Doctrine" that bears his name, although it originated with Jefferson, by whom it was advocated ten years earlier, in defining our attitude towards the nations of the western hemisphere, President Monroe said: "It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course."

Upon whatsoever grounds this Government may consider it proper or imperative to exert an influence upon the course of Mexican affairs—whether under the "Monroe Doctrine," or upon the broad ground of humanity and sympathy towards a sadly disordered and suffering people—it is clear to those who possess an adequate and accurate knowledge of Mexican character and institutions, that any sort of interference, to be beneficial, must be effective. Outside pressure, however well-meant and however cloaked under the guise of a friendly purpose to "free and serve" the Mexican people, will only irritate the situation and prolong the misery of Mexico. The experience of the past eighteen months ought to place that proposition beyond controversy. We must either assume and enforce the right to control and shape the future of that country, or we must adopt and acquiesce in the historic watchword of the men who first raised the standard of Mexican independence—"Mexico for the Mexicans."

THE MAGYARS AND THE EUROPEAN WAR.

BY JULES R. ARBOCZ.

[The author of this article is the Editor of the *Amerikai Tudósító*, the "American Hungarian Correspondent."—Ed. C. W.]



IN the present European war the American press flatly refuses to acknowledge or even recognize an entire nation, a nation which is putting forth all her power to preserve her historical position and safeguard her future. This nation is Hungary.

Let us for the present disregard entirely that this nation played a great part in the immediate beginning of the war; that she is and must continue to be an equally important factor in its progress and termination; that for the last thousand years she has rendered undeniable service not only to civilization in general, but Christian civilization in particular; that she has produced in the past, and is producing to-day, men of genius in statesmanship, in philosophy, in art, and in literature; that she holds a high place in the European family of nations; and that her geographical position makes her a factor to be reckoned with in European politics: disregarding all this, and looking at this great war merely from a journalistic standpoint, it is indeed a sign of ignorance of the whole question, that, in spite of the multitudinous arguing and wrangling going on in the country to-day, there is not a single person who expresses comprehensive views on either side of the question, or who does not leave out of consideration one of the primary and essential factors of the war.

In saying this, obviously we do not wish to minimize the other causes, such as the fierce rivalry of England and Germany for the commercial supremacy of the world, or the ultimate inevitability of the conflict between Teuton and Slav; but we merely wish to prove that in the forefront of the causes which brought about this world cataclysm stands the nation of Hungary.

Our argument starts in the last epoch of Europe's history, the climax of which was the exclusion by Bismarck of the Imperial Roman Habsburgs from Teuton territory. Directly, this was the cause of the present German Empire, and indirectly of the present Austrian Empire. At the same time Bismarck, in his famous speech to the Habsburgs, advised them to build their sway on the base of

Hungarian rather than Austrian traditions. The clear understanding of this historical fact will be sufficient in itself to reveal to us the most far-reaching among the preliminary causes of the war; because the ancient traditions of Austria were necessarily always directed towards the west, while those of Hungary were forever tending towards the east. By western tendency we mean a traditional striving for the supremacy over the Teuton hegemony, *a tendency which is anti-Hohenzollern and anti-Prussian*; while eastern tendency implies supremacy over the Oriental Slav hegemony, and therefore is anti-Russian. Consequently if at the beginning of the war the Habsburgs' Empire had stood by its old principles and not by the new *i. e.*, Hungarian ones, it is clear *that the Habsburgs would not now be fighting for the Germans, but against them and on the side of the Russians, or at least they would be fighting for the overthrow of the Prussian hegemony and the Hohenzollern dynasty.*

A consideration of these facts must prove beyond a doubt that the American press, at the same time that it claims to be an authority upon the war, has been so superficial in its investigations as to pass over the first and most important factor, namely, the exclusively traditional standpoint of the Hungarian nation.

We can understand correctly this anti-Slav tendency of Hungarian tradition only when we examine carefully Hungary's natural position. The Hungarians, originating from the Finn-Ugor race root, have absolutely no connection whatsoever with any of the peoples who now surround them geographically. Wedged in as it were between Teuton and Slav, Hungary stands in ethnological isolation, solitary yet majestic. Ages ago when the destinies of to-day were in the making, it seems as if an overruling Providence had stretched forth its almighty hand and, snatching this little nation from the very heart of Asiatic jungles, had placed her where she now stands, to protect with her body the peoples of western Europe against successive devastating hordes first of Tartars, later of Turks, and now of Slavs. It is to her that Europe owes the marvelous achievements of the twentieth century. Read her history; you will be forced to admit that it was she who in the great struggles of the past was the bulwark which was incessantly besieged. It was she who defended all Europe; she was the barrier against which dashed and were broken the westward-driving floods of Oriental barbarians.

It is quite clear that her motive in all this was not entirely altruistic, but was coupled with self-interest. A glance at the map of Europe will show why. The Carpathian mountains, lifting their

rampart-like forms in a huge semicircle along the entire western frontier, are the great natural boundaries of Hungary. They are an almost impregnable wall, a veritable fortress put there by the Almighty. This geographical fact is the only explanation of how a nation so small and utterly unrelated in any way to any of its neighbors, has been able to weather the storms of a thousand years, and continue to exist during the various crises of Europe's unrest. Hence we see why Hungarian tradition is

1. Imperialistic in character;
2. Easterly in development;
3. Anti-Slav in sympathy;
4. One of the primary causes of the war.

The Carpathian mountains were the reefs on which the Asiatic hordes were always wrecked; so they stand to-day an insurmountable barrier to the throngs of eastern Slavs, one branch of whom Napoleon's ill-fated expedition into Russia aroused, thereby causing that great race prejudice which we call Moscovite aspirations.

But the value of the Carpathians is not only strategic; it is also economic, as they save Hungary an untold military outlay for western fortifications. They were her natural protection against foreign ambition and race hatred. History clearly shows that all through the past, up to the very present, the peoples of southern Europe clung to the protecting shield of the Carpathians; and not only did they cling to that shield, but to the arm that held it for a thousand years. This adhesion was but intensified with the progress of time. And when western civilization triumphed it was the Hungarian nation that again held that shield, and mediated with western and southern Europe and their eastern enemies.

The Moscovite-Slav invaders, rushing on in wave after wave from the east, were again and again broken and forced back by that insurmountable reef, the Carpathians; until finally they determined to go around it and force a passage, in a southerly direction, through Servia.

At first the Servians, under the ill-fated Obranovitch dynasty, refused to aid or ally themselves with the Moscovites, preferring to side with Hungarian imperialism which, like a tutelary spirit, insured them a normal progress toward national independence and the acquisition of western culture. But when the political corruption triumphed in the assassination of the king, it overcame the better elements in Servian politics, violently assailed the unobtrusive but real religious spirit of the people, and, armed with violent and vile principles and absurdest slogans, quickly brought the foreign policy

of Servia into a most precarious position. Having sacrificed their country to the policy of the Great Russian and Moscovite-Slav aspirations, a policy blind, lawless, and degrading, they went further in their treachery and betrayed their ancient and true benefactor.

What will happen to such a nation is not necessary for us to say: history gives ample and undeniable proofs in the matter. For did not Russian tyranny, after using as her tools for selfish purposes the Poles, Ruthenians, and Little Russians, all of the self-same Slavic origin, then cruelly put on them the yoke of slavery? This is what will happen to Servia. Russia without a doubt will crush the entire Servian nation.

History also proves that it was the same Hungarian imperialism which protected Servia from the Turks. For was it not the immortal Christian hero Hunyadi who victoriously drove back the Turks and so saved Servia? This policy of Hungarian imperialism is best stated by Louis Kossuth, who, in his memoirs of the war of 1848-49, declares that that war was not fought by Hungary merely for her own liberty, but that if successful it was his intention to make a union of all the Balkan States by creating a United States of Europe.

Therefore it is obvious that Hungarian imperialism is only partially anti-Slavic, *i. e.*, inasmuch as it has always protected and will protect southern and western Europe from the ceaseless migration attempted along southern routes. At the present time the wandering instinct of the Moscovite-Slav tends to imperil these roads, and it is due to this that these elements are now the antipodes of Hungarian imperialism, since Hungary can never abandon her fundamental principles. Taking all this into account, is there anyone who can doubt that this policy of Hungarian imperialism is identified with the most vital interests of human progress, since it has protected and made possible the growth of western culture which has wrought the spiritual and intellectual metamorphosis of man? Hence we see that its anti-Slav tendency, sanctioned and approved by history, is directed merely against the Moscovite-Slav danger. For if we were to examine this from a strictly Slav viewpoint, which would take into consideration the defensive value of the Carpathians, our policy would be seen to be pro-Slav and even pan-Slav as well. The Carpathians are inhabited everywhere by a great variety of Slavic peoples. All these, however, are absolutely independent of one another in religion, language, and traditions. Yet whether they be nominally on Austrian or Hungarian territory, they are under the mass-isolating policy of Hungarian imperialism. This mass-isolat-

ing policy made it possible for them to live an internal national life, as it did for the Hungarians themselves.

And when on the eve of this great world-upheaval the rudder of the state was placed in the hands of Count Stephan Tisza, a statesman of unusual ability, his eye immediately pierced the surrounding mist. He saw that the going around the wall of the Carpathians meant the destruction of Hungary's old, war-scarred fortifications; and he also saw that neither Hungary, Austria, nor Germany realized the dreadful proximity of the danger. It was he, the able helmsman, who fully comprehended that Hungary on the very eve of this great accounting was entirely unprepared, and that destiny once more demanded of her that she live up to the glory of her great past, and make ready. Concentrating all the powers of his great mind and iron will on the reorganization of the Hungarian state, he first put an end to the foolish internal political strife, and, with the far-sightedness of a genius, brought back the foreign policy of Bismarck. And when all the preparations were completed and the crisis was at hand, it was Count Tisza who, before the body of the heir-apparent was cold, conceived and dictated the ultimatum to Servia, an ultimatum aimed exclusively at the Moscovite-Slav aspirations, which were not only storming against the Carpathians from without, but bombarding the country within.

Yet the immediate breaking out of the war was not due to Count Tisza, but to those great historical factors in whose progress he, like every great figure in history, was merely the instrument. Count Tisza did no more than recognize the truth and play a part that was unavoidable. He did not delay until the enemy could unite all its strength against his country; he did not wait to see Russian armies marching up and down the Carpathian passes; but, realizing the opportunity and anticipating the issues, he struck the first blow!

Tolstoy once wrote that it was not so much nationalism, as the wanderlust of nations—the direct cause since the dawn of history of the movements of the human race—that begot human strife and struggle. In this case it was the historical calling of the Hungarian people which was the innermost actuating cause of this great world-movement, a fact which cannot be ignored, even though the American press does not care to occupy itself with a matter, seemingly to them, so trivial.

The time will come when we will be forced to admit that we, two thousand years after Christ, could not determine the real causes of a great world-war merely because we failed to see a geographical fact marked very distinctly on the map of Europe.

New Books.

THE GLORIES OF IRELAND. Edited by Joseph Dunn, Ph.D., and P. T. Lennox, Litt. D., Professors at the Catholic University of America. \$1.25.

The good old Irish schoolmaster—may his soul be with the Saints—who was responsible for teaching the three R's to the writer of this notice, devoted more time to the inculcation of patriotism than was consistent with the spirit and rules of the Board of National Education. Usually, and after pay day, invariably, his allocutions closed with the line, delivered, if not with Virgilian grace, certainly with Stentor's emphasis: "*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*" He added his own archaic translation: "What airt of the world is not full of our works?"

The dominie's favorite text would furnish an apt motto for the book before us. It consists of thirty-five chapters, each treating a separate topic and written by one familiar with the subject, reciting the distinctions won by the Irish race, at home and abroad, in many fields of enterprise and over a wide range of human interests. We have heard a well-informed person who had just made acquaintance with the book, say that it is more instructive than any of the published histories of Ireland. This was, perhaps, an exaggeration. However, it embodies, in fascinating form, a great deal of Irish history, with much information which our histories do not furnish.

It would anticipate the pleasure and surprise in store for the reader were we to enumerate all the topics treated. Among them are poetry, music, science, the arts, the theatre, the Irish in the United States, in Canada, in South America, in Australasia. Some of the chapters, notably "Irish Leaders," by Shane Leslie, are admirable pieces of historical analysis and epitome. On the other hand, it must be said that "Irish Wit and Humor" is meagre and poorly illustrated.

Probably the essays which will become the greatest favorites are: "The Island of Saints and Scholars," "Irish Monks in Europe," "The Romance of Irish History," "The Fighting Race," and "Ireland at Play." When all is said, the dominant factors of Erin's glory and Erin's pride are summed up in the three words, faith, fight, and fun. Might we not, even, consider the second term included in the third?

The comparatively modest character of the arena in which some men of Irish blood have won renown has not debarred them from recognition: witness the names of Mr. James J. Corbett of San Francisco, John L. Sullivan of the United States at large, and many other worthies only a little less distinguished. But, Mr. Healy, after recording the paladins of the ring, it was downright cruelty, as well as a commercial blunder, to dismiss the heroes of the diamond in two scanty lines containing not a single name. How highly the book is appreciated may be gathered from the publisher's announcement that after St. Patrick's Day the price will be raised to a dollar and a half.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND CHARLES FOX. The Concluding Part of the American Revolution. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.25 net.

This titled and well-known writer has kept up the tradition, established by many Englishmen, who, distinguished in public life and by political service, have also merited a name for themselves as historians. We owe quite as much of our knowledge of the history of England to men who have had power and place, men who have, in a sense, been makers of history, as we do to professors or to specialists in this department.

We remember to have read with particular interest and pleasure the preceding volumes of the American Revolution, of which these last two, mentioned above, are the sequel and complement. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, nephew of Lord Macaulay and his biographer, had a more than usually active career in Parliament and high office, where he was known as an advanced liberal and one of Mr. Gladstone's trusted helpers.

His retirement to private life, as told in the brief preface to these volumes, was largely due to a desire to complete some further work upon this subject and epoch, and these volumes have been the main object of his chosen leisure and the proposed goal of his original purpose. It is in order, surely, to congratulate him upon the result of a noble work nobly done, and to express our debt to him for the presentation of a work which has a perennial interest to us in America, and which is bound to be one of the classics on one of the great and momentous events of human progress.

Wider in scope and hence different in treatment from standard histories, these volumes give us both the American and the British

side of the Colonial Revolution, with a premeditated fullness of detail and comment upon the latter. In them we watch the tides and currents of public opinion on both sides of the ocean, the many phases of parliamentary and military action, the distress and hardships of the mother country, brought upon her not only by the obstinacy of King George the Third and the incapacity of his ministers, but the insurgency, the counter revolution we may truly call it, in Whitehall against a tyranny scarcely less felt and resented there than in Boston itself. Hence, there is a double interest aroused in us, and we are almost as desirous of witnessing the King and his following defeated, as we are in following the warlike operations by which his army and navy were finally driven from our shores. The vindication of constitutional government against personal kingly usurpation, has in these pages an interest second, but only second, to the triumph of the American cause.

But the alternatives and varying hopes of that cause are set forth in a narrative which is both detailed and fascinating; our interest never flags for a moment. Military operations do not of themselves appeal to many readers, but in this colonial struggle the inequality of the combatants in point of resources, the issue trembling so long in the balance and fraught with death and ruin to the weaker opponent, provoke a sympathy which is peculiar to this one event. The author gives us a series of historical portraits, done with fine discrimination, of George the Third, Chatham, North, the Earl of Sandwich: and on the other side, Greene and Gates, Franklin and Vergennes, but the masterpiece of the collection is Charles James Fox.

But it is Fox at his best and happiest period when in the display of his unrivalled powers, in the full tide of his eloquence and activity, he stood forth, as the tribune of liberty, the defender of rights, the generous friend of the oppressed. Fortunately, for our author, it does not come within his present scope to tell of that later and less glorious time, when Fox through mere pique quarrelled with Shelbourne, and for long years in consequence retarded liberal government, when he made the coalition with Lord North, opposed Pitt, and broke with Burke. We may be well content to have the mature judgment, the weighty experience borne of years of administration and statesmanship, the literary excellence, the proven love of human liberty ranged on the side of a cause, which we of this country believe and hold to have been the side of justice, of human right and happiness.

A SET OF SIX. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35 net.

To the expectations always roused by the announcement of something new from the pen of Mr. Conrad, these six short stories will bring no disappointment except, perhaps, that some will find familiar material in the reprinted story, *The Duel*, originally published under the title, *A Point of Honor*; it holds preëminence still, for though all claim attention, none is quite its equal. *Gaspar Ruiz*, next in point of length, does not retain to the end the gripping interest of the beginning. All six deal with themes of intensity of action, deeds of violence and blood, with a touch of the uncanny in *The Brute* that does not fail of its effect. All six show the author's fertile imagination, acute observation of life, his mastery of analysis and his unique style. No author gets inside his characters so thoroughly as does Conrad. He traces the springs of action to their innermost source. He brings us in close touch not so much with human action, as with the soul and the motives from which such action comes.

A GREAT SOUL IN CONFLICT. A Critical Study of Shakespeare's Master-Work. By Simon A. Blackmore, S.J. New York: Scott, Foresman & Co. \$1.25 net.

It is, of course, *Macbeth* which Father Blackmore designates by "Shakespeare's Master-Work." His study is the result of a scholarly discrimination and of acute and detailed observations which leave nothing unobserved. The book, however, has a distinctive character that rests on other counts than these, for, as implied by the title, it is from the spiritual standpoint that Father Blackmore has made his survey, and the perspective from that eminence reveals much which on the level plain is unseen.

We will first group together some thoughts which though stated diffusively, are so emphasized by frequent repetition that they may be assumed to embody the main intention of the book: that in *Macbeth* Shakespeare planned to portray Satan's temptation and conquest of a soul; that in developing the theme his genius directed the action among planes of Catholic belief, and what is less important, but noteworthy, that, from the manner of treatment, we are warranted in concluding that Shakespeare was loyal to the old Faith of his birth.

The preternatural agencies, "visibly embodied in the Weird Sisters, control the tragedy from first to last." The consideration

given to these, and related subjects, is so extensive that the book at this juncture is practically a theological treatise.

The existence, imminence, and activity, ceaseless and malignant, of evil spirits bent upon man's destruction have constituted part of Christian belief in the earliest times and of Catholic belief at all times; disbelief is an outgrowth of modern materialism.

Macbeth's temptation, then, is in strict accord with Christian belief. The soldier has cherished in the depths of his heart a sinful ambition for the crown, to obtain which he must commit a murder. "Through the sympathy which evil has for evil, it attracted the attention of malevolent spirits." Seizing their opportunity to lure him to destruction, three of these agents of Satan, disguised in human form, accost him "in the day of success." The friends do not allude to the crime involved nor attempt to persuade him to it, but simply predict his kingship as though it were foreordained and inevitable. The poison enters and works in his veins. The poet gives no ground for believing him deluded, or made helpless by enchantment. As a Christian he was as well aware as Banquo, his companion, that the Weird Sisters were instruments of darkness, and that any communication with them was both dangerous and illicit; even if he had not perceived this, Banquo knew it, and instantly warned him. Macbeth made no fight nor called for help from God, and their victory was virtually accomplished before the murder of Duncan.

The commentary is very elaborate. The author follows the play closely by act and scene, almost line by line. Every character is studied and interpreted. Macbeth is shown to us as a man of high intellectual gifts, capable of love and kindness, brave and resolute in active life; but inwardly, vacillating and without firm principles of religion and morality. Lady Macbeth, a less complex nature, shares his sin of ambition to so great a degree that she summons evil spirits to aid her in attaining her end by murderous means.

As the gathering shadows grow deeper towards the end of the tragedy, we find implicit and unobtrusive indications of an attractive quality which differentiates this from other commentaries; it is the touch of human warmth and sympathy which Father Blackmore brings into what he says of these two tortured souls.

While Father Blackmore untiringly presents proofs, supplied by the content and action of the play, of Shakespeare's fidelity to Catholic teaching, he is also at pains to defend his name against the suggestions of apostasy made by non-Catholic critics who have

read into certain parts of the text, such as the Porter's allusion to the "equivocator," slurs cast upon the Papacy and the Jesuits.

An Epilogue contains reflections upon the spiritual significance of the tragedy, the nature of the passions, and the supreme importance of controlling them; and fresh tribute is paid to Shakespeare "as a master artist imbued with the Christian spirit." It all holds the attention, though one may not agree with everything that Father Blackmore says. One must deplore, for example, the absence of reservation in the statement: "Sin is a moral evil, which, by blighting the mind and blasting the heart to all that is good and beautiful, destroys every trait of nobility and refinement of character." Even in the immediate connection Shakespeare allows Macbeth at his worst to retain his love for his wife, and, therefore, enables the spectators to follow his sinking fortunes with an interest never held for long by an unredeemed monster.

To read the book is to give oneself a pleasure, but not, it must be confessed, without a little exertion. There is much repetition, so much that at times the sharp edges of impression are overlaid; but one is bountifully repaid for a slight effort in making the acquaintance of a book unique in Shakespearean literature. Viewed in its highest light, as testimony to the eternal truth and power of the Catholic Faith, it is admirable and of much value.

POEMS. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
\$1.25 net.

Thirty years of Mr. Scollard's poetry are here represented, and there are few familiar with his art who will not greet with pleasure this latest collection of his lyrics.

Life, nature, and love, the ever-recurring themes of the poet, are touched upon with many variations. His oriental verses have the glamour and flavor of the East, and its music. In his attitude toward life, we find that mystery—which might better be named mistiness—of the modern mind. The joy of the present hour, the uncertainty of the future one beyond the little limits of our life, and the all-sufficiency of nature as a balm to the questioning heart, are notes which breathe gloom rather than wistfulness into the delicate harmony of his verse.

I walk darkly; peace or stress,
Crest of joy or depth of woe,
I may grope and I may guess,
Fancy, and yet never know.

Just the husk of truth I grip—
 Heaped wisdom of the ages,
 Learning's mightiest fellowship,
 Saints and sages—
 In despite of each and all,
 What am I but folly's thrall
 Who walk darkly?

Still, his Muse is not professedly concerned with the deeper things of the spirit, and there is little in the volume that will not please both ear and intellect. He skims, it is true, the surface of things; but, like the swallow's, the flight is none the less graceful.

Ever the artist, his feeling for nature, which is at once the strongest and the most graceful element of his verse, is passionate in its observation, thoroughly modulated and restrained in its utterance. Nothing is too minute to be overlooked—leaf-rustle, cricket, daffodil or cowslip, the things that less vibrant natures tread under foot are his hoarding and joy.

Rising from the murk and mould,
 What a wealth of cowslip-gold!
 Just as if the noon had sown,
 Affluent, its ingots there;
 Just as if the sun had thrown
 Blazing jewels from its zone,
 Radiantly fair.

* * * *

Croesus counts his coffers; I,
 Underneath the open sky,
 Count my cowslip-gold!

Scollard is a poet of form, and belongs to the fellowship of Dobson and Praed, yet is their superior in certain qualities. If his originality is not startling, it is sane. If he does not lead us "over the mountains of the moon, down the valley of the shadow," he at least draws us to a very pleasant spot indeed beneath the leaves and the open blue,

Down where the rillet runs by like a rover,
 And bees quaff deep from the sweet white clover.

THE FUTURE OF WORLD PEACE. By Roger W. Babson.
 Boston: Babson's Statistical Organization. \$1.00 net.

Since the issue of the present world conflict is essentially commercial, it is most important to give the economic causes of the

war the foremost consideration. Perhaps no American is better qualified to deal with this matter than Roger W. Babson. "His remarkable experience in the practical study of the world's industrial and economic problems," says Edwin D. Mead, Director-in-Chief of the World Peace Foundation, "and his powerful penetration behind secondary questions to the actual gist of things, give to his presentation of the case a most imperative reality and pith." One of the most striking features of the book is a series of twelve charts which show graphically the justification for Germany's demands, and England's desire to continue her control of the seas. This book is most timely, in that it offers a practical solution for permanent peace, and shows what part the United States may play in bringing it about.

THE ART OF THE LOW COUNTRIES. By W. R. Valentiner.

Translated from the German by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.
New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50 net.

Mr. Valentiner of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the editor of *Art in America*, is well known here and abroad as an art critic of undoubted merit. American students will read with interest Mrs. Van Rensselaer's excellent translation of his *Art of the Low Countries*. He treats of the church architecture of the Netherlands in the Middle Ages, the Haarlem school of painting in the fifteenth century, Dutch ceramic tiles, and the masterpieces of Rembrandt, Rubens, and Van Dyke. The appendices contain a complete bibliography, a complete list of the Dutch and Flemish primitives abroad, and the paintings of Rubens, Van Dyke, and Rembrandt in the United States. The many excellent illustrations—eighty-four in all—render the volume intelligible both to the student and to the general reader.

PANAMA. The Canal, the Country, and the People. By Arthur Bullard. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00 net.

Mr. Bullard is interesting and accurate when he describes the beginnings of the Panama Canal under the French Government, and its successful completion under Mr. Wallace, Mr. Stevens, and "the autocrat," Col. Goethals. He says rightly that we have good reason to boast of our Canal as the greatest engineering feat of modern times. In grandeur of conception, in intricacy of detail, and in efficiency of execution, it is indeed a national achievement without parallel.

When Mr. Bullard attempts history, he is not so successful. He is too prejudiced and too ignorant of Catholic teaching to draw an impartial picture of the history of the Spanish *conquistadores*, or of the South Americans of our day. It is true, indeed, that he denounces "the opportunism of the English and French, who colonized by chance private activity, and sent the worst elements of their population, criminals and vagabonds, to people their new colonies," while he praises the Spaniards for being more successful than any other people in assimilating and civilizing the natives. But on page after page, he speaks of the Spaniards as "black reactionaries and adorers of the Virgin, who are imbued with the barbaric morality of mediævalism, full of religious intolerance, bent on rapine and murder, and mere lovers of gold."

Following Winsor and Harisse, he is most unfair to Columbus, dubbing him "arrogant, cruel, proud, greedy, and a man of perverted belief." Even when he praises Las Casas to the skies, he makes the judicious grieve by comparing him to Tolstoy. We smile when he tells us that Drake was not at heart a pirate, and we are disgusted when he repeats *ad nauseam* the anti-Popery balderdash of the apostate Thomas Gage of 1648.

In discussing the Republic of Colombia, he seems to think that our treaty of 1846 was a disgrace, and that the present difficulty with that nation regarding the Panama revolution ought to be submitted to The Hague Tribunal.

In one of his final chapters, he cites our Government ownership of the Panama railroad and our Government's building of the Canal as instances of "collective activity," which ought to help in solving many of our home problems of railroading, municipal ownership, and the like.

THE EDUCATION OF CHARACTER. By Rev. M. S. Gillet, O.P.

Translated by Benjamin Green. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 80 cents.

This book has a message for every Christian who is out of sympathy with the popular worship of efficiency as the easy substitute for character. Father Gillet's treatise may be termed an exposition of a working plan for its development.

Our character is the complex aggregate of ideas, tastes, deeds, tendencies, and habits to be disciplined into unity and solidarity in virtue of an ideal to be realized. To all the well-intentioned, the human ideal is the upright man; to the believer, the Christian ideal

and the human are identical, for the Christian ideal is the human transposed and perfected by an infusion of the Divine. Our intelligence shows us the ideal and the way of approach, but it does no more. It supplies inspiration, but not impetus. The impetus must be given by the will. Father Gillet then dwells in a very practical way on the nature of a will and the office of divine grace. He refutes any sharing on the part of Christian teaching with either Stoicism or Epicureanism, and vindicates the wisdom of the "folly of the Cross."

In a brief foreword, Father Bernard Vaughan alludes to the work as a "precious little book," and we need not to read far in it before we understand why.

The translation is both fluent and concise, and the translator's admirable English makes us confident of his fidelity to the French original.

CHRIST AND THE POWERS OF DARKNESS. By J. Godfrey Raupert. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00 net.

In the volume before us, Mr. Raupert demonstrates conclusively the existence and activity of evil spirits. While making due allowance for fraud, hypnotic suggestion and delusion, he proves the fact of demoniacal obsession and possession from the New Testament, the early Christian Fathers, and testimonies beyond number of modern times. In an excellent chapter entitled, *Some Soul Safe-Guards*, he warns the Christian against the various methods of diabolic attack upon the human soul.

SONS OF THE SEA KINGS. By Alice and W. H. Milligan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00 net.

This narrative tale of viking days in the tenth and early eleventh centuries is founded on the records of the Icelandic Sagas. Its setting is that strange little volcanic island with its lava-streams, its deserts, glaciers, and brilliant flora, whose shores few are familiar with to-day, save the Breton fisherman on his perilous voyages. A part of the story transpires in Norway, whence many Icelanders originally emigrated, but through it all there is the whiff of the sea that plays so large a part in the lives and fortunes of this sea-faring folk.

The tale, extending through a narrative of many pages, deals with the adventures of Kiartan and Bolli, foster-brothers, unequalled in beauty and prowess, of the influence on their lives of

the unscrupulous and fair Gudruna, and of Kiartan's love for the the benign and lovely Ingeborg, sister to that distinctly unpleasant character, the King of Norway.

The coming of Christianity to the northern isle is also introduced, but, with the exception of Ingeborg and Colman, the saintly Irish priest, and perhaps Kiartan's father, few of the characters mentioned seem to have been deeply impregnated with its spirit, unless, indeed, the invisible power that stayed Kiartan's sword over Bolli was that new power of the Cross. The tale brings home to us the difficulties that attended the vast leavening process of Christianity in quelling the relentlessness, the battle-lust, and the unflinching fatalism of the north.

The dimensions of the book are unquestionably appalling, and, unless one has a *penchant* for sagas, patience, and a heroic degree of it, will be required to bear one through many of its four hundred and four pages. Condensation would in no way have impaired the value of the narrative, but would rather have detached in bolder outline a tale not lacking in interest, beauty of incident, and power of theme.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BARS. By Winifred Louise Taylor.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

The keynote of Miss Taylor's work on the present day criminal is set forth in her preface. She writes: "I have no wish to see our prisons abolished, but thousands of individuals and millions of dollars have been sacrificed to wrong methods of punishment; and if we aim to reform our criminals, we must first reform our methods of dealing with them, from the police court to the penitentiary."

This entertaining volume is full of anecdotes of prisoners, and descriptions of the conditions under which they live both inside and outside of prison. Miss Taylor rightly approves of the discarding of the lock-step and the striped clothing, and believes firmly in the essential injustice of the contract system, and the utter absurdity of the so-called Lombroso criminal type. She has words of praise for Judge Lindsey of Denver, who has helped so much to save young offenders from the demoralizing influence of mis-called reformatories, and for the modern scheme of probation in preventing crime. We cannot, however, agree with her statement that "Christianity, humanity, sociology, medical science, psychology, and statistics prove the injustice of capital punishment." Materially

speaking, she has helped the convict greatly, but her vague and indefinite Christianity, "untrammelled by sectarianism," has prevented her from doing the spiritual good that the convict sorely needed.

NEW TESTAMENT STORIES. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00 net.

Many books have been written on the life of our Lord for little ones, but few of more practical value than Father Martindale's. The customs and characteristics of the people among whom the Saviour lived and accomplished His mission are clearly explained, thus forming a comprehensive background for the tales themselves. These are told graphically and simply, and the writer has sought to follow as far as possible the Scripture text, believing that "precisely by keeping close to the simple Gospel text, leaving its dogmatic interpretation to the infallible teaching of the Church, the best results will most easily be obtained."

Not only does he emphasize the characters of those who gathered about the Redeemer as types that constantly recur, but he shows wherein lay their strength or weakness, and seeks, by practical reflections, to apply to the child's mind the lessons taught us by these, as well as by the parables, and the various incidents of the Gospel narrative. The life of grace infused in baptism, which so few of us adequately realize, a life "far beyond the ordinary life of man and woman," which, when responded to, is more than being "just *like* Christ," is particularly insisted upon, with obedience to its inspirations both from within and without. To accomplish this, he seeks to bring the little ones into direct personal relation with our Saviour. "For," he says in his preface, "our anxiety to bring souls closely into touch with our Lord through the medium of the Gospels is not merely that He should be ever more vividly realized as a Person, but that this Person should become known to souls not chiefly as having lived and died a long way off and long ago. The meeting with Jesus of Nazareth must be a vital one."

This book will surely not fail of its desired effect, and, although written with reference to the understanding of the child, those of more mature years will also find profit in its pages. It is attractive in appearance, with large, readable print, and a number of illustrations in color. These are probably realistic, and certainly Oriental in character, but they will not be altogether pleasing to those who have come to love the figure of the conventional Christ.

THE WISDOM OF FATHER BROWN. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.
New York: John Lane Co. \$1.35 net.

Father Brown, on first appearance, won so many friends that he needs no introduction. The "shapeless little figure.....the very embodiment of all that is homely and helpless," may in ingenuity find a rival in Sherlock Holmes, but in ingenuousness, in simple, unconsciousness naïveté, he has no competitor. We feel his touch to be doubly sure because it is guided by something more vital than mere detective instinct; his utter lack of skepticism and self-consciousness, his vivid faith in the immanence and omnipresence of the supernatural, his knowledge of human nature in all its convolutions—these have cleared his vision and pointed out a short cut to many problems.

But if Father Brown is altogether delightful, this latest series of stories in which he figures cannot be equally recommended. They seem shallow, fantastic, and at times utterly improbable. Perhaps, also, such a combination of shrewdness and simplicity if too much insisted upon grows wearisome. Paradoxes are as delicate as hot-house flowers, and need to be handled accordingly.

We find, however, occasional Chestertonian touches, such as the following:

"You shall not spell the first letter of what is written on the altar of the Unknown God," says, with fearful impressiveness, the supposed possessor of a mighty secret.

"I know the Unknown God," said the little priest, with an unconscious grandeur of certitude that stood up like a granite tower. "I know his name; it is Satan. The true God was made Flesh and dwelt among us. And I say to you, wherever you find man ruled merely by mystery, it is the mystery of iniquity."

For the sake of such passages, and of Father Brown himself, we may be disposed to overlook much, and find diversion and enjoyment in his many adventures.

SELF-TRAINING FOR MOTHERS. By Mrs. Burton Chance.
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.

To say that this book seems only one of many such, is not to disparage it unduly, but to admit failure to discover any special quality that would entail loss upon the person who, wishing to read something on the subject, should choose another book than this. It gives the impression of an abstract of the best of what has been so

frequently and voluminously spread upon the pages of numerous publications. Happily there is a distinctly religious and Christian note throughout, and in the last chapter the author treats of religion, calling it "The Fourth 'R' in Education." She recommends that parents should see to it that their children "definitely join a church." This would be more valuable if it were more definite. In this chapter she says: "Sometimes I think that we are grown pagan once again, inasmuch as the goddess Hygeia receives so great an offering of time while the altar of the Living God is cold!" Such a misgiving is now so seldom voiced that the mere raising of the question would almost command consideration for the book; but our hopes are shattered when we recall that in the preceding chapter the author makes it only too plain that her one accredited agent of social uplift is "Eugenics."

VENERABLE PHILIPPINE DUCHESNE. By G. E. M. New York: The America Press. 25 cents.

This is an all too brief sketch of the life and labors of the Foundress in this country, of the Society of the Sacred Heart. In the history of the United States, we acknowledge, and rightly so, the countenance and support which France extended to us in the early days of our existence as a nation. Not less generous in missionaries than in soldiers, France planted the Cross in many of the States. The name of the Venerable Philippine Duchesne is a household word in Louisiana, Mississippi and Missouri. To those who do not know of her apostolate, her heroism, her sanctity, this little book will reveal a soul worthy to rank with the great lovers of Christ and His Cross in all lands and in all ages. We trust it will spread the knowledge of this great-hearted daughter of Catholic France, who was a pioneer indeed, in our own land.

SATURDAY'S CHILD. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Was it some amateur prophet or was it the recurrence of the weekly cleaning day, that assigned a toilsome existence to one who first entered this world of woe on the seventh day of the week? Be that as it may, folklore declares that "Saturday's child works hard for its living," and the old rhyme has given its name to a novel by Kathleen Norris.

Susan Browne is a normal, healthy-minded girl (an anomaly, nowadays, among heroines, be it remarked), who fulfills her destiny

by working as a bookkeeper. Of course, she has dreams, and when circumstances open the way into the smart set, she has abundant means of contrasting them with her earlier associates. It speaks well for the balance and sanity of her nature, that she is able to discriminate between the two experiences. Mrs. Norris knows well where the happiness of life lies; her heroine finds it also, and we leave her well contented with her lot.

But the book is too long, and would be made stronger and more effective by condensation. If the Becquerez incident could be condensed to the vanishing point, the tale would be improved. The whole episode is so unexpected, has so little connection with the beginning and end of the story, that it seems an excrescence, a later importation. We should feel that Susan was more consistent a character, and we should comprehend the love and happiness which was hers at the end. As it is, her deliverance seems rather good luck than adherence to right and principle, while the device which saves her is distinctly a weak spot in a well conceived and very natural whole.

SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR RELIGIOUS. By Charles Coppins, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.25 net.

These Instructions are the fruit of many years spent in giving conferences and retreats in various religious houses. The subjects are such as one would look for in this connection—"Prayer," "Charity," "Humility," etc. They are well adapted for spiritual reading—indeed, that is their purpose as announced by the author. The one on "Weekly Confession" is particularly sane, practical, and helpful.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN. With Notes Critical and Explanatory. By Rev. Joseph MacRory, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$2.45 net.

This is the fourth edition of Dr. MacRory's excellent commentary on the Gospel of St. John, the first edition of which appeared in 1897. In his introduction the author has taken special pains to establish the historical character of the Fourth Gospel, and to explain the chief difficulties raised against the traditional view. This work is more condensed than the scholarly commentary of Dr. MacEvilly, which is the only other Catholic commentary we possess in English. The present edition seems to be merely a reprint of the third edition published seven years ago.

ROUND ABOUT HOME. By the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.C.
Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria Press. \$1.20.

Many of these delightful sketches have appeared in the pages of the *Ave Maria*, but, gathered together, their appeal and interest is vastly increased. The book is dedicated especially to those who can recall springtime in the Old Land, with kindly faces all around, the wide, white Shannon a few flat fields away, and the sea's sweet breath coming from Kerry Head.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE MYSTICAL LIFE. By Abbé P. Lejeune. Translated from the French by Basil Levett. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25 net.

The author assures us that he does not presume to describe the means of attaining to the mystical life, but merely wishes to point out to souls of good will some of the practices which, according to spiritual writers, form the best disposition for that life. The volume treats in turn of perseverance in the practice of mental prayer, the habit of recollection, humility, and mortification through the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

GRACE, ACTUAL AND HABITUAL. By Rev. Joseph Pohle, D.D. Translated from the fifth German edition with some abridgment and additional references by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$2.00 net.

Many who have read Dr. Pohle's various articles on Grace in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, will give a hearty welcome to this seventh volume of his series of dogmatic textbooks. He adopts the usual division, and follows the traditional method of the Latin manuals used in our seminaries. Personally we are not in favor of using English textbooks of theology, but they will prove invaluable to the educated Catholic layman, to whom Latin is an unknown tongue.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ST. COLUMBAN. By George Metlake. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. \$2.00 net.

On November 23, 1915, the Catholic world will commemorate the thirteenth centenary of the death of St. Columban. In view of this, Mr. Metlake has written a life of Ireland's great monk and missionary, which gives us a most scholarly and painstaking account of the state of Ireland and the continent in the sixth century.

Part I. treats of Columbanus in Ireland. It discusses the

providential mission of the early Irish Church, the vocation of the Saint, and his life on Cleenish Island and at Bangor.

Part II. describes the Saint's labors in the kingdom of the Franks, his monastic rule, the school of Luxeuil, the Easter controversy, the Saint's opposition to Brunhilde, and his exile from the Merovingian court.

Part III. pictures the Saint as a missionary in the heart of Switzerland, and his two years sojourn at Bregenz on Lake Constance.

Part IV. comprises his life at the Lombard court, his letters to the Pope on the affair of the Three Chapters, the foundation of the famous monastery at Bobbio, and the Saint's death.

A fairly complete bibliography concludes the volume.

ABIDE WITH ME. Compiled by a Christian Mother. Philadelphia: F. McManus, Jr., & Co. 40 cents net.

This little manual of prayers contains a devout way of hearing Mass, prayers for confession and Communion, and prayers for visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

MEDITATIONS ON THE ROSARY. By a Brother of the Little Oratory. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents net.

The mysteries of the Rosary are described in this volume in a number of verses, which the kindest critic would not dare dignify by the name of poetry. We would advise the devout writer to confine himself to prose.

EUROPE REVISED. By Irvin S. Cobb. Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Cobb, the well-known newspaper correspondent and humorist, has written a delightfully funny account of his travels abroad. There is nothing of the Baedeker guide book in these rollicking pages. He has not a word about the Gothic cathedrals of France, the art museums of Italy, or the literary shrines of England. On the contrary, he tells us what the Europeans of to-day really are, and how they live. He describes the agony of seasickness; the joys and sorrows of hotel life; the dishonesty and ignorance of guides; the dangerous sport of motoring; the sameness of the continental table d'hôte; the annoyance of tipping; the venerable myth of the English bath-tub; the over-rated night life of Paris, and the spectacular appearance of the German huntsman

and the like. Some one has styled Cobb the new Mark Twain. He is as great a humorist, but he differs from his namesake in knowing how to keep within the bounds of reverence. He is never a blasphemer.

POLICE PRACTICE AND PROCEDURE. By Cornelius F. Cahalane. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Inspector Cahalane, who is in charge of the Training School of the New York Police Department, writes as a practical policeman of many years experience in all the ranks of the force. In the present volume, he aims to instruct and assist the men on post, and to simplify their many duties. He writes clearly on discipline, deportment and patrol, the laws of evidence, court procedure, and criminal identification. He describes the different classes of criminals, and the duties of an officer before and after an arrest, the right methods of observation, investigation and reporting, the duty of coöperation with other departments of the city government.

It is a book useful not only to members of the city police force, but to all citizens who are anxious to aid in the prevention of crime.

THE CRUCIFIX. Translated from the French by Frances M. Grafton. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents net.

These meditations have been derived, so the author tells us, from a two-fold source, prayer and daily contact with the sufferers in the Calvary Hospital at Lyons, France. We recommend them especially to the sick and suffering.

THE EAST I KNOW. By Paul Claudel. Translated into English by Teresa Frances and William Rose Benét. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.25 net.

Paul Claudel is one of the idols of the young intellectuals of contemporary France. He is a dramatist of rare psychological insight, and a poet of exquisite lyrical beauty. Many critics put him without question in the first rank of modern French writers. Like many of the moderns whom France to-day delights to honor, Paul Claudel is an enthusiastic Catholic.

The present volume which appeared in 1902 under the title *Connaissance de l'Est*, is a series of prose poems on life in the Far East, written while he was in the French Government service in Cochin, China.

The translators have grasped perfectly the author's spirit and style, although we do not think this particular work shows him at his best as artist or as thinker. His imagery in these sketches seems to us to be too vivid, and his thought too vague and obscure.

In an interesting preface, Pierre Chavannes gives us a brief sketch of Paul Claudel, and his place in contemporary French thought. For over twenty years he has worked in obscurity, noticed only by a few independent artists like Barrès, Gide, Jammes, and Maclair. To-day, although the critics are everywhere discussing him, he makes his appeal only to the few.

OUTLINES OF ANCIENT HISTORY. From the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Roman Empire in the West, A. D. 476. By Harold Mattingly, M.A., Assistant in the Department of Coins and Medals in the British Museum. Cambridge, England: The University Press.

In this excellent *Outline of Ancient History*, Mr. Mattingly follows the ordinary geographical acceptance of that term, including the history of the nearer East, of Europe, and the north of Africa, but excluding the outlying civilizations of China and India. While not an original work, the author has exercised good judgment in his choice of authorities, and is most honest and independent in his criticisms. The volume contains an excellent index, and a most valuable collection of coin plates.

PRACTICAL TALKS WITH THE CHRISTIAN CHILD is thus described in its sub-title *A Brief Manual of Manners and Morals*, by Louis Cadieux. (New York: The American Book Co.) This little book is addressed to children of ten or twelve years of age. As the author remarks: "It is necessary to impress upon them the importance of the subject of habit at the right time. It is a serious mistake to wait until children are well into the formative period of life to acquaint them with the fundamentals of the psychology of habit." Although these talks were primarily intended for class work, children may, with advantage, be given the book for their own information. It is simple, readily understood, and teaches many a lesson best acquired in this impersonal way. We recommend its use by parents, and all engaged in the important work of training children. Needless to say, the pattern held up to the Christian child is the Christ Child.

IN order to refute the unfounded but frequently iterated statement that the Catholic Church is opposed to Woman Suffrage, Mrs. Margaret Hayden Rorke, Chairman of the Catholic Committee of the Woman Suffrage Party of the Borough of Brooklyn, has gathered together, under the title of *Letters and Addresses on Woman Suffrage* (New York: The Devin Adair Co. 10 cents), the opinion of a number of eminent Catholic ecclesiastics of this country on the subject. The arguments presented all argue for "the cause:" there are those who believe they could present stronger arguments "against the cause." But, however, that may be, Mrs. Rorke has compiled a useful book. It will dispel the false impression prevalent in certain places that the Church looks unfavorably upon the movement, and will help to rouse Catholic women to a sense of their civic responsibility in States where they have obtained the vote.

THE BROKEN ROSARY AND OTHER TALES, by M. A. Finn (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.15), tells of the link between Ireland and the far southern lands to which so many of her sons and daughters have been driven to seek their fortunes. The tales are pathetic—telling of heart-breaking separations and happy reunions, of the sowing in tears and reaping in joy, and, best of all, of brave progress along the King's Highway in the pursuit of duty.

A VERY pretty story of how a noble family of Ireland was robbed of its faith by a dastardly trick, and how it was brought back to the fold, is told in *Lord Clandonnell*, by S. M. Christina. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 60 cents.) It will well repay perusal.

FIVE BIRDS IN A NEST, by Henriette Delamere. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 60 cents.) A very cosy, happy nest it was on the banks of the rushing Rhône, and interesting as well. Bernard and Viva keep things going to a lively tune, constantly getting into scrapes, in some of which the dangerous river plays a part. But an ideal home-training curbs as well as cultivates all that was worthy and lovable in each.

SHIPMATES (New York: Benziger Brothers. 60 cents), is a charming little story by Mary T. Waggaman, mostly of boys. The most pleasing and touching episode in it is the lifelong friend-

ship between a millionaire's son and a street waif, formed at the time of their First Holy Communion, and maintained by the practical charity that "blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

THE WORST BOY IN THE SCHOOL, by C. M. Home (New York: Benziger Brothers. 45 cents), shows how a little faith in human nature brings out the best in a rather unpromising character. The scene is laid in England and the atmosphere is thoroughly Catholic.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The United States Bureau of Education has sent us the following pamphlets: *The Consolidation of Rural Schools*, and *The County-Unit Organization for the Administration of Rural Schools*, by A. C. Monahan, and *Education for the Home*, by Benjamin R. Andrews.

Harrison & Sons of London have published the English, Belgian, and Russian documents and diplomatic correspondence concerning the war.

The Columbian Printing Company of Washington prints the statement of the Belgian Legation regarding the case of Belgium in the present war. It is entitled *The Facts About Belgium*.

From the *Yale Law Journal* we have an address on the *Water-Power Problem in the United States*, by Rome G. Brown, which was to have been delivered last fall at the international Water-Power Congress at Lyons, France.

The Association of Life Insurance Presidents of New York City publishes Arthur Hunter's address: *Can Insurance Experience Be Applied to Lengthen Life?* It discusses the effect of alcoholic beverages, over-eating, under-eating, social diseases and occupation upon length of life, as disclosed by a scientific investigation of two million insured lives.

EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD:

DEAR SIR:

It appears to us from correspondence which we have received, that doubts have arisen in the minds of some of the Reverend Clergy regarding the authenticity of the Tours and other editions of the Breviary. The basis of such doubts seems to be the announcement in a recent issue of the *Acta Apostolica Sedis* that the Vatican Edition has just gone to press after having been submitted to Pope Benedict XV. for approval.

In this connection we would greatly appreciate a statement in your pages to the effect that the belated appearance of the Vatican Edition was in no way due to its having to wait for the approval of the Holy See, or the inclusion of any more recent legislation, but merely because of delay in preparing its mechanical form. The Vatican Edition, as well as all other editions, must conform strictly to the *Editio Typica*, which first appeared during last year, and which is complete and up to date as far as existing legislation is concerned.

Yours very truly,

BENZIGER BROTHERS.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Apostolate of the North. By Rev. G. Stebbing, C.S.S.R. To the attention, sympathy and missionary zeal of the English Catholic, there often appeals the religious condition of those extensive northlands called Scandinavia. Though now divided into three sovereign states, viz., Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, they are all part of that great Teutonic race which had so large a share in the colonization and upbuilding of England. For a brief period, in the reign of Canute the Great they formed with England one powerful monarchy.

In Denmark the first step in the reorganization of the northern Church was the appointment of Valerio Naccioni in 1648 as Vicar-Apostolic, succeeded by the illustrious scientist and anatomist, Niels Steno, himself a Danish convert. The present arrangement of three Vicariates was completed by Pope Leo XIII. in 1892; the three Vicars appointed by him, all Germans, are still living. There are at least 15,000 Catholics in Denmark, including many Poles; 2,600 in Sweden and 2,000 in Norway.—*The Tablet*, January 23.

A Catholic Church at Eton. On January 20th, a Catholic Church was opened at Eton, and Holy Mass celebrated after a lapse of three hundred and fifty-six years. In 1440 Henry VI. founded and established a college to "endure to the end of time," but in 1553 the church goods were seized and sold or put to secular uses. The altar was set up again under Queen Mary, but destroyed under Elizabeth in 1559.—*The Tablet*, January 23.

The Month (February): Rev. Sydney F. Smith concludes his discussion of the cures at Lourdes, showing that they are not caused by suggestion.—J. B. Williams describes life at Wilhelmshaven, as he saw it while holding a temporary post as teacher of English to the German naval officers there.—Rev. Herbert Thurston shows that the bond between England and Belgium necessitated England's action in the war.—The Editor rebukes some of his countrymen for showing the Bernhardi spirit, which exalts war as a benefit to humanity.

The Church Quarterly Review (January): Baron Friedrich von Hügel presents "a concise enumeration or description of the leading sayings, temper and practice of Jesus and of the primitive Christians in face of the State, patriotism, war; and a short account of the spirit of Roman rule, and of our average West European present-day conception of these same things;" then the effort "to inter-relate these two sets of experiences" by Friedrich Naumann, formerly a pastor of the Lutheran-Calvinist Union and now member of the Reichsrath representing the National Social movement; and, finally, some suggestions as to what Christians can do to make the ideal presented in the Sermon on the Mount a practical reality.—Rev. A. C. Headlam describes a new edition of *The Ezra-Apocalypse*, chapters iii.-xiv. of the book commonly known as 4 Ezra (2 Esdras). He concludes that "it is a lament by some unknown Jewish writer, who, following the fashion of his time, took the name of Ezra, over the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans in the year 70." Mr. Headlam does not agree with Mr. Box in holding the work to be a literary composite; and he shows the parallels and contrasts which it offers to the teaching of St. Paul.—An unsigned article contends that, as a question of law only, "a clergyman of the Church of England is legally justified in refusing Communion to a person who is neither confirmed nor willing to be confirmed."

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (February): Rev. John O'Grady, of the Catholic University of America, in a critical analysis of Socialism, shows that this radical philosophy is based on the false principle that the present social order is bankrupt. True, glaring evils exist, but the condition of laborers has been improved greatly during the past fifty years by trade unions and by legislation, and it can be improved much more by means now at hand without adopting complete state ownership and operation of industry.—Michael MacDonagh describes the bloodless revolution of 1782, whereby Ireland won her legislative independence, with its oratorical contest between Grattan and Flood.—"What was there new in the philosophy of Descartes?" asks Rev. J. Byrne O'Connell, after relating that philosopher's life history. "It was because he applied the method of mathematics to philosophy that he created the revolution in modern thought. The whole of his doctrines are one series of geometric deductions from the facts of his own consciousness. In this consists the essential vice of his method. The extension

of the body and the spirituality of the soul; the immediate intuition of thought and the mediate perception of matter; the intrinsic criterion of certainty and the extrinsic foundation of truth; the mechanistic explanation of the physical world and of physiological facts—all are derived *modo mathematico* from the one self-evident axiom, *Cogito, ergo sum.*”—John Howley, continuing his *Notes on the Psychology of Religious Experience*, discusses the prayer of simplicity and mystical experience proper.

Le Correspondant (January 10): André Bellessort summarizes Germany's past debt to France, according to a book on this subject, published before the war began, by M. Reynaud, professor at the University of Poitiers.—Henri Brémont, apropos of the second centenary of Fénelon's death, (January 7, 1715), presents the Archbishop's views on war.—Colette Yver shows how the war has done much to abolish class distinctions, party politics, the worship of money, the idleness of society women.

(January 25): Camille Fidel describes with statistics Germany's colonial possessions, especially in Africa.—Henri Davignon inveighs against the systematic reign of terror introduced by the Germans in Belgium.—A. Morel Fato describes three centres of German influence in Spain: the Carlist party, a fraction of the "intellectuals," and a small group of those who dream of "a greater Spain."—Miles gives in this issue a sketch of General Foch, as in the preceding number he had done of General Gallieni, and in that of December 10, 1914, of General Joffre.

Études (December 5 and 20): Adhémar d'Alès summarizes St. Augustine's masterly philosophy of history, the *City of God*, trying to draw comfort for present sorrows from the vision of a city of peace to come.—Lucien Roure describes the *Dialogue* of St. Catherine of Siena, a work dictated while in ecstasy, and notable among mystical treatises.—Léonce de Grandmaison relates the development of the two largest new schools of theosophy, that headed by Mrs. Annie Besant, and its rival led by Rudolf Steiner, and formally excluded from the main society by Mrs. Besant in January, 1913. A later article will expose the doctrines of this new cult.—Louis de Monadon reviews Paul Bourget's latest novel, *Le Démon de Midi*, a study of the psychology of temptation and sin.

(January 5 and 20): Paul Geny pays tribute to the clearness, brevity, orderliness, power of synthesis, concise and fascinating

style, which make St. Thomas of Aquin the teacher *par excellence*. He shows that the Angelic Doctor really grasped the mind of Aristotle better than do many modern commentators, though these have more texts on which to base a judgment, and he shows that St. Thomas, and not Suarez, has been the leading Doctor of the Society of Jesus. There have always been differences of opinion as to which form of Thomism represented St. Thomas' system best; in the nineteenth century there developed among the Jesuit professors of the Gregorian University in Rome (Billot, Remer, Maudato, Maria, Mattiusii) a theology and a philosophy which claims to give up no metaphysical thesis certainly taught by St. Thomas, and to present a purer, simpler, less complicated exposition of the Thomistic synthesis than does the Dominican school.—Jacques Fabre gives impressions of a voyage to New Caledonia and Tahiti by way of the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn.

Revue Thomiste (September and December): Jacques Maritain describes *The Spirit of Scholastic Philosophy* as one of intellectual liberty, and its consequent superiority to all non-Thomistic thinking.—Father Edouard Hugon, O.P., concludes his exposition of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, refuting objections and inadmissible explanations.—L. Valentin concludes his study of *The Idea of God in Plutarch*.—Father Urbano, O.P., concludes his tribute to a modern Thomist, Don Alexander Pidal.—Jules Grivet, S.J., studies the relations between *Obedience and Liberty*, and shows their perfect union exemplified in the life and death of Christ.—*The Crisis of Transformism*, concluded by Father Melizain, O.P.—Father Mandonnet shows how the known age of St. Thomas at his entry at Monte Cassino, and at his death, justify the conclusion that the Saint was born early in the year 1225. He also prints parts of a history of Dominican theology, which he had had to omit from this article when printed in the *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*. These parts deal with the praise of Thomistic philosophy, the attitude of the Jesuits towards it, and opposition to the theory of probabilism.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (Zehntes Heft): The European War has lent its influence in reducing the size and, to some extent, determining the contents of the last and belated issue of this Jesuit review.—In an article, *Anent the Beginning of the European War*, the Rev. P. Lippert, S.J., speaks of the religious sentiment

manifest in the German nation at this critical period of its existence. This stands out boldly when contrasted with the results of the policy of religious oppression pursued by the French Government against the Catholic Church.—The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose assassination precipitated the war with Servia, receives a beautiful tribute from Father Robert V. Nostitz-Rieneck, S.J. One of the last deeds of the Archduke was to restore to divine worship an old church in Hall, near Innsbruck, that had been used for years as a gun magazine.—A struggle of quite another nature is described by Father E. Wasmann, S.J., in his very interesting account of the Ant Plague. He tells of the wonderful ways in which ants have been transplanted from their native soil to remote places where, as in the case of Louisiana, they have become veritable pests.—An article from the pen of the Rev. A. Stockmann, S.J., on the *Early Period of Klemens Brentano*, which closes this number of the review, will serve as a good introduction to the study of this German Romanticist, whose complete works are being edited by Carl Sküddekopf, five volumes of which have already appeared from the press of Müller at Munich and Leipzig.

The British Review (February): Vance Palmer enumerates the problems created by the present war in the British Empire.—Egerton Beck sums up the obligations of civilians under martial law.—J. Gabrys discusses the autonomy of Poland and Lithuania in the light of the proclamation made by the Grand Duke Nicholas at the opening of the war.—R. A. Scott-James points out the higher moral qualities which war brings out in a people.—Anna Bunston reviews the more noteworthy German war songs.—Among the contributors to the poetry of the number are Thomas Walsh and Katherine Tynan.—*The British Review* publishes in its February issue the first of a series of art reproductions. This will be a feature of the magazine until further notice.

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.

France.

No change has so far taken place in the general character of the operations in France, although there has been from time to time a number of fierce and sanguinary conflicts. As announced by General Joffre the French army is contenting itself with containing the Germans within the lines which they have held since last September, and is waiting for reënforcements before it makes a general advance. This object has been accomplished with a fair degree of success. In fact, in some places, the French have made advances, especially in Alsace, where the war is being carried on in the enemy's country. The only noteworthy success which has fallen to the lot of the Germans has been in the neighborhood of Soissons, where, owing chiefly to floods, the French were obliged to withdraw to the south bank of the Aisne. The campaign has become more like a siege on an enormous scale than has ever been the case before—a war of attrition requiring patience and endurance. The German offensive, however, has been changed into a defensive, the offensive having slowly but surely passed over to the Allies, although there is at least the possibility that, after having been largely reënforced, the Germans may still make an effort to break through the lines of the Allies. On the other hand, it is understood, that behind the scenes, so to speak, large armies are being prepared by the French, as well as the British, for a vigorous assault upon the German lines.

Of the French preparations very little, indeed, is known. About those of Great Britain there is fuller information. The armies of Lord Kitchener are nearly ready, and on their arrival Great Britain will have something like a million of men in France. Behind her present lines Germany is said to have prepared for every eventuality. An elaborate system of trenches and fortifications

of various kinds has been constructed, upon which to fall back in case of defeat. Experts calculate that Germany can put into the field some four million more men to take the place of the soldiers so far defeated—a large number indeed, but of inferior quality and training. To hold a line of two hundred miles, however, so that there may be no weak spot through which the Allies can break, is an immense task. The very extent of the German lines will, in all probability, make them more vulnerable when the time for the advance has come.

Public attention in this country is chiefly directed, on account of the bonds of language and race, to the efforts of Great Britain, so that too little appreciation has been expressed for those of France. Yet so far as the land warfare is concerned, the British army is defending only about one-twentieth of the line: the defence of all the rest has fallen upon the French. There are, indeed, those who believe, and apparently not without reason, that the British army, small though it was, turned the scale last September, and that if it had not been on the spot the Germans would have entered Paris. However this may be, there seems to have arisen a feeling, more or less widespread in France, that Great Britain is not bearing her fair share of the burden. The common enemy has spared no effort to foster this feeling; for there is no country or place in which it has not placed its ever active agents. A visit paid to England by the French War Minister, M. Millerand, during which he inspected some of the armies now in course of formation, has had the result not only of removing any doubt that may have existed in his own mind, but also of counteracting the growth of any coolness between the two countries. M. Millerand declared that he was simply astounded at the results obtained. It was not only the military effort of the Ally of France which he admired; it was the methods also with which that effort had been organized—an effort which had surpassed his hopes. The new forces, although they had been formed and equipped out of nothing, not a gun or a rifle or a uniform having been in existence six months ago, were now ready to proceed to France to help the common cause. This visit of M. Millerand has resulted in drawing even closer the bonds which now unite France and Great Britain.

Not only must it be recognized that it is on France that by far the greatest share of the defence has been cast, but that in other ways she has suffered, and is still suffering to a much greater degree than has Great Britain. To say nothing of the loss involved

in the occupation by the enemy of so large an extent of territory, and by reason of the suffering and destruction and ravages which have been inflicted, and are still being inflicted, in these districts, France has suffered a great diminution of her commerce, and many of her industries have ceased. England, on the other hand, has never been so prosperous, her ports being filled to overflowing, and her mills working in many places twenty-four hours, and often for seven days a week. At Huddersfield, where the cloth for the khaki uniforms is made, the output is no longer measured by the yard but by the mile. The rate of unemployment has gone down, and, strange to say, the number of crimes has greatly diminished. In view of this contrast the staunchness of the French people is the more to be admired, as well as their determination to carry on the war to a successful issue.

A complete change, in fact, has taken place in the spirit of the French people since 1870. In that year they entered upon the war light-heartedly, looking upon the march to Berlin as a mere military promenade. This year they accepted the challenge and took up the burden with quiet, sober courage and resolution. The war is now being carried on in the same spirit. When it was declared, a solemn stillness, according to an eyewitness, reigned over Paris, and on every face was visible the consciousness of a stern duty to be fulfilled. The French are now, the same witness declares, the most serious people in the world. There is reason to think that a contributory cause to the attainment of this higher level is due to the political institutions under which France has for forty-four years been living. A Republic, to be successful, depends upon the character of the people less than upon that of its officials, although in the degree in which the people deserve it, they will find worthy officials, and this, so far as the present war has gone, has happened in France.

The attitude of leading Frenchmen towards the war and towards peace proposals that have been talked about, may be gathered from a letter which M. Sabatier, the Honorary President of the International Society for Franciscan Studies at Assisi, has written to the President of the same Society. The letter was in reply to a resolution in favor of peace which had been passed by the Council of the Society. M. Sabatier declares that he is a more determined belligerent now, for the very reason that before the war broke out he was an ardent pacifist. "A Frenchman," he declares, "cannot now utter the word 'peace.' To use it would be akin to

treason. When a quarrel is for money, or for a strip of territory, one can make peace without moral loss. To make peace when an ideal is at stake is an abdication; even to think of it is to be false to the voice which tells us that man is born for higher things than to enjoy the moral and material heritage of his fathers. It is the honor of Belgium, France, and their Allies to have seen at once the spiritual nature of this war. No doubt we are fighting for ourselves, but we are fighting, too, for all peoples. The idea of stopping before the goal is reached cannot occur to us." The defeat of the Allies "would mean the triumph of brute force. Peace," he reminds his correspondent, "is not an end in itself." There can be no lasting peace that is not based on justice. How can the Allies think or speak of peace while Belgium lies mangled and bleeding under the iron heel of Germany? Would any peace be more than a patched-up truce which did not make it plain, even to Germany, that no nation has a right to make war just when and because it pleases to do so, or to conduct it with a ruthlessness worthy of the darkest days. "The France of to-day is fighting religiously. . . . She believes with all her strength in victory, because she has indomitable faith in the ideal of justice and truth that is in her heart. . . . To give up fighting would be to betray her past, her ideal, her vocation."

This calm determination of the French, the interior causes of which are disclosed by M. Sabatier, has been made manifest to observers of their outward demeanor. The steady growth of calm is said to be the most remarkable thing to be noticed in France during the course of the war. Besides the justice of their cause, this spirit is due to their confidence in their officers. Nor is this confidence limited to the soldiers: it is found in an equal degree among the civilians. Even the refugees from the places destroyed and occupied by the Germans bear their losses with a cheerful resignation which is declared to be absolutely amazing. Their demeanor is on a level with that of the soldiers.

As regards the financial resources of France, Mr. Lloyd George has just stated in the House of Commons that they are sufficient, merely out of the proceeds of investments abroad, for the expenses of a period of two or three years, at the present rate of expenditure, which includes the financial support of the Belgian army; Great Britain being able, from the same resources, to continue at the present rate for an even longer time. Russia, on account of the vastness of her Empire, is almost self-sufficient. Of wheat, indeed,

she has a large surplus which will be placed at the disposal of her Allies as soon as the breaking of the ice in the northern ports permits of its export. The war-harvest of France has shown a small deficiency due chiefly to the enemy's occupation of good wheat-producing districts. Importations, however, were sufficient to make up the deficiency; and, therefore, the position of France in this respect is considered satisfactory.

Belgium. Cardinal Mercier's masterly defiance of the German Governor-General of Belgium will be one of the glories of the Catholic Church, and another of the instances in which the Faith has been the inspirer of an heroic defence of human freedom. To him belongs the glory of having had the courage to express what is in the minds of all, and he has done this without exaggeration or declamation or any thing which savored of unreality. In fact, as he has himself stated, in his enumeration of the atrocities committed by the German troops, considerations of good taste led him to limit the list, and to leave out the names of the nuns who had suffered at their hands the supreme disgrace.

Efforts have been made to suppress the truth, and it has even been denied that the Cardinal was arrested. If by arrest is meant the throwing of the Cardinal into prison, then such a denial was justifiable. There is no doubt, however, that he was confined to his own palace, and a German sentry placed at his door to prevent his leaving it. The facts of the case are as follows: the first German Governor-General prohibited all communications between the Cardinal and the priests of his diocese. His successor removed this prohibition. On the appearance of the Pastoral, however, he was so angered that he sent officers to arrest the Cardinal, and to threaten the sending of him to Germany. Before this order was carried out, the intervention of a diplomat, who saw what an effect upon the Catholics of Germany such a proceeding might produce, caused this order to be revoked. This diplomat tried himself, without success, to prevail upon the Cardinal to recall the portions of the Pastoral which were offensive to Germany. Thereupon the Cardinal was ordered not to leave the precincts of his palace, and was, in consequence, unable to take part in the ceremonial dedication of Belgium to the Sacred Heart, at which he had promised to officiate. He was also forbidden to hold any communication with his clergy, a prohibition which is still in force.

A further effort was then made to prevail upon the Cardinal to withdraw the passages in question. As before, the Cardinal firmly refused. On the contrary, he justified all that he had said. The Governor-General then reënforced the veto regarding communication with the clergy, and even went so far as to assume that right himself. Efforts were made to suppress the Pastoral altogether, but without success. Those of the clergy who could find copies read them in their churches. It has now become one of the world's historical documents.

Germany.

A wonderful difference is to be found between the expectations to which expression was given by Germans at the beginning of the war and those entertained by them at the present time. Then dates were fixed, and early ones too, for the triumphant entry of their troops into Paris, and St. Petersburg, and even into London. Now the expectation is in general restricted to the hope of making a successful defence, and of securing a peace which will render impossible the repetition of what is declared to have been an unprovoked attack. It was also declared, and generally believed, that Germany had ample resources as regards food supplies, war materials and men. Now the press dispatches tell of protest from many quarters against the iniquitous British attempt to starve the Empire. The reason for this change is to be found in the fact that, although Germany was prepared, and well prepared for war, it was for a short and victorious war against foes relatively unprepared—a war which was to be over in something like six months. Having been defeated in this effort, German officials are coming to recognize that complete defeat is more than possible. Hence the recourse to such desperate measures as the submarine war of which Germany has given notice to this country, and which has called forth the protest sent by the President—a protest in which he has been supported, in an informal way, by most of the States not involved in the war. There are those who think that the officials whose blunders led to this war, hope, by raising the whole world against Germany, to find a way of saving their face before their victimized fellow-countrymen. To a whole world of opponents submission may be made without the humiliation involved in submitting to their present foes.

As it is the government which makes the news that comes from Germany as well as carries on the war, it is hard to learn the true state of German opinion. Even the professors, of whom

so much is heard, are dependent on the State, and cannot give utterance to opinions distasteful to it. There is reason to think, however, that there are many in Germany who share with the rest of the world the detestation and resentment which is felt for the relentless acts done in Belgium, France, and unfortified places on the east coast of England. A number of Germans have formed a Humanity League, the Committee of which has issued an appeal to Europe and America. This appeal declares that Germany has been driven into the war by the Kaiser and his military entourage, and that the way in which it has been waged has covered Germany with "imperishable infamy;" the campaign, the Appeal declares, has been waged by barbarous methods both on sea and on land. The democracy has been deceived, and is urged to utter its protest so that the domination of Prussian militarism may be swept away—a domination which has disgraced and humiliated Germany in the eyes of the civilized world.

The publication of a translation into English of the German War Book makes it possible to learn the principles upon which the German army is trained, and the ideals by which it is governed. It contains the usages of war on land issued by the Great General Staff, and gives an explanation of the conduct of that army since the war began. The space at our disposal forbids the detailed proof of the following description of the character of the work: for this the reader must be referred to the work itself. The soldier is instructed that it is not only against the military combatants that the war is to be waged; he must seek to destroy the total intellectual and material resources of the enemy. Prisoners of war may be killed, if the necessity of war and the safety of the State seem to demand it. Third parties may be procured to commit any crime; incendiarism, robbery, even assassination, are declared to be in no way opposed to international law, and it becomes even a duty, according to circumstance, not to let slip the important, it may be the decisive, advantages to be gained by such means. The inhabitants of an invaded country may be compelled to furnish information about their own army, its strategy, its resources, and its military secrets. Compulsion of this character, it is recognized, is condemned unanimously by the majority of writers of all nations; nevertheless, it cannot be entirely dispensed with, the argument of war will indeed render it frequently necessary. Peaceable inhabitants may be used to protect the military movements of the invader because although such a method of proceeding has been unanimously con-

demned by every writer outside Germany, it has, as a matter of fact, proved completely successful. Officers are instructed to guard themselves against excessive humanitarian notions—the sentimental and flabby emotion to which he is exposed as a “child of his time.” So well has this instruction been laid to heart, so deeply has he imbibed its spirit, that the German officer has been guilty of many practices which even this War Book condemns; for, according to it, there can exist no right to the appropriation of property, “the carrying off of money, watches, rings, trinkets or other objects of value is to be regarded as criminal robbery, and to be punished accordingly; nor is the conqueror justified in recouping himself for the cost of the war by inroads into the property of private persons, even though the war was forced upon him.” All that the War Book teaches is indeed to be found in Treitschke and Bernhardi, but these could be regarded as having given expression merely to their own private opinions. It is now made clear that the German General Staff accept, endorse, and expound to their subordinates their whole gospel of “frightfulness.”

The German Bishops have issued a joint Pastoral to the Catholics of Germany, in which they describe the war as having burst over the Empire as a hurricane on the cold clouds and the evil vapors of infidelity and skepticism, and on the unwholesome atmosphere of an un-Christian over-culture. They rejoice, however, in the fact that the hard times have brought their people nearer to the Saviour, and that many have found Him who had wandered far from Him. Before it broke out, the Bishops declare that they had often loudly bewailed, in their distress of soul, the decay of the religious and moral life. It denounces the growth of vice among the German people, the exclusion of the Christian spirit and Christian principles from education and from public and social life, and the worthlessness of the modern, anti-Christian, irreligious mind-culture. “Into our country, too, had this culture considerably penetrated, an over-culture, un-Christian, un-German, and unsound in its whole being, with its external varnish and its internal rottenness, with its coarse pursuit of wealth and pleasure, with its supermen as arrogant as ridiculous, with its dishonorable imitation of infected foreign literature and art, and even of the most shameful extravagances in female fashions.” The Bishops share the opinion of the vast majority of the German people that the war was forced upon them, and are thankful for the “glorious successes and victories with which Heaven has blessed their arms.”

Austria-Hungary. The supersession of Count Berchtold by so energetic and resolute an Hungarian as is Baron de Burian, is looked upon as a reversal of the relations that have hitherto existed between Austria and Hungary; the latter now holds the predominant place. And as the Austrian army is now commanded by the German General Staff, Austria has already paid a severe penalty by this humiliation for the part which she took in bringing on the present war. A fourth invasion of Servia is said to be imminent. This is to be made by an army consisting chiefly of German troops. This force, however, seems to have been directed against the Russians in Bukowina. But events in this distant theatre of warfare are hard to ascertain, the reports being often contradictory, and the districts little known. It seems certain, however, that the Russians have abandoned, for the present, at all events, the attempt to take Cracow, while the fort of Przenysl is still holding out.

Russia. The forward and backward movements of the Russian armies are very mystifying. At one time they are said to be on the borders of Silesia; not long afterwards they are being pressed back into their own territory. Now they are across the Carpathians on the point of ravaging the Hungarian plains; then Lemberg is on the point of being re-taken by the Austrians. At the present moment, if credit is to be given to reports from Berlin, the Russians have been beaten all along the line from the borders of East Prussia to Bukowina, and Warsaw is to be taken within a week. Some of the friends of the Allies are disappointed at this apparent want of success; others profess their belief that more has been done by Russia than was to have been expected. The numbers of men at the disposal of the Tsar is practically unlimited, but the means of transportation are few, whereas Germany as a part of her long preparation for what is now taking place, has provided herself with a wonderful system of strategical railways, by means of which troops are readily transported from one field of action to another. In the opinion of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who is recognized as one of the greatest authorities, the war will be decided on the Eastern front, and by the Russian invasion. This invasion has not yet been seriously undertaken, the efforts of Russia having been limited to making a diversion in favor of her Allies in the west, so as to render it impossible for the Germans to use the whole of their forces

against France and Great Britain; what has been taking place so far is only by way of preparation. The fixed purpose of the Russians, from which nothing will divert them, is to enter Berlin. The early summer will see the attempt to realize this object with a fully armed host of ten million men. From the Tsar down to the humblest peasant, every Russian is said to hold this fixed determination, from which nothing will divert either him or them. There may, indeed, be something of exaggeration in these statements, for there is at Petrograd a group of persons who are amenable to German influence. There is no doubt, however, that it represents the determination of the vast majority.

The bearing of the people of Moscow is described as follows by a correspondent living in that city: "The war has already produced its distinctive types among the people: the croaker, suspicious of every success; the would-be expert, criticizing army and navy alike; the feverish idealist, alternating between delirious joy and leaden despair. But lastly, and, I believe, in such preponderance as to make all other types sink into insignificance, there is the man in the street, forbearing in the hour of victory, undismayed at defeat, generous and unaffected, the peasant, the workman, the student, the soldier, the diplomatist, in a word, the real Russian, whose philosophy is a resigned fatalism that is prepared for all eventualities, even for the day when he shall lay down his life for his country." Moscow is still the heart of Russia, and any one who wishes to know what the Russian people is thinking and doing goes to the ancient capital.

As has been so often stated, Russia has become a temperance nation. This is one of the results of the war, and so far it has carried at least one blessing in its train. Since the days of Count Witte the manufacture of vodka had been a government monopoly, and had brought in to the revenue more than a quarter of the annual income. The net income derived from this source was no less than three hundred and fifty millions a year. To sacrifice so large a sum of money might have seemed impossible, but the Tsar was so impressed with the immensity of the evil wrought among his subjects by the consumption of vodka, that he gave his most earnest support to the bills passed by the Duma in favor of temperance. Through his efforts these bills became law. But as is too often the case with legislation of this character, the law was not well observed. The taste for drink was too strong, and too deeply ingrained. But immediately upon the declaration of

war, a new motive arose. Automatically, and all at once, Russia, from being one of the most drunken nations in Europe became a people almost of total abstinence. During mobilization the State liquor shops were closed; this temporary measure has been continued, and now the Tsar has announced his decision to prohibit for ever the State sale of vodka. Under certain conditions the sale of beer and porter is allowed, although it is in the power of local authorities to prohibit even this. As a consequence, there are very few towns in which the sale of liquor of any kind is allowed. The abolition of the vodka monopoly made it necessary to levy new taxes to supply the deficit, the list of which is too long to be given.

The war did not find Russia unprepared as regards finance. The free balance of the State Treasury amounted to more than two hundred and fifty millions, while the gold reserve in the State Bank was eight hundred and fifty millions. Economies in expenditure for the current year realized a sum of more than one hundred and sixty millions, while the surplus for the first half of 1914 was thirty-eight millions. In fact, so flourishing were the conditions that more than five hundred millions were at the disposal of the government for the carrying on of the war, without it being necessary to impose any additional taxation. Military expenditure, however, has rendered it necessary as the war proceeded to have recourse to credit operations for some eight hundred millions, in the issue of which no difficulty has been experienced. Skilled financiers are convinced that Russia, without special effort, can obtain the resources indispensable for the conduct of the war for a whole year, and this without having recourse to the help of the foreign market.

With Our Readers.

WITH this issue THE CATHOLIC WORLD completes its fiftieth year of continuous publication. THE CATHOLIC WORLD is the oldest Catholic monthly in the United States; and we believe that there are only three secular magazines that may claim a longer life.

The successful completion of fifty years of publication is a matter of congratulations not only to the Paulist Fathers, who have conducted the magazine since its foundation, but also to the entire Catholic public who have contributed to its pages, and who have supported it most loyally and most generously through all the years.

Indeed we feel that the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of THE CATHOLIC WORLD is an event in the history of Catholic letters, and we hope next month to present a Jubilee number which in its articles and its contributors will fit such an exceptional occasion.

THE conviction that the young need religious education, and that the neglect of such education constitutes a real natural danger, is growing more and more widespread. We are not surprised now to hear those who a few years ago would condemn any such suggestion, defend in the written and spoken word the necessity of some sort of religious education in the public schools. It is, of course, all very indefinite, because there is very little agreement as to how it can be accomplished; but it is helpful at least to see that the principle is being more and more publicly proclaimed and defended.

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IT would be amusing, if the question were not so serious, to review some of the schemes put forward for the solution of the problem. The Episcopal Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, in *The Constructive Quarterly* of December, 1914, for example, says that it may be solved if the home and the Church do their part, and thus furnish teachers who are sympathetic with religion; their religious sympathy and character will "impress" the pupils, and so create a religious atmosphere in the schools.

One may well ask if this is not equivalent, at least implicitly, to demanding a religious test of teachers. And if not, who is to see to it that the teachers are not un-Christian, or agnostic or atheistic? Is a teacher who does not create such an atmosphere in his or her class to be discharged? If not, then how would such a policy have an effect? If he is to be discharged, who is to say why and when?

Such discussion seems to us to avail nothing. It is simply another evidence of how we shirk a problem that all thinkers believe should be definitely and courageously solved, yet which cowardice leads many of us to compromise.

THE work of the Catholic Theatre Movement should meet with the active interest and support of all Catholics. A year has passed since the work was inaugurated, and the reception given to it by the Catholic and secular press, the fruitful results already obtained, are a sufficient justification for its being. Moreover, the intelligent and considerate spirit that has guided its Bulletin and its selection of plays for the "White List" have removed the fear entertained by many that it would be simply an arbitrary censorship, aiming to create a sort of Catholic prison lock-step. That they who made such charges, or expressed such fears, were extremely mistaken, is made evident by the editorials and entire conduct of the Bulletin which is the official voice of the Movement.

* * * *

RECENT developments, or rather happenings, for developments is quite too dignified a word for the situation in the theatrical world, demand more urgently than ever some means whereby Catholics may inform themselves about the character, or lack of character, of particular plays. Many do not have the time to acquaint themselves with the different plays. They do not read the criticisms furnished by the daily press. Here we are pleased to say that for the most part those criticisms are ruled by a healthy standard. Even when the reviewer is free and loose in the application of moral principles, the story of the play itself would be enough to enlighten the average Catholic.

But the great body of Catholics do not, we repeat, make use of these criticisms. Our life to-day is marked by no such thoughtful and deliberate consideration. "What play will we go to see?" is asked, and must be decided on the spur of the moment. If there be a list that may be used as a guide, it will save both time and disappointment and remorse.

* * * *

LATELY a Catholic, meeting one of the officers of the Catholic Theatre Bulletin, voiced his own anger and disgust at having, witnessed a play which he had been led to believe, simply because of its title, was one that a Christian might witness with pleasure. When informed of the Bulletin and its purpose he expressed first his regret that he did not know of its existence, and then his gratitude to those who published it in order to help and guide others.

If there be need with grown-ups, how much greater is the need with those who are young, inexperienced and immature?

* * * *

ONE of the main purposes of the Catholic Theatre Movement is not only to safeguard the morals of the young, but to safeguard those morals in the most efficient way—that is, to have young folks acquaint themselves with the character of a play before they witness it; to lead them into a habit of intelligent discrimination and selection, which, guided by their Christian conscience, will make them men and women of character, and most effective champions of a becoming public morality.

More and more is such instruction necessary, for, as we have pointed out in these pages before, the subtle evil of the times is to make evil appear as good. The most harmful plays to-day protest their good and upright purpose. They proclaim the uprightness of depravity and the innocence of sin. With cleverness and speciousness, they confound good and evil. The attractiveness that wins the soul to virtue is prostituted to make it entertain vice.

To make clear the eternal distinction between the one and the other in these attempts to confound both, is the duty we owe particularly to the young.

There is, for example, a play on the stage in New York now which by many has been defended and which is really an attempt to put a halo about sin. It is absolutely false to life; it is artistically indefensible because it asks a spectator who would take the play seriously to stultify himself. Yet its defenders have spoken of its purity and its innocence, and the wonderful lesson of idealism it seeks to portray.

* * * *

WITH regard to the work for the instruction of the young which the Bulletin is doing, we cannot do better than quote from the letter of His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, in the current issue of the Bulletin:

“The conservation of the natural resources that serve the physical welfare of our people is to-day a matter of great concern on the part of National and State Governments; and of many private organizations. Such work is very necessary and praiseworthy. And just as it is important to protect those material resources from waste and destruction, so I believe it is of essential and immediate importance that all earnest Christian men and women should unite for the protection and preservation of the moral forces which are the source of personal character and of national life. Tendencies,

opinions, theories destructive of right morals and subversive of true principles flaunt themselves in the press and on the stage. They assail the very foundations of religion: the security of the home: the sanctity of the family. It behooves all who hold these things dear, to create a public opinion that will not tolerate anything that will bring them into disrepute.

"The Catholic Theatre Movement is essentially a work of preservation. It seeks to maintain publicly the Catholic standpoint with regard to the theatre. As that standpoint is, in an intelligent manner, made more widely known, I cannot but believe that the Movement will secure the coöperation of all right-minded men and women."

* * * *

THE particular play to which we have referred is a gross insult to Catholics; and to that conventual life which all Catholics hold most dear.

Conventual life is built upon and finds its justification in the supernatural truths of Jesus Christ. Unless one believes in these truths such a life will be inexplicable. Nevertheless one must blind himself deliberately if he does not see the good, past all human record, which those who follow that life have done and are doing for human kind. Because it is so elevated, so noble, it is destined to be the object of misrepresentation, of hatred, and of lies. It seems characteristic of those who condemn it that they must lose all sense of fairness, and work themselves into a fury bordering on hysteria. This, in itself, ought to be the warning to them of their outraged reason; it is their reason telling them they have "lost their heads." But they are unable to reason; they are as men mad or drunk. Their anger leads them to believe that no words are too severe; they find language inadequate, because language is rational.

* * * *

A TYPICAL instance of this unreasoning bigotry is to be found in a recent issue of *Life*, a weekly published in New York City. Mr. Metcalfe is the theatrical critic for *Life* and is a man of ability. In a passion of bigoted fury he recently stated that the nun and what she represented was one of the vestiges of barbarism that must disappear from the world. But what he said on the matter is of little importance. What is significant is that the writer becomes an indignant fanatic.

A prudent and wise man will never treat a subject the discussion of which means the loss of his self-possession. After all, the latter is still a necessary prerequisite for intelligent and balanced criticism. As a theatrical critic Mr. Metcalfe has done good and praiseworthy work; as a mad bigot he only makes himself ridiculous,

THE Catholic University has announced the publication of a scientific Catholic historical magazine for the Church in the United States. The announcement is one of exceptional importance, and we wish for the new and bold venture the hearty coöperation of the Catholics of our country, and a long and successful life.

The Educational Board is as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan; Editorial Board: Rev. Patrick J. Healy, Rev. William Turner, Rev. Paschal Robinson, Rev. Nicholas A. Weber, Rev. Peter Guilday.

The new magazine is evidently to be conducted on the lines of high scholarship. Its Editors will seek to collect and preserve all the existing materials of American Church history; keep this collection up to date and so arrange it that it will be at the disposal of future historians.

To continue in the words of the official circular:

A quarterly publication, conceived and executed in the highest literary and scientific spirit, will act as a stimulus to historical study everywhere, it will serve as a bond among the students of American Catholic history, and it will prove its right to existence by revealing the needs as well as the achievements of historical scholarship.

It will be carried on with the aid and coöperation of Catholic historians, of the editors of already-existing Catholic historical publications and of the historians and archivists of dioceses and religious orders. In addition, a chronicler will be appointed in each diocese in the United States. By this means it is hoped that a more active spirit of coöperation, a more vital sense of unity may be engendered among all Catholics who are interested in historical studies. Whenever necessary and wherever possible, correspondents will be engaged in Europe to search libraries and archives for sources and materials of interest to American Catholics.

It is needless to say that the expenses of such a magazine, planned on this liberal scale and with such far-reaching purposes, will be many and varied. Even though the Board of Editors will give their labors gratuitously, it will not be possible to promise the appearance of even the first number of this magazine without the assurance of the support of a large body of subscribers. Prompt action is necessary. The study of history is being taken up or revived in our country on a scale and according to methods unknown in the past. In the interest of truth it is necessary for Catholics to take a large and prominent place in this movement, to present their claims in due season, and thus forestall the dissemination of error and the growth of prejudice and misconception.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
Literature for Children. By O. Lowe. 90 cents net. *Japan To-day and To-morrow.* By H. W. Mabie. \$2.00 net. *Landmarks.* By E. V. Lucas. \$1.35 net. *Essays on Books.* By W. L. Phelps. \$1.50 net. *The Juvenile Court and the Community.* By T. D. Eliot, M.A., Ph.D. \$1.25 net. *The Mutiny of the Elsinore.* By J. R. London. \$1.35 net. *With Poor Immigrants to America.* By S. Graham. \$2.00 net. *Mrs. Martin's Man.* By St. John G. Ervine. \$1.35 net. *An Introduction to the Study of Government.* By L. H. Holt, Ph.D. \$2.00 net.
- JAMES POTT & Co., New York:
California and the Far West. By K. E. M. Dumbell. 75 cents net. *By the Waters of Germany.* By N. Lorimer. \$3.00 net. *Rambles About the Riviera.* By F. M. Gostling. \$2.50 net.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., New York:
A Set of Six. By Joseph Conrad. \$1.35 net.
- JOHN LANE Co., New York:
Etching and Other Graphic Arts. By G. T. Plowman. \$1.50 net. *The Revolt of the Angels.* By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. W. Jackson. *Among the Canadian Alps.* By L. Y. Burpee, F.R.G.S. *Beside the Blackwater.* By N. J. O'Connor. \$1.00 net.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Unfolding of the Little Flower. By Very Rev. W. W. Cunningham. \$1.25.
- HARPER BROTHERS, New York:
The Copy-Cat, and Other Stories. By M. E. W. Freeman. \$1.25 net. *The Great Mirage.* By J. L. Ford. \$1.35 net. *The Hands of Esau.* By M. Deland. \$1.00 net. *The Lone Star Ranger.* By Z. Grey. \$1.35 net.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death. By Rev. D. A. Dever, D.D. 25 cents. *Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests.* By Rev. L. Branchereau, S.J. \$1.00 net. *Popular Life of Saint Teresa of Jesus.* Translated from the French by Anne Porter. 50 cents. *Popular Sermons of the Catechism.* From the German by Rev. H. Thurston, S.J. Vol. 2. \$1.50 net. *The Elder Miss Ainsborough.* By M. A. Taggart. \$1.25.
- CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY, New York:
The History of England. By J. Lingard, D.D., and H. Belloc, B.A. 11 vols. \$2.50 per vol.; \$27.50 per set.
- THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
The Ethics of War. Pamphlet. 5 cents.
- DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
Seven Years on the Pacific Slope. By Mrs. H. Fraser and H. C. Fraser. \$3.00 net.
- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
St. Clare of Assisi: Her Life and Legislation. By E. Gilliat-Smith. \$3.50 net.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
On the Fighting Line. By C. Smedley. \$1.35 net.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Oxford Book of American Essays. By Brander Matthews. \$1.25.
- LAURENCE J. GOMME, New York:
The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart. By C. Chesterton. \$1.00 net.
- THOMAS Y. CROWELL Co., New York:
Problems of Community Life. By Seba Eldridge. \$1.00 net.
- AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN CONSULATE GENERAL, New York:
Austria-Hungary and the War.
- HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
Kitchener, Organizer of Victory. By H. Begbie. \$1.25 net.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Peru, a Land of Contrasts. By M. Todd. \$2.00 net.
- THE DONAHOE PUBLISHING Co., Middletown, Conn.:
Songs of the Countryside. By Daniel J. Donahoe. \$1.00 net.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The God of Philosophy. By Rev. F. Aveling. 45 cents net. *The Principles of Christianity.* By Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M.A. 45 cents net. *The Daily Life of a Religious.* By Mother F. Raphael, O.S.D. 45 cents net. *By-Paths to the Presence of God.* By S. M. Benvenuta, O.S.D. 45 cents net. *New Testament Stories.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. \$1.00 net. *A History of the Commandments of the Church.* By Rev. A. Villien. \$1.50 net. *The Curse of Adam.* By Rev. P. M. Northcote, Ph.D. 75 cents net.
- ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Winnipeg, Man., Canada:
The Last of the Vestals and Other Dramas. By S. M. A. \$1.80.
- M. H. GILL & SON, Ltd., Dublin:
Catechism of Christian Doctrine. Translated by Rev. J. Hagan, D.D. *Fits and Starts.* By T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M. \$1.00. *Patriotism.* By Rev. P. F. Kavanagh, O.F.M. 25 cents. *The Great War; Ireland's Part In It.* By Rev. Dr. Keane, O.P. 5 cents. *History of the Catholic Church.* By Rev. J. MacCaffrey. Part I.
- AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
The Kultur Kampf and Its Significance. By Dr. G. R. Baldwin. *Some Christmas Letters.* By "Miriam Agatha" (N.S.N.). Pamphlets. 5 cents.



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